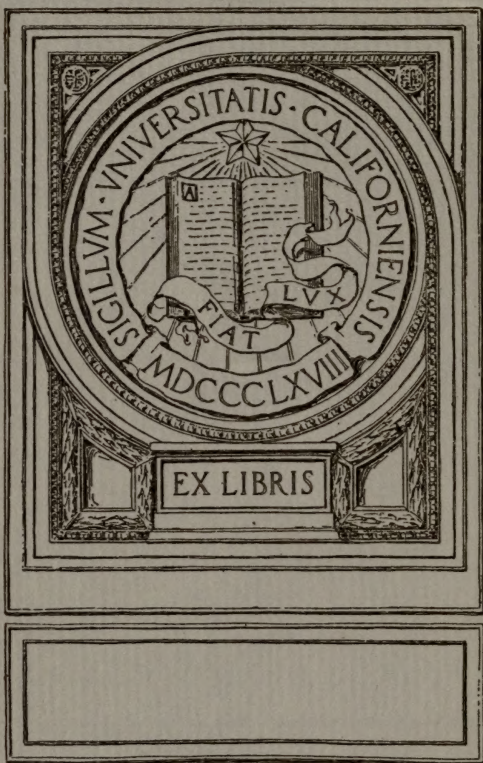


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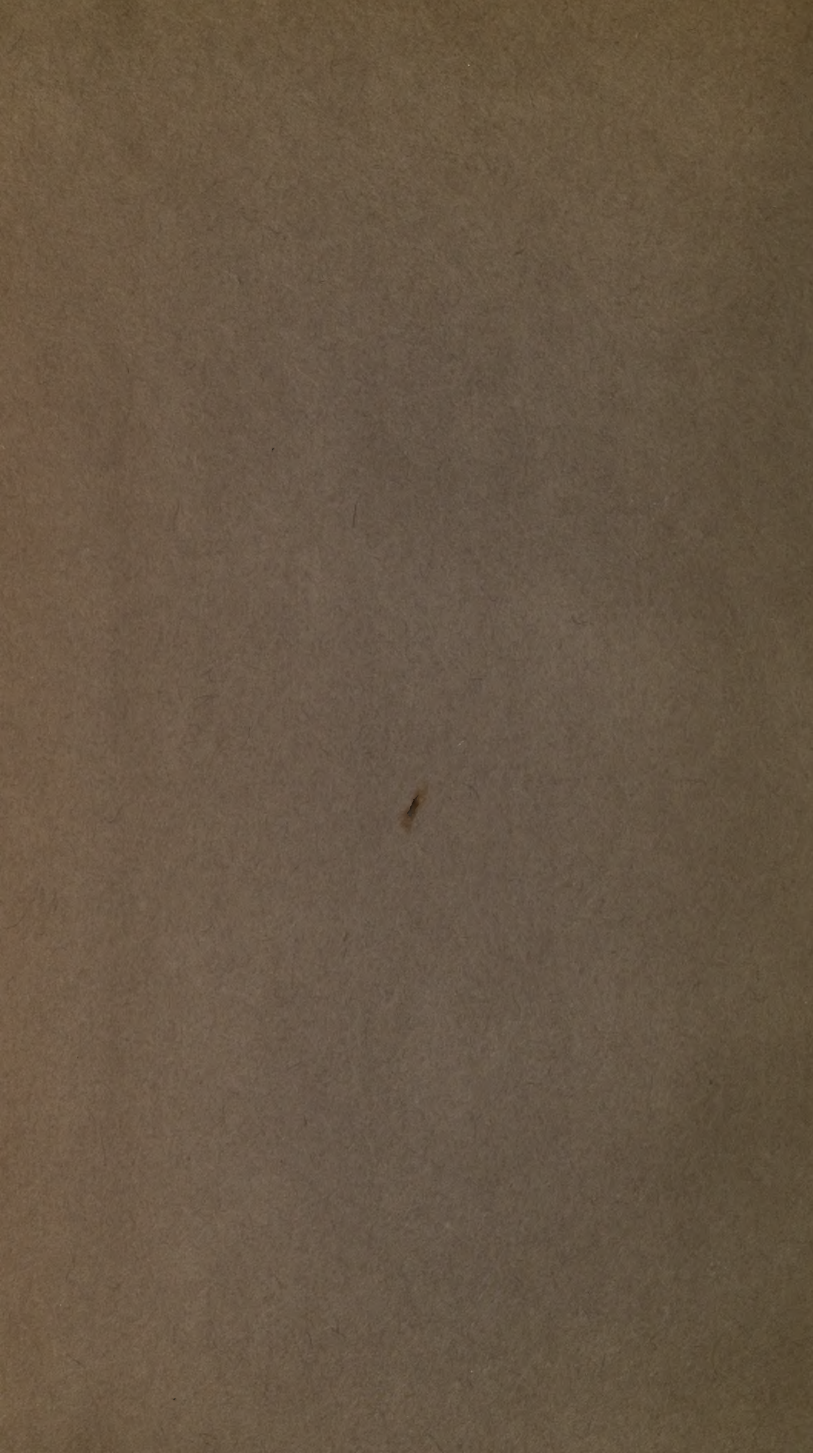






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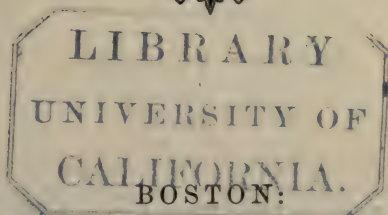
GREECE,  
ANCIENT AND MODERN.  
LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

BY C. C. FELTON, LL.D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

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THE Lectures now given to the public were delivered in the years 1852, 1853, 1859, and 1854, the Course designated as the third having been the latest in the order of delivery. It has been thought best thus to transpose the third and fourth, rather than to insert the course on Modern Greece between two courses on Ancient Greece.

These Lectures, though written very rapidly, — almost always in the intervals between their delivery, — embody the results of lifelong study, and of a conscientiously careful and accurate scholarship. The labor of revision and editorship has devolved upon a friend, who has performed it — however inadequately — with loving diligence, and with the earnest desire to render these volumes a not unworthy memorial of their ever-lamented author. References have been, so far as was possible, verified, authorities consulted, and translations compared with their originals; and the utmost attention has been paid to the passage of the sheets through the press. It is believed that the work fills in our literature a place not before occupied, and that it will render essential service to that cause of liberal culture to which the author's whole life was consecrated.





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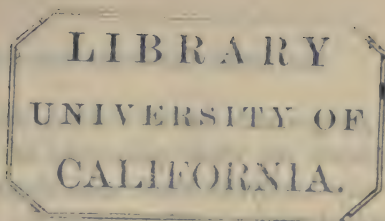
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

FIRST COURSE.

THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND POETRY.







## LECTURE I.

### THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

IN the present course of lectures, I propose to discuss three main topics. These are: 1. The Position of the Greek Language in the History of Human Speech; 2. The Position of Greek Poetry in the History of Poetic Culture; and 3. The History and Value of Greek Poetry, in itself considered. In handling these subjects, I shall adopt the method of comparison, because true knowledge, upon any subject whatsoever, is gained chiefly in this manner. In our classical studies, we are too much inclined to follow the beaten way, and to forget that the great languages of Greece and Rome, the great masters who wielded those marvellous instruments of thought and intellectual power, the great literatures which have ridden out the storms of many ages, and have come, though with torn sails and shattered hull, down to our times, stood in close relations to those that went before, as they stand in close relations to those that have followed after them.

Moreover, if we would gain a comprehensive view of the diversities and powers of language, we must not limit the comparison to the single group of languages, however extensive, to which the English and the Greek belong, for these are all constructed on a single type; but we must extend our research to those vast families of languages that occupy the greater part of the continents of Asia, Africa, and America: and we shall see that the ideas we form by studying a single model, under how many varieties soever, require to be greatly modified and enlarged by the other terms of the comparison. The lan-

guage of savages and that of children throw the most important light upon the whole philosophy of speech, and I shall venture, very briefly, to touch upon these illustrations so far as my limited studies enable me to do. Perhaps the best established despotism in the world is the government of the verb by the nominative case; but there are languages in which the verb governs the nominative case.

Many topics belonging to each of the above-named heads must be wholly passed over; many must be just alluded to; many I shall dismiss with a slight discussion. But I hope I shall be able to deal, however inadequately, with those which are the most important.

If we look over the present world, we are amazed at the infinite variety of the human character, while we feel the everlasting ties which bind its myriads of forms into one common nature. The physiologist traces and classifies the races of men; the geographer places them within their appointed habitations; the historian follows out their fortunes in their successive migrations and dispersions: and as we look back into the past, these distinctions of race are as strongly marked in the earliest times of which we have record, as they are at the present moment; nor has any new race been formed, nor any tendency to the formation of a new race been demonstrated, since the beginning of the written or monumental history of man. We see them issuing, like so many processions in long array, from the portals of the past, taking up their lines of march along the great highways of nature, and moving in various directions over the surface of the earth. At times they come into mutual conflict, or cross one another's path; now there is a partial blending of the streams of life; and then a wide divergence or strong repulsion. Nations occupy the stage of history, and, having spoken their speech and played their part, retire; others are midway in the great drama of their national existence. Some are touching their catastrophe, and others are rehearsing for exhibition, and preparing to make their first appearance on the theatre of the world.

Is there any unity of plan in these complicated and ever-shifting scenes? Yes: that unity is in the nature of man. In all time, in all space, he is the same being in all that makes him a human being. He has the same religious tendency, the same reasoning power, the same gift of speech. Whether all the historical forms of religion can be accounted for by one primeval revelation, or not; whether all the physical varieties of mankind can be referred to one initial race, or not; whether all the migrations that have overrun the earth can be traced back to one starting-point, or not; whether all the varieties of speech that make the earth an illimitable Babel have come from a single language communicated to man at the moment of his creation, or not, — amidst all this warfare of unsettled disputes, unanswered questions, contradictory opinions, man remains essentially the same, — a religious being, a reasoning being, a speaking being, and these are the three attributes that constitute the sublime unity of his nature.

Speech, then, though not, as some of the ancients asserted, the sole distinguishing attribute of man, is among the chief of them. Universal as it is, not one of the marvels that encompass our life is so miraculous. Little as we think of *it*, we cannot think without it in one or another of its forms. To employ language, to speak, is to set in motion the divinest organism of our being. With what inexpressible skill is the machinery of speech framed together, and adapted part to part! The articulating organs; the life-supporting air; the mind that sends its orders from the brain, where it sits enthroned, along the nerves which set these organs in motion; the impulse borne on the wings of the wind, sweeping through the intervening space, knocking at the porches of the ear, passing along the nerves of sensation, and leaving in the presence of another mind a bodiless thought, which the flying messenger was sent to bear, — how familiar, yet how miraculous, is all this! Rhenius, a missionary in the East, at the close of the Preface to his Tamil Grammar, exclaims: "To God, the eternal and almighty Jehovah, and Author of speech, be glory for ever and ever."



Language is at once the evidence and the memorial of the universal brotherhood of man. It binds with its everlasting chain every nation and race and kindred. By articulated speech, thought answers to thought, as face answers to face in a glass, and we know what passes in the mind of our brother. By written speech we record our experiences for the instruction of those who shall come after us, and make those books, which, in the language of Milton, contain "the life-blood of master-spirits laid up for a life after life." Written words are the instruments of communion between all races and all lands, the carrier-birds of human thought from country to country, from age to age, across the dividing and reuniting seas, across the abysses of centuries and millenniums. Language embodies the literature of nations, and so becomes the most vivid expression of character. The action, suffering, and passion of the human race are best read in its successive literatures. The actual world, as it has been mirrored in the mind of man, and the ideal world of art, built upon the foundation of reality, but rising high above it, stand before us, in the histories, philosophies, and poetic creations, recorded in the many-voiced languages of men.

In the earliest dawn of history, many distinct forms of civilization rise upon the view,—luminous points in the obscurity of the past. What hidden relations exist between them? This question leads us upon a track of inquiry, which an instinct or law of our nature forces us to pursue, in search after the beginnings of things. But our inquiries, however earnest, are often baffled by the fact, that they who lived and wrought in the beginning kept no records,—they died and made no sign. Trace the course of man as far back as we may, we reach only a state of things requiring long previous ages to bring it about. Trace language back as far as we may, at the remotest point which our inquiries can reach we find a perfectness in the structure and a completeness in the development of speech, that imply ages of practice and thoughtful culture. We seem no nearer a single primitive language,



than we now are with two thousand spoken languages that fill the earth with their dissonances. If we strive to pierce to the beginnings of literature, we are forced to acknowledge that we find, not rude and barbarous essays, but the masterpieces of art, the highest finish of composition, the most exquisite command of all the resources of practised genius. There is, then, no evading the conclusion, that letters and art, narrative and song, flourished before the dawn of our historical day among primeval nations, the long-descended ancestors of those whom we were wont to place at the very commencement of human affairs. Revelation indeed informs us, and science demonstrates the fact, that human existence, in the history of the globe, had a comparatively recent origin; but neither tells us precisely when. Our chronologies are but rude approximations on imperfect data, nor can the life of man on earth be bounded by them. Man began to be, has been, and is; he was fashioned intellectually in the semblance of his Maker; he is doing the work he was intended to do, and he is speaking the thought he was intended to speak. But under what circumstances was he created? In what condition of body and mind was he born into conscious being? Was he gifted with speech, or only with the power of speech? Was his mind filled with thoughts, or only endowed with the power of thought, to be called in action by the need of thinking?

If we knew the history of language completely, all these questions might be answered with certainty; for this knowledge would tell us whence came every word, under what motive it was selected, what it meant, and what changes of meaning it has undergone; that is, it would tell us all the thoughts that have ever been uttered by men,—it would contain a perfect record of the intellectual and moral history of the race. And so far as the history of language can be traced, so far can the history of the race be illustrated. So far as its mysterious origin and its miraculous structure can be unfolded, so far can we pierce into the hidden laboratories of thought; for the forms of thought mould and define the organism of language.

The questions that grow out of language were considered, however unskilfully, by the ancients, or some of them. Herodotus relates, on the authority of an Egyptian priest, that until the time of Psammetichus that nation thought themselves the oldest people on the earth. But in order to decide the point beyond a doubt, Psammetichus placed two new-born children under the care of a shepherd, with orders not to speak a word in their hearing, "wishing to know what word they would first utter when they should abandon their inarticulate whimperings." At the end of two years, as he opened the door of their cabin one morning, they ran to him with outstretched hands, crying, *Βέκος! βέκος!* This having been repeated many times, the shepherd reported the fact to the king, who sent in all directions to ascertain what people called anything by that name. It appeared that the Phrygians called *bread* *βέκος*, from which it was inferred that they were the oldest nation. This is the first attempt at comparative philology on record.

It was a common idea among the ancients that language was imparted to man by the gods. Plato discusses to some extent the question suggested by the experiment of Psammetichus, — whether there is any natural and inherent relation between the word and the thing signified by the word; as, for instance, whether *ἄνθρωπος*, *man*, must signify a human being, or might equally well have meant a horse. To solve the problem, he resorts to a fanciful etymology, fixing the meanings of its several parts; but, on the whole, he leaves the subject much as he found it.

The same question, with different applications, has often been discussed in modern times. According to the sensual philosophy, which regards man as only a higher animal, language springs from brutish inarticulate sounds. Lord Monboddo, in his acute and learned work on the origin of language, does not exactly degrade man to the monkey, as he is sometimes accused of doing, but he raises the monkey into man. He maintains that the orang-outang, or wild-man of Africa, is in the first stage of human progress; that horses in Tartary,

beavers in America, and monkeys in Africa, are *political* animals; and that, therefore, Aristotle's definition of man, as a *πολιτικὸν ζῶον*, fails to distinguish him from many of the quadrupeds. Of an orang-outang, whose stuffed skin he saw in Paris, he says: "He had exactly the shape and features of a man; and particularly I was informed that he had organs of pronounciation as perfect as we have. He lived several years at Versailles, and died by drinking spirits." In the opinion of this class of writers, language is not natural to man, though he has proved himself capable of acquiring it. In his natural state, he employs only inarticulate sounds; but, being a rational animal, he learns by slow degrees the convenience of dividing long-protracted sounds into smaller portions, and thus finally works out a perfected speech. "Impotent philosophers," exclaims Mazure, "who, in the production of the divine work of speech, forgot only one element, the divine hand of the Maker!"

The vague sounds made by animals are indeed expressive, but not of thought. Whatever be the range of their tones, they convey only the most indefinite expression of the most general feelings,—such as pleasure or pain. One could hardly fail to understand the physical joy that inspires the song of the bobolink in spring, or the agony that pours from the robin's throat when the stealthy cat approaches her young. Within certain narrow limits, the vocal powers may be improved in some animals by training: but the mocking-bird plays his vocal tricks by instinct, not by thought; and the parrot, taught by sailors to swear, has no conception of the depravity of his profane masters. In these cases the vocal organism of the animal has outrun the intellectual,—a foreshadowing, it may be, of the higher strain carried to its full perfection in the harmonious organism of man. The human being begins with the vocal expression of vague instinctive feelings, like the animal; but he passes from these indeterminate wails, or joyous prolongations of sound, to articulated, or divided speech, as surely, as universally, as inevitably, as he grows up into a man, and not a



quadruped or bird. He was born to speak, and speak he will, let the arguments of theoretical philosophers prove what they may. The word is in him, the organism is in him, placed there by the hand of Infinite Wisdom: the organism will work, and the word will be uttered, as certainly as the man will walk upright. He needs not to learn to build from the swallow, to weave from the spider, nor to sing from the robin. He declines to accept the compromise offered him by the materialists of the last century, who deprived him of speech, but by way of compensation appended to him a tail; the disappearance of the one, and the acquisition of the other, being alike the final consummation of a tedious series of civilizing habits and experiments.

I think we may safely say, that the business of proper human life cannot be carried on without language in some form; and that human beings, leaving out a few easily explained exceptional cases, employ language as naturally as they breathe the vital air. The absolute historical beginning of human speech is left as much in the dark as the mode of the beginning of human life in general. Herder was inclined to believe that man first awoke to conscious existence in the beautiful valley of Cashmere, and that human speech was first heard in those lovely regions. An opposite opinion supposes that man appeared simultaneously wherever the earth was fitted to support his physical existence; and that the intellectual differences which mark the varieties of the race, and the corresponding diversities in the form and structure of speech, began with the beginning of all things. According to one view, a certain stock of words, like a certain amount of bodily strength, was furnished to man, or certain varieties of words to men, from which the work of forming language or languages was to be carried forward and completed; according to another, man was left with the capacity only, and had to do the whole work himself. We cannot attain a perfectly satisfactory conception of the method of the transaction in either case. The ways of the Almighty are past finding out. But we may rest assured that



the miracle of language, on which the beginning of human speech reposes, like the miracle of creation itself, was an exercise of the Divine power, carefully and wisely adjusted to the exigencies of the case. We may, however, venture to draw nigh the origin of speech, and imagine to ourselves its early characteristics; for we are able to trace its now existing forms back into a remote and awful antiquity. We may picture the earliest men, as they looked with wonder on the world around them, and expressed in sound the images with which their minds were filled. Speech gave back the emotions out of which it sprang. Soft and harmonious sounds expressed the gentle feelings of the heart; while rough and violent intonations embodied in mimetic vocalism the harsh, the painful, the agitating passions, as they arose to disturb the serenity of life. The elemental sounds, in this way, had a general significance; but the few imitative monosyllables, of which the primitive language or languages consisted, were combined and recombined, to adapt themselves to the illimitable range of shifting and multiplying thought.

It has been a subject of inquiry among philologists, what classes of words were first invented or inspired. Some have claimed precedence for interjections, as if the first employment of new-created man were to feel astonishment and to express it by exclamations; others, for nouns, as if man first busied himself with giving names to the objects around him, and making out catalogues; others, still, trace the earliest form of speech in the verb; as if action — the doing this or that — had been the first manifestation of life that clothed itself in sound. So far as we can judge, neither of these was exclusively the first, but the same word was employed with all these modifications of sense. This fact holds partially in the present state of all languages, and wholly in some, as the Chinese. The word expresses the idea of *size*, for instance, in the most general way. In one combination it means *great*, in another *greatness*, in another *to make great*, in another *to be great*, in another *greatly*. We may infer, then, that sometimes one and sometimes another

part of speech came into existence first, according to circumstances; sometimes the act, sometimes the quality, sometimes the degree; the root of the word undergoing the modifications required by all these shapes of thought in the inflecting languages, and containing them all by implication in the uninflecting languages. The inquiry becomes then an idle one, and can lead to no results.

But what was the primitive language of man, if there was one? Does it exist, in whole or in part, in any known language, or does it lie dispersed and hidden among them all? If we could trace all languages back to one, and follow that to its primeval form, we could answer with certainty this question, which has so often been answered positively enough, but on the most uncertain grounds. As I have said, the question cannot well be answered, because at the earliest point to which our investigations ascend, all the languages which we have the best means of knowing were sufficiently formed to meet all the great demands for communication among the nations and races speaking them. Enthusiastic scholars, however, endeavored to pierce the veil, and to determine what language the first man spoke,—what language Adam used in Paradise. But opinions swayed in favor of this or that, according to the personal predilections or favorite studies of writers. Some enthusiastic Irish patriots stood up stoutly for the Erse or Wild Irish; Welshmen claimed the honor for a kindred dialect, the Welsh; Gaelic has not wanted its champions. The universally acknowledged antiquity of the Hebrew, and the circumstance that the Sacred Writings were composed in that venerable dialect, naturally led many to the conclusion that Adam was created with this language ready formed upon his lips, and that from this all others are directly or remotely derived.

Perhaps the strangest opinion of all is that of certain Quixotic Spanish scholars, who have proved that the Basque language is not only the first ever spoken by man, but, on account of its incomparable perfections and unexampled copiousness, must have been infused by the Almighty into the

minds of our first parents. The Basque is a rude dialect, spoken by the peasantry on the Pyrenean borders of France and Spain. It has no traceable affinities with any other language of Europe, and appears to have come down from a very remote epoch, undisturbed by the revolutions of time or empire. It has been thoroughly examined by that great and philosophical scholar, William von Humboldt, and, from a careful and beautiful analysis, pronounced to be a remnant of the Iberian tongue, or the language spoken by the primitive inhabitants of the Peninsula, before they were disturbed by the immigration of the Celts. Whether they were the children of the soil, created on the spot, or came in from Asia at a period anterior to the earliest legends, by a migration which has left no certain trace behind it on the way, Humboldt does not undertake to decide. The earliest literary document in this language dates no farther back than the Roman age; coins and medals carry its written memorials into the Phœnician times. Its alphabet, so far as it can be made out, is Greek or Phœnician. This meagre fragment of a language, that must have been poor enough in its best estate, is said by Mr. Astarloa to contain 4,126,564,929 words; i. e. fifty times as many words as are comprised in all the languages and dialects spoken on the face of the earth at the present day.

Another Spanish scholar, Mr. Erro, is scarcely less extravagant. He maintains that the Basque is the primitive language. He analyzes the names of the letters, which are in reality only corrupted forms of the names of the Phœnician alphabet, and finds them significant of the profoundest truths. Consequently, the Greek alphabet was derived from the Basque; and if so, then the Hebrew, Phœnician, and so on. This, of course, carries the Basque farther back than the dialect of the patriarchs. One more long step in the same direction takes us to the Tower of Babel, which, though it did witness the confusion of tongues among the builders, had no effect on Noah and the Armenians, since they had no participation in the sin that led to that great catastrophe. From this it is plain sailing beyond



the Flood, and as Noah spoke Basque, it remains only to trace it through the few generations between him and Adam. Seth recorded his astronomical observations on two stone columns, in Basque, and he learned it, of course, from his father.

These are the whims of one-sided scholarship, of philology run mad. Some of the conclusions drawn by those who endeavored to trace the primitive language as scattered in fragments among the various languages of the different branches of the human family, were almost equally whimsical. Towards the close of the last century, a French writer, M. Court de Gebelin, published a work called the *Primitive World*, in four quarto volumes, of about eight hundred pages each. The main object of this was to found a universal system of etymology, by adjusting the elements of sound to the expression of thought, by analyzing all sounds, and giving to each its abstract, ideal, or primitive signification, and by arranging all words, derivative and radical, according to their vocal elements. These elements are the primitive or natural language taught to man in his cradle, and all the languages that have ever been spoken are derived from this original source. For example, what sound of all possible sounds expresses the idea of *roundness*? According to him, *Gur*, or *Gyr*. In Arabic, *Kur* is *Spiral*; *Ma-Kur*, *turban*; *kura*, *to bind*. In Hebrew, *Gur* means *to assemble*, with several derivatives involving the idea of *circular*. In Greek we have *Gyros*; in Latin, *Circus*, *Circulus*, &c.; in Anglo-Saxon, *Gyrdan*, *to turn*; *Gyrdel*, *Girdle*. What is the natural or necessary sound for water? *Luc*, *lug*, or *loc*, found in the names of so many sheets of water, *Lacus*, *Laguna*, *Loch*, *Lac*, *Lake*. It is plain enough that this system cannot be supported on any fixed or scientific principle. In carrying the theory out, its author is driven to adopt purely arbitrary analogies, and very violent and improbable derivations. Nevertheless, his is, in many respects, an admirable work. It is written in an elegant and perspicuous style; it is always interesting and often eloquent.

Mr. Murray, a Scotch linguist of considerable eminence,



took a shorter method, and arrived at a more precise conclusion. According to him, all the Indo-European languages spring from nine monosyllables, each being a verb, and a name for a species of action. These are, —

I. To strike, or move with sharp effect, *Ag*; if the motion be less sudden, *Wag*; if made with great force, *Hwag*. These several forms were used originally to mark the motion of *fire*, *water*, *wind*, *darts*.

II. To strike with a quick, impelling force, *Bag*, or *Bwag*, of which *Fag* and *Pag* are softer varieties.

III. To strike with a strong blow, *Dwag*, of which *Thwag* and *Twag* are varieties.

IV. To move or strike with a quick, tottering, unequal impulse, *Gwag*, or *Cwag*.

V. To strike with a pliant slap, *Lag*, or *Hlag*.

VI. To press by strong force or impulse, so as to condense, bruise, compel, *Mag*.

VII. To strike with a crushing, destroying power, *Nag* and *Hnag*.

VIII. To strike with a strong, rude, sharp, penetrating power, *Rag*, or *Hrag*.

IX. To move with a weighty, strong impulse, *Swag*.

Of a language formed out of such beggarly elements as these, I can only say, that, if it was ever spoken at all, it must have been spoken by the three ancient tribes mentioned in Southey's most amusing work, "The Doctor," — the tribes of Taag, Raag, and Boabtails.

The result of all these studies and speculations is that no primitive language now exists, in either of the senses just considered; but the inquiries to which they have given rise have been far from useless. The comparative study of language — a science of which the ancients had only a faint presentiment, and which has become a positive science only within the present century — scarcely goes back beyond the revival of learning in the fifteenth century. From the division of the Roman empire, the Latin and Greek held divided sway, the one in the

West, the other in the East. They were the media of the scholarship, the science, the theology of the Middle Age; the East, however, knew but little of the one, and the West but little of the other. The revival of learning meant the revival of ancient classical studies, to which the dispersion of learned Greeks over Europe, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, added a powerful impulse. At the same time the great geographical discoveries of this age opened other and distant parts of the world to the knowledge of Europe, and brought the long separated branches of the human family into a renewed and closer acquaintance with each other. Next, classical philology connected itself with the study of Hebrew and the kindred Arabic, Syriac, and Aramaic, on account of their relations to the theological questions then agitating the world. In the seventeenth century classical, Hebrew, and antiquarian studies were prosecuted with extraordinary energy and devotion. There were giants in those days; and the vast monuments they have left behind them — huge pyramids of learning — bear witness to the more than Egyptian toils, compared with which our puny efforts are the insignificant achievements of pygmies. Thus was a foundation laid for the comparison of languages, which led first to those whimsical theories I have already described. In the following century many able writers, Leibnitz, Harris, Horne Tooke, Kant, Bilderdijk, discussed the general principles of language, some of them with a particular view to the formation of what they called a universal language. But the most important events in their influence upon these studies were those which brought the nations of Europe into closer relations with Hindostan, especially the establishment of the Anglo-Indian Empire. The name of Sir William Jones, that wonderful scholar and linguist, at once occurs in any consideration of this subject. The vast stores of Oriental learning acquired by him were communicated constantly to the European world, both through the pages of the Asiatic Journal and by independent works. His writings upon the Sanscrit, — the ancient and venerable language of Indian literature, — and

his translation of the *Sacotala*, excited extraordinary interest, and drew scholars away from the exclusive attention they had previously bestowed on the comparatively narrow range of the classical and sacred languages, to the wider field of philology presented by the languages and literatures of the remote East. The remarkable affinities between the Sanscrit and the Greek and Latin were at once appreciated, and the entire view of the connection between the various families of speech underwent a rapid change. Early in the present century, the publication of Adelung's *Mithridates* afforded large means for comparing and classifying languages according to their affinities, and first established the line of distinction between monosyllabic and polysyllabic tongues. The general views that had been silently forming were next distinctly developed by Frederic Schlegel, whose little work on the Language, Philosophy, History, and Poetry of the Hindoos excited an interest rarely equalled, by its magnificent generalization combining in one line of intimate affinity the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Roman, and German. He has been followed by a long array of illustrious scholars, most of whom are still alive, — Bopp, Burnouf, Lassen, Grimm, Klaproth, Meyer, Eichhoff, Rosen, Wilson, Van Kennedy, Bunsen, and, in our own country, Duponceau and Pickering, who have wrought comparative philology into its present form, and, connecting it with history, ethnology, and physiology, have made it a guiding lamp, casting a broad and steady light upon many long-darkened passages in the early destiny of the human race.



## LECTURE II.

### CLASSIFICATION OF LANGUAGES.

IN the first Lecture I gave a brief account of recent studies in comparative philology, so far as relates to the unity of origin and type among the languages of the world. We have now arrived at the point where the proper science of language commences. We have reached the path which has led to great results, and will lead to others still more comprehensive ; for the path is the right one, and the principles on which it is pursued are sound and philosophical. The first essays of comparison endeavored to trace one language up to another, — the Latin up to the Greek, the Greek up to the Hebrew, and the Hebrew up to the garden of Eden. I have already shadowed forth the contrary result, reached by the true method of determining affinities. Let me ask your attention for one moment to the exact and philosophical meaning of affinity of speech.

If we look at the words of any language with which we are familiar, the first fact that strikes our attention is, that most of them consist of two parts, — one containing the general meaning, and the other expressing the particular form of that meaning. For instance in *making*, the significant part is *mak*, the formal part *ing*. The meaning of the word lies in the first; the second gives it a specific form, in this instance the *participial*. Thus also in *man's* we have the general idea in *man*, and the special relation in the *s* of the possessive case. These two portions of a word suggest at once two kinds of affinity ; — the *first*, that which consists in identity or similarity of the significant parts of individual words ; the *second*, that which consists in



identity or similarity of structure, of grammatical inflection, of the formal part of the words. The former might arise in various ways, either by descent from one common language, as the languages of the South of Europe are descended from the Roman; or by frequent commercial, literary, or other intercourse, by neighborhood, or by the intercommunication of scientific ideas and the appropriate terminology, as in the intercourse between the Greek and Roman in the Augustan age, and between the French and the English, or the English and the German, of our day. This process has been constantly going on since the beginning of history. In regard to the second kind of affinity, that of grammatical structure, the end to be accomplished by speech, namely, the communication of thought, is always the same, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of a celebrated diplomatist; but the means of accomplishing that end are various, opening a wide range of choice to man's free agency, in the plastic period of the formation of speech. A certain degree of coincidence in the methods employed is to be expected from the uniformity of the laws of the human mind; but similar grammatical devices for expressing the specific forms, the relations of thought, the ideas of time, the connecting links between persons and things, cannot have been accidentally adopted by different and distant nations, — cannot have been borrowed from one another in accidental intercourse; but must point to an earlier and closer affinity, if not to identity of origin. Verbal resemblances may be accidental; grammatical resemblances cannot. Conclusions from the former may be fallacious; those drawn from the latter must be true in the inflecting languages; those drawn from both united must be true, both in the inflecting and the agglutinating. If the separation took place at a period of imperfect development, then the separated nation, though retaining many radical resemblances, will unfold so many peculiarities in the organic individual growth of its language, that they will become utterly unintelligible to each other. Greek and Persian, English and French, descended from the same great stock, speaking the same radi-

cals, employing the same type of grammatical forms, look upon one another as so many different races. Mr. Schleicher, a very distinguished comparative philologist, gives an illustration of the danger of drawing conclusions of affinity from coincidences of sound and meaning between words belonging to languages of different types. The Magyar word for *Wolf* resembles in form and sound the Sanscrit name for the same animal, and, as the Magyar belongs to the Tartar stock, it might be inferred that one had been borrowed from the other; but they are radically different. The Magyar name is derived from a word signifying *tail*; the Sanscrit, from a word signifying *to rend*. The Magyar, being a hunter, always on horseback, named the animal from that which was the most conspicuous feature, contemplated in his point of view; the Hindoo knew him more as the destroyer, and named him from his formidable teeth. They thus drew their characteristic designations from opposite extremities; the one called him a *tail-er*, and the other a *tearer*.

This analysis of words into the significant and formal elements not only furnishes the means of comparison, but suggests a principle of classification, admirable for its simplicity and comprehensiveness. Since the beginning of all languages must have been made with monosyllables, all languages may be grouped according to the stage beyond this primitive condition to which they have respectively attained. Those which remain in that form, like the Chinese, without grammatical inflections, constitute one group, called the *monosyllabic*; those which have taken a step beyond, and express the grammatical relations by connecting other words loosely with the significant elements, constitute another group called the synthetic, or *agglutinating*; those which express grammatical relations, either by changes within the significant word itself, or by parts added or prefixed in such a manner as to make them an integral portion of the word, constitute a third group, called *the inflecting*. These three groups, with their subordinate varieties, exhaust all the possibilities of language.

The distinction may be very simply illustrated by taking the two English monosyllables, *man* and *book*, and placing them in a grammatical relation with each other, — for instance, that of possession. In the uninflected monosyllabic state, the relation would be intimated by position, — *Man book*, signifying a book belonging to a man. In the agglutinating stage it would be, *Man his book*; that is, another word containing the idea of possession is loosely joined to express that relation. But in the final and inflecting stage it becomes *Man's book*. Here the inflectional termination is not the word *his* abbreviated, as is sometimes very erroneously supposed. It comes from another source, and has no further signification than as a sign to mark the grammatical relation.

All children pass from the mere animal cry, first to the simplest monosyllable consisting of a consonant and vowel; then to two consonants and a semivowel; then to the complete monosyllable; next to the synthetic or agglutinating process, in which two or more syllables are put together; and last of all to the inflectional. A faithful record of the sounds uttered by a child during the first two years of life would help greatly to illustrate the philosophy of language. An intelligent mother could not render a better service to science than by keeping such a journal.

The grammatical relations in monosyllabic languages are contained, as it were by implication, in the words themselves, and are conveyed by position in the sentence, or by tone, or are left to be divined by the hearer. These languages are few in number, are of necessity extremely meagre in their vocabulary, and are obscured by numerous inevitable ambiguities. The agglutinating languages, like the Tartar and the North American Indian, are the most numerous, and occupy the largest portion of the surface of the globe. The inflecting languages are also numerous, and are all related to one another by radical and grammatical affinities. They are the languages spoken by those nations and races which have achieved the history of human progress. Their mechanism displays a



higher order of intellect, more complete development, greater activity, in all directions. They are the languages spoken and written by the masters of the world, — by those who were the masters of the world at the outset, and have been so ever since.

The monosyllabic languages, as their name implies, consist of monosyllables, without grammatical inflection. To illustrate their character, I will give a few sentences from a Chinese writer, Confucius, first literally translated, and then rendered into the forms of our inflecting language. The following is that philosopher's definition of law. "Heaven order what call Nature; Nature conform what call Law; Observe law what call instruction; Law, not can hair wander; Can wander no Law; because good man watch and attend what no appear; Fear and dread what not hear." These are the words, arranged in their order, and representing as nearly as possible the Chinese monosyllables of which the passage is composed. The meaning, when clothed in grammatical forms, is this: "The order established by Heaven is called Nature; that which conforms to Nature is called Law; the observance of Law is called Instruction. The Law changes not a hair's breadth; for, could it change, it would not be Law. This is the reason why the good man watches the things which the eye sees not, and gives reverent attention to the things which the ear hears not."

The agglutinating languages, with numerous subdivisions, are commonly arranged under two general divisions; — 1. Those which occupy a great part of Asia and a few isolated positions in Europe; and 2. The Indian languages of the American continent, called by Humboldt the *incorporating* languages. I will venture to add a third, those of the African continent, except a narrow fringe on the North, on grounds which I will state by and by. In the first, the grammatical inflections are rendered by closely joining or inserting other words; in the second, clauses and even whole sentences are formed by running words together, or incorporating them into a single long-



protracted utterance. The Turkish verb denoting *to love* may illustrate the former mode of inflection. The negative *not to love* is rendered by inserting a word in the middle of the verb; *not to be able to love*, by inserting two words in the middle of the verb; and so on through a vast variety of combinations.

No subject connected with this country has more deeply interested the scholars of Europe than the Indian languages, and no department of our literature has been more eagerly sought after or more highly appreciated than the writings of our scholars upon them. In truth, the knowledge of the peculiar structure of these languages has changed the whole theory of speech, and introduced new and unsuspected forms of the expression of thought to the philological world.

From the Frozen Ocean to the extremity of South America, the languages of this continent are constructed upon a peculiar agglutinating plan, exhibiting features which distinguish them from the Asiatic tongues. They are divided, however, into numerous families, radically different from one another; and these families again are subdivided into hundreds of local dialects, differing in details, but agreeing in the main features of a common speech. Mr. Gallatin estimates the number of languages within the territory of the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, at sixty or more, which may be reduced to eight families. The languages west of the Rocky Mountains are similarly distributed into radically different families. In the nations composing the Mexican empire, fifteen or sixteen languages were spoken, at the head of which stood the Aztec, the language of the court and the capital. A similar variety was found in Peru and the other regions of South America. When the Europeans arrived there, they detected vast differences in the stages of culture between the utter barbarism of the northernmost tribes and the semi-civilization of Mexico and Peru. Some of the languages were found to be harsh as the hissing of snakes or the howl of demons, others remarkably soft and musical. But with all these variations of form, phrase, and sound, they agree, with a single doubtful exception, in the

agglutinating or synthetic method, called by Humboldt incorporation, by Cass coalescence, and by Schoolcraft accretion; the principle being, in the language of Gallatin, "to concentrate in a single word all the ideas which have a natural connection, and present themselves naturally to the mind."

Jonathan Edwards, the great metaphysician of our country, had his early training among the Mohican or Stockbridge Indians, and their language was more familiar to him than his own. He says that his thoughts ran in Indian when a child. In his observations on their language, he says that, if you ask an Indian the word for *hand*, holding out your own, he will answer by a word signifying *thy hand*; if you point to his, he will say *my hand*; if you point to that of a third person, he will give a word that means *his hand*; but never the simple, general term *hand*. This specific character is shown in all the American languages. In the Delaware there is no generic term in use for *oak*; but the Spanish oak is called, *A-mang-ganasch-qui-minski*, that is, *the tree with large leaves like the hand*. In Cherokee, the act of washing has thirteen different combinations, *I wash myself, my head, another's head, my face, another's face, my hands, another's hands, my feet, another's feet*, and so on. The longest Cherokee word has seventeen syllables, — *Wi-ni-tan-ti-ge-gi-na-li-skaw-lung-ta-nan-ne-li-ti-se-sti*, — meaning "They will by that time have nearly done granting favors from a distance to me and thee."

In the Aztec, the words are, if not of learned length, at least of thundering sound. The capacity of forming new combinations was well tested by the missionaries, as in the term for original sin, — *tla-cat-zin-til-iz-tla-tla-colli*, meaning "the foundation of the sins of men," and others still longer and more extraordinary.

But the most remarkable trait in this Aztec language, and the one that shows the deep degradation in which the people were sunk, is what the grammarians have called the reverential form. This is not like the terms of respect and deference found in other languages, but it runs through all the parts of

speech, and was used in speaking to or of superiors, parents, priests, gods, in every mode of expression. Nouns, verbs, adverbs, and so on, were made reverential by prefixing or adding syllables, or both, to the common words. Thus, of a common man, they said *yoli*, *he lives*; but when a great man condescended to live, it was, *mo-yo-litia*. A common man slept in two syllables, *cochi*; but a lord or priest slumbered more magnificently in five, *mo-cochi-tia*. When a common man swallowed, it was *toloa*; but when a great man did it, it was *tololtia*. A common person eat in a monosyllable *Ka*, and was perhaps glad to get that; but a great man required two more, *Kaltia*.

Another strange peculiarity of this language, which might have been employed to some purpose by the Woman's Rights Convention, was, that, in speaking of the natural relations, the women were not allowed to use the same terms as the men.

In the speech of the Massachusetts Indians, the agent, the action, and that which is affected by the action, — the doer, the thing done, and the thing or person done to, — are all comprised in the verb. Every possible mode of action or existence combines with the verb, so that this part of speech is, in a peculiar manner, the soul of these languages. Adjectives expressing qualities in the abstract scarcely occur; but they always combine with other forms into agglutinated verbal masses, so as to express the quality in some special mode of existence. Take for instance *old*. One combined word means *old people*, another *an old man*, another *an old woman*, *an old animal*, *an old bird*, *an old male quadruped*, *an old female quadruped*, and so on to infinity. The psychological explanation of these peculiarities is the fact, that the Indian tribes had not arrived at that stage of reflection in which abstract conceptions formed an independent and considerable part of their ideas, to be combined and recombined into logical series of thoughts. Their languages are not wanting in the words, but the words are used as elements to combine with specific relations. This is the reason why they have no substantive verb. They were



in the habit of employing, not the idea of mere existence, but that of the concrete forms of existence. They spoke of standing *here*, or walking *there*; of being in the act of *doing* this or that; of smoking the pipe, or hunting the deer, or scalping the enemy. These peculiarities of combination have given much trouble to translators out of inflecting languages, which are so largely made up of abstract terms and words used in secondary or metaphysical senses. Mr. Duponceau illustrates this by an example taken from a translation of Luther's Catechism from the Swedish into Delaware Indian. The words "Gracious God" are rendered *Vinckan Manitto*; literally *sweet God*; but the word *Vinckan* is used only in combination with eatables, so that the Delawares were given to understand that the white man's God was something good to eat, — which is too often the case.

To the two types of which I have spoken I am inclined, as I have said, to add a third; namely, the African. The missionaries of the Gaboon mission in Western Africa have published an excellent grammar of the Mpongwe language, with vocabularies. This represents a general family of languages occupying the southern half of the African continent, connected as dialects springing from one common origin. It is a singularly regular language in its formation, and peculiar in its principles of agglutination. I will call it agglutination by assimilation and repetition; and to illustrate the mode by which these principles are carried out, I will cite the adjective to show the assimilation, and the verb to show the repetition. The adjectives are few; and they have no case, gender, nor degrees of comparison. Nouns also have no gender nor case; but these relations are expressed by adding *onomi*, *man* or *male*, and *nyanto*, *woman* or *female*; as *onwana onomi*, *a child-man* (boy); *onwana nyanto*, *a child-woman* (girl). In the parable of the prodigal son, the fatted calf is called the *child-cow-fat*. Nouns, however, are arranged into four classes, according as they begin with a consonant, or with either of the vowels, *e i o*; and the same adjective takes all the corresponding forms



singular and plural, assimilating itself to the different classes of nouns. The verb, on the other hand, has one set of agglutinated forms to express five modifications of action; as, 1. *kamba*, to speak; 2. *kambaga*, to speak frequently; 3. *kambiza*, to cause to speak; 4. *kambina*, to speak to or for some one; 5. *kambagamba*, to speak at random. Then six more forms are made by repeating these simple agglutinated ones, in combination; namely, (*kambaga* and *kambiza* united) *kambizaga*, to cause to speak frequently; *kambinaza*, from *kambina* and *kambiza*, to cause to speak in behalf of some one; *kambinaga*, from *kambina* and *kambaga*, to speak to some one frequently; *kambagambiza*, from *kambagamba* and *kambiza*, to cause to speak at random; and *kambagambaga*, from *kambagamba* and *kambaga*, to speak at random frequently. This is what I mean by repetition.

It appears, therefore, that we do not exhaust all the forms of the second type of language without taking into the account Asia, America, and Africa; and that strictly speaking they should be arranged in three classes:—1. agglutination by attachment, the characteristic form of the Asiatic languages; 2. agglutination by incorporation, the characteristic form of the American languages; 3. agglutination by assimilation and repetition, the characteristic form of at least the southern half of Africa.

My brief sketch of the lower classes of languages, and the illustrations I have adduced, will of course suggest by contrast the immense advantages on the side of the inflecting languages. In the first place, the flexibility and clearness of their grammatical forms enables them to express with the utmost precision all the shades and relations of thought, and protects them against the necessary ambiguity of the monosyllabic languages, and from the endless complications of the agglutinating and incorporating languages. Then their parts of speech have each and all an independent existence, with special functions and well-established relations to one another. Finally, they are susceptible of being wrought into an infinite

variety of beautiful forms of art; so that they have been the great instruments of civilization, the chief organs of that higher intellectual life which crowns our existence in this world like a radiant glory.

There is something singular in the geographical distribution of the three great types. The monosyllabic from the remotest times has nestled in the southeastern corner of Asia, where in China it has attained its highest development, and become the organ of a rich and extensive literature. The agglutinating extend from the Deccan, in the south of Hindostan, fringing the southern shores of the continent, interrupted by the monosyllabic Chinese, reappearing in the boundless regions of Central and Northern Asia, coasting the Frozen Ocean and reaching Tibet and Caucasus, crossing the Ural Mountains into European Russia, passing into Eastern Europe, where an isolated outpost, the Madgyar, has maintained itself for ten centuries, and leaving from a period which History herself has forgotten to record a solitary monument at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, filling up the whole of South Africa, finally passing to the American continent, or springing up there by an independent creation, and spreading almost from the North Pole to the South.

The inflecting languages, again, occupy an extensive zone, running southeast and northwest, from the Himalaya and the Ganges to the western shores of Europe. In Asia, they extend along the southern slope of the heaven-piercing mountain range, expanding down the eastern and along the southern shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Passing into Europe, they divide into several branches,—one line of closely related languages holding the peninsulas of Greece and Italy; another penetrating into the heart of Europe by the Danube, and so reaching the northwestern shores; another filling the vast regions of the northeast,—the kingdom of Poland and the empire of Russia. These are the languages which, starting from a common source in the Iranian region of Asia, have marched east and west, conquering and to conquer, supplant-

ing gradually the lower types of speech, by which, however, they are still almost surrounded, embracing in their comprehensive genius the noblest forms of art, science, history, philosophy, poetry, and eloquence. Midway in this illustrious procession the Greek language holds its place; the Sanscrit stands at one extremity, and the English at the other.

Two or three general questions arise upon the consideration of the three great types of language, and their geographical distribution. Were the races speaking them endowed from the outset with different degrees of intellectual faculty, which fixed unalterably the lines of structural development in the forms of speech? Did the languages all start from the same point, — the primitive monosyllabic type, — and each arrive at a predestined result, one reaching this stage, another that, and all thereafter remaining permanently moulded? Or were there outward influences at work, whose forces we have no means of determining with precision?

Whichever may have been the case, the question lies beyond the limits of history, and I do not think that philological science is yet in a condition to render a conclusive answer. But it seems to me that we may at least be satisfied of this conclusion, that the monosyllabic type of speech represents the earliest condition of speaking man, the agglutinating the second, and the inflecting the third; and if the world has been peopled by a series of great migrations from a common centre, these migrations may be divided into three great primeval periods. The first took place when language was in its least formed state; the second, when language had reached its second stage; and the third and last, when language had become a perfected organism for the expression of human thought. The earliest primitive ages are represented by the Chinese; the middle primitive ages are represented by the numerous agglutinating races of which I have spoken; and the modern primitive ages are represented by the nations which belong to the European stock. It is true, our received chronologies are not comprehensive enough to take in all these



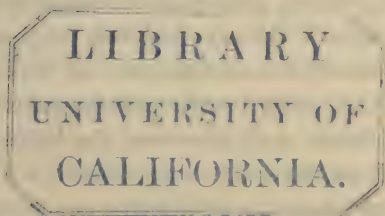
great epochs; and even the last is shown by unquestionable monuments to require a very considerable expansion to accommodate all the periods of its historic development.

The types of language never pass into one another. The monosyllabic has the germs, as it were, of the next higher order, but never becomes agglutinating; the second type has the germs of inflection, but never becomes inflecting. Nor does either of the higher types fall back into the lower. No inflecting language has ever become agglutinating, and no agglutinating language has ever become monosyllabic, within historical times. There was, then, behind the veil that always falls between the beginnings of history and the origins of things, a formative or plastic period, during which the higher primitive languages were assuming their predetermined types. Mr. Schleicher marks off two great periods, the ante-historical and the historical. No race appears on the stage of history until it has completed the formation of its language. Then it is ready to take its place, and play its part on the stage of national existence. But from the moment it enters upon the sphere of activity, its thought is withdrawn from words, and occupied with facts and events. Now commences a reverse process with its language. Slowly the elaborate grammatical forms fall away, and by a species of analysis, or logical resolution, the same relations are expressed by independent words, — by prepositions, auxiliary verbs, and the like. This is illustrated on a great scale by comparing the Sanscrit, which presents the fullest perfection of grammatical forms, and geographically stands at the eastern extremity of the line, with the English, which stands at the western extremity, and has gone farthest in the process of analysis. Here, however, the terms of comparison are drawn from opposite extremes in time and space. On a more limited scale, it may be illustrated by taking the middle term, — the Greek, — and comparing the Homeric forms with the later Attic, and the later Attic with the Greek of the present moment. The changes in this point of view are striking. The same thing may also be shown by



comparing the Gothic with the German, the German with the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-Saxon with the English. In all these cases the process of analysis has been steadily going on; but there is no tendency here to fall back into the agglutinating or the monosyllabic types.

I have thus spoken of the inflecting as the only proper historical languages; and I have briefly described the course of studies in comparative philology, by which their true relations and affinities with one another have been established. I have also shown that these languages, the civilizations which have found expression in them, and the races which have spoken and still speak them, represent in their most ancient forms, in their earliest histories, and in their very first traditional wanderings over the face of the earth, the last of the great primeval revolutions in the condition of man as a speaking, civilizing, and political being.



## LECTURE III.

### THE INDO-EUROPEAN LANGUAGES. — THE ORIGIN OF WRITING.

IN my last Lecture, I spoke of the three great types of language, and their geographical distribution. I propose now to trace the dispersion of the Indo-European race and its inflecting type of language, from its Iranian centre.

The languages of this class are not to be regarded, at least in their primitive form, as descended from each other, but as allied by collateral affinities, which bind into one family the numerous languages spoken from the Ganges to the western shores of Europe. They represent a series of migrations, all belonging, however, to the third and last period, and occupying ages which, like the geological epochs, it is impossible precisely to determine. History, tradition, language, all point to the Iranian region of Asia as the centre of dispersion; and the physical form of the earth's surface, in the parts of it occupied by these races, shows in all directions the lines of march they took up, as well as the controlling causes by which their final settlements were decided. The lofty mountains guided them east and west, and the river valleys drew them south. They poured into the boundless regions of the Indus and the Ganges, and were arrested by the impassable heights of the Himalayas. Southward they descended into the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris. Westward they pushed along the table-land of Asia Minor, filling up its shores and the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea; they rounded the Euxine, through the Caucasian passes; they poured into the valley of the Danube, and gradually occupied the heart of Europe. Southward they descended the dividing streams,

through the Hæmus gate, and, blending with another tide that crossed the Hellespont, occupied the Thracian, Macedonian, Thessalian, and Bœotian plains, pressed on Attica and the Peloponnesus, and filled the western regions of Greece. Others still, moving forward, found their way into the Italian peninsula; others held on their course, until they reached the west of Europe and were stopped by the Atlantic shore. Other mighty waves succeeded, crowding upon those that had gone before; and others after them, until the Indo-European world was fully occupied by the multiform varieties of speech and culture which these great families of nations have presented in their history. If we start from the Atlantic, we meet as the memorials of the earliest great migrations,—first, the Celtic tongue in the Armorican, Erse, Welsh, and Gaelic dialects; next, the Gothic, or Germanic, in the English, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, and German; farther south, the Pelasgic pair, the Latin and the Greek, with their modern representatives; then, passing northerly again, by the side of the Gothic, the widely extended Slavonic. Crossing the Hellespont, we discern traces of kindred languages in Asia Minor; turning southward, we have the Phœnician, the Hebrew, the Himyaritic, the Egyptian, which has at last been added to the Semitic stock; eastward again, the Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, Persian, Zend; and finally, the Sanscrit and its cognate forms, which bring us once more to the Himalayas. Here are brought almost into each other's presence strangely contrasted types of language, and types of race;—the monosyllabic Chinese, meagre, uninflected; the Sanscrit, with its richly unfolded forms and its boundless wealth of expression.

It takes but a few moments to tell in outline this traveller's story; but how many ages does it subtend, and what endless varieties of adventure marked the wanderings of these primeval pilgrim-nations of the world! Their line of march has been interrupted from time to time, through all history, by vigorous assaults made by the other races dashing down upon them from the north through the mountain passes. They have

been engaged in almost incessant warfare among themselves. And so, fighting or struggling with hordes of invaders, struggling too with one another for temporary mastery, they have built up and overthrown mighty empires, they have unfolded and destroyed widely extended, various, and beautiful civilizations; but yet the work of culture and humanity has been slowly and constantly advancing with every new combination of political strength, language, art, and poetry.

We have, then, the Indo-European stock, representing the spoken thought of these nations, ranging through the whole extent of recorded history, and bound together by the twofold affinities of similarity of verbal roots and identity of grammatical structure. Those which stand in the direct line, southeast and northwest, are more nearly allied than the collateral branches, although more widely separated in space and time. The Sanscrit and the Greek are much more alike than the Greek and Hebrew, or any other two languages, either of which lies out of the line of migration. The first generalization, it is true, took in only the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and one or two more so-called Oriental tongues; but as knowledge increased, the direct relationship between these was given up, and the Indo-Germanic group formed the next and more philosophical generalization. The third still more general view comprehended the languages of the Semitic offshoot, to which recently have been added the dialects spoken by the Babylonians, Assyrians, later Persians, and still more recently by the investigations of Egyptian scholars, especially the grammatical researches of Bunsen, the ancient sacred language of the Pharaohs themselves. And finally, the Celtic dialects of Western Europe, once supposed to have no affinities with the other European tongues, have been introduced, upon unquestionable documentary proofs of relationship, into this great family. The Celts, as I have already said, represent the first great wave of migration that reached the Atlantic, in the northernmost of the two divided European lines. The Egyptians represent the first offshoot, at right angles from the main advancing Asiatic column. The Phœnicians, Syrians,



Hebrews, and Babylonians belong to a subsequent series of deviating lines. The Egyptian language stood at a lower stage of structural organism than the Phœnician and the Hebrew; and these again stood at a lower stage than the old Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, and Gothic. These languages, in their more or less full development of principles lying at the common foundation of them all, give us some approximation to a correct view of the chronological order according to which they assumed their several subordinate varieties of type.

Through these languages there run many words identical in root, and often identical in form. I have already given some illustrations of the danger of making hasty inferences from this class of resemblances. No one would be justified in asserting an affinity between the Mpongwe and the Greek, because *polu* means *great* in one and *much* in the other; or because the verbal termination *iza* gives a causative signification to the verb in the one, while *ιζω* has the same effect on a few verbs in the other. But when we find those words which are of prime necessity in all nations;—those which express the natural relations, as father, mother, sister, brother, son; or numerals, which must everywhere have been among the first words in use; or the simplest actions, such as to give, to know; or the names of the animals which everywhere minister to the wants of man; or the connecting particles which bind the parts of sentences together; or the names of the most striking objects in nature, as the stars, or the parts of the human body;—when we find these classes to a considerable degree identical, with only such variations as the laws of the conversion of sound require in passing from one to the other, we must suppose an intimate relation at some remote period of time. And if, in addition to this, we find the conjugations and declensions the same, with such changes alone as arise from appreciable causes; if we find exactly the same modes of expressing the relations of time,—exactly the same modes of marking the agreement of adjectives with substantives in gender, number, and case; and so on through all other gram-

matical inflections;—the probability before established amounts to a demonstration,—the conclusion is just as certain as any result in physical science. Such, in fact, are the relations among the languages now under consideration. Nearly all the personal pronouns are the same from the Ganges to the Atlantic Ocean. The numerals are the same. The word *two*, for example, is in Sanscrit *dui* or *dwaḥ*; in Persian, *du*; in Greek, *δύο*; in Latin, *duo*; in Gothic, *twa*; in the Old German, *tue*; in German, *zwei*; in Anglo-Saxon, *twá*; in Dutch, *twee*; in Danish, *to*; in Icelandic, *tvö*;—and so on through the languages of the South of Europe. Take for an example the preposition *over*; it runs through the same line, *ufar*, *ὑπὲρ*, *super*, *ober*, *über*, *ofer*, *over*. Take again the word *name*,—*nama*, *ὄνομα*, *nomen*, *nam*, *nom*, *naam*, *navn*, *name*. Thus, too, we have in the same sense, in Sanscrit, *Pita*; in Greek, *Πατήρ*; in Latin, *Pater*; in German, *Vater*; in Danish, *Fader*; in Dutch, *Vader*; in Anglo-Saxon, *Fæder*; in English, *Father*;—also in Sanscrit, *Mata*; in Greek, *Μήτηρ*; in Latin, *Mater*; in German, *Mutter*; in Anglo-Saxon, *Modor*; in Erse, *Ma-thair*; in English, *Mother*. So is it with *brother*, *sister*, and the like. Sometimes the line is broken in one language, and reappears in the next, the wanting link being supplied from some other source, because the true etymological word has been accidentally lost or employed in another sense. Thus *φρατήρ* in Greek means, not *brother*, as its representative does in Sanscrit and the other languages, but it expresses a more distant relationship,—another term derived from the common tie on the mother's side, *ἀδελφός*, being made to take its place.

Perhaps these examples will be sufficient to illustrate this class of relations. The number of words which have been traced in this manner, through the whole or part of the series, is about a thousand. In the ordinary intercourse of life we use scarcely double this number; in the early stages of society, a thousand words would be a reasonable supply to express the simplest class of ideas.

The grammatical affinities are still more conclusive. Those

between the Sanscrit and the Greek are so minute and extensive, that some knowledge of the former is now held to be necessary for the complete illustration of the latter. Many irregular forms of the Greek can be explained only from the Sanscrit, where they occur as parts of a regular whole that has not been retained in the Greek. The meaning and construction of cases in Greek are placed in a clearer light by comparing them with the more richly unfolded declension of the Sanscrit noun; the several meanings of a case in the former having each its appropriate and independent form in the latter. Most remarkable of all, it has been recently placed beyond a doubt, that the Sanscrit system of accentuation is identical with that of the Greek, and that its principles were discussed and settled by Sanscrit grammarians two centuries before the time of Aristophanes, the Greek grammarian to whom the first systematic treatment of the subject has been attributed,—a strong proof how vital the accentuation was, and how important it is to a just appreciation of the Greek as a living language.

The points of illustration might be greatly multiplied, but these must suffice. The Sanscrit is not only more copious in grammatical forms than the Greek or any other tongue, but more regularly derived throughout from roots within the language itself; and the reason of this is, that the people speaking it were earlier settled in their preappointed habitations, passed through a less interrupted development, and were exposed to fewer invasions from abroad, than their westward-marching brethren. Besides this, when they first moulded their social and political organizations, they introduced into their fundamental institutions certain principles of permanence, which gave such durability to their legislative and religious system, that it has undergone few and slight changes, except a single great religious schism, for more than four thousand years. On the contrary, struggles, wanderings, revolutions, displacements, migrations, marked unceasingly the fortunes of the many-titled tribes, which, after ages of suffering and conflict, laid the foundation of the Pelasgic states and planted



the germs of Hellenic culture. The incomers by land were blended on the margin of the Ægean Sea with the wanderers over the deep, bringing with them other styles of thought, other forms of speech, other modes of action. Thus, while the Hellenic character grew up among the stormy conflicts of sea and land, the language, too, lost that mechanical regularity of structure which marked its elder sister. So much the better for it, as the destined organ of Hellenic genius yet to come. A language is all the worse for monotonous regularity. Notwithstanding the eulogy of the missionaries upon the language of the dwellers on the Gaboon, as "so beautiful and so philosophical in all its arrangements," it is still the language of a barbarous tribe. The manifold experiences of the Greeks, the infinite range of their plastic imagination, and their large intercourse with related nations in the East, stamped themselves upon their forms of speech, and gradually wrought out of its fine and delicate materials the most flexible and transparent body in which human thought has ever been clothed.

How has our English speech been enriched by the like experience! Placed at the outpost of this long line, it has been moulded and remoulded by every successive wave of language that swept upon it. Celtic, Roman, German, under many forms, first from the incessant Northern stream, then from the conquering advance of the Southern tide, have each and all brought to it their argosies of thought-conveying words, and helped to make it the mighty tongue it is. We talk of Anglo-Saxons, and write sounding paragraphs in popular speeches about the great things they are doing all over the world. Cardinal Hughes, on the other hand, abuses them in good set terms. Praise and abuse may both alike be spared; for no Anglo-Saxon now lives upon the surface of the earth. They did their share in building up our English language; but the present rage for Saxondom is a pedant's dream. Saxon is but one of many elements out of which the fine felicity of our curiously interblended language has resulted, through the all-harmonizing and all-uniting spirit of time and human activity.



Let us see what benefits the English language has enjoyed from its position at the confluence of so many streams, by a single class of examples. Take the words *father*, *brother*, *daughter*, and their derivatives. These all come from the Northern stock, which by fixed laws of the conversion of sound have changed the initial consonant of the Sanscrit and the Greek; and from them we have *fatherly*, *brotherly*, *daughterly*, to express the affections which those relations involve. But in the Southern languages of Greek and Roman descent the earliest forms have been preserved, and from them we have *paternal*, *fraternal*, *filial*, to express the relations themselves. There is no end to the varied wealth of speech which our language has gathered in from so many sources.

The so-called confusion of tongues has often been bewailed as a great calamity. But variety is the condition of intellectual progress. Imagine the possibility of a universal language. We must then have had one of two things. Either one monotonous style of thought would have prevailed all over the world, without local coloring or national idiom; or else the language would have become so vast in the extent of its vocabulary and the variety of its forms that no human being could have mastered it. There would have been no standard of style or taste, no literature in any high sense of the word. All vigor of thought would have been drowned in a wishy-washy ocean of fluctuating verbiage.

Providence arranges these things better. Now, wherever there has been a civilized nation, it has had a language fitted to be its organ; it has set up its standards of taste; it has formed its classic style. Instead of having no standards of literature, we now have as many literatures, wrought into the highest forms of taste and art, as there have been civilized nations and languages. Thus the intellectual treasures of the world have been multiplied, just in proportion to the number of finished and classical languages that have been created for the use of man.

Allow me to call your attention for a moment to another

general topic, which has important bearings upon some great questions relating to classical literature, and even, it may be, upon the views we are to entertain with regard to the sacred writings. The art of writing is so commonplace, that we lose all sense of its extraordinary character. Yet how much of vain experiment, how many ineffectual efforts, must have been made, before the completion of the refined analysis on which this second miracle of human genius rests! We know well enough whence all the existing nations received this precious inheritance; but who invented it? What mortal first conceived the idea of imprisoning sound in sign, and making both the carriers of thought to the end of the world?

Dogberry said, "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." Pliny affirms that the use of letters is from all eternity. Strabo says that the Iberians had written laws, in verse, six thousand years before his time. Epigenes asserts that the Assyrians possessed the alphabet seven hundred and twenty thousand years before his time. The common statement of the Greeks was, that Cadmus the Phœnician brought letters into Greece, and the approximate date assigned to that event is about 1500 B. C. The Egyptians assigned the invention to the god Theuth, or Thoth. In the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, Prometheus claims the invention for himself. All the European, most of the Asiatic, and some of the African nations, appear in history bringing with them the art in some form or other, from the dark times beyond. On this continent, the Mexicans and Peruvians were found to have invented a peculiar system, which answered to some extent the purposes of historical annals and distant communication; and Mr. Schoolcraft has shown that many of the Northern tribes had invented ingenious systems of record, and even a set of mnemonic signs, by which the words of popular songs, once learned, could be recalled to the memory. Nowhere can we trace any doubt amongst the ancients that the art is coeval with the formation of society; nowhere is it alluded to as newly invented or recently introduced. Yet, notwithstanding

this striking fact, modern criticism has not scrupled to draw the most sweeping conclusions as to the form and nature of early literary compositions, on the air-built hypothesis that the use of writing was not known in the ages when those compositions originated. On this point I shall have something more to say, in speaking of Homer; at present I desire briefly to examine the facts which must be the basis of all argument upon the subject.

If we try to picture to ourselves the man who conceived the idea of representing things by signs, we shall undoubtedly come to the conclusion, that the first step he took was to make a picture of the object, or a delineation of the scene, to be put on record. This mode answers well for large classes of objects, conveying ideas independently of time. Suppose that the time-element next enters, and he desires to say that morning, noon, or night was the time when the pictured scene occurred, how shall this be expressed? The figure of the rising, midday, or setting sun, or of the moon, would naturally come to his aid. The idea of light in general, by a further movement in the same direction, would be conveyed by the images of the sun and moon. Again, a physical quality is to be expressed, as strength. The lion is the strongest of animals, and a rude outline of him would readily convey the idea. A moral quality would be conveyed by a similar analogy. He has now advanced a long distance. He can communicate numerous ideas, by representations, partly direct and partly indirect, of the ideas themselves. In short, he has invented an ideographic system of writing.

But the imperfection of this method of intercommunication would not long remain unnoticed. The direct picture of course suggests the name, that is, the sound of the name, of the object itself. Here lies the first germ of phonetic representation, so that the next step is to combine pictures suggestive of words, with the symbolical pictures suggestive of qualities or acts. Here we have writing composed of two elements, vocal and ideal. Pursuing the same course, it is next found that a



picture may represent the principal sound in the name of the object; and, as in a primitive language this is likely to be the initial sound, the picture finally stands for the first sound in the name of the object. Here has already begun the analysis of words into their elementary sounds; and it appears that every spoken word consists of a certain number of these, and that each of these is the initial sound of some other word or name of an object, and may therefore be represented by the figure of that object. Here we have in fact an alphabet. This would not, indeed, be universally applied, because the other methods are already established; but certain classes of terms—names of places and of men—would at once be written out phonetically; and, as many names of objects begin with the same sound, in the course of time there would be a large range for selection. Suppose, for instance, it were proposed to write the name of Boston, with the means we have now at hand. The figure of a *bow* would be the initial, which has the additional recommendation of representing the original inhabitants; an *oyster* would convey the second sound, and no unpleasant association with it; a *school-house*, the pride of the city, would give the third; a *tile*, the fourth; an *orange*, symbolical of commerce with the tropics, the fifth; and the *nib* of a pen, significant of literature, the last.

But this is a troublesome mode of writing. Not all men can make pictures easy to be recognized. An outline is soon substituted, and then a simple mark, or combination of marks, for the figure representing the idea or the sound. We have, then, three natural stages, well defined, in the progress of this art: 1. the pictorial representation of words, of ideas, of simple sounds; 2. the outline representation of the same; and 3. the representation of the same by simple marks and combinations of marks. Each of the earlier nations has the alphabetic element blended with the other two. This blending will continue until some great practical want suggests the next step, namely, freeing the alphabetical element of writing from the others, and constituting a purely phonetic system of signs of a convenient



form, representing the simplest elements of sound. It is neither to be expected nor desired that any alphabet should exhibit sounds precisely as they are. Pronunciation, like every other part of language, changes with time, place, and climate; and to chain so fugitive and fluctuating an element to visible forms is beyond the power of man. But alphabets originally gave the prevailing sounds of the languages for which they were made, when they were made, and in the places where they were made.

This sketch sounds like a mere theory, — a natural one, it must be admitted. Yet the written systems of Egypt and China show that such was the course which the invention actually followed. One remark, however, should here be made. It is only languages of the two higher types, strictly speaking, that are susceptible of being alphabetically represented. Take the Chinese, — the most advanced specimen of a monosyllabic language. The number of independent words must be extremely limited, because the number of possible combinations of sound in monosyllables is limited. The roots in the Chinese, in fact, are only four hundred and fifty monosyllables. This number is quadrupled by sing-song tones, four in number, in which they are pronounced, making, however, less than two thousand words for the entire stock of articulations with which the language is furnished. Another fact follows directly from this, namely, that every word must be used in a great variety of senses. This is the case with the Chinese monosyllables, the number of significations belonging to a single word sometimes amounting to thirty or forty. The sounds of these words are indistinctly articulated; consonant, vowel, and nasal run into the pronunciation so curiously, that it is very difficult to represent them by alphabetic characters. Of this any one may convince himself by listening for a single moment to a Chinese talking or reading. But if this were not the case, if every word could be precisely written out in a Western alphabet, it would be impossible to read three sentences intelligibly; it would be impossible to decide which out of the twenty or thirty

meanings of each word was the right one for the particular place. Written language would have all the ambiguity of spoken language, and none of the means a speaker has of removing it. Here, then, lies the insuperable obstacle to reducing a language of this type to proper alphabetic writing; and this is the answer to the question so often asked, why the Chinese, with so much of intelligence and civilization as they possess, have not long since abandoned the cumbrous system of writing which makes their language such an inscrutable puzzle.

The invention of written characters in China is referred by the Chinese to the remotest antiquity, when Fu-hi governed the world. By some the date of this semi-fabulous monarch's reign has been placed about 3400 B. C. The Chinese legend says that, looking up to heaven, he saw figures traced in the sky; and casting his eyes down upon the earth, he saw models for imitation there, — the forms of birds, of trees, of animals, of mountains, lakes, and rivers; so that heaven and earth united to furnish the harmonious system, which took the place of the more ancient communication by knotted cords. The first Chinese signs were pictures, as we have seen in our theoretical view. The figures of the sun and moon, of mountains and animals, represented the objects themselves. Next they were combined to express ideas indirectly or symbolically. Thus the sun and moon together represented light; the figure of a man stretched very uncomfortably across the top of a mountain signified a hermit; the figure of an eye, with running water, signified tears; the figure of a woman, with a broom in her hand, signified a matron. But the direct representations soon gave way to others, in which the pictorial principle was scarcely traceable, and finally disappeared almost altogether. The existing system of writing embodies the toil of ages, and is one of the most extraordinary monuments of patient industry and refined analytic skill that record the labors of man. The number of written characters, like the number of spoken words in other languages, is variously stated. The dictionaries ordinarily contain about forty or fifty thousand;

one of the native dictionaries, however, is said to contain two hundred and fifty thousand. It is frequently stated that this system is ideographic throughout, that is, that it conveys ideas directly, and not through the medium of sound. Mr. Duponceau and Mr. Pickering have shown that this cannot be the case to the full extent of the assertion; were it so, the Chinese themselves would read the same written text into different words, and there could be no such thing as poetical composition depending on some particular rhythm or similarity of sound. Every written character is uniformly read into the same phonetic utterance; but the ambiguities of the spoken language are avoided in the following manner. Each syllable or word has, in the first place, a considerable number of characters, made up originally of different elements, and so having doubtless in themselves different significations. Practically, each of these homophones may be used for the word, in whatever sense that word may be employed; and if this were all, the written language would be like the spoken, a series of ingenious puzzles. But the characters as actually written consist not only of this phonetic part which determines the sound of the word; but there is joined closely to this another character which has no sound at all, but represents an idea only. There are, therefore, in each sign a phonetic element and an ideographic element. For example, the character *Tschen*, by itself, means *ship*; but the same word as spoken has a great many other meanings, and the special meaning which it has in any particular connection is determined by the ideographic sign annexed. Among its meanings are, besides ship, *water-brook*, *the pole of a wagon*, *plume*, *arrow*. Suppose it is to be used in the sense of *water-brook*. If spoken, it would be ambiguous; if written, this sign would give the phonetic element, but there would be added to it another, pronounced *shui*, and meaning *water*, — not spoken in this combination, but showing that *Tschen* is used in that particular meaning which has reference to water; that is, *brook*. These ideographic signs, called *clefs* or *keys*, represent whole classes of ideas, and are two hundred and fourteen in number.



I believe that the peculiarities of the Chinese graphic system are sufficiently apparent from this slight sketch. It will be seen how this complicated contrivance remedies the imperfections of uttered speech, and why it would be impossible for the Chinese to abandon it for any strictly alphabetical character. It will also appear why the Chinese scholars think so much more of their written than of their spoken language; why Chinese education consists chiefly in mastering its principles and details. A fair business education embraces a knowledge of about two thousand characters, with a ready skill in writing them; a good literary education might extend to ten thousand, and only men of extraordinary learning attain to twenty thousand. In China, more than anywhere else, a literary man is literally a man of letters.

The inflecting languages, and many of the agglutinating, have from the earliest times taken the last step indicated in the theoretical view. They have analyzed words into their simplest elements of sound, and represented these by a limited number of signs, which, being combined and recombined, have offered to the eye all the words in all these languages, with as little ambiguity or complication as the words themselves present to the ear. This invention Mr. Erro claims for the Biscayan language, and carries it back to Adam, by a process of reasoning similar to that by which he proves the Adamitic antiquity of the language itself. Adam knew by inspiration, or rather intuition, that the sound *a* signified *vast extent*; he gave it a name, *alfa*, which has that meaning; he took a rod and traced that meaning in the sand by drawing a pair of human legs, stretched wide apart, and striding through infinite space. This is the origin of the first letter in the alphabet, and all the other letters he explains in a like whimsical manner.

Undoubtedly the world is indebted to Egypt for this illustrious invention. The Pyramids, "placed," as Dr. Pickering finely expresses it, "like a rock in the current of time," contain the names of the ancient kings, Cheops and Ceph-



ren, by whom they were built. Egypt has been justly called the monumental nation. No country on earth has such numerous, gigantic, and magnificent memorials of her early power and splendor; and these monuments were antiquities in antiquity. The Greeks from Homer down, the Hebrews from Moses down, refer to Egypt as an old, if not the oldest nation. The monuments are described by Herodotus, Diodorus, Clemens of Alexandria. The writings with which those monuments and the papyri found in them are covered, on which the priests founded their statements to Herodotus, and Manetho constructed his historical lists of the kings, and Horapollo his explanations of the symbolical characters, are coeval with the oldest monuments, running back far beyond the recorded history of any other nation, and intimating a long history of forming and consolidating civilization anterior to themselves. From this primeval period the hieroglyphical inscriptions were constantly employed, through the Pharaonic dynasties, the Persian supremacy, the line of Greek sovereigns from Alexander, and to the third or fourth century of the Roman rule. Several ancient writers, especially Herodotus and Clemens of Alexandria, left general descriptions of the Egyptian graphic system; but as it ceased to be employed, and its place was supplied by the Coptic alphabet in the fifth or sixth century of our era, the knowledge of its principles gradually faded away, and was at length completely lost. When, in modern times, this subject began to excite the interest of scholars, the words of Herodotus and Clemens were greatly misunderstood. Only one thing seemed clear from their united statements, — that Egyptian writing consisted of three kinds, the Hieroglyphic, the Hieratic, and the Demotic, — the first, as its name imparts, being that used in sacred sculptures; the second, that employed by the priests; and the third, that employed by the people. But upon what graphic principle these were founded was wholly unknown. The monuments and the ancient papyri exhibited the three forms; and upon comparing them, it appeared that the hieroglyphic or sculptural form was the basis of the other two; the

hieratic substituting abbreviated outlines, and the demotic almost arbitrary characters, for the entire figures of the first,—convenience of use being evidently the ruling motive for both these modes of shortening the process of writing, as the practice became more general.

Innumerable conjectures have been hazarded, nearly all wide of the truth. Lord Monboddo's, so far as I know, was the only opinion which later researches have shown, in its main features, to be correct. The problem of the Egyptian Sphinx remain unsolved until the present century. The discovery of the Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, furnished the long-lost clew to this ancient mystery. On this stone was found an inscription in three forms,—Hieroglyphic, Demotic, and Greek. Parts were mutilated, but enough remained unhurt to show clearly what it contained; and the inference at once naturally suggested itself, that the Greek was a translation of the other two. Copies were immediately circulated among the European philologists. The Greek was carefully examined and interpreted. It was found to be a commemorative inscription by the priests of Memphis, in honor of a visit of the young Ptolemy Epiphanes to that city, on the eighth anniversary of his accession to the throne under a guardian; the date of the record being 196 B. C. On comparing the hieroglyphics with the Greek, it was found that certain groups of figures, enclosed in a ring,—an arrangement which had often before been observed in the monuments of every age,—corresponded to the name of Ptolemy; and it was naturally inferred that these groups represented that name in some way or other. The next thing to be done was to analyze the groups themselves. Many attempted this with more or less success. Dr. Young, a great English mathematician, determined the phonetic value of a part of the figures; but he missed a complete solution, because it never occurred to him that they were all alphabetically employed. Starting from the point reached by Dr. Young, Champollion assumed that all the characters were used as Dr. Young had shown that some of them were; and

fortunately having obtained another bilingual inscription containing in Greek the name of Cleopatra, and, corresponding to it, a group of characters in a ring, he rightly inferred that, if his principle were correct, the identical letters in the two names would be expressed by the same characters, which proved to be the case.

This conclusion was confirmed by numerous other comparisons, and a hieroglyphical alphabet was determined. Thousands of inscriptions on the monuments have been examined by the aid of this key ; and it has been clearly shown that the alphabetic element enters largely into all. Manetho's lists of kings have been, to a considerable extent, identified, and a foundation laid for the reconstruction of Egyptian history, and, through that, of the collateral history of neighboring countries and nations, back to a period compared with which the dawn of Grecian poetry seems but of yesterday. The principle of this alphabetic element has received the technical name of *acrophonic*, or the principle of initial sounds,—the figures representing the sounds with which the names of the objects commence,—the figure of a *Lion*, for example, standing in these phonetic groups for *L*, because the Egyptian word for lion was *Laboi*. The meanings, however, of the greater part of the ascertained hieroglyphics have been decided by their position in combination with others previously determined ; the figures sometimes failing to suggest the objects, and the Egyptian names of the objects not being always known. In the epithets applied to proper names, and in the words of the continuous hieroglyphical texts, other characters, namely, the pictorial and the symbolical, are blended, so that it is a very difficult and complicated problem to read them into words. But, beyond all question, the use of strictly alphabetic signs, in each of the three kinds of writing, is coeval with the earliest monuments, and the use of hieroglyphical alphabetic characters goes back to an epoch not much later than 3000 B. C.



## LECTURE IV.

### ALPHABETIC WRITING. — PRIMEVAL LITERATURE OF THE EAST.

IF we proceed from Egypt in a northeast direction, we find another kind of monumental writing, called the wedge or arrow-head, — the writing of the earliest settlers along the Tigris and Euphrates. These nations from the first were often brought into relations of peace and war with the Egyptians; but they had not that persistency in the method of inscription which so surprisingly characterized the Egyptians. Yet, from a period commencing about 2000 B. C., their monuments contain cuneiform inscriptions, in this character, which continue below the age of the Persian kings. A few years ago these were considered the unknown signs of lost languages; but by the learned labors of the eminent philologists Grotefend, Lassen, Burnouf, and especially Rawlinson, these characters in their later use have been entirely, and in their earlier forms are in a fair way of being entirely deciphered. The system was not purely alphabetic in its earliest stages; syllabic and symbolical forms entered largely into its composition. But in process of time, we cannot tell how early, the alphabetic element supplanted the others; and in the reign of Darius, if not as early even as the beginning of the Achæmenian dynasty, a complete alphabet, representing about thirty-eight sounds, was established. The characters are all formed from the parts of a single elementary figure combined in different numbers, positions, and relations; and the words are written by giving to each sound in them its appropriate phonetic orthography.

This mode of monumental writing was used, as I have said,



by the myriads of people constituting the Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, and Persian empires, and was applied to all the languages spoken by them. The most remarkable document thus written is the great Behistun inscription, carved on the side of a rocky mountain, perpendicularly smoothed for the purpose. The mountain was known to the ancient Greeks as the Bagistan, formed from an old Persian word, implying sacred to the Bagas, or the Gods. In the time of Diodorus Siculus, it contained an inscription, said to have been placed there by Semiramis. That has disappeared. What remains, however, is sufficiently remarkable. The sculptures consist of twelve figures in relief, which were mistaken by one of the early travellers for the twelve Apostles. Above them is a singular form in the air, representing the Zend and Persian Deity Auramazda, or Ormuzd. Connected with the figures are large panels on the smoothed surface of the rock, filled entirely with arrow-head inscriptions; the whole occupying a space of a hundred and fifty feet in length, and about a hundred in breadth, and at the inaccessible height of three hundred feet from the mountain's base. This extraordinary document had been often described by travellers, who surveyed it through telescopes, and attempted with very poor success to copy it. The French Commissioners, who endeavored to approach it, came home and reported that it was inaccessible. But Englishmen consider nothing impossible but failure. Colonel Rawlinson, residing at Bagdad in an official capacity, determined that the thing should be done; and it was done, by what means he has not fully informed us in the very interesting memoirs upon this subject, which occupy almost the whole of several numbers of the Asiatic Journal. It is enough to say that he has copied, interpreted, and translated the Persian part of the inscription, which proves to be a very interesting and important record of the early portion of the reign of King Darius. The figures are those of the king and two attendants, into whose presence are brought, with their hands tied behind them and cords about their necks, nine captive rebels. The

several inscriptions contain an account, in three languages, of their misdeeds and their punishment.

Besides this monumental alphabet, these nations possessed an abbreviated writing, corresponding to the Demotic of the Egyptian. Here we come into the line of the Zend and Sanscrit, which seem to me, both from the number of their letters and their phonetic values, — the former containing thirty-nine and the latter forty-eight signs, — to be closely connected with the arrow-heads. At least, there is no trace of their having originated in pictorial representations. They are very complete, especially the Sanscrit, and their use is coeval with the beginning of their literatures, dating in all human probability two thousand years before our era.

Having followed the course of the art of writing to its utmost limits eastward, let us cast a glance in the opposite direction, and come a little nearer home. On the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, from the earliest dawn of history, had been established a race, vigorous, active, and intellectual. The sea is one of the greatest civilizers. The moment you tread its shores, and breathe its bracing air, you become a new being. Its restless waves tempt you to dare the conflict with them, and lo! the white sails of adventure, war, or commerce bear you away to distant lands. The passion grows until you feel yourself the master of the stormy element, and force the messenger winds and waves to do your bidding. So grew up those Phœnician merchants and mariners, who distributed the products and gathered in the wealth of the ancient world, who built up powerful commonwealths on the eastern margin, and dotted the southern and northern shores of the Mediterranean with their colonies. This sea-roving race had from the beginning close and constant intercourse with the already ancient realm of the Pharaohs. There they found the art of writing, not yet reduced to its simplest idea and form; and there they found all the instruments and materials of writing in common use. The art was just what they wanted, — not the sculptured hieroglyphic; for how could they take granite slabs for their

ledgers and bills of lading, and troops of artists to hew out their accounts current, on those distant voyages? or how could they stop to paint the pictures of the hieroglyphics, or even the outlines of the hieratic style? or how could they find the time — business men as they were, in a piratical as well as a commercial way — to describe their bales of merchandise, or exchange receipts with their customers, by painfully writing out a series of symbolical representations? They took the idea, not the form; they struck out the pictures and symbols; they fixed the alphabetic part by adopting a character from some one object for each letter; they simplified the characters for convenience of writing; and so they had an alphabet of sixteen sounds, represented by easily written and remembered characters, retaining the names of the objects from which they were taken, and finally increased in number to twenty-two. This Phœnician alphabet was carried by them round the Mediterranean and through the adjacent countries, and became the basis of all the alphabets of Europe and many of those in Asia. How much more convenient this was than the Egyptian, from which it was taken, or the arrow-head, or the Chinese, it is needless to point out. How much more convenient it is than the Sanscrit or the Zend, notwithstanding the boasted superiority of the former in phonetic completeness, any one who has compared them as to facility of reading will not hesitate to admit.

Thus the last step in this great art was taken, in the Zend and Sanscrit speaking countries, by men whose minds were occupied with deep speculations or poetic flights; and their graphic systems exhibit the minute analysis and theoretic perfection which were to be expected from their authors. In the West, it was taken by practical men, whose speculations were in trade, and who cared little for theory, provided they had a compendious instrument for the transaction of business. Philosophical meditation produced the one system, commercial necessity the other; and from the first moment of their use down to the present moment, the two systems have borne ineffaceable marks of the sources from which they came.



There is reason to believe that, even before the time of Cadmus, the simplest form of the Phœnician alphabet was known in several parts of Europe, probably in Greece and Italy, certainly throughout Asia Minor, on the southern shore of which Phœnician colonies had been already established. But were this not so, the alphabet was known and used in Europe at least five centuries before Homer; and when the Ionian colonies crossed the Ægean Sea, and settled the western coast of Asia Minor, they came into direct contact with an ancient civilization, in which the art of writing had been established for a thousand years.

I will ask your attention, for the remainder of this lecture, to a very rapid view of the literature which these systems of writing have been the means of handing down to us.

The Chinese have a very extensive literature, which continues unbroken from very ancient times. A considerable portion of it has been translated into the European languages.

The ancient writers speak of the Egyptians as the most learned of mankind. Plato alludes to Egyptian poems ten thousand years old; and we now know that they had written records from the time of Menes downward, that is, from 3000 B. C., and that the achievements of the ancient kings, emblazoned in commemorative sculpture, were celebrated in songs or heroic lays. We know from Clemens of Alexandria that they had forty-two Sacred Books, among which was a collection of hymns in honor of the Gods, handed down, in the religious worship, from the earliest times, and adapted to musical recitation. The most remarkable of these books is the Book of the Dead, the most complete copy of which was found in the Tomb of the Kings at Thebes. It is written in the sacred language and the hieroglyphic character, and the date of this particular copy is supposed to be about fifteen centuries B. C.; so that we have here a literary work, representing the soul of the departed on its journey to the Celestial Light, and containing the solemn hymns chanted by the disembodied spirit in its



acts of adoration to the Deities, on the way to its final rest. The now existing original of the volume, published a few years ago by Lepsius, is contemporary with Moses, and may have been read by him. With regard to the form of poetical composition, it would appear that the Egyptians had invented the peculiar species known to Hebrew scholars as parallelism, depending for its effect, not on quantity or accent or rhyme, though in some of the Hebrew compositions the elements of the last two are thought to exist, but upon a balance of clauses, sentences, and ideas, extremely well suited to choral recitation and the accompaniment of the solemn dance. The various forms of this parallelism have been well explained in the elegant work of Lowth, and the more appreciating dialogues of Herder on the spirit of Hebrew poetry.

Mr. Gliddon gives a few lines, from the sculptures of Rameses III., belonging to the sixteenth century B. C., and some from a still earlier period, which, if rightly interpreted, show beyond a doubt that this peculiar rhythm is Egyptian in its origin.

"Thy name is firm as heaven,  
The duration of thy days is as the disk of the sun."

And again:—

"Koll, the barbarian land, is under thy sandal,  
Kush is within thy grasp."

It is a curious fact that the same rhythm is found in the Indian war-songs. I am indebted to Mr. Schoolcraft's recently published work for one of them:—

"I am rising to seek the war-path;  
The earth and the sky are before me;  
I walk by day and by night,  
And the evening star is my guide."

Mr. Seyffarth says, that the Egyptian literary works, from Abraham down to the second century of our era, if printed together, would fill two hundred folio volumes; and he rejoices in the prospect of having them all translated into his mother tongue. I do not know whether scholars who have

had so much trouble in worrying out the little we now possess will sympathize in this peculiar idea of enjoyment.

The Phœnician and Syrian poetical literatures have suffered shipwreck, and it would be a waste of time to weave a web of hypothesis out of the slight information we possess relating to their festal poetry, and the sacred songs which formed a part of their temple worship.

Moving a little eastward we come upon the poetical literature of the Hebrews, so familiar to the Christian world. The religious use to which this remarkable poetry has been applied tends, in some measure, to blind us to its merely literary excellences. The Hebrew language is not copious in its lexicon; it is defective in its inflections, somewhat clumsy in movement, expression, and construction. Probably it could never have lent itself to the many forms of a various literature, in the European sense of the term; for it does not wind itself flexibly round the ever-shifting thought of cultivated man. In narrative it is abrupt; the parts and clauses not running into each other, by subtile and refined connections, as in the Indo-Germanic languages, but standing out distinct and individual, like the hieroglyphs upon a Theban temple. In poetry, it presents masses of thought, in the boldest imagery, in a rhythm of limited compass, though more varied than the Egyptian, from which it was borrowed. The literature of this language begins with the hero, poet, historian, and legislator, who was strangely saved from death by the daughter of Pharaoh for a mighty destiny. He was trained in all the lore of Egypt, but untouched by the superstition and idolatry in which the people were sunk. Learned in their libraries, familiar with their sacred hymns, drawing from these sources of knowledge, but deriving his inspiration from his own rich genius and from a higher fountain-head, he was destined to lay the foundation of the Hebrew literature as well as of the Hebrew polity. The historical papyrus-rolls gave him models for his narrative, and the hymns he had so often heard chanted by poets and priests suggested the form of the tri-

umphal song of Moses and Miriam, so full of the lyrical spirit. From this time forward for a thousand years, the Hebrew nation produced a series of writers, — poets, prophets, psalmists, — whose works, in grandeur of ideas and magnificence of imagery, have not been surpassed. Their range of art was exclusive and narrow, but admitted some variety of form. Of epic poetry they had none. Lyric poetry, of the highest type, was the most characteristic of their genius. The pastoral passages of Solomon's Song are sweeter than anything in Theocritus and Bion. Their elegies breathe a more tender sadness than those of Mimnermus. But they are all cast in one mould. The laws of art had not yet assigned to each species its appropriate form, as was done by the refined taste of the Greeks.

The most finished specimen of Hebrew art is the Book of Job, whose name has had the evil fortune to pass into a proverb, and is identified at once with the lowest and most sordid poverty, and with the most painful and loathsome visitation to which the flesh of man is subject. This grand poem, to which I refer for a single moment, though not a drama, is dramatic in its conception, embracing scenes both in heaven and earth. The Introduction contains the germ of the Prologue, and the conclusion is not unlike those choral closes in which the scenes of a Grecian tragedy find their fitting solution.

The unknown author of this singular poem was evidently familiar with all the knowledge, science, and practical art of his age. The deep significance of its subject and substance shows that he dealt with the profoundest questions of human destiny; while in splendor of poetic imagination, and in the picturesque presentment of the glories of the Eastern world, so far as I know, he is without his peer in ancient Asia. I do not think that any poet has so powerfully described the terrors of a supernatural visitation.

"A word stole secretly to me,  
Its whispers caught my ear;  
At the hour of night visions,  
When deep sleep falleth on man,



I was seized with fear and shuddering,  
And terror shook my frame;  
A spirit was passing before me, —  
All my hair stood on end;  
He stood still, but I saw not his form, —  
A shadowy image was before my eyes."

This is the highest point which the Hebrew art of poetry attained, and of course the highest Semitic type. We know that the Assyrians, Persians, and Medes had their poetical culture. It is expressly mentioned in the Behistun Inscription. "I reinstituted for the state the sacred chants," says the king, alluding to them as of very ancient origin. These sacred chants were probably the religious hymns of the Zend writers, such as Zoroaster, whom Plato and Aristotle reckoned among the most ancient sages, though modern scepticism has reduced him to a myth. Whether so or not, he is said to have laughed on the day of his birth, — an omen of his future greatness. Heeren places him eight centuries B. C., and Burnouf, the most critical Zend scholar of our times, says that the language of the Zend-avesta is at the same stage of development with the Sanscrit of the Vedas, and these have been placed about 2000 B. C. What has struck me most in this compilation of the ancient sage is his conception of virtue or true goodness, as consisting in purity of thought, purity of word, and purity of deed. Heeren says: "With the exception of the Mosaical Scriptures, we are acquainted with nothing (the untranslated Vedas perhaps excepted) which so plainly wears the stamp of remote antiquity, ascending beyond the times within which the known empires of the East flourished."

If we pass along in the track of empires, visit the desolation where once stood the capitals of mighty kingdoms, and ask what voice of poetry Babylon had to utter, or Nineveh, or Persepolis, or Ecbatana, we are answered by the silence of the tomb. Scattered memorials of their former greatness — the splendid halls of ancient royalty, the very throne itself of those ancient masters of the world — are coming again to light, from



their burial of ages. But the storm of desolation has swept away the memorials of their poetry, and their very languages exist only in the stone-cut inscriptions, placed beyond the reach of the destroyer's hand. These too remained a sealed book, until the genius of our own searching age broke the seal. What traces of literary culture does the mount of Bagistan reveal to us, now that its gigantic records have been deciphered? Doubtless some practice in historical writing, and some characteristic features of the Oriental mind. It is not without interest that we read in those rocky pages a style resembling that of the ancient Hebrew narratives. "Saith Darius the king: By the grace of Ormuzd, I am king; Ormuzd has granted me the empire." It is not unpleasing to see the constant recognition of a higher power, on whose grace even the Great King depends; at the same time, we cannot help recognizing the strange union of piety and ferocity which has always marked the course of Oriental despotism. "Ormuzd brought help to me. By the grace of Ormuzd my troops entirely defeated the rebel army, and took Sitrantachmes, and brought him before me. Then I cut off his nose and his ears. He was kept chained at my door. All the kingdom beheld him. Afterwards I had him crucified at Arbela."

In another part of the Inscription the king says: "The crown that had been wrested from our race, that I recovered; I established it firmly, as in the days of old; thus I did. The rites which Gomates the Magian introduced, I prohibited. I reinstituted for the state the sacred chants and worship, and confided them to the families which Gomates the Magian had deprived of these offices." In another place his Majesty says of the rebellious provinces: "The evil one created lies, that they should deceive the state." "Thou," continues the king in a moralizing vein, "thou, whoever mayest be king hereafter, exert thyself to put down lying; the man who may be heretical, him entirely destroy."

Ascending from these records of the Persian empire to a higher period of antiquity, and a more northern region, we come

upon the strangely mysterious realm of the people of the Zend, and the great name of Zoroaster, who by some modern sceptics has been reduced to nonentity. By the early Greeks, especially Plato and Aristotle, he was regarded as one of the most ancient sages of the human race. Fables gathered around his name, as around other great names of remote antiquity. Among the wonders related of his precocious achievements is the story of his birthday, already referred to ; — if it is true, he was the most sensible infant phenomenon on record. There is too much both of form and of substance in his acts and words to allow us to hold him as a mere myth. The tenor of the books that bear his name, and the combination of facts, circumstances, and narratives in Persian and Median history, compel us to acquiesce in the view which places him and his system of religious legislation in a period of primeval antiquity long anterior to the establishment of those empires. The *Zend-avesta*, or *Living Word*, attributed to him, contains a series of works highly curious in a literary point of view, and of the greatest interest in their moral and religious aspects. They bear witness to a literary system, at a very early period, — earlier than the civilization of any part of Greece, — extensively prevalent through the region bordering on India, and connecting itself closely with the religious legislation of the Hindoos themselves, and equally to a development of language and the art of composition, contemporaneously with the earliest nations that flourished on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. I have no time, nor does it belong to my subject, to give even an outline of his system ; but in quoting his conception of virtue as consisting in purity of thought, purity of word, and purity of act, and in alluding to his attempt to solve the problem of evil, I shall have done enough to show that this elder sage of the Orient dealt with high questions and came to great moral conclusions, — that he was a man of deep meditation and large experience.

Pursuing our journey eastward, and entering the regions of the Indus, the Himalayas, and the sacred Ganges, we find our-

selves again surrounded by the venerable and imposing memorials of an unfathomable antiquity. Of course we must exclude from our view those immeasurable and inconceivable periods of time, and reigns of dynasties, to which credulity, or love of exaggeration, or childish tampering with huge, unmanageable numbers, has given birth. Swayimbore reigned a billion and two hundred thousand million years. Nandu had an army of ten billions of soldiers. Two kingdoms were separated by a mountain six hundred thousand miles high. Sagur had sixty thousand sons born in a pumpkin. There is, doubtless, some influence of the mighty physical features of the country to be seen in these monstrous fictions. Tremendous contrasts of climate; the highest mountain ranges in the world; some of the largest rivers; plains of boundless fertility; and animals of wondrous variety, growth, and fierceness, — all these things we may trace in their traditions, literature, art, and especially their poetry.

There is no doubt that the race which founded the peculiar polity, religion, and literature of this remote part of the world, were immigrant conquerors from the West and North. Their own traditions point in these directions; the organism of society, which has come down to our time, proves that a conquering race established the system of caste; and, lastly, the philological and ethnological inquiries of the present day have shown that tribes and languages still exist in the southern parts of the peninsula wholly different from the Brahmins, and speaking languages that have no affinities with the Sanscrit or any of its descendants.

Alexander found the society and civilization of the Indi, in all its leading features, the same as the modern Europeans found it in the fifteenth century. Though the chronological arrangement of Indian history cannot be made out with any degree of precision, still certain points have been settled sufficiently well to answer the purpose for which I introduce the subject here.

This much is sufficiently established, — that in a very re-



mote antiquity, second only to the primeval periods of Egyptian annals, established communities, highly civilized, with a philosophical religion and a religious legislation, both implying the experience and the intellectual discipline of many centuries, already existed. The Vedas, or most ancient sacred Scriptures of the Indi, can hardly be brought much lower than the twentieth century before our era, the latest date assigned them being the sixteenth. The laws of Menu are but little, if any, later; and these, with the Vedas, form the basis of a civilization wonderful for its complicated arrangement, its philosophical insight, its poetical beauty, and its permanency of duration.

The poetical literature of the Sanscrit commences even with the Vedas, and continues in long succession down to the fifth or sixth century after Christ,—a literature for copiousness and extent absolutely unparalleled in the history of the human race. In its course of development it sustains a singular parallelism with the Greek; but more of its early forms have been preserved. Next to the Vedas comes a most luxuriant development of epic poetry, especially in the two great works under the titles of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, the former by Valmiki, and the latter by Vyasa. They have been compared to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer; but the contrast is more striking than the similitude. They antedate, probably, by several centuries, the works of the Ionian singer. Like the Greek epic, the Sanscrit is closely interwoven with mythological conceptions, taking into the sphere of epic action, not only human heroes, but supernatural beings. But it also descends from these heights, and embraces the animal world in grotesque combination with the world of men and the world of gods.

Life is short, and Sanscrit poems are very long. The *Ramayana* extends to more than a hundred thousand lines, that is, three times the length of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Æneid* put together; and the *Mahabharata* is twice as long as the *Ramayana*. Sir William Jones says: "Wherever we direct our attention to Hindoo literature, the notion of infinity presents

itself; and sure the longest life would not suffice for the single perusal of works that rise and swell, protuberant like the Himalayas, above the bulkiest compositions of every land beyond the confines of India."

The subject of the Ramayana is the victory of Rama over Ravana, the prince of the Rakshasas, a race of Titanic genii or demons. This supernatural personage, a being endowed with ten heads, has driven forth the gods from Lanka, the capital of Ceylon, and thence spread terror among gods and men. The gods implore Vishnu to become incarnate. He consents, and appears on earth in the form of Rama, son of Dasaratha (who is already nine thousand years old) and of Kansalya, the king and queen of Ayodhya. The early exploits and education of the Godlike are minutely set forth. He wins the beautiful Sita, daughter of a neighboring monarch, by bending a marvellous bow, so heavy that eight hundred men were required to draw the eight-wheeled car in which it is borne. Rama bends it till it breaks in the middle, and makes a crash like a falling mountain. As a reward for drawing so long a bow, he marries Sita. Rama's father, feeling the infirmities of age creeping over him, as well he may, proposes to delegate his power to his son; but our hero refuses to accept it. The father, stirred up by the jealousy of another wife, sends him into exile, but soon dies of grief for his loss. Rama retires with his bride to the forests, defeats a host of evil demons, and cuts off the nose and ears of the sister of their king. This naturally enough stirs up the wrath of Ravana, her brother, who by a trick succeeds in kidnapping Sita and carrying her into captivity in Lanka. Rama returns, and, learning what has happened, betakes himself to King Sugriva, the powerful monarch of a neighboring nation of monkeys, who despatches the most eminent of his courtiers in search of Sita. This most politic diplomatist of the monkey tribe, Hanuman by name, finds out the prison of Sita, and, in the form of a rat, holds an interview with the captive princess. Then, in his proper person, he frightens the giants by running over the roofs of their

houses. He is at last brought into the presence of Ravana, who questions him; but Hanuman, by the shrewdness and wit of his answers, turns the laugh against the monarch. The monkey, indignant at the slight that the king has put upon him by not offering him a seat, makes a coil of his tail, until it reaches the height of the throne, and then sits upon it. What is to be done with this droll and impudent stranger? After much deliberation they make up their minds to have a holiday, and to disport themselves by setting fire to Hanuman's tail, on which he seems to pride himself more than is becoming. All the old rags, paper, and dry chips in the city are brought forthwith, and piled around the offending coil. Hanuman, like Sampson's foxes, runs through the city, over the cornfields, among the hay-ricks, and a horrible conflagration breaks out in all directions. Seeing what a blunder they have committed, they tear after the blazing beast, in the vain hope of extinguishing him. Away he scampers, climbing the highest tower in the city; after him hasten the hurrying giants, and when the tower is filled with them, he tumbles it down about their ears. Escaping from the crash and hurly-burly, he dips his tail in the ocean, extinguishes it, and returns to Rama. A huge army of monkeys is gathered together. They throw a bridge across to Lanka, and lay siege to the fortress of Ravana, who encounters them with his chariots of war. A battle follows, which makes the earth shake for seven days; Rama slays Ravana, frees the earth from giants, and rescues Sita, who proves her suspected innocence by a fiery ordeal. The whole world rejoices at the result, and the gods themselves express their rapture by applause. These deeds accomplished, our hero dismisses the monkey host, and establishes himself in his royal power. He attains to the height of felicity, and governs a happy people with paternal sway. Peace and prosperity reign throughout his dominions; no suffering, no death, disturbs the placid serenity of this golden age. When a hundred and ten thousand years shall have glided thus happily away, Rama shall leave his kingdom, and ascend to the world of Vishnu.



The grotesque, gigantic, and incongruous details into which the Oriental imagination runs, in these old epics, is sufficiently obvious from this slight sketch of the Ramayana. The narrative is frequently tedious and prolix; and the epithets, especially in describing illustrious personages, are numerous, pompous, and, according to Western notions, absurd. It runs out into episodes, of extravagant disproportion to the whole, considered as a work of art, but containing many of the most striking and poetical passages. The style of rhythmical composition is advanced beyond the Hebrew, but not to the stage of the Greek. It is founded on quantity; the epic measure being what is technically called a *shloca*, or distich of two lines, each sixteen syllables long, and only the last line subjected to any law of quantity. How fundamentally different all this was from the rigid practice of the Greeks, I shall have occasion hereafter to show.

Notwithstanding these defects of the Hindoo epic, judged by the severe rules of art, there are innumerable passages conceived in the most exquisite spirit of poetry, and executed with a simplicity and fineness of taste beyond which it is impossible to go. I quote a short passage translated by Rev. Mr. De Ward. It is the address of Sita to her husband, in which she declares her resolution to follow him into the wilderness.

“Son of the venerable parent! hear,  
’T is Sita speaks. Say, art thou not assured  
That to each being his allotted time  
And portion, as his merit, are assigned,  
And that a wife her husband’s portion shares?  
Therefore, with thee this forest lot I claim.  
A woman’s bliss is found, not in the smile  
Of father, mother, friend, or in herself;  
Her husband is her only portion here,  
Her heaven hereafter. If thou indeed  
Depart this day into the forest drear,  
I will precede and smooth the thorny way.  
O, chide me not; for where the husband is,  
Within the palace, on the stately car,

Or wandering in the air, in every state,  
The shadow of his feet is her abode.

Forbid me not. For as a gay recluse,  
On thee attending, happy shall I feel  
Within this honey-scented grove to roam;  
For thou e'en here canst nourish and protect.  
A residence in heaven, O Raghuon,  
Without thy presence would no joy afford.

Pleased to embrace thy feet, I will reside  
In the rough forest, as my father's house,  
Void of all other wish, supremely thine.  
Permit me this request, — I will not grieve, —  
I will not burden thee, — refuse me not;  
But shouldst thou, Raghuon, this prayer deny,  
Know I resolve on death, — if torn from thee."

The Descent of the Ganges, from the first book of the Ramayana, has been often translated; best of all by Augustus William Schlegel, into German hexameters. It has been extremely well rendered into English, in long trochaic measure, by Professor Milman:—

"Up the Raja, at the sign, upon his glittering chariot leaps,  
Instant Ganga the divine follows his majestic steps;  
From the high heaven burst she forth, first on Siva's lofty crown;  
Headlong then, and prone to earth, thundering rushed the cataract down.  
Swarms of bright-hued fish came dashing; turtles, dolphins, in their mirth,  
Fallen or falling, glancing, flashing, to the many-gleaming earth;  
And all the host of heaven came down, sprites and genii in amaze,  
And each forsook his heavenly throne, upon that glorious scene to gaze.  
On cars, like high-towered cities, seen, with elephants and coursers rode,  
Or on soft-swinging palanquin lay wondering, each observant god.  
As met in bright divan each god, and flashed their jewelled vestures rays,  
The corruscating ether glowed, as with a hundred suns ablaze;

And in ten thousand sparkles bright went flashing up the cloudy spray,  
The snowy flocking swans less white, within its glittering mists at play.  
And onward now poured down the flood, and now in silver circlets wound;  
Then lake-like spread, all bright and broad, then gently, gently flowed around,  
Then 'neath the caverned earth descending, then spouted up the boiling tide;  
Then stream with stream, harmonious blending, swell bubbling up or smooth  
subside.

By that heaven-welling water's breast, the genii and the sages stood;  
 Its sanctifying dews they blest, and plunged within the lustral flood.

The world, in solemn jubilee, behold these heavenly waves draw near,  
 From sin and dark pollution free, bathed in the blameless waters clear.  
 Swiftly King Bhagiratha drave, upon his lofty glittering car,  
 And swift with her obeisant wave, bright Ganga followed him afar."

I will read one passage more from the Ramayana,—the episode of the death of Yadnadatta, the only son of two blind recluses, accidentally slain by King Dasaratha while hunting. The bereaved parents are led to the body of their lost son, and the pathos of the scene falls scarcely short of the laments of Priam and Hecuba over the body of Hector.

"And she, the mother of the dead, his face kissed tenderly;  
 And while the tears flowed down her cheeks, in piteous accents cried:  
 'O Yadnadatta, am I not more dear to thee than life?  
 Why, then, thy long, last journey take, and speak to me no more?  
 Why art thou angry, O my son, and answerest not my word?'  
 And then his father mournfully the lifeless body touched,  
 And all unhappy to him spake, as he were yet alive:  
 'O son, did I not come to thee, with thy loved mother come?  
 Arise then, fold us in thine arms, embrace this neck, my son.  
 And when the shadowy night descends, whose honeyed voice shall I  
 Within this grove the holy word hear chanting from the Ved?  
 And who, when evening orisons and fiery offerings cease,  
 Shall glad my heart, with filial hands encompassing my feet?  
 And who shall bring the roots and herbs, the sylvan fruits shall bring,  
 To thy blind parents, O my son, by famine sore oppressed?  
 O stay awhile, nor yet depart to Yana's drear abode.  
 With me to-morrow thou shalt fare, shalt with thy mother go;  
 For both, with sorrow all forlorn, of help and strength bereft,  
 Full soon must yield the breath of life, descending to the shades."

I have already spoken of the enormous length of the other great Sanscrit epic,—the Mahabharata. It is somewhat more recent in its composition than the Ramayana, and is founded upon a great civil war between the Koravas and the Pandavas, collateral descendants of Bharata, an ancient king of Hastapura, now Delhi. In this poem, again, we have an incarnation



of Vishnu, bearing the name of Krishna, at once a deity and the champion of the Pandavas. The date of the historical transactions on which the poem is founded has been fixed at the fourteenth century before our era. It is more episodic than the other; there is less coherence of parts, less of order and plan. Several of the episodes have been separately published, and form complete and very beautiful poems. One of these is the Bhagavat-Gita, a curious dialogue, on Fate and the condition of man, between Krishna and one of the heroes, Arjuna, on the field of battle. The conflict of the kindred nations is about commencing. The leader of the opposing host "thunders like a roaring lion," and blows his shell of battle, to which the conchs and all the warlike music of his host reply. Arjuna drives his chariot, drawn by white steeds, into the space between the armies, accompanied by the god Krishna. A feeling of sadness and sorrow comes upon him, and he addresses his Divine companion: —

"My kindred, Krishna, I behold, all standing for the battle armed;  
My every quailing member fails, and wan and withered is my face.

On every side, O fair-haired God, I see the dark, ill-omened signs;  
My kindred when I've slain in fight, what happiness remains for me?  
For victory, Krishna, care not I, nor empire, nor the bliss of life;  
For what is empire, what is wealth, and what, great king, is life itself,  
When they for whom we thirst for wealth, and toil for empire and for bliss,  
Stand in the battle-field arrayed, and freely peril wealth and life, —  
Teachers, sons, fathers, grandsires, uncles, nephews, cousins, kindred, friends?  
Not for the triple world would I, O Madhus! conqueror, slaughter them;  
How much less for this narrow earth, though they would sternly slaughter me!"

Krishna argues in a reply which Mr. Milman describes as breathing "the terrible sublime of pantheistic fatalism."

"All undestructible is he that spread the living universe;  
And who is he that shall destroy the work of the undestructible?  
Corruptible these bodies are, that wrap the everlasting soul, —  
The eternal, unimaginable soul. Whence on to battle, Bharata!  
For he that thinks to slay the soul, and he that thinks the soul is slain,  
Are fondly both alike deceived. It is not slain, it slayeth not;  
It is not born, it doth not die; past, present, future, knows it not;

Ancient, eternal, and unchanged, it dies not with the dying frame.

Wherefore the inevitable doom thou shouldst not mourn, O Bharata !”

The argument is continued at great length ; the compassionate reluctance of the mortal hero slowly yields to the mystical doctrines of the God ; the carnage proceeds, the action ends with a battle which lasts eighteen days, and steeps the earth in prodigious slaughter. Victory declares in favor of the Pandavas.

Another remarkable episode embodies the Hindoo legend of the Deluge ; but I have no time to dwell on this. It has been well translated into German by Bopp.

I close these considerations with a passage translated from M. de Chézy's somewhat extravagant eulogy of Sanscrit poetry.

“It is especially in epic poetry that the Sanscrit language appears to bear the palm from every other ; and among the epic poets, the great Valmiki, in his Ramayana, appears to have best understood the art of unfolding all its beauties. Under his magic pencil, we see it lend itself, without effort, to every tone and all varieties of coloring. Are soft and melting scenes to be described ? This beautiful language, sonorous as it is copious, furnishes him the most harmonious expressions ; and like a tranquil stream, softly winding over moss and flowers, it smoothly bears our imagination along, and transports it gently into an enchanted world. But in subjects which require energy and force, — in the description of battles, for example, — his style becomes as rapid, as animated, as the action itself. Cars roll and bound ; maddened elephants dash their enormous defences together ; war-clubs strike against each other ; darts whiz and break ; death flies on every side ; we no longer read, we are borne into the very midst of the horrid fray.”

We have thus taken a rapid, and necessarily a superficial, survey of the literary culture of the remoter nations preceding Homer or contemporaneous with him. We have followed the track of poetry from the Egyptian temples and the banks of the Nile, among the primeval nations of Central Asia, to the Indus and the Ganges. We have seen the first germs of rhythmical composition putting forth in the sacred hymns of

the priests of Isis and Osiris, and that early form unfolded to its beautiful perfection in the Hebrew poet who sang the sorrows and the triumph of the man of Uz. Coming upon the direct line of the Indo-Germanic races, we have found a series of more copiously developed languages, more elastic adaptations of sound to thought, more plastic materials of rhythmical composition. Suddenly, after groping among the bricks of Babylon, the buried palaces of Nineveh, the ruined castles of Persepolis and Pasargadæ — after having paused to read the rocky page and sculptured heights of the consecrated mount of Bagistan, — we pass into the mysterious realm of Ormuzd and Ahriman, with their ministers of grace and ministers of evil. From the half discerned forms in that far-off land and primeval time, suddenly we emerge, at the eastern extremity of the Indo-European line, into the brilliant light of a literature commencing before any authentic date of European history, and pouring out its abundant streams through an unexampled series of centuries. Here we suspend our adventurous flight.



## LECTURE V.

### THE EARLIEST GREEK POETRY. — THE HOMERIC POEMS.

IN my last lecture I gave a rapid view of that literature, which, in its several stages, bears the most striking resemblance to the Greek. Though the Sanscrit must be considered as the elder, both as a language and a literature; yet, for a large part of the literary age of both, they were contemporary. The brilliant era of Vikramditya was several centuries later than the culminating period of Athenian letters and art; falling a little before the Augustan age of the Romans. Outward circumstances and political institutions fully explain the contrasts that present themselves in the midst of general correspondence and agreement. The races that peopled Greece had a longer march from the common centre, and a harder struggle after they had reached their appointed seats.

The ante-historical periods of Greece are filled with a confused and confounding mass of traditions, which historians, antiquarians, philologists, in vain attempt to separate and arrange in any coherent order or intelligible system. The unsettled state of Greece is well described by Thucydides; but his view is limited to Greece itself. The causes of the commotions within the boundaries of the country he points out in that philosophical spirit which so largely characterizes his immortal work; but he does not trace their connections with the great northern and eastern world beyond.

If we examine a map of Greece, we see that not only are the northern regions marked off into defined physical sections, framed in by crossing chains of mountains that embrace the valley-basin of the rivers; but, as we proceed southward, their

size and regularity diminish, while their general conformation continues nearly the same. These framed valleys were filled by the earliest waves of migration that poured in from the North, on their western march from the centre of Asia. The migrations coming in at different periods each pressed upon its predecessor, and each brought a condition of language and of general culture more advanced than had belonged to those who had left their primeval abodes at an earlier period. At length the country, down to its southern extremities, is filled with a population of various stocks, and as dense as its scantily unfolded resources will support. When the arts of agriculture and the forms of civil life have made some progress, the characteristics of these physically severed communities begin to display themselves. Still the crowding from the North continues, and half-formed polities are uprooted by overpowering numbers, and seek other abodes beyond the mountains or across the sea. Meanwhile Phœnician mariners come with their fleets and merchandise to trade with the tribes and nations that have so long wandered through the forests, among the mountains, or along the river-sides. The names of these tribes and their chieftains, the traditions of their sufferings and achievements, the legends of their origin from some supernatural being, are handed down or rudely recorded; but so many tales of wonder gradually weave themselves into the tissue, that it loses its reality and passes into a myth. The traditions mostly rest upon a basis of fact; but to separate fact from fiction transcends the highest powers of criticism. I shall not undertake to say whence came the elder heroes of the mythical lines, or where dwelt each particular race, whose forms, magnified by the exaggerations of tradition, figure in poetry as supernatural beings,—as demigods and gods. These races and their leaders did, however, in the course of time, and at periods of indeterminate date, settle down in these definitely marked physical regions, and did therein unfold the societies, the mythologies, and the heroic tales, which lie in the background, behind and beyond the pictures of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

To this primeval period belong those gigantic Pelasgian works, which are found not only in Greece, but east and west of this classic centre, proving the existence, the activity, and the civilization of European races whose monuments were antiquities in the days of Homer. I venture — despite the uncertainty that hangs over the origin and fortunes of the Pelasgians, who have given so much trouble to historians and antiquaries — to designate by this term all those migrations, whether by sea or land, and all those elements of language, art, religion, and social life which preceded the Hellenic proper, by which I shall denote the immediate basis of Greek culture, both before the line of ascertained history commences, and through the successive ages of Grecian letters and life. By some of the Greeks, the Pelasgic element was thought radically distinct from the Hellenic, and the Pelasgic language a barbarous speech wholly distinct from any form of the Hellenic. By others, some vague notion of the real and radical identity of the two was entertained. The broader views of the moderns place this identity quite beyond a doubt. The Pelasgians of Greece and those of the farther East, I believe it must be admitted, came often into conflict and collision by sea. The coasts of Asia Minor were visited by ships long before the earliest war of Troy recorded in the *Iliad*; and on the shores of Greece hovered many a fleet, long before the Phœnician sailors kidnapped and carried away the daughter of the Argive king, and so, according to the tradition recorded by Herodotus, laid the foundation for those hostilities out of which sprang the Trojan war, from which afterwards followed the Persian Invasions, and later still the campaigns of Alexander.

I draw the line, then, between the Pelasgic or primitive basis, and the Hellenic or historical superstructure of Greek life, nationality, art, letters, and poetry; and I am inclined to the opinion that even in those remote and primitive times corresponding with the older dynasties of Egypt, with the establishment of the Phœnicians on the east of the Mediterranean Sea, with the primitive patriarchs of the Arabian races, with the



first monarchs and earlier arts of the Brahmins and the Chinese, there existed on the soil of Greece religious centres, hymns and songs of temple worship, and a written language.

The Hellenic stage, in its earliest form, represents the migrations that left the Asiatic homes at a more advanced period of culture, and, blending with those which had preceded them, gradually wrought out a higher intellectual life and a nobler language, and laid the foundation of that poetical literature which has filled the world with its fame. To some extent I admit that this is a matter of speculation; but the view in its broad outlines is sustained by tradition, monuments, physical geography, and local relations.

Within the Hellenic period I include the establishment of those kingdoms and royal houses whose fates and fortunes are the theme of so many later tragedies;—the Theban race of Labdacus, whose sorrows are immortalized in so many stately strains of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*; the races of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Eurystheus*, and *Panthous*; the line of the *Pelopidæ*, and all those other mighty names which fill the legendary and heroic ages of Greece, and dimly shadow forth the actions and events that finally shaped the Hellenic character. Even in those early times we find the Hellenic genius widely differing from the Oriental types,—from the Egyptian, the Arabian, the Zend, the Hindoo. The mythologies of the East, founded on the powers of nature, but rising to forms of monstrous shape and uncouth horrors of expression, have given place to more pleasing and imaginative creations, from which the poets afterward framed their Olympian deities, and the sculptors chiselled their marble gods. The system of caste has either disappeared, or left but faint traces in the princely and priestly families which stand at the head of those ancient tribes. The Brahmin has gone, and in his place has succeeded the singer, the moral teacher, or the giver of oracles from the shrine or tripod of the God. That terrific fate which crushed to the earth *Arjuna's* spirit on the battle-field no longer chains the moral freedom of man, but has yielded to a power, awful

and mysterious indeed, but lying far away, — vaguely conceived, at one moment, as controlling the course of the world, at another, as separated from human affairs by the interposing power of Zeus. In earthly life the seraglio in its thousand forms, and polygamy with its attendant wrongs and horrors, have been strangely supplanted by the idea of domestic life and the single marriage tie. Are not these changes wonderful? Do they not figure to our minds a great progress in moral and intellectual culture, beyond that of all the Asiatic branches of the Indo-Germanic stock, and in some respects beyond that of the Hebrews themselves?

Such, in a few words, I conceive to have been the condition of the tribes or nations that filled the peninsula of Greece, at the period at which we must place the events, whatever they were, that laid the basis of the Trojan war, and all the legends connected with that tale of wonder.

Contemporary, or nearly so, with the epoch of the Hellenic legends, we have the mighty monarchies of Assyria and Babylon, whose early splendors still amaze the world, in their architectural and sculptural monuments; the flourishing ages of Phœnicia, who gathered the wealth of the world in her magnificent cities of Tyre and Sidon, and carried her commerce to every quarter of the then known world; Egypt already an ancient kingdom, and perhaps drawing nigh the period of her decline; the states of Italy, with their Oriental types of civilization, consolidating into permanent forms of civil and religious polity; Thrace and Scythia crowded with tribes of roaming barbarians, assailing from time to time the growing civilization of the South; Asia Minor occupied by Trojan, Phrygian, and Lydian kingdoms; and along the Indus and the Ganges, those populous and ancient monarchies, even then embellished with letters and philosophy.

This period is filled with supernatural legends and the achievements of the demigods; and here, I think, we are to place the first establishment of those religious centres whence flowed the earlier streams of Grecian song in the North, — Olym-

pus, Dodona, and Delphi, — where the magnificent hexameter was first used, having been invented by Phemonoe, the priestess. Here we must place Orpheus, who drew after him animals and trees, and softened the inexorable deities of hell by the magic of his strains; and Amphion, who turned his lyre to the more practical purpose of building cities, forcing the blocks of stone to leap to their places as he touched the strings.

Advancing one period further, we find the armaments of Greece uniting to avenge the insulted honor of a royal house. The Trojan war has been usually placed, by a kind of compromise between extreme opinions, in the twelfth century before our era. I shall not venture to say how much of historic truth may be hidden in a story which some have considered a mere poetical invention; but it seems to me quite probable, if not certain, that the germ at least of this famous transaction is one of a series of expeditions, military or migratory, which brought the tenants of the opposite shores of the *Ægean* Sea into contact or collision; and as genealogical registers were carefully kept throughout the Oriental world, I see not why there may not have been a foundation of truth for the fates and fortunes of the leading personages.

In the *Iliad* there are allusions to a former war of Troy waged by the progenitors of the race of heroes then on the stage. This intimates a series of those movements, of which the Homeric war was one. While the South of Greece was pressed by the still inflowing tide from the Northern wave, a backward movement commenced by sea, and remingled, on the western Asiatic shores, Greeks with those from whom they had long been severed, and to whom they had become as strangers. At length, as we approach the historic day, those old Hellenes break upon us in three divided yet related nationalities, the *Æolians*, *Dorians*, and *Ionians*. With a common Hellenic bond, they still possess their peculiar characteristics in manners, language, and religion. They have been broken up, more or less, so that this threefold division is not wholly territorial; but, to speak in general terms, the *Æolians* on the



mainland hold the northernmost regions, the Ionians the middle, and the Dorians the southern; and when they returned again towards the old Asiatic homestead, the islands of the *Ægean* and the coasts of Asia Minor presented three tiers of colonies, standing in the same local relations, — the *Æolians* on the north, the Ionians in the middle, and the Dorians in the south. Thus we have three subordinate types of civilization, early forming themselves in those regions where the energetic races, trained to hardihood by their long wanderings in the North, were brought face to face with the arts and luxuries of Asia. The Greek colonial migrations here briefly described, which are placed a century or a century and a half after the Trojan war, I regard as belonging to a series of movements commencing long before, and distinguished from those that preceded them only by their greater extent and importance. They, however, furnished the basis for the earlier forms of authentic Greek literature.

I shall have another occasion to speak of their characters somewhat more in detail, and of the manner in which they were remoulded, as it were, by long contact with the vices of Asiatic civilization. At present, I content myself with the remark that the Ionians and *Æolians* had reached a higher point in culture than the Dorians; and of these two, the Ionians surpassed the *Æolians*. Doubtless they all brought with them essentially the same language; but the Ionians had found the means of drawing from it richer tones than their neighbors. The earliest poetical forms, on the Grecian mainland, were doubtless the religious teachings and oracular utterances of the priestly guides; the next, the songs of bards in honor of the warlike deeds of leaders and kings. For one class, we have the authority of tradition; for the other, the luminous representations of Homer. In this way the poetical resources of the language were unfolded; groups of heroic characters were gradually formed; and a body of poetical literature, like the popular ballads of Scotland, England, Germany, Modern Greece, came into existence, and had a wide currency, pass-

ing from mouth to mouth, and held in the memory of singers and listeners from generation to generation. One thing shows conclusively that such must have been the case. I mean the state of the language as it came to the hands of the first Chian bards; and this is a point which I have never seen illustrated. Its close resemblance, even in many of its minutest peculiarities, to the Sanscrit, shows that these were not unfolded among the Ionians, but long before, at a period of time much nearer to the original separation of the races. In the colonial societies, all the traditions of former times, and all the ballads of the Grecian mainland, were fondly cherished; and in the sudden splendor to which they rose in that heaven-favored climate, those national minstrelsies served to delight the listening multitudes, at the religious or popular assemblies, in the halls of nobles and princes, and on all occasions which brought men together. Here were revived the achievements of their ancestors, in a land to them far off, — at a time when, to their vivid imaginations, the gods came down and walked with mortals. In this sketch I make no allusion to the employment of writing; not because I suppose the art to have been unknown, but because I believe that the popular minstrelsies, at this stage of their progress, took precisely the same form, in precisely the same manner, with bodies of popular minstrelsy in historical times; and that, until the permanent settlement of the Ionian colonies, the state of no Hellenic race was sufficiently stable to permit the growth of a written literature.

In Ionia, the popular enthusiasm took a poetical turn, and the genius of that richly-gifted race responded nobly to the call. The poets — singers as they were first called — found in the orally transmitted ballads the richest mines of legendary lore, which they wrought into new forms of rhythmical beauty and poetical splendor. Instead of short ballads, pieces of greater length, with more fully developed characters and more of dramatic action, were required by a beauty-loving and pleasure-seeking race. The leisure of peace and the demands of refined luxury furnished the occasion and the impelling motive to this

more extended species of epic song. It was the rhythmical recital of these κλέα ἀνδρῶν — Lays of Men — and of hymns to the gods, performed in choral dances near the altars and shrines, at the panegyric gatherings, which was to them theatre, opera, concert, sacred and secular.

Thus the Grecian epic was a species of story-telling, nearly as abundant as the modern novel, for the entertainment of assemblies of men, on festive occasions, in princely halls, at Amphictyonic gatherings, or at religious solemnities. It was delivered in a kind of musical *recitative*, with a slight accompaniment of the phorminx, like the minstrelsy of the Minnesingers and Troubadours, who sang to the cithern in the baronial castles of the Middle Ages.

This is the first, most racy, most original epic poetry. Its proper objects of comparison are the ballads of England, Spain, and Germany; one step farther in advance, the noble epic fragment in the old Spanish, called the Poem of the Cid; and in a more fully unfolded form of the epic spirit, — though encompassed with clouds and mist, and thus widely distinguished from the sunbright clearness of the Ionian epic, — the German lay of the Nibelungen. The elaborate works — called epic poems — of Dante, Milton, Tasso, Klopstock, great as they are, are not in this sense epic. They are the reflective products of strongly moved, impassioned natures, enriched with genius, creative power, and all human learning, working upon materials gathered from a thousand quarters besides the lore of popular tradition, — not upon ideas that touch the chords of instant national sympathy and the common heart. They are works written to be read, not created to be heard. They do not connect themselves closely with an unbroken series of minor minstrelsies, which they take up into themselves and transfigure by combining them into works of larger grasp, nobler plan, more skilful execution, — the bright consummate flower of the human mind in this particular field of its activity. It is not every nation that passes, in its epic stage, to the highest organic growth. To two languages only



has it been given to become vehicles of the true and national epic,—the Sanscrit and the Greek. To one alone has it been given to unfold the epic, in the highest perfection of taste, as well as the fullest and the deepest inspiration and the most refined execution; and that language is the Greek,—those epics are the poems of Homer.

There is a stage of society in which the influences are most favorable for poetical composition. It is when a race of men, following the instincts of civilization, have reached a state of social refinement, and have not yet become corrupted by luxury. It is at the stage of progress next following great struggles in the formation or preservation of the state. It is when the powers of intellect are keenly alive to the observation of human character and passion and the destinies of men, and before philosophers have arisen to take this lore out of its vital connection, and mould it into artificial systems of metaphysics. At this stage of culture, language has ceased to be rude and meagre, but is still marked by its primitive and picturesque significancy; for the numerous secondary meanings, which multiplied social relations and scientific abstractions in the course of time impart to words, have not yet confused or effaced the images which they at first presented. The works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Massinger have a truth to nature, a clearness and graphic power, a directness, force, and freshness, more like the Homeric Greek than any other phase of our ever-enriching language. The Ionian, remoulded from the Asiatic forms and elements which had travelled through the North and recrossed the *Ægean* Sea, under the happy influences of a serene and beautiful heaven, amidst the most varied and lovely scenery in nature, by a people of manly vigor and exquisite mental and physical organization, of the keenest susceptibility to beauty of sound as well as of form, of the most vivid and creative imagination, combined with a child-like impulsiveness and simplicity,—this Ionian language, so sprung and so nurtured, had attained a descriptive force, a copiousness and harmony, which made it the most admirable instrument on

which poet ever played. For every mood of mind, every shade of passion, every affection of the heart, every form and aspect of the outward world, it had its graphic phrase, its clear, appropriate, and rich expression. Its pictured words and sentences placed the things described and thoughts that breathe, in living form, before the reader's eye and mind. It was vivid, rich, melodious; in its general character, strikingly concrete and objective; a charm to the ear, a delight to the imagination; copious and infinitely flexible; free and graceful in movement and structure, having at the beginning passed over the chords of the lyre, and been modulated by the living voice of the singer; obeying the impulse of thought and feeling, rather than the formal principles of grammar. It expressed the passions of robust manhood with artless and unconscious truth. Its freedom, its voluble minuteness of delineation, its rapid changes of construction, its breaks, pauses, significant and sudden transitions, its easy irregularities, exhibit the intellectual play of national youth, while in boldness and splendor it meets the demands of the highest invention and the most majestic sweep of the imagination, and bears the impress of genius in the full strength of its maturity. Frederic Jacobs says, fancifully, yet truly, that "the language of Ionia resembles the smooth mirror of a broad and silent lake, from whose depth a serene sky, with its soft and sunny vault, and the varied nature along its smiling shores, are reflected in transfigured beauty." In Ionia, to borrow the expressions of the same eloquent writer, the mind of man "enjoyed a life exempt from drudgery, among fair festivals and solemn assemblies, full of sensibility and frolic joy, innocent curiosity and childlike faith. Surrendered to the outer world, and inclined to all that was attractive by novelty, beauty, and greatness, it was here that the people listened, with greatest eagerness, to the history of the men and heroes, whose deeds, adventures, and wanderings filled a former age with their renown, and, when they were echoed in song, moved to ecstasy the breasts of the hearers."

At this age — about 1000 B. C. — and in this realm of the

lovely Ægean islands and the Asiatic shores, epic poetry passed from the ballad form to the completeness of the art in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. These two immortal poems, which embody the entire poetic life of the age, have come down to us with the accumulated admiration of all the intervening centuries. Antiquity paid divine honors to the name of Homer, and seven rival cities contended for the glory of having given him birth. Artists embodied in marble their conception of the features of that marvellously gifted man; and some of these noble portraits, worthily representing the blind old singer of Chios, have come down to our day. Whether there is anything of historical truth in them we cannot say. From these poems the ablest critics inferred the laws and cited the normal examples of poetical composition. The cities of Greece had their copies, under the authority of the state, which the treasures of kings could not buy. The greatest poets of succeeding times were proud to confess that they drank in their inspiration from the inexhaustible Homeric fountain. The most magnificent festivals of the most refined city in the world were graced by the public delivery, with suitable pomp of accompaniment, of these already ancient works. The most advanced minds acknowledged their fealty to the old master, by giving their best energies to the correction and preservation of his text.

Yet modern criticism has ventured to set aside all these unquestionable facts, and a famous theory of the origin and character of these poems, previously suggested in some of its outlines as by Battista Vico, but unfolded with marvellous learning and power by Wolf, the greatest of modern scholars, had for a time wide currency. It would be tedious to enter largely into this discussion now; but some of its leading features belong to my subject, and I will briefly state them. Certain Greek critics of later times expressed a doubt whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the works of the same author; but the overpowering weight of the best opinion was on the side of unity of origin. Again, there were traditions that, when these poems first became known to the continental Greeks, they



existed in a broken state, and were collected and rearranged, once by Lycurgus at Sparta and afterwards by Peisistratus at Athens. Another tradition was, that they were preserved in the memory of the rhapsodists, and not reduced to writing until a later period.

The basis of fact on which all these traditions rest has been immensely enlarged by modern scholars. Even Frederic Jacobs, led away by the Wolfian theory, says, in his eloquent manner: "Writing conquers speaking, and kills it dead. The lyre is silenced, and lives only as a figure of speech in written odes; song dies in the musical sign; and the written precept soars proud and cold over the surrounding scene, away to a remote and wide-extended world, and often beyond the present, directly to coming generations. . . . Almost five centuries had gone, before the poems of Homer were imprisoned in written characters; and even then, mindful of their original destination, they flowed more sweetly from the tongue to the ear." The theory has been carried out to the extent, first, of denying the personal existence of Homer, and resolving his name into an etymology. Next, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are not whole works of Homer, or of any one else, but disconnected compositions, happening to be on such subjects that they were capable of being strung together, in something like connection. And finally, it is alleged that the art of writing was not known at all in Greece and Ionia in that age, or, if known, that the materials were so scarce, cumbrous, and costly that the art was unavailable for literary purposes, and employed, if employed at all, only for public inscriptions on wood and stone. Moreover, the possibility of keeping so large a mass of poetical composition in the memory alone is supposed to be proved by certain well-authenticated marvellous feats of that faculty. This view is supported by the non-existence of contemporary inscriptions or other documents, which might and would have proved the use of the art, had it been used in the age which is supposed to have produced the Homeric poems. The same view is supposed to be further sustained by

internal evidence, — by a want of coherent relation between the parts, by inequalities of style, by discrepancies in the descriptions of manners, by contradictions, and by numerous other minute indications, which the sagacity of criticism has traced out. This brief statement contains the substance of the Homeric question, as it has been handled by various writers. I do not wish to take up the subordinate distinctions it has assumed with particular schools of critics; as to whether, for instance, the *Iliad* was wrought out in this way, and the *Odyssey* was the work of one author of a much later date; and whether the *Iliad* is a series of disconnected rhapsodies, or a mass of accretions formed upon an epic nucleus, — the *Achilleis*, — until it reached its present extent. To consider all these aspects of the question would lead me into a labyrinth of discussion too intricate for this occasion.

To these arguments I answer: — 1. No person in the exercise of common sense would ever suspect, while reading the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, a want of unity, completeness, or coherence. This is substantially admitted by Wolf himself, who eloquently describes the charm by which the continuity of interest hurried him along, whenever he gave up his critical questioning, and surrendered himself to the spirit of the poetry.

2. Contradictions, inequalities, and incoherences to an equal extent may be found, and have been found, in the best authors, and therefore prove nothing, or too much. The critical dogma, as stated by Hermann, is, “that no two passages of the same work, contradictory to or irreconcilable with each other, can be by one and the same author.” Applying this to the *Æneid* of Virgil, there would be at least nine authors; about as many to Milton’s *Paradise Lost*; more than a hundred to Don Quixote; and three or four to each of Walter Scott’s novels. In “*The Antiquary*,” the scene is laid on the eastern coast of Scotland; but in the adventure of the storm the sun sets on the sea. Either, therefore, the sun must set in the east in Sir Walter’s astronomy, or this chapter is by a different hand.

3. Internal evidence of unguineness or genuineness, founded

on mere style, is the most deceptive in its nature, and the least to be relied upon, of every species of literary proof. It is not many years since a poetical work of high merit, "The New Timon," was published anonymously in London; and though written by an author whose style is very peculiar, its authorship long remained a secret, while internal evidence caused it to be ascribed to many writers widely different from one another. Here criticism was called upon to decide a question of authorship, in the mother tongue, in our own day, in a city where the writer was living among his literary compeers; and criticism, with the strongest possible internal evidence, failed to solve the problem. It is needless to remark, how much less tangible the problem becomes, when the question is transferred to an ancient language, a distant country, and a remote age.

4. The non-existence of documents proves only their present non-existence. The objection is, moreover, too absolutely stated. The poets of the seventh and eighth century B. C., allude to Homer and to writing. Pausanias describes an heirloom in the royal family of Corinth, — the chest of Cypselus, inscribed with hexameters and pentameters, *which he copies*, and which belong to a period as early as the eighth century B. C., and most probably considerably earlier; and there is now in existence a metallic plate, containing the Eleian treaty, a document belonging to the seventh century B. C. These facts not only show the use of writing in the time of their respective dates, but exhibit it as a long-practised and well-understood art, with a completed alphabetic character. But without these evidences, the facts I have given in a former lecture to illustrate the origin and progress of alphabetic writing in the East demonstrate that the Greeks of Ionia were in constant intercourse with nations, one of which certainly had completed the invention, and had an abundance of cheap and convenient materials, at least fifteen centuries before Homer was born, supposing him to have been born at all. If the Ionians were not sufficiently advanced in mechanic art to manufacture the materials and instruments for themselves, their relations



with Phœnicia and Egypt were sufficiently intimate to furnish them in commercial exchange. No one can believe for a moment that so intellectual a race as the Asiatic Greeks — a race capable of carrying the epic art to its highest perfection — would not have instantly adopted alphabetic writing from their neighbors, even if they had not, as I believe they had, already brought it with them from the Grecian mainland.

There is one kind of internal evidence, however, which has the greatest weight, and that is the unity of spirit and character; and this evidence exists in the highest degree in the Homeric poems: — first, in the broader sense of the term, when we look at the poems as a whole; and, secondly, when we examine the details, especially in the characters of the heroes who carry forward the action in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The first species of unity is less conclusive than the second; for there is in every literary age a pervading spirit that marks all its literary productions; and it may be said, as it has been said, that this proves only that the Homeric poems belong to the same epoch, which after all may extend through several centuries. The other species cannot be set aside by this consideration. True, we may suppose that the subject of the Trojan war had been already handled by the ballad-singers, in the age immediately following that series of events, and in hexameter verse. We must suppose, too, that the names and exploits of the heroes had already been made familiar so far as the Grecian name extended. Characters, even, had by degrees assumed their legendary types, — like the *Cid*, in the ballads of Spain, — like Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, — like Charlemagne and his peers, — like Hagen, Gunther, and Siegfried in the mediæval poetry of Germany. But it is not in the nature of ballad poetry to develop characters with minute and careful study of the nicer shades. A few broad outlines present these creations of the popular fancy to the mind; but to work them out into finished details, as the sculptor chips his marble into the exquisite forms of a *Venus* or *Apollo*, is a work of trained poetic art under the guidance of principles which

have resulted from long study and mature experience. Thus Homer used the materials accumulated by his ruder predecessors. Thus Shakespeare, working in a kindred spirit, breathed his own immortality into traditions and characters whose outlines had been traced by the feeble hands of those who had gone before him.

A great poet is a rare bird. Whoever composed the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* shared in the richest gifts of knowledge and genius that have ever been showered upon mortal man. If one author gave them being, remarkable as is the fact, it is not without example elsewhere; if many authors combined, having in equal measure the poetical power, the combination were marvellous, unexampled, and incredible; but when we add to this the other necessary statement, that they not only had equal shares of the poetical gift, but worked in precisely the same spirit, — conceived not only the leading characters, but a vast number of subordinate ones, in precisely the same way, and marked their appearance, their actions, their speech, by precisely the same traits and turns of expression, so that each and all should on each and every occasion conduct themselves consistently, express themselves consistently, and give not only to the modern reader, but, so far as we know, to those who lived nearest the times of their composition, a deep impression of their unity, — to believe that these results should have been accomplished by a succession of poets of the highest order of genius, requires a degree of credulity on the part of the sceptical critics quite beyond my feeble power of comprehension.

Again, ballad-poetry may be transmitted by memory, and may be composed without the artificial aid of writing. Any kind of poetry may be learned by heart, to any extent, as we see by the example of players. But inventing ballads, with their simplicity of incident, is quite a different thing from composing long and comprehensive epic narratives, with the great variety of characters, so nicely discriminated, so carefully finished, so consistently sustained, as those of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Moreover, preserving in the memory a vast mass of compositions,

laboriously committed to its charge, but from another source, is one thing; and carrying forward in the memory a splendid array of events and characters of one's own invention, keeping all the parts forever present to the mind, — incidents, personages, phrases, modes of action, places, previous history, surrounding scenery, — so that all shall cohere in one grand and brilliant picture, shall be so created by one surpassing genius, and by him transmitted through successive generations of rhapsodists, — to do all this is quite another. The former is possible, and has been done. The latter we do not know to have been done, and we believe it to be quite impossible.

The fundamental errors of the whole theory are these: —

1. The opinion that the art of writing, for literary purposes, was introduced among the Greeks at too late a period for the author or authors of the Homeric poems to have employed it.
2. The confounding of two widely differing stages of poetical development, — the ballad and the epic; the supposing that the Greeks failed to take the last step which led to the completion of the epic art, and the production of its highest models; the presenting of a very mutilated picture of a progress, perfectly natural and organic; the believing that the earliest steps were taken in this magnificent art, though not a single fragment of document remains to testify to the facts; and the disbelieving in the last, though its two immortal monuments — the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, more durable than the Pyramids of Egypt, more stable than the Alps and the Himalayas — stand there as fresh, as beautiful, as full of the glorious youth of the Hellenic genius, as when they were first built up in their fair proportions by the plastic hand of their creator. I believe, therefore, that the Wolfian theory has not an inch of ground to rest upon. I believe that the greatest of poets save one had a personal existence; that his name is not an etymology, and his being not an agglutination of fifty or a hundred ballad-mongers; that he who knew everything else known in his age knew his A B C, and how to write; and finally, that he, the man Homeros, did actually compose and write down his own poetical works.



## LECTURE VI.

### HOMER AND THE ILIAD.

WE have followed the Hellenic races to their earliest settlements in Greece. We have seen the blending of migrations across the sea with the great tide by land. We have witnessed the conflicts between the opposite shores of the Ægean, after the vicissitudes of national childhood had passed, and neighboring monarchies, combining at times into extensive confederacies, had been established. We have gone with them to the Trojan War, — the ten long years of that distant strife. We have traced their changing fortunes, in the Æolian, Ionian, and Dorian re-migrations, a century or two later, to the Asiatic coast; the returning wave breaking again upon the primeval land. With them they carried that warlike minstrelsy, which had clung to their religious hymns from the mysterious oracular centres in the North.

The Ionians had from the beginning a superior natural endowment for literature and art; and when this most gifted race came into contact with the antique culture and boundless commercial wealth of Asia and Africa, the loveliest and most fragrant flowers of the intellect shot forth in every direction. They carried with them the traditions of their race and the war-songs of their bards, from the Grecian mainland to the very scenes where the famous deeds of their forefathers had been performed, — a neighborhood crowded with the traditions of the hardly less famous foes of their ancestry. These local circumstances awakened a fresh interest in the old legends, and epic poetry took a new start, a bolder character, a loftier sweep, a wider range. A general expansion of the intellectual powers

and the poetical spirit suddenly took place in the midst of the new prosperity and the unaccustomed luxuries of the East,—in the midst of the gay and festive life which succeeded the ages of wandering, toil, hardship, and conflict, like the Sabbath repose following the weary warfare of the week. The loveliness of nature on the Ionian shores and in the isles that crown the Ægean deep was soon embellished by the genius of Art. Stately processions; hymns chanted in honor of the gods; graceful dances before the altars, statues, and shrines; assemblies for festal or solemn purposes, in the open air under the soft sky of Ionia, or within the halls of princes and nobles,—these fill up the moments of the new and dazzling existence which the excitable Hellenic race are invited, here and now, to enjoy. Their first and deepest want—that which, in the foregoing periods of their existence, had been the first supplied—was the longing of the heart, the demand of the imagination, for poetry and song; and it would have been surprising if the bright genius of Ionia, under all these favoring circumstances, had not broken upon the world with a splendor which outshone all its former achievements. Poets sprang up, obedient to the call; and a new school of poetical composition rapidly developed itself, embodying the Hellenic traditions of the Trojan story, and the legends handed down from the Trojans themselves. Troops or companies of these poets, singers, *αοιδοί* as they were called, were formed, and their pieces were the delight of the listening multitudes that thronged around them. At last, among these minstrels who consecrated the flower of their lives to the service of the Muses, appeared a man whose genius was to eclipse them all. This man was Homer.

Who, what, when, and where was Homer? Several lives of the poet have come down to us; none of any critical value. They prove, however, amidst their mass of fabulous stories, the constant belief of the ancient world that he was an Asiatic Greek; and the tone and coloring of the Homeric poetry establish this fact beyond all rational question. I will not enter upon the details,—they are of no worth, except to the classi-

cal scholar. Thus much is certain, that the minstrel school of Chios was the most distinguished in that poetical age. On this fair island, probably, Homer was born; or if not, it was doubtless the place of his early resort and the favorite scene of his studies. Here, certainly, he lived a part of his life; and the name of Chios is forever linked with his fame. The traditions of Homer, the blind old beggar-bard, are the creations of later times, partly founded on the description of Demodocus in the *Odyssey*.

If we draw our conception of him from his poems, — and they are all we have of him beyond the two facts of his Ionian birth and his poetical profession, — we shall picture to ourselves the man and poet Homer in quite a different light from that of tradition. We may be sure that he was born in a condition of life which surrounded his childhood with favoring influences. We may be sure that he had the most exquisite organization ever bestowed on the finely organized Hellenic race; that the blood ran full, and free, and strong through his veins; that his eye was so keen and bright that no object, great or small, escaped its vigilant and roving glance; that his ear was attuned to all the melodies of nature and the harmonies of art; that his sensitive nerves vibrated to every breath of heaven, and every impulse of the spirit within; that his busy fancy was forever moulding and recombining what his eye had seen, his ear had heard, his heart had felt. We may be sure that he, an inspired boy, had listened with inexpressible delight to the songs of the bards, reciting the achievements of another age; that he had wonderingly and reverently gazed upon the stately processions, and listened to the solemn prayers of the priests, as the blessing of his country's gods was invoked. And when the restless period of youth arrived, we may well believe that he embarked with the Phœnician seamen, and visited the cities of the elder monarchies of Asia and Africa; that he floated on the bosom of the sacred Nile, and saw the royal Pyramids along its margin, and looked upon the sublime and awful temples of hundred-gated Thebes; that his watchful eye traced the hiero-



glyphs, the sculptures, the paintings of ancient kings; that he lingered with throbbing heart and fiery enthusiasm upon those battle-pieces which to this day record, on imperishable structures, the wars and conquests of Egypt's elder monarchs, — of Sesostris and Rameses the Great. We may be sure that every path upon the coasts of Asia Minor was familiar to his footsteps; that he had pressed the soil of every country in Greece, and knew by heart every famous city; that the field of war had witnessed his presence, as well as the quiet scenes of peace; that wherever he wandered, nothing in nature or the life of man passed unseen or escaped unremembered. At sea he knew every rope in the ship, — we read it in all his descriptions now, — and surpassed the sailors in nautical lore. Of every weapon of attack and defence his hand was master, and he knew from personal experience what there is of good and what of evil in the spirit of Ares. He had listened, through the watches of many a night, to the long stories — the Phœnician *yarns* — of those primeval tars; and their tales of wonder he had laid up in a memory the most fast-holding and capacious, to be afterward used for purposes he but little dreamed of.

And then — the frenzy of youthful adventure once appeased, his knowledge embracing all that was known in his age — the image of the beautiful Ionia once more arose to his vision, and a home-longing, like that of Odysseus, sitting on the rocky shore of Calypso's isle, yearning for Ithaca, the dwelling of his wife and son, compelled him to return. Again he listens to the lays of the bards, and his soul is stirred within him. No doubt his thoughts have, before this, voluntarily moved harmonious numbers, and found fit utterance in verse. The inspiration of the Muse has stolen upon him under the walls of Thebes, in the shadow of the Pyramids, on the bosom of the roaring sea, on the storm-lashed shore, under the blaze of day, in the crowds of men, in the deep silence of the starry night, at the rising of the sun, at the setting of the Pleiades. His genius has been long training itself, instinctively, if not consciously, for his fore-appointed but as yet unknown task.

He has searched the coffers of his native Ionian tongue round and round for the ample phrase and resounding line, into which his fervid spirit may freely pour the burning stream of its thought. The lesson has been practised in silent meditation or in rapt soliloquy; but he has never tasked his powers nor tried his skill in an assembly of men. As he listens to the favored minstrels, he feels that they have not yet touched the deepest chord. Be sure there is that in the appearance of the young man which excites interest and commands attention; — a mingled gentleness and power in the soul-speaking face; an expression, glancing and shifting with every emotion; a sweet modesty, like that of Shakespeare; and an inborn nobleness of manner, which, without arrogance, asserts itself in every presence.

At length, on some festal day, he comes forward and takes his place among the rival minstrels. He touches on the *phorminx* a few preluding notes, and sings a lay. And what is it? He is still in the bloom of early youth and the fire of manly passion. Of what, then, shall he sing, but the wrath of Achilles, — the boy-hero of the Trojan tale? A sudden sense that no common hand is upon the lyre hushes the tumultuous crowd to a stillness broken only by the rich and powerful voice of the new minstrel, as he invokes the Muse, *Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά*. The strain rises and swells upon the ear, and the marvellous hexameters possess the souls and entrance the sense of the hearers. The story of the chieftain's quarrel is soon told, — too soon the rhapsody ends; while each of that mighty throng is bending forward, unconscious where he is, "for the godlike voice is still pouring around him." A moment more, and loud and prolonged applause, like the roaring of the waves upon the Hellespontine shore, goes up to the concave heaven. Prince and people, priest and worshipper, men and women, feel that here is one mightier than they. Musicians and minstrels now must own their master. Here is the great creative intellect, the wisest man, of his age. Henceforth, there is no doubt in Ionia, soon there is no doubt in the Grecian mainland, who is the light

and glory of the world. Wherever he goes, honor, obeisance, and popular enthusiasm wait upon his steps. The business of his life is made clear to him. Year follows year, and the circle of his fame enlarges. By degrees, in the course of his poetical task, scene after scene evolves itself, until the whole magnificent Iliad stands before him.

The outline of the tale—the characters and the incidents of the war of Troy—had been sung by other bards of lesser gifts; but he sees their larger poetical capability, and seizes, by the right of the strongest, the rich material out of which a new poetical creation shall arise. Story, character, and incident have already taken hold of the popular imagination; the issues of the great contest between Priam and his mighty pair of antagonists have sunk deep into the popular heart; but the picture kindles into new life beneath his glowing pencil. The actors in the Ilian tragedy come again upon the stage at his bidding, each with all the attributes of fine poetic individuality. And now, in conducting the fable through its varied and contrasted scenes, by land and by sea, his manifold experience and abundant wealth of knowledge crowd the song, and gather into it the whole world of action and art, thought and passion. Midway in the poet's life the creation of the Iliad—the organic growth of long and studious, but practical years—has reached its natural termination, has expanded to its completed form, has received from the fusing and ordaining and overmastering genius its unity of spirit, of continuous and uninterrupted development.

In this wonderful work, to use the comparison of Longinus, Homer is the sun at his meridian height. In the practice of his noble art for so many years, he had combined the epic elements of heroic tradition which had been forming for centuries, achieving thereby a twofold result,—breathing fresh life into ancient forms, and a vital force before unknown; and bringing the several parts of the Ilian story into such intimate connection and harmony, that they no longer appeared as ballad minstrelsies, serving the poet's turn for brief rehearsals, at the



gatherings of the people, or in the halls of the princes, but embodied in one magnificent panorama, partly by direct narration, partly by allusion and recapitulation, all the essential features of the great national adventure. The time filled up by the action of the Iliad extends only to a few days, — between forty and fifty; but a knowledge of the rest is to a certain extent implied, — a knowledge, that is, of what preceded and followed it in the national traditions. This, of course, might be presumed to exist on the part of the Ionian audiences for which the poem was intended; and this again shows that the unity of the Iliad is the unity of continuous composition, and not of a previously concerted plan, — a unity springing from the ordaining action of high and thoroughly trained creative genius, and not conceived at the outset by deep premeditation.

But Homer was a singer and an actor. His profession was, not the writing and publication of poems to be circulated like the books of a library, and to be read by gentlemen and ladies, at their leisure, by the fireside and the evening lamp. He rehearsed them in person, he acted them as Shakespeare acted in his plays; for in his age the minstrel's art consisted in delivering the poetical numbers in a musical cadence, preluded and partly accompanied by notes struck upon the lyre. The poet not only practised this art himself, but trained up the actors, so that troops and schools of performers were established, like the theatrical companies of later times. Those schools, the most renowned of which was that of the Homeridæ, at Chios, were the characteristic literary feature of that age. This style of action or representation, having its origin in the old Ionian times, lasted in the hands of the rhapsodists far into the flourishing period of Attic literature.

In all this practice, the art of writing — long since brought in from Phœnicia — was doubtless employed in the preparation, teaching, and transmission of these compositions. Poet and performers had their copies, which they carried with them, as they strolled from city to city, from festival to festival, from *panegyris* to *panegyris*, just as the player now takes his Shake-

speare ; but the public recitals of these poems were, like the performances of actors, from the memory alone. And in this way the Homeric poems were first diffused among all the Hellenic communities on either side the Ægean Sea.

The story of the Iliad is very simple. It begins with the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles about a captive girl, in the ninth year of the war. Achilles in anger withdraws from the Grecian camp. A series of battles follows, in which the Greeks, deprived of their swift-footed champion, suffer defeat and slaughter. In the mean time the secondary heroes press forward, and become the leading figures in the martial picture. In separate chants the valiant deeds of Diomedes, Ajax, Menelaus, Agamemnon, are commemorated. But the Trojans, led on by the crested Hector, drive the Greeks down to the very ramparts of the ships. One by one the heroes are wounded and disabled, and the prospect of disastrous overthrow stares the army in the face. Agamemnon, at length, convinced of his fatal error, and anxious to recall the angry hero, sends an embassy with the offer of ample reparation. The proposal is haughtily rejected. The war again proceeds, with varying fortune. The Greeks are driven within their walls, and the Trojans, led on by Hector, threaten to fire the ships. The battle wavers ; Hector is wounded, and the Trojans are driven back. Achilles at length consents that Patroclus, his brother-in-arms, shall put on his armor, and go forth to battle. The appearance of this champion, clad in the complete steel of the son of Thetis, at first strikes terror into the hosts of Troy, and gives heart to the Argives. But he is slain and spoiled of his arms by Hector, and fierce combats for the possession of the dead body follow. The Greeks prevail, and bear the slain hero back to the camp. Achilles, overwhelmed with sorrow, abandons himself to unrestrained lamentation. This calls his mother, Thetis, up from the sea. She finds him prostrate with grief, yet eager to exact a bloody vengeance from Hector and the Trojans ; but Hector has the armor. She goes to the smithy of Hephaistos, who readily forges a new shield of divine workmanship, a breast-

plate brighter than the blaze of fire, a strong-wrought helmet with a golden crest, and metal greaves. Achilles receives the arms, becomes reconciled with Agamemnon, who sends him precious gifts, and restores the captive Briseis. After lamenting over the dead Patroclus, he mounts the car and rushes to the field, careless of life, and longing only for vengeance. And now the war comes to its terrible turning-point. The Trojan and Grecian champions are arrayed in deadly strife, and the divided deities share, according to their several likings, in the battle. As the action approaches a close, the description rises in grandeur. At length both armies are withdrawn from the field, and Achilles and Hector alone remain. A single combat follows, and Hector falls. Achilles insults the body of his foe, lashes him to his car, and drags him down to his tent, in the sight of Priam and the Trojans, who gaze heart-stricken from the walls upon the dreadful spectacle. The Greeks returning to the camp, funeral games are performed in honor of Patroclus, and twelve Trojan youths are slaughtered to appease his shade. Thus twelve days are consumed. Priam resolves to visit the hostile camp, and to implore of Achilles the restoration of his dead son. An auspicious omen inspires him with hope. He departs, taking with him costly gifts, by which he thinks to appease his vindictive enemy. He is met by Hermes, in the form of a young man, who guides him to the tent of Achilles. The Grecian hero, astonished at his sudden appearance, gives him a hospitable reception, and, overcome by pity for his unequalled woes, consents to surrender the body of Hector. It is borne back to the city; the inhabitants receive it with loud lamentations; funeral rites are performed; and so the poem closes.

Now, from this slight sketch, it must be evident that one spirit, one mind, runs through the whole; that in this sense it has unity and completeness; that the central figure is Achilles, and that every important turn in the fortunes of the war depends upon his presence or absence. On the other hand, the preceding events — the mustering of the hosts of Greece,



the voyage, the landing, the battles of the first eight years, the struggle that followed the death of Hector, the taking of Troy, and the departure of the victorious fleet — are dealt with only by implication and allusion; and it is a very remarkable fact, that precisely these omitted portions of the Trojan story were taken up by the poets that immediately followed the Homeric age, who thus confessed that Homer had made whatever his hand had touched his own forever.

Homer's mode of dealing with the divine agencies in his works was objected to as irreverent by some of the more serious among the ancients. This objection can have no weight now, whatever it might have had in the time of Plato. To us the gods are like the fairies of modern poetry; and considering the manner in which the heroic conceptions of supernatural beings were formed, from the personified phenomena of nature and passions of man, the management of this machinery is highly felicitous. They have their favorite heroes, by whose side they stand in battle, and from whom they avert the arrow eager to taste of human flesh. With their shields they interpose to protect them from the edge of the sword, or snatch them, shrouded in a dark cloud, from defeat. Nay, the gods themselves are driven in dishonor from the field, gashed with wounds, and covered with blood. Ares gets a thrust that makes him out roar nine thousand troopers. Aphrodite is wounded by Diomedes, and flies to her mother's arms to be protected and cured. Even the fierce quarrels that disturb the festivities and vex the domestic circle of Olympus, the sarcasms of Zeus, and the downright scolding of Hera, are not unnatural, if we bear in mind that, according to the early conception of the Greeks, the divine life, morals, and manners were only human life, morals, and manners carried out upon a grander scale.

I have already alluded to the clearness and consistency with which the characters in the *Iliad* are managed, — not merely the leading, but the subordinate persons. But Homer rarely describes his characters, as a second-rate poet would have been

likely to do. The dramatic element enters largely into the whole texture of his works; it is action that brings his heroes out, and gives them such poetical life. And this makes it necessary to follow them through all the scenes in which they appear, as we would study the characters of living men by watching them under every variety of circumstance. Achilles, in the rudely outlined figures of the ballad-makers who preceded Homer, was a fierce, vindictive, overbearing, intolerable bully; but when Homer took him in hand, though he preserved, while softening them, all the essential points of the popular tradition, he civilized him by adding others which are unfolded in the progress of the action, beautifully rounding and completing the character; so that the Homeric Achilles is the type of youthful bravery,—his fierce passion and lust of revenge counterbalanced by the deepest sensibility to friendship, and a generous readiness to yield to the impulses of pity. A similar analysis, with the same result, might be made of each of the other important characters; and we should find that they are so naturally developed, that, while different scenes bring out different qualities, these qualities harmonize together, and serve to finish off the Homeric conception of the persons.

Again, the Trojan characters are discriminated with equal fineness of art, and admirably contrasted, as Oriental and Asiatic, with the Greek. Homer deals with both sides impartially, while, however, he remains faithful to the ethical views of his Hellenic origin. Troy is a rich, sensual, extravagant Asiatic city. Priam is the Sultan,—his palace containing his harem and the apartments of his numerous sons and daughters. Paris is a handsome young voluptuary,—half pirate, half dandy, not destitute of courage when driven to the wall, but showy and profligate, liking better to polish his arms than to use them. His original crime of violating the sacred rites of hospitality has brought the impending doom over the royal city; and this is hastened on by the treachery, falsehood, and sensuality by which he shows his haughty disregard of justice, and his scorn of the avenging Nemesis. But

here the poet has relieved the general darkness of the picture by the exquisite beauty of the half-repenting Helen, the patriotic deeds, words, and character of Hector, and the unrivalled pathos of the parting scene between him and Andromache. With such refined art has this great poet managed the various scenes of his story, and the play of contrasts between man and man, between nation and nation.

We have seen with what clearness of poetic life the human characters are drawn by Homer. Humanity is the proper quality by which, like the great creations of Shakespeare, they rouse a fellow-feeling in all men of all ages. They are not mere embodiments of peculiarities and humors, such as artificial society often unfolds; but they are flesh-and-blood men, whose physical life is full of energy and fire, and whose passions are not schooled to uniformity by the laws and insincerities of fashion. They think fearlessly, and speak plainly, calling a spade a spade. If they get angry, out it comes, sometimes rudely enough, with no mincing of phrase, and no Pickwickian or Congressional explanations afterwards. If they are hungry, they eat with no fastidious selection of delicate morsels, but like hearty men, earnestly bent on doing the work conscientiously. At table respect is shown to superior rank or bravery, not merely by helping it first, but by giving it twice or three times as much. Thus Agamemnon honored Ajax with a whole sirloin of roast beef after his fight with Hector, while the other guests were helped to not more than five or six pounds apiece. When they were thirsty they drank, not water alone; for the water of the Hellespont was not good, and tea and coffee and lemonade were as yet unknown. "Set forth a bigger mixer," says Achilles to Patroclus, when Agamemnon's ambassadors visit his tent; "draw it stronger, and hand each man a beaker, for much-beloved men are beneath my roof." Homer was not only a poet, but a practical man; and, in all the operations before Troy, he kept an eye upon the commissariat. Some think that cooking, eating, and drinking are vulgar, and quite beneath the notice of the Muse; and the



consequence is, that in poems and other literary works the heroes and heroines are often carelessly placed in positions, for weeks together, where they could not possibly get a morsel to stay the hungry edge of appetite, or a drop of water or anything else to quench their thirst, or a change of linen even; so that the wonder is, how they survive the hardships of the first volume. But Homer felt the great truth which he puts into the mouth of one of his heroes, that men cannot fight upon an empty stomach. That even grief grows hungry, Achilles proves to Priam, by the example of Niobe. He took his measures accordingly. Some of the troops were employed in tilling the fields of Troy; others, in the less honest business of pillaging the neighboring towns; and a brisk trade for wine, in exchange for brass and iron, hides, cattle, and slaves, was carried on with Lemnos and other islands, — the Maine law not having yet been enacted. On one occasion, when Agamemnon had received a thousand measures,

“All night the Greeks enjoyed the plenteous feast;  
The Trojans and their aids, in Ilium too,  
Were feasting; but throughout that gloomy night  
The sire of gods his wrathful thunders rolled, —  
Dread sign of coming woes. Pale terror shook  
The knees of all; and from their bowls they poured  
Libations large; presuming none to drink  
Before they poured to Jove omnipotent.”

Another point in Homer's natural delineation is the openness and candor with which his heroes confess it, when they are afraid. Even Hector, on one occasion, after discussing the question at some length with his own magnanimous spirit, very honestly admitting that he is horribly frightened, fairly takes to his heels and runs. The point of honor, which requires a man to be afraid of seeming to be afraid of what he is afraid of, formed no part of the Homeric idea of heroism.

The style of Homer possesses the transparent clearness which is common to poets of the highest order. The same quality is found in Chaucer; it is found, embellished, perhaps, by excess

of ornament, in Spenser; it is found pre-eminently in Shakespeare; and is characteristic of the ballad-minstrelsy of all nations.

It has been alleged that the ancient poets had no genuine love of Nature. I confess I do not understand the meaning of this strange assertion. Wherever men have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel, Nature is to them a living presence. She speaks to them in her myriad voices, and they hear. She looks upon them smilingly or sternly, and they understand the eloquence of her mute appeal. She gazes down upon them with the starry eyes of Night, and they feel a solemn calm under the august silence of her inspection. She speaks in the thunder, in the frantic ocean, and they listen with awe. The pictures of Nature are the first to stamp themselves on the memory, and the last to be blotted out. The assertion cannot be true; least of all is it true of Homer, to whom every aspect of Nature was intimate and dear. What a picture is this, to be drawn by one who had no true feeling for the beauty of Nature!

“As when the stars of the night, encircling the moon in her brightness,  
Glitter on high, and the winds of the air have sunk into silence;  
Bright are the headland heights, and bright the peaks of the mountains,  
Bright are the vales, and, opening deep, the abysses of ether  
Sparkle with star after star, and the heart of the shepherd rejoices.”

Hundreds of such passages might be selected, showing not only the truest and deepest sensibility to Nature that ever poet had, but the most brilliant power of reproducing whatever is striking in her forms.

Our language has several translations of Homer, possessing various degrees of excellence, but marred by great defects. Chapman's is quaint and vigorous, but rough. Pope's is deliciously smooth, but modern, dainty, and unfaithful to the local coloring. Cowper is truer to the word, but wanting to the spirit. Sotheby is laborious; but his management of the English couplet utterly fails to reproduce the effect of the Homeric hexameter. Mumford's blank-verse translation is unsur-

passed in passages ; but he has not been able to give sufficient variety to the divisions and pauses to save it from monotony. The Germans have several times translated Homer, as they have every other classic, into the measure of the original, or, I should rather say, a measure analogous to the original ; for the hexameter of the modern languages is only an accented one, while the classical measures were all constructed upon the principle of quantity, setting accent, in the Latin as well as in the Greek, wholly aside ; and there is all the difference between the two methods that there is between chanting and reading.

Some of the earlier attempts at English hexameters were not quite so successful as could be desired. These lines from Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, published in Queen Elizabeth's time, are contained in the famous description of *Ætna* :—

“ Neere jointlye brayeth with rufflerie rumboled Etna.  
 Soomtyme owt it bolcketh, from bulck clouds grimly bedimmed  
 Like fyerd pitch skorching, or flash flame sulphurous heating :  
 Flownce to the stars towring, the fire like a peller is hurled,  
 Ragd rocks up raking, and out of the mounten yrented  
 From roote up he jogleth ; stoans huge, slag molten he rowseth,  
 With route snort grumbling in bottom flash furie kindling.”

Look on this picture ; now look on this from Longfellow :—

“ Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,  
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,  
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey ! ”

Some attempts have been made to render Homer into English hexameters, and I think with fair success. The following passage is from a specimen-version in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

“ Sing, O Goddess, the wrath unblest of Peleian Achilleus,  
 Whence the uncountable woes that were heaped on the host of Achaia ;  
 Whence many valorous spirits of heroes, untimely dissevered,  
 Down unto Hades were sent, and themselves to the dogs were a plunder,  
 And all fowls of the air ; but the counsel of Zeus was accomplished ;



E'en from the hour when at first were in fierceness of rivalry sundered  
Atreus' son, the Commander of Men, and the noble Achilles."

Here are two striking passages as translated in hexameters  
by Shadwell:—

"Burning with fury the God came down from his high habitation;  
Full quiver hung by his side, and elastic bow from his shoulder;  
Loud at his side was the clanking of darts, as he sped from Olympus  
Swift as the Night through the sky, deep vengeance silently brooding;  
Nearer arrived to the fleet, then he stayed; and the silvery bowstring  
Fearfully twanged, as the shafts flew abroad, death dealing amongst them.  
First on the mules and the dogs fell thickly the murderous shower;  
Next on themselves the destructive darts, wide-wastefully wounding,  
Light; and the funeral piles were daily and nightly rekindled.  
Nine days long through the camp raged fiercely the shafts of Apollo."

"As when a sea runs high, which a westerly wind hath awakened,  
Wave upon wave to the land rolls in with a boisterous uproar,  
Gathering a crest on the water afar; some, noisily roaming,  
Break on a deep, bold shore; some again, on a bluff-lying headland  
Dashed up aloft, curl over and fling spray wildly to leeward;  
So then advanced to the battle, in wave-like order, Achaia's  
Host, rank following rank."

Part of the scene in the tent of Achilles is thus rendered in  
Blackwood:—

"All unobserved of them entered the old man stately, and forthwith  
Grasped with his fingers the knees, and kissed the hands of Achilles, —  
Terrible, murderous hands, by which son upon son had been slaughtered.

And Achilles was dumb at the sight of majestic Priam,  
He and his followers all, each gazing on other bewildered.  
But he uplifted his voice in their silence, and made supplication:  
'Think of thy father at home,' he began, 'O godlike Achilles!  
Him, my coeval, like me within age's calamitous threshold.  
Haply this day there is trouble upon him, some insolent neighbors  
Round him in arms, nor a champion at hand to avert the disaster.  
Yet even so there is comfort for him; for he hears of thee living.  
Day unto day there is hope for his heart amid worse tribulation,  
That yet again he shall see his beloved from Troja returning.  
Misery only is mine; for of all in the land of my fathers,  
Bravest and best were the sons I begat, and not one is remaining.

But one peerless was left, sole prop of the realm and the people,  
 And now at last he too, the protector of Ilion, Hector,  
 Dies by thy hand. For his sake have I come to the ships of Achaia,  
 Eager to ransom the body, with bountiful gifts of redemption.  
 Thou, have respect for the gods, and on me, O Peleides, have pity,  
 Calling thy father to mind ; but more piteous is my desolation, —  
 Mine, who, alone of mankind, have been humbled to this of endurance, —  
 Pressing my mouth to the hand that is red with the blood of my children.'  
 Hereon Achilles, awaked to a yearning remembrance of Peleus,  
 Rose up, took by the hand, and removed from him gently the old man.  
 Sadness possessing the twain, — one, mindful of valorous Hector,  
 Wept with o'erflowing tears, low-laid at the feet of Achilles ;  
*He*, some time for his father, anon at the thought of Patroclus,  
 Wept, and aloft in the dwelling, their long lamentation ascended."

From the beautiful scene of the lamentations over the body of Hector, after the return to the city, I take the wail of Helena : —

"Hector, dearest to me above all in the house of my husband !  
 Husband ! alas that I call him ! O better that death had befallen !  
 Summer and winter have flown, and the twentieth year is accomplished,  
 Since the calamity came, and I fled from the land of my fathers ;  
 Yet never word of complaint have I heard from thee, never of hardness ;  
 But if another reproached, were it brother or sister of Paris,  
 Yea, or his mother, (for mild evermore as a father was Priam,)  
 Them didst thou check in their scorn, and the bitterness yielded before thee,  
 Touched by thy kindness of soul, and the words of thy gentle persuasion.  
 Therefore I weep, both for thee, and myself to all misery destined ;  
 For there remains to me now, in the war-swept wideness of Troja,  
 None, either courteous or kind ; but in all that behold me is horror."

The poem ends with these lines : —

"Swiftly the earth-mound rose ; but on all sides watchers were planted,  
 Fearful of rush unawares from the well-greaved bands of Achaia.  
 Last, when the mound was complete, and the men had returned to the city,  
 All in the halls of the king were with splendid solemnity feasted.  
 Thus was the sepulture ordered of Hector ; the Tamer of Horses."

## LECTURE VII.

### THE ODYSSEY.—THE BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

MUCH that we have said of the *Iliad* is equally true of the *Odyssey*. So far as concerns unity of plan and of character, — especially the former, — the proofs of homogeneousness are more conclusive in the *Odyssey* than in the *Iliad*. I do not mean to assert that no changes have been made, in the course of time, in the text of both. When we consider the vicissitudes through which these works have passed, first, in the hands of the *Homeridæ*, the earliest actors who represented them; secondly, in the hands of the rhapsodists, or strolling singers, of a subsequent age; thirdly, in the editions or copies possessed by numerous cities for public use; fourthly, in the revisions made at Lacedæmon, at Athens, and elsewhere; fifthly, in the copies prepared under the critical supervision of the Alexandrian scholars; and, finally, in the copies made by professional transcribers from Homer's own time down to the multiplication of editions by the art of printing; — when we look at this long history, we see ground for two general views, not inconsistent, but supporting each other. First, the immediate and universal fame which placed these works at the head of their class, and caused them to be so widely diffused and so carefully preserved by public authority throughout the Grecian world, was also a guaranty for the substantial purity of the text. But, secondly, numerous verbal alterations, not materially affecting the sense, yet giving rise to various readings, could not well have been avoided, as they passed through the hands of so many copyists. Hence arose the necessity, in the age of grammar and criticism, when the elder literature of



Greece came to be the subject of scholarly study under the munificent patronage of the Ptolemies, of comparing the readings and establishing a critical text. The text which we now possess is founded upon manuscripts which are themselves derived at a longer or shorter remove from the Alexandrian copies. As these poems were originally composed to be sung or performed, rather than to be read, and as the copies were chiefly in the hands of the troops of players, it would naturally follow that the particular orthography, the division into books marked by the letters of the alphabet, and many other minute external details of the text, are the work, not of Homer, but of critics and editors since his time. With these qualifications and exceptions, I have no doubt that we have the Homeric poems as their great author sang and wrote them.

The plan of the *Odyssey* is more complicated than that of the *Iliad*, and the materials present a richer and more beautiful variety. If the *Iliad*, with all its simplicity, could not have resulted from the accidental coherence of different minstrelsies, bound together only by unity of subject and tradition, for much stronger reasons is it impossible to conceive, on rational grounds, that the vastly more complicated structure of the *Odyssey* should have been wrought out in the same manner. I believe that the view of Longinus—one of the ablest critics of antiquity—was the right one, that the *Iliad* was the work of the poet's fiery youth and early manhood, and the *Odyssey*, of his serener age,—the one the glory of the mid-day, the other that of the setting sun. The plan of the *Iliad* grew upon him as he proceeded with the composition of its parts; and when he had reached its completion, he paused in his creative work, and gave years, perhaps, to retouching, recombining, and harmonizing its varied elements and characters. His occupation as a professional singer, also, took him, with his great poem, from island to island, and from city to city, until the whole Hellenic world had grown familiar with every passage of the *Iliad*, and had stamped it upon their minds. But, after a time, the overmastering impulse to create

comes upon him again, and, his master-work already moulded and remoulded until its immortal scenes can receive no higher finish even from his plastic hand, he looks about him for some new subject. This readily suggests itself from among the innumerable legends of the return of the heroes from Troy, their detentions, sufferings, adventures by sea and land, after the great revenge has been exacted, the great trial held, the sentence passed, and judgment executed. Among the leaders, the wise Odysseus, and his long wanderings before he trod again the shore of rocky Ithaca, are among the favorite themes of the singers. His ready counsel, that fine eloquence which in the *Iliad* is aptly described as "falling like the snow-flakes of winter," his prompt device in every difficult emergency, and, I must add, the little scruple he had in resorting to diplomatic disguises of the truth when they served a useful purpose, made his character and fortunes a subject on which the Greek imagination always loved to linger. The adventures of Odysseus, therefore, naturally fixed the attention of the poet, and formed a centre around which the second great epic action revolved. The poet had passed the fiery years of youth; he had exhausted all the poetical resources of martial achievement, and now the calmer aspects of life rose before him with more attractive charms. It is true that even in the *Iliad* he had drawn occasional pictures of home and its affections, which afforded the sweetest contrast to the clang of war, and the din of embattled squadrons; but there were few bright openings in the general tumult of strife and death. The return of Odysseus reversed the picture. The war was over, and the scenes of home and the quiet of peaceful pursuits resumed their pre-eminence, and stood in the foreground of the picture of life.

Looking at the *Odyssey* as a work of art, it exhibits much more of careful premeditation in its general plan and outline than the *Iliad*; so much more, that no one can read it without feeling that here certainly is the work of one mind. All the parts so cohere together, and are so artfully arranged about a common centre of interest and action, that its accidental

growth out of an accumulation of minstrelsies from different authors and times would be little less than miraculous. The explanation of this difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey is quite natural, I might almost say inevitable. The poet had already arrived at the conception of a great epic, which should carry the ballad-composition up to the highest form, and in the years of labor spent in the gradual elaboration of the Iliad he had perfected the execution. When, therefore, the Odyssey — the return of Odysseus — first presented itself to his thoughts, it appeared to him, not as the subject of a song, not as a brief minstrelsy for the amusement of the passing hour, but in the outlines of another great epic plan, which is distinctly recognizable in the very first line. The different ways in which the poems open have never been remarked upon in relation to this view of the growth of epic poetry. They seem to me, however, highly significant and important. The Iliad begins, "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath of Achilles," — which in the first conception seems to be the only theme present at the moment to the poet's mind, although it connects itself naturally and dramatically enough with all that follows. The Odyssey begins, "Tell, O Muse, of the much experienced man, who wandered far and wide, after he had sacked the sacred town of Troy"; as if the whole world of adventures that befell the wily hero had been distinctly drawn, at the opening moment, on the imagination. In the former, the Goddess is invoked to *sing* the *wrath*; in the latter, the Muse is invoked to *tell* the *wanderings*: it being thus implied that the former was designed to be chanted, the latter to be narrated; in fine, that the Iliad began in a ballad, and ended with becoming an epic poem; while the Odyssey was an epic poem in its first conception.

The general characteristics of the Odyssey are the same with those of the Iliad, if we make allowance for the difference of subjects, and the natural changes which take place in a man's style of thinking and writing, as he passes from one period of life to another. The scene of the Iliad is laid in Asia, though descriptive passages with reference to Greece



and allusions to its local peculiarities frequently occur, all marked by such vivid truth to nature, that they have stood the test of modern scrutiny by learned travellers, and are as faithful at the present moment as they were three thousand years ago. Asiatic nature and life are represented with the most graphic fidelity. The battle of Achilles with the Rivers, suggested by the violent rushing of the spring-torrents as they came down from the neighboring mountains, and inundated the Trojan plain, resembles in its whole conception, its spirit, and its local coloring, the Descent of the Ganges. The scene of the Odyssey, on the other hand, is chiefly laid in continental Greece, and so minute and faithful are the panoramic pictures which it successively presents, that the Odyssey is said to be even now the best guide-book the traveller can take with him over those classic regions. In some respects it is a finer poem than the Iliad. There is perhaps no single portion equal to such tragic passages as the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the lament over Hector, or the supplication of Priam in the tent of Achilles. But over the whole Odyssey grace and amenity reign, shedding a poetic charm upon the commonest scenes and conditions of life. The house of the old swineherd Eumæus is delineated in the most natural manner, with all the homely circumstances around it; and yet so felicitous and tasteful, as well as true, is the Homeric management of the details, that it is transfigured into one of the most affecting conceptions in poetry.

I have already alluded to the opinion which was started by some of the ancient critics, that the Odyssey is not from the same author as the Iliad. Certainly there would be no impossibility in this, though a considerable improbability that two poets of the highest order of genius should have flourished in the same country in the same age. Nature does not bring forth her Homers, her Davids, her Dantes, her Shakespeares, in pairs. Many great poets may dwell together at the same time, but only one greatest; many great artists may be contemporaries, but only one greatest; many great orators may entrance

the listening multitudes, but only one greatest can at the same moment fulmine over Greece. The best critics of the ancient schools thought that the opinion of the *chorizontes*, or *separatists*, had here nothing to stand upon, and rather laughed at it as a piece of word-catching than respected it as the conclusion of a sound judgment. Modern criticism has, however, attempted the same process of dismemberment as with the Iliad, though the task of the carver has been found more difficult, because the plan of the Odyssey is much more complicated and artful. There are several distinct threads of adventure, all leading to the same point, the proper adjustment and right management of which required, not only more of previous reflection, but a more constant and careful arrangement in the imagination, and a more subtile power of organizing, to carry them out, and to keep them always subordinate to the general design.

The story opens with a description of Odysseus, detained on Calypso's Isle, where he has already been for seven years, the other heroes having reached their homes or perished. Now the gods resolve that he shall return to Ithaca. Athene is sent in the form of Mentès to his son Telemachus, to urge him to visit Pylos and Sparta for the purpose of gaining information concerning his long absent father. He commands the suitors, who have long been devouring his estate in revelry while awaiting the decision of Penelope, to leave the house; but they scornfully refuse. He arrives at Pylos, where he is received with hospitable entertainment by the old but still hearty Nestor. Thence, accompanied by the son of Nestor, he travels onward to Sparta, where he is recognized by Menelaus and Helen, now living amicably together, and at this moment celebrating the marriage of their children.

“From her perfumed chamber wending

Did the high-born Helen go;

Artemis she seemed descending,

Lady of the golden bow;

Then Adraste, bent on duty,

Placed for her the regal chair;

Carpet for the feet of beauty  
Spread Alcippe, soft and fair.

. . . . .

Throned then, and thus attended,  
Helena the king addressed :  
'Menelaus, Jove-descended,  
Knowest thou who is here thy guest ?  
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,  
What I think, or false or true,  
Gazing now with eyes of wonder  
On the stranger whom I view ?  
Shape of male or female creature  
Like to bold Odysseus' son,  
Young Telemachus, in feature  
As this youth I seen have none.  
From the boy his sire departed,  
And to Ilion's coast he came,  
When to valiant war he started, —  
All for me, — a thing of shame !'  
And Atreides spake, replying :  
'Lady, so I think as thou.  
Such the glance from eyeball flying ;  
Such his hands, his feet, his brow ;  
Such the locks his forehead gracing ;  
And I marked how, as I told  
Of Odysseus' deeds retracing,  
Down his cheek the tear-drop rolled.'

. . . . .

Nestor's son then answered, saying,  
'What thou speakest, king, is true.  
He who at the board is sitting  
Is of wise Odysseus sprung.  
Modest thoughts his age befitting  
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.  
Many a son feels sorrow try him,  
While his sire is far away,  
And no faithful comrade by him,  
In his danger, prop or stay.  
So my friend, now vainly sighing  
O'er his father, absent long,  
Finds no hand, on which relying,  
He may meet attempted wrong.'



Kindly Menelaus spake him,  
Praised his sire in grateful strain;  
Told his whilom hope to take him  
As a partner in his reign.  
All were softened at his telling  
Of the days now past and gone;  
Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,  
Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

Then to banish gloomy thinking,  
Helen, on gay fancy bent,  
In the wine her friends were drinking  
Flung a famed medicament, —  
Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,  
Sweet oblivion of all woe;  
He the bowl thus tempered draining  
Ne'er might feel a tear to flow,  
No, not e'en if she who bore him  
And his sire in death were laid,  
Were his brother slain before him,  
Or his son, with gory blade.  
In such drugs was Helen knowing;  
Egypt had supplied her skill,  
Where these potent herbs are growing,  
Some for good, and some for ill."

Menelaus then relates his own wanderings, and tells all he knows of Odysseus. Meanwhile, the suitors, having learned the departure of Telemachus, lay a plot to murder him on his return. Calypso now receives from Hermes the command of the gods to let Odysseus go; and reluctantly she obeys. Odysseus builds a ship and sails away; but on the eighteenth day, in the neighborhood of Scheria, his vessel is shattered by a storm. After swimming and floating for two days, he reaches the island of the Phæacians, and, being somewhat wearied, covers himself with leaves and falls asleep. Here he is found by Nausicaa, the daughter of the Phæacian king, who with her maidens has come from the city to wash the garments of the household in the flowing stream. This gives occasion for one of the most delightful descriptions in the book. She takes

pity on the forlorn condition of the shipwrecked and naked wanderer, and gives him food and clothes; and then he follows her to the grove of Athene, whence she returns alone to the city. Concealed in a cloud he enters the town and the palace of the king, whose queen he supplicates to help him on his homeward way. He relates his departure from the Ogygian Isle. Alcinous assembles the Phæacian princes, requires them to furnish a ship for the stranger, and invites them to a banquet. There Demodocus, the bard, sings of the fall of Troy. Odysseus betrays himself by weeping.

“So sang the rapt minstrel the blood-stirring tale;  
But the cheek of Odysseus waxed deathly and pale.  
While the song warbled on of the days that were past,  
His eyelids were wet with the tears falling fast,  
As wails the lorn bride, with her arms clasping round  
Her own beloved husband laid low on the ground.  
From the town, with the people, he sallied out brave,  
His country, his children, from insult to save.  
She sees his last gasping, life ready to part,  
And she flings herself on him, pressed close to her heart;  
Shrill she screams o’er the dying, while enemies near  
Beat her shoulders and back with the pitiless spear.  
They bear her away; as a slave she must go,  
Forever a victim of toil and of woe.  
Soon wastes her sad cheek with the traces of grief.  
Sad as hers showed the face of Ithaca’s chief.  
But none saw the tear-drops which fell from his eye,  
Save the king at the board, who was seated close by.”

The king, now informed who his guest is, invites him to relate his adventures after his departure from Troy. Through four books or cantos the story runs; and a more varied, graceful, and wonderful narrative poet never invented. Here, I think, the bard found space to interweave his own travels and adventures, and the seamen’s stories he had picked up from the Phœnician mariners in his early youth;—the Ciconians; the Lotophagi; Æolus and his bag of wind; Læstrygonians, big as mountains, whose king ate up a Greek alive; Circe and her enchanting, bestializing cup; the gloomy, but most

striking scene with the spirits of the dead; the Sirens, and his crafty escape from their fatal charm; Scylla and Charybdis; the slaying of the oxen of the Sun, which, in the opening lines of the poem, is alluded to slightly, but with consummate art; the destruction of the ship and crew in consequence, and the escape of the hero alone to the island of Calypso, where we found him at the beginning. So far nothing can exceed the skill which the conduct of the complicated action displays.

“Thus he spake; and they all remained in silence,  
And they were entranced by the charm through all the shady halls.”

Loaded with presents, and furnished with a ship, he departs at evening from the island of the Phæacians. He is landed on the shore of Ithaca asleep. Athene appears, informs him of the absence of his son, changes his form into that of a beggar, gives him a staff, and bids him go to Eumæus the old swineherd, while she departs for Lacedæmon, to look after Telemachus. Eumæus now describes to Odysseus the insolence of the suitors, and declares his incredulity as to his master's return.

The story now turns to Sparta, where Telemachus is warned in a vision to beware of the snare set for him by the suitors, and on returning to Ithaca to visit the swineherd. He goes first to Pylos, and thence embarks for his native island, stopping, according to the direction of Athene, at the hut of Eumæus. Odysseus there makes himself known to his son, and they consult upon the means of slaying the suitors. Telemachus, the next day, enters the city, followed by Odysseus in the beggar's garb, who is met by the suitors with contumely and rude insult. The riot and insolence of the suitors increase, as if madness had seized upon them while the shadows of fate were coming down. The beggar is sent for by Penelope, who has been told that he has news of Odysseus. She explains to him the device of the Web by which the suitors have been put off. The old house-nurse recognizes him, while washing his feet at night, by the scar of a wound he had re-



ceived in hunting. A trial of archery is planned for the next day, on which the feast of Apollo is to be celebrated, and the winner is to claim the lady's hand. Odysseus retires to a rude couch in the outer court, like the beggar that he appears. In the restless wakefulness of the night, he hears the mirth and laughter of the faithless women of his household, who share in the debaucheries of the suitors.

“As growls the mastiff standing on the start  
For battle, if a stranger's foot approach  
Her cubs new-whelped, so growled Ulysses' heart,  
While wonder filled him at their impious deeds.”

He hears also the lamentation of his wife from her chamber, as she wakes from a dream, in which her long-lost Odysseus seemed to be at her side. He prays for a favorable omen, and for propitious words from some one in the house. Thunder greets his ear; and the voice of a belated woman at the mill, plying her task for the service of the rioters long after the rest are asleep, is heard supplicating that their feast this day may be

“the last that in Ulysses' home  
The suitors shall enjoy, for whom I drudge,  
With aching heart and trembling knees their meal  
Grinding continual.”

The next day the suitors assemble, and prepare to celebrate the New Moon, — the festival of Apollo. The trial of the bow of Odysseus is to decide the fortune of the suitors. Penelope ascends to the chamber where it is kept, —

“With lifted hand aloft, took down the bow  
In its embroidered bow-case safe enclosed;  
Then sitting there, she laid it on her knees,  
Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case.  
Thus weeping over it long time she sat,  
Till, satiate at the last with grief and tears,  
Descending by the palace steps she sought  
Again the haughty suitors, with the bow  
Elastic, and the quiver in her hand  
Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store.”

The suitors try in succession the mighty bow, but not one can bend it. Meantime Odysseus makes himself known to two of his retainers, of whose fidelity he has become assured. He demands to make trial of the bow, in turn, and his demand is scornfully rejected; but the noble swineherd bears it to him, by preconcerted agreement, and the doors of the palace-hall are secured.

“But when the wary hero wise  
Had made his hand familiar with the bow,  
Poising it and examining — at once —  
As when, in harp and song adept, a bard  
Unlaboring strains the chord to a new lyre,  
With such facility Ulysses bent  
His own huge bow, and with his right hand played  
The string, which in its quick vibration sang  
Clear as the swallow’s voice. Keen anguish seized  
The suitors, wan grew every cheek, and Jove  
Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign.”

He draws the arrow-head home.

“Right through all the rings  
From first to last, the steel-charged weapon flew.”

Now the struggle begins. One after another the insolent rioters fall, pierced by the arrowy shower. All are slain except Phemius the singer, and Medon the herald; the faithless maid-servants are hanged, and then the hall is cleared of the dead bodies. Odysseus reappears in his proper form, and is recognized by his wife; and they relate their adventures during their long separation of nearly twenty years.

“She told him of the scorn and wrong  
She long had suffered in her house,  
From the detested suitor throng,  
Each wooing her to be his spouse, —  
How, for their feasts, her sheep and kine  
Were slaughtered, while they quaffed her wine  
In plentiful carouse.  
And he, the noble wanderer, spoke  
Of many a deed of peril sore, —  
Of men who fell beneath his stroke, —  
Of all the sorrowing tasks he bore.

She listened with delighted ear;  
 Sleep never came her eyelids near,  
 Till all the tale was o'er.

So closed the tale. Then balmy sleep,  
 The healer of all human woes,  
 Did their relaxing members steep  
 In soft oblivion of repose."

The next day Odysseus leaves the city to visit his father, the aged Laertes. The singular passage in which Hermes conducts the souls of the slain suitors occurs here. The friends and relatives of the victims form a conspiracy against the victorious hero; the rebels are attacked by Odysseus and his friends; but the battle is arrested midway by the interposition of Athene, and Odysseus grants peace and pardon to the foiled conspirators.

This outline shows, not only the complication of the structure, but the coherence of the parts. A careful examination, of course, brings out more conclusively the unity of plan and the premeditation which that plan implies. A comparison of the language with that of the Iliad, and of the characteristic features of the acting personages, — making due allowance for difference of subject, of time, of scenery, and of circumstance, — shows the strongest ground for believing that this poem also came from the master mind of him who wrought the Iliad. This train of argument has been very ably carried out by Mr. Mure, in the second volume of his unfinished work on Greek Literature.

Among the most striking passages in the Odyssey is the following description of Argos, the old dog, who alone recognizes his master — and dies. This beautiful incident is commented on by Professor Wilson with a depth of poetical feeling, and a gushing richness of expression, such as only Christopher North, and he only in his best days, could command.

"Then as they spake, upraised his head,  
 Pricked up his listening ear,  
 The dog whom erst Odysseus bred, —  
 Old Argos lying near.



He bred him, but his fostering skill  
To himself had naught availed ;  
For Argos joined not in the chase, until  
The king had to Ilion sailed.  
To hunt the wild-goat, hart, and hare,  
Him once young huntsmen sped ;  
But now he lay, an outcast there,  
Absent his lord, to none a care.

But when by the hound his king was known,  
Wagged was the fawning tail,  
Backward his close-clapped ears were thrown,  
And up to his master's side had he flown ;  
But his limbs he felt to fail.  
Odysseus saw, and turned aside,  
To wipe away the tear ;  
From Eumæus he chose his grief to hide,  
And ' Strange, passing strange, is the sight,' he cried,  
' Of such a dog laid here.  
Noble his shape, but I cannot tell  
If his worth with that shape may suit ;  
If a hound he be in the chase to excel,  
For fleetness of his foot ;  
Or worthless as a household hound,  
Whom men by their boards will place,  
For no merit of strength or speed renowned,  
But admired for shapely grace.'  
' He is the dog of one now dead,  
In a far land away ;  
But if you had seen,' the swineherd said,  
' This dog in his better day,  
When Odysseus hence his warriors led  
To join in the Trojan fray,  
His strength, his plight, his speed so light,  
You had with wonder viewed ;  
No beast that once had crossed his sight  
In the depths of the darkest wood  
' Scaped him, as, tracking sure and right,  
He on its trace pursued.  
But now, all o'er, in sorrows sore,  
He pines in piteous wise ;  
The king upon some distant shore  
In death has closed his eyes ;

And the careless women here no more  
     Tend Argos as he lies;  
 For slaves who find their former lord  
     No longer holds the sway  
 No fitting service will afford,  
     Nor just obedience pay.  
 Far-seeing Jove's resistless power  
     Takes half away the soul  
 From him who of one servile hour  
     Has felt the dire control.  
 This said, the swineherd passed the gate,  
     And entered the dwelling tall,  
 Where proud in state the suitors sate  
     Within the palace hall.  
 And darksome death checked Argos' breath  
     When he saw his master dear;  
 For he died, his master's eye beneath,  
     All in that twentieth year."

Several other poems were attributed to Homer. Among these was the *Margites*, a satirical work upon some famous dunce, of which only three or four lines are preserved.

"Many the things that he knew, but in all things his knowledge was worthless.  
 Him nor a digger of earth, nor ploughman, the Immortals created.  
 Only a dunce was he, and he blundered in all he attempted."

The *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*—the *Batrachomyomachia*—is always included in the collections of the Homeric poems. It is, however, without doubt, a much later production. The composition is in the style of travesty, which hardly belongs to the age of heroic minstrelsy. Satire, epigram, humorous delineation, and the mock-heroic imply the manners and the contrasts of character of dissipated, not to say fashionable society. I certainly do not mean to deny to Homer the possession of wit, but only the exercise of it in this particular manner. The spirit of his age was not inconsistent with a humorous view of life, or with touches of satire in the portraiture of individual characters. I doubt not Homer had many a hearty laugh at the whims of opinion, and absurdities of conduct, in all the societies he fre-

quented. The description of the malicious buffoon Thersites—the ugliest man that went to Troy—shows no feeble power of ludicrous delineation; the trick played by Odysseus upon the one-eyed Cyclops was brought about by a pun; and even the immortal gods break into a fit of inextinguishable laughter, as they see the halting Hephaistos putting on the airs and graces of a cup-bearer.

But though Homer could not have been insensible to the humorous side of life, his was not the time nor his the temper to make it a prominent element in poetry. Burlesque and travesty come after the mind of man has gone the round of earnest sentiment and natural expression. They require, not only the whims and humors that grow out of a state of society that has long since passed this stage, but the previous existence of a literature and a language fitted for all the quips and quibbles of witty perversion and bantering conversation,—conditions not fulfilled in Homer's time. Nor, had they been, was it likely that he would have made his own gorgeous creations, wherein he had poured the treasures of his heart and brain, the theme of ludicrous play, of perversion, banter, and parody. These considerations, aside from the internal evidence, on which I do not lay so much stress, convince me that, though the poem is a happy imitation of the style of an earlier age, it was the production of some Athenian wit, and belongs to a late period even of Attic literature. It is certainly a very fine specimen of the burlesque.

The drollery consists in a witty application of the hexameter to such a subject; in parodying the long and somewhat boastful speeches of the warriors in the *Iliad*, their prolix genealogies and the minute description of their arming; and, lastly, in the significance of the names. In the *Iliad*, the father of Achilles is *Peleus*; the author of this little poem chooses to derive it from *Pelos* (mud), and gives it to the father of the principal hero among the frogs. All the other names are compounded in such a way as to express the characters and qualities of those who bear them, and to make a ludicrous contrast



between their meaning and the sonorous loftiness of their sound.

The story is this. A mouse, running away from a weasel, quenches his thirst at the margin of a lake. A frog comes up and politely offers to take him on his back and show him the wonders of the deep. The invitation is accepted, and all goes on *swimmingly* until the splashing of the water frightens the mouse and his ally. A water-snake rears his head, and the frog in terror dives to the bottom, leaving the poor mouse to sink into a watery grave. He struggles for a time, but, finding his fate inevitable, utters a horrible denunciation of the false and cowardly frog, and gives up the ghost. The father of the deceased is the king of the mice, and rallies his martial forces to the field to avenge so dire an injury.

“‘Three sons had I, three, wretched three; — and now not one is left to me.

Out of his hole the watching cat dragged one, — a curst mishap;

And monster man, with cunning fraught, my second in an engine caught,

A new-invented mouse-destroying engine, called a trap.

We had this third, our darling, sad to me and to his mother sad.

But let us arm, and arm with speed, — for this the villain frog shall bleed;

Arm, arm, be clad in mail complete, and let us vengeance take,’

He said. At once to arms they flew, and Mars himself their weapons drew.

Split bean-shells green served them for greaves, which they were nibbling at

Deftly all night; a cat’s stout hide their breastplates happily supplied,

Strengthened with interlacing reeds; right glad they skinned the cat;

The oval of a lamp their shield; the needle for a lance they wield,

Long, piercing keen, nor Mars a sharper weapon sported;

Nor helmet fitted e’er so well as on their heads the walnut-shell.”

The frogs also arm themselves, and meet the enemy on dry land.

“All arm, and straight the mallow leaves they wrap their legs for greaves;

Before their breasts the broad beet-leaves for breastplates they advance;

The colewort leaf supplied the shield, nor weapon wanting was to wield;

Each a tough-pointed bulrush held before him for a lance;

And for their helmets furbished well, they simply wore a cockle-shell.”

The gods, meanwhile, resolve on neutrality, or non-intervention; Minerva being enraged with the mice for having nibbled

one of her dresses, and with the Frogs for keeping her awake by their croaking. A terrible battle begins; incredible deeds of valor are done on either side, and many a hero of world-wide fame bites the dust. Just as the Frogs are about to be utterly cut off from the land of the living, Jupiter breaks his neutrality. He first tries to stop the battle by thunder and lightning; but, finding this means unavailing, he orders a platoon of cuirassiers to assail the flanks of the victorious Mice. They execute the manœuvre.

"Sudden they take the field, — crook-clawed, round, anvil-backed, and pincer-jawed,  
 Lob-sided, marching all awry, shell-clampt, and bare, and bony;  
 Shining-shouldered, broad in back, grasping close though hands they lack;  
 With their eyes below their breasts, looking stern and strong, —  
 Called Crabs, — with purpose firm and fixed, they march the combatants betwixt,  
 Discomfiting the furious Mice, who would have soon turned tail,  
 But tails they 'd none, — the Crabs bit through tails, hands, and feet."

The Mice, thus mutilated and sore beaten, make for their holes, and the Frogs croak over their irreparable losses.

I have ventured to put some of the opening lines into such hexameters as my creeping Muse allowed.

"First I invoke the chorus of Muses, from Helicon's mountain,  
 Into my breast to descend, and inspire the melody tuneful,  
 Which upon tablets outspread on my knees I lately have written, —  
 Endless contention and war-rousing action of Ares;  
 Hoping to bring it to hearing of all articulate mortals,  
 How the hosts of the Mice on the Frogs their valor displaying,  
 Equalled the deeds of the Giants, the earth-born monsters aforetime.  
 So ran the tale among mortals, and such the beginning of battle.  
 Once on a time a mouse, from the chase of a weasel escaping,  
 Came to the margin athirst, and dipped his soft chin in the wavelet,  
 Drinking the honey-sweet water; and him then espied there  
 Pond-grace, the far-famed, and thus a brief salutation delivered.  
 'Stranger, who art thou, and whence to the shore comest? Who is thy father?  
 Tell me the truth and the whole truth, lest I detect thee in lying.  
 For should I find thee my friendship deserving, home I'll conduct thee;  
 Gifts will I give thee many and noble, with fair entertainment.

I am Puff-jaw, the Prince, who, all the pond over  
Held in high honor, am king of the Frogs, sole ruling in power.  
Mudkin the sire who begat me, my mother was Damp-queen the famous,  
Wedded in love on the banks of Eridanus, far-flowing river.  
Thee, too, I see to be handsome and mighty, far above others,  
Royally sceptred in peace, and a fighter in war-fields.  
Come then and tell me at once thy name and thy lineage.'  
Him then Snatch-crumb answered, and these were the words that he uttered:  
'Why dost thou ask me my race, O friend? It is known unto all men,  
And to the Gods on high and the winged birds of the heavens.  
Snatch-crumb my name is; I boast to be Bread-biter's offspring, the valiant;  
Lick-meal, my mother, was daughter of King Bacon-nibbler the mighty;  
And I was born in a hole, and fed with almonds and dried figs,  
Sweetmeats of all kinds and toothsome in taste, such as mouselings are fond of.  
How canst thou make me thy friend who in nothing am like thee?  
Thy life and dwelling are under the waters; but my way of living  
Is to eat all that man does; nor 'scapes me the thrice-kneaded bread-loaf  
Packed in the well-rounded basket, nor gingerbread seasoned with spices;  
Ham, too, I like in thick slices; and liver, white-robed in fat caul;  
Fresh-curdled cheese, made of rich new milk from the dairy;  
Honey-cake nice, too, which even the immortals long to devour; —  
Whatso cooks prepare for the revels of word-speaking mortals,  
Tables adorning with delicate dishes from all the world over.  
Nor did I ever fly from the terrible shout of the battle;  
Always I rushed to the onset, and mingled with foremost champions.  
Man is no terror to me, though huge is the body he carries;  
Creeping up over his bed, I nibble the tip of his finger;  
Seizing his heel, I bite it, but he is unconscious of smarting;  
Sweet is his slumber; nor flies it away, so neatly I nibble.  
Two things, however, I fear, of all that this earth-ball inhabit, —  
Hawk and the cat, who cause me great sorrow forever;  
Traps, too, so doleful where false Fate watches in ambush.  
Horribly fear I the cat, Grimalkin, most crafty of mousers,  
Chasing one into a hole, and clawing him out in a twinkle.  
Radish I eat not, nor cabbage, nor pumpkin so plump and so yellow.  
Pale-green horehound I hate, nor pick up my living on parsley.  
Dishes like these are for you, who live submerged in cold water.'  
Smiling, Prince Puff-jaw replied, and these were the words that he answered:  
'Stranger, thou braggest too loud of thy stomach. We too have something;  
Many the marvels by water, and wondrous on land, to be looked at;  
Double the forage to Frogs was given by mighty Kronion;  
Leaping on land, or hiding our bodies under the water,  
Dwell we amphibious; in elements twofold our houses



Wouldst thou all this see with thine own eyes? Handy the way is :  
Mount on my back, fast-holding thereon lest thou shouldst perish,  
Then shalt thou joyfully come to my well-furnished mansion in safety.'  
So then he spake, and gave him his back, and swiftly he mounted,  
Clasping the Frog's soft neck with his arms, and jauntily leaping.  
First he was pleased as he saw the neighboring bays and the inlets,  
Gratified, too, with the swimming of Puff-jaw; but all of a sudden,  
Splashed with the purple waves that were roaring around him, he blubbered,  
Vainly lamenting his folly and tearing his hair out by handfuls.  
Under his belly he drew up his feet, and his heart in his bosom  
Beat at the scene unaccustomed, and longed to return to the dry land.  
Dreadful the groans that he uttered by compulsion of terror that froze him.  
Spreading his tail like an oar at first he paddled the waters,  
Praying the gods to help him ashore from the waves that were surging;  
Shrilly he squeaked, and such was the speech that he spluttered."

## LECTURE VIII.

### THE HOMERIC HYMNS. — HESIOD. — GREEK MUSIC.

BESIDES the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the genuine works of Homer, and the *Margites* and the *Frogs and Mice*, which are unquestionably the productions of a later age, there is a considerable body of poetical compositions, bearing the name of Hymns, which also pass under his name. I have already mentioned the temple songs ascribed by tradition to the priestly bards, Olen, Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, and others, long before the Ionian age. This species of composition lasted through the epoch of Homer, and came down into the later times, even as far as the era of Alexandrian culture. The oldest pieces now preserved are the Homeric Hymns, so called, written mostly in a gay and festive spirit, and not showing the most profound reverence for the deities in whose honor they were composed. They are of various lengths, and amount to nearly fifty in number. In language they are marked by the same free-flowing and beautiful rhythm which is the charm of the Homeric hexameter; and from their whole tone, we can hardly place them much later than Homer; for they are perfectly Ionian in spirit, and quite free from the plaintive, egotistical expression which runs through the elegiac poets of Ionia, at a later period, when public and private life had lost the exuberance of youth, and the shadow of impending disaster had fallen upon the land.

The longest, and perhaps the most beautiful, is the Hymn to Apollo. This is particularly interesting, because the poet, whoever he was, speaks of himself, his blindness, and his home in Chios; and these verses of personal history have been applied to Homer.

“Virgins, farewell! and O, remember me  
 Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,  
 A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,  
 And ask you maids, of all the bards you boast  
 Who sings the sweetest and delights you most, —  
 O, answer all, — ‘A blind old man and poor, —  
 Sweetest he sings, — and dwells on Chios’ rocky shore.’”

The Hymn to Hermes is a good example of the laughing manner in which the writers of these Hymns sometimes dealt with the history and character of their deities. It has also its antiquarian value. The god is born at daybreak; at noon he has constructed a lyre out of the shell of a tortoise he had caught at the mouth of his native cavern; at evening he steals a herd of Apollo’s cows, which he forces to walk backward to baffle pursuit; two of them he kills and cooks, and before dawn the next morning gets into his cradle. Apollo discovers the theft, finds the young rogue pretending to be asleep under the bed-clothes, and charges him with the crime. The infant phenomenon replies in a most ingenious defence. I quote a few lines from Shelley’s spirited translation: —

“An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,  
 And I am but a little new-born thing,  
 Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong: —  
 My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling  
 The cradle-clothes about me all day long, —  
 Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,  
 And to be washed in water clean and warm,  
 And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.  
 O, let not e’er this quarrel be averred!  
 The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e’er  
 You should allege a story so absurd,  
 As that a new-born infant forth could fare  
 Out of his house, after a savage herd.  
 I was born yesterday, — my small feet are  
 Too tender for the roads so hard and rough: —  
 And if you think that this is not enough,  
 I swear a great oath, by my father’s head,  
 That I stole not your cows, and that I know  
 Of no one else who might, or could, or did.  
 Whatever things cows are I do not know;  
 For I have only heard the name.”



When the matter is laid before Zeus, the young rascal has the face to say : —

“Great father ! you know clearly beforehand  
That all which I shall say to you is sooth ;  
I am a most veracious person, and  
Totally unacquainted with untruth.”

Zeus laughs heartily to hear his hopeful progeny

“give such a plausible account,  
And every word a lie,”

but tells him to make restitution. Hermes complies, and gives to Apollo, by way of *douceur*, the stringed shell ; and then, as with the romantic damsels in the play, a sudden thought strikes them, and they swear an eternal friendship.

Many other poems, of which the titles alone have come down to us, were ascribed to Homer. The two or three centuries between Homer and the lyrical poets were filled with a series of epic compositions, by poets of Asia and the Grecian mainland. They are called the Cyclic Poets, and are described by an ancient scholiast “as those who treated, in a circle round the Iliad, the events of previous or subsequent history, or those derived from or connected with Homer’s own immediate subjects of celebration.” They ranged, in truth, from the creation of the world down to the return of the heroes from Troy. Titles, epitomes, and short passages are all we have to show for this immense mass of literature, which, in the dates of its composition, extends from the period immediately following Homer to the seventh century before Christ, or even a little later. A remarkable fact, to which I have already alluded, in regard to this long series of epics, is that their authors passed by the subjects of the Iliad and Odyssey, thus recognizing, not only the superiority of their author, but his indefeasible right to the ground he had occupied ; and this is what the scholiast refers to when he speaks of the “circle round the Iliad.”

The Homeric poetry was the bright, consummate flower of a poetical existence under favorable circumstances. The mind

of its author grasped all the knowledge of his age, and saw the picture of human life in its heights and depths clearly revealing itself. He had measured the strength of human passion, and sounded the abysses of the heart. Over all the varied and contrasted scenes which his genius touched, he poured the illumination of a poetic spirit, which still draws to the heroic age of youthful Greece the fiery heart of kindred youth, wherever the love of song and the passion for literary culture have rooted themselves. The reign of Homer lasted through the whole existence of the Greeks, and his supremacy is still undisputed. The wonderful beauty which he breathed into the Ionian speech consecrated it forever in its several stages as the chosen language of what was loveliest and loftiest in thought. In Athens, his works were the basis of literary education, and were learned by heart at school. Lyric and dramatic poets drew from him as from an inexhaustible fountain. Æschylus said that his own works were only the crumbs which he had thankfully gathered up from the Homeric banquet. Plato's genius was enriched by the overflowing tide of Homeric thought; but he wisely chose to be the first of prose-writers, rather than the second of poets. The sculptors and the painters reproduced the fair and august forms which the inward vision of the Chian singer had first seen in their terror and their beauty. When the constructive genius of later times crowned the hill-tops of Hellas and Ionia with those temples, wherein grace and grandeur, massiveness and lightness, solid strength and delicate proportion, are so exquisitely-blended, that their fallen and broken remains are our best teachers, — then the forms of men and gods which adorned the outer walls, or dwelt in the marble shrines, were the heroes and gods as Homer had conceived and moulded them. At Olympia, where all of Hellenic lineage assembled every four years, the statue of Zeus, wrought in ivory and gold by the hand of Pheidias, was the Homeric father of gods and men, from whose head the locks ambrosial waved, and who shook great Olympus with his nod. The Acropolis of Athens, the

central point of religious observance and æsthetic culture, was an earthly Olympus, peopled with the creations of Homer. Thus vast was the influence over every form of human thought and every region of imagination — song, painting, plastic art, eloquence, education — of that one transcendent mind, which rose with the dawn of European poetry, and filled with its light the morning sky of Ionia.

If we compare these works with the great poems of the *Ganges*, we see how strangely the rigid laws of Hellenic taste contrast with the exaggeration, the mysticism, the gigantic impersonation of an overwhelming Nature, the monstrous conception of divine things and supernatural beings, which swell in the current of Sanscrit thought; and with the loose varieties of rhythmical structure, the languid flow of indeterminate measure, the weak connections, careless transitions, countless episodes, and desperate length, which mark the epic style of the Sanscrit. Here, the powers of nature are brought out of chaos, and overmastered by the spirit of order; they are freed from the deformities of unbridled imagination, and clothed in the serenest attributes and most graceful forms; and the scheme of epic composition is brought within those limits of law — so well traced out by Aristotle in another branch of poetic art — which neither confuse nor exhaust our powers of conception and comprehension.

If we turn westward, the terms of the comparison change. Rome had her early ballads, as Niebuhr has shown, and Macaulay has beautifully reconstructed them; but Virgil, a great poet, was not a Homer. Mediæval Europe was vocal with epic minstrelsy; but the last step was not taken, because the learned and vulgar languages were separated by impassable barriers. While the ballad-monger — how like and yet how different from the *αοιδός* of Ionia — was entertaining his rude peasant circles, or cheering the barbaric splendors of the feudal castle with songs in his native dialect, the scholar meditated, in his retirement, some canticle in the forgotten tones of the Roman tongue, and the monk relieved the grim solitude of his



cloister by turning into uncouth hexameters the tales of fight or foray which he had picked up in his occasional sallies into the fresh air of the outer world. In this separation of knowledge and action, of clerical and lay, of learned and popular, of the cloister and the castle, no Homer could be born. And when the vulgar dialects had fought their way through the obstacles of antiquated Latinity, and had given to the world the singular, but short-lived beauty of Provençal song, when ballad poetry bloomed among the mountain fastnesses of Greece beyond the reach of the Turk, through the forests of Germany, through the fair fields of Italy and Sicily, over sunny France and romantic Spain, in merry England, and through the whole North of Europe, with an affluence of poetic spirit and of epic elements which astonishes us in the great collections of the popular poetry of these countries and languages, still the growth of epic art was broken, and no Homer rose to combine the scattered parts, and to stamp upon them the impress of his uniting and organizing mind. Italy had her Dante, and, later, a long line of great poets of chivalry; Spain had her Poem of the Cid; Germany, her Nibelungen song; England, her Anglo-Saxon Beowulf, rude, strong, and terse, and in her English age, Spenser and Milton, famous poets and illustrious men; but a Homer was not among them, standing at the head of a line, giving to a living art its last consummate finish, and teaching, alone and unapproached, the race of kindred men that should follow him.

The peculiarity of the Iliad and Odyssey may be summed up in a few words. They hold their place in the natural growth of a popular poetry, embodying in the richest rhythmical forms the heroic life of the ancestry of the poet's own contemporaries, — a life not then too old to come within the range of the popular sympathy; and they stand, in spirit and substance, in subject and form, in the closest relations with the popular poetry of the Greeks in after times.

One man only, and he in another form of art, holds an equal eminence with Homer. The Greeks seem almost to have

had a forewarning of the mighty rival who should take the still vacant height of the double-crested Parnassus, and forever stand by his side. Homer and Shakespeare have alone the right to hold those heaven-kissing stations, inaccessible to other mortal footsteps.

Thus far we have considered poetical culture among the Asiatic Greeks alone. We are not, however, to suppose that the mainland of Hellas was during all this time without the solace of song. No doubt the nations and tribes that remained at home were far behind their brethren in Asia in all that embellishes life. Still they had the same character, the same language, the same ethical ideas. Outward nature was less favorable. A less genial climate, a harder soil, greater distance from the old civilizations, retarded the growth of the arts at first, although finally a more healthy harvest, of longer duration, was reaped there. At any rate, the epic poetry of Ionia reached the mainland, and circulated wherever the Hellenic race was found. Not long after the age of Homer, there sprang up a style of composition called Epic, mainly because it was written in the epic style and language, but widely differing in substance from both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Hesiod of Ascra, in Bœotia, represents this school or group. His works consist of a poem called the *Theogonia*, a history of the origin of the Gods and the creation of the world; the *Works and Days*, a didactic poem on the duties and occupations of life; and a *Calendar* of lucky and unlucky days, for the use of farmers and sailors. Aside from their intrinsic merit as poetical compositions, these poems are of high value for the light they throw on the mythological conceptions of those early times, and for the vivid pictures presented by the *Works and Days* of the hardships and pleasures of daily life, the superstitious observances, the homely wisdom of common experience, and the proverbial philosophy into which that experience had been wrought. For the truthfulness of the delineation generally all antiquity vouched; and there is in the style of expression

and tone of thought a racy freshness redolent of the native soil. Another short poem, the *Shield of Hercules*, is in express imitation of the *Shield of Achilles*, in the *Iliad*, and is therefore more epic in spirit as well as in form than those already mentioned. The titles of several other of Hesiod's poems have been preserved.

Upon a general survey of these works, we must place their author high among the poets of original genius, but far below Homer, to whom he himself appears to have looked up as to his master. He was a man of keen practical observation, and had drawn from both observation and experience large stores of ethical and religious wisdom. He showed at times great brilliancy of imagination and copiousness and vigor of expression; but he had not that instinctive sense of the beautiful and that natural perfectness of taste which rarely deserted Homer. The Ionian epic, again, is wholly objective; the poet or singer never appears personally, but the subject is all in all. The Bœotian epic is subjective; the poet's individuality is brought frequently and prominently forward. From this peculiarity we know various special facts of the life of Hesiod; we know something of his family relations; something of his circumstances; something of the neighborhood in which he lived, and a good deal of the troubles to which his life was exposed. Sheep-feeding, farming, and poetry were the three employments in which his days were passed. He was a terrible grumbler; he grumbled at the climate of Bœotia, which was intolerable in winter and not to be endured in summer; he grumbled at the hard soil, which gave such scanty returns to labor; he grumbled at his brother Perses, with whom he had a lawsuit, and the verdict went against him; he grumbled at judges and jury, whom he accused of corrupt motives in helping his brother chouse him out of a part of his inheritance. All parties in this famous dispute owe their immortality to his grumbling hexameters, which contain the only report of the case. Yet when Perses, like the prodigal son, had wasted his ill-gotten substance in riotous living, the grumbling poet did



what grumbling elders always do, helped him, not only with money, but with good advice.

Hesiod was not much of a traveller. The only voyage he made was across the Euripus to Chalcis,—over a stream about as wide as Charles River at Brighton Bridge. Of this he says (I use Elton's translation):—

“Ne'er o'er the sea's broad way my course I bore,  
Save once from Aulis to the Eubœan shore.  
From sacred Greece a mighty army there  
Lay bound for Troy, wide-famed for women fair.  
I passed to Chalcis, where around the grave  
Of King Amphidamas, in combat brave,  
His valiant sons had solemn games decreed,  
And heralds loud proclaimed full many a meed.  
There, let me boast that, victor in the lay,  
I bore a tripod eared, my prize, away.  
This to the maids of Helicon I vowed,  
Where first their tuneful inspiration flowed.  
Thus far in ships does my experience rise;  
Yet bold I speak the wisdom of the skies;  
The inspiring Muses to my lips have given  
The lore of song, and strains that breathe of heaven.”

Women are especially a favorite theme of complaint with Hesiod. He never spares their extravagance, their giddiness, their love of dress and of gossip. He delights in the story of Pandora and her box. On this topic his tone deepens into the earnestness of personal experience; and one cannot help thinking, either that he had been jilted by some Bœotian coquette, or that his life had been made discordant by some Ascræan termagant. The creation of Pandora is thus described:—

“The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole  
Had said, and laughter filled his secret soul.  
He bade famed Vulcan with the speed of thought  
Mould plastic clay, with tempering waters wrought;  
Inform with voice of man the murmuring tongue,—  
The limbs with man's elastic vigor strung,—  
The aspect fair as goddesses above,  
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.  
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds  
A thousand colors in the gliding threads;

Bade lovely Venus breathe around her face  
 The charm of air, the witchery of grace;  
 Bade Hermes last implant the craft refined  
 Of thievish manners and a shameless mind."

They proceed with their work : —

"Then by the wise interpreter of heaven  
 The name Pandora to the maid was given;  
 Since all in heaven conferred their gifts to charm,  
 For man's inventive race, this beauteous harm."

Notwithstanding our poet's misogamy, — such is the power of truth over the most obdurate mind, — he relents, and gives some very good advice about the choice of a wife. The proper age for a man to be married is, according to him, thirty, and for the bride sixteen. He concludes this topic by saying :

"No better lot has Providence assigned  
 Than a fair woman with a virtuous mind."

But, apparently remembering his inconsistency, he adds :

"Nor can a worse befall, than when thus fate  
 Allots a worthless, feast-contriving mate."

Some of his didactic passages are worth repeating.

"Now haste afield ; now bind thy sheafy corn,  
 And earn thy food by rising with the morn.  
 Lo ! the third portion of thy labor's cares  
 The early morn anticipating shares,  
 In early morn the labor swiftly wastes ;  
 In early morn the speeded journey hastes ;  
 The time when many a traveller tracks the plain,  
 And the yoked oxen bend them to the wain."

Among the maxims of good manners, he says you must not pare your nails at table, enunciating it with a sort of Pythagorean and oracular solemnity.

"When in the fane the feast of gods is laid,  
 Ne'er to thy five-branched hand apply the blade  
 Of sable iron ; from the fresh forbear  
 The dry excrescence at the board to pare."

On the somewhat ancient subject of industry he says :

"Love every seemly toil, that so the store  
 Of foodful seasons heap thy garner's floor.  
 From labor men returns of wealth behold;  
 Flocks in their fields, and in their coffers gold.  
 From labor shalt thou with the love be blest  
 Of men and gods; the slothful they detest.  
 Not toil, but sloth, shall ignominious be;  
 Toil, and the slothful man shall envy thee.  
 . . . . .  
 The idler never shall his garners fill,  
 Nor he that still defers and lingers still.  
 Lo! diligence can prosper every toil;  
 The loiterer strives with loss, and execrates the soil."

Of evil speaking he says:

"Lo, the best treasure is a frugal tongue;  
 The lips of moderate speech with grace are hung.  
 The evil speaker shall perpetual fear  
 Return of evil ringing in his ear."

The description of winter is not inappropriate to the passing season.

"Beware the January month; beware  
 Those hurtful days, — that keenly piercing air  
 Which flays the herds, — those frosts that bitter sheathe  
 The nipping air and glaze the ground beneath.  
 From Thracia, nurse of steeds, comes rushing forth,  
 O'er the broad sea, the whirlwind of the North,  
 And moves it with his breath; then howl the shores  
 Of earth, and long and loud the forest roars.  
 He lays the oak of lofty foliage low,  
 Tears the thick pine-trees from the mountain's brow,  
 And strews the valleys with their overthrow.  
 He stoops to earth; shrill swells the storm around,  
 And all the vast wood rolls a deeper roar of sound."

With one passage more I close my citations from Hesiod. It is a part of the battle between the Gods and the Giants, which Milton imitated and improved in his description of the conflict with the fallen angels.

"And now — the Titans in close ranks arrayed —  
 What hands and force could do, each host displayed.  
 The illimitable ocean roared around;



Earth wailed ; the shaken heaven sent forth a sound  
Of groans ; while huge Olympus from his base  
Rocked with the onset of the immortal race.  
E'en shadowy hell perceived the horrid blows,  
Trembling beneath the tumult as it rose ; —  
Such rushing of quick feet, such clanging jar  
Of javelins hurled impetuous from afar,  
As soared the din of conflict to the skies,  
And hosts joined battle with astounding cries.  
And Jove incensed no longer brooked control ;  
He put forth all his might, full filled his soul  
With valiance, and at once from heaven's bright road  
And dark Olympus' top he thundering strode ;  
Lightnings and bolts terrific from his hand  
Flew swift and frequent, wrapping sea and land  
In sacred flames ; — all-bounteous earth, amazed,  
Howled burning, while her mighty forests blazed.  
Forthwith began the land and sea to steam ;  
The fiery breath of ocean's boiling stream  
Involved the Titans ; flames rose through the skies  
To blast with splendor dire the Titans' eyes ;  
And when at last the light through chaos gleamed,  
Such the concussion, such the uproar seemed,  
As if the earth and heavens together blending —  
The one torn up, the other down descending —  
Had met ; whereat, upsprang the winds of air,  
And whirled the dust-clouds 'mid the lightning's glare.  
Wind, thunder, lightning, from the hand of Jove,  
Their track of ruin through mid-battle drove.  
Loud and stupendous thus the raging fight,  
Whilst warred the Titans with an equal might.  
At length the battle turns. Cottus the fierce,  
Gyges and Briareus, through mid-ranks pierce ;  
From their strong arms three hundred rocks they throw,  
And with these monstrous darts o'ercloud the foe ;  
Then forced the Titans deep beneath the ground,  
And with afflictive chains the rebels bound.  
Despite their pride, beneath the earth they lie,  
Far as that earth is distant from the sky."

Numerous other poems, genealogical or local in their subjects and character, fill up the century after Hesiod, but fall not within the range of either the Homeric or the Hesiodic school,

as they relate to individuals or the legends of particular places. They belong, however, to the same great and prolific period of Hellenic poetry, the productions of which may be distributed under six heads:—1. The earliest form, the religious poetry, of which nothing remains; 2. Epic ballads before Homer, of which we have traces in Homer, and perhaps a specimen in the song of Demodocus at the court of King Alcinoüs, in the *Odyssey*; 3. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which fortunately remain; 4. Hymns and other minor poems, of which a considerable number remain; 5. The Cyclic epics, filling out the circle in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* stood, of which the titles, some passages, and some brief summaries are preserved; 6. The Hesiodic poems, or those of the Bœotian school,—didactic, mythological, and heroic; 7. Genealogical, local, and individual narratives, in the epic manner, of which considerable notices remain. The period commences at an indefinite antiquity, and extends to the middle of the seventh century before Christ.

In all discussions of the poetry of the Greeks in the next great period (the lyrical), the subject of Greek music holds a prominent place. As Mr. Pickwick said of Chinese metaphysics, it is a very abstruse subject to one who is not favored with what is called a musical ear, and equally so to one who is. It is doubted whether the art of music among the ancients was founded on the deep scientific principles which underlie that of the last fifty years; and yet its influence was held to be so important, that philosophers and legislators regarded it as entering deeply into the structure of political society. The musical element of time largely influenced the common pronunciation of the language, and poetical rhythm was wholly founded upon it; so that between language and music there must have been a closer connection than can exist in our modern systems. In this combination of power, the overruling element was the language through which the idea was conveyed. The separation of the two was regarded as a corruption of art, most pernicious to morals. And when, in the

process of time, the instruments were multiplied and their compass enlarged, and the exact sense of poetic speech began to lose itself in floods of vague sentiment, excited by voluptuous sound, then the conservative philosophers, statesmen, and poets set themselves against these innovations, and punished with heavy penalties the innovators as the corrupters of youth. The old airs of the Homeric rhapsodists, and the tunes which nerved the heroes who fought at Marathon, were placed in contrast with the enervating compositions of Phrynnis. The moral degeneracy which marked the later periods of Greek history was traced, by philosophers and satirists alike, to the corruption which had glided into the heart through the melting tones of a luxuriant and over-refined music. Plato and Aristophanes, agreeing in few other things, agree in this. But the new men carried the day; and in the public delivery of lyric and choral poetry, all the resources of the art, and all the varieties of instrumental accompaniment which the inventive genius of that age had devised, were carefully and ingeniously combined; so that the exhibition became quite a different affair from the simple arrangement of the old Homeric masters and the earlier Doric choruses.

The Oriental nations have always been deeply susceptible to musical influences; but I suppose their music would not now be highly esteemed by the composers of Europe. The germs of the art came into Hellas with the first settlers, who brought also the simplest instrument,—the four-stringed lyre, the only accompaniment of the epic song. Three strings were added by Terpander; and the lyre was finally enlarged to two or even three octaves. This and the flute were the principal instruments of the Greek orchestra. Most of the changes came in from Asia Minor in the seventh, sixth, and fifth centuries before Christ, and were contemporaneous with the changes in the form and spirit of Greek poetry. The different styles of music were thought to express the qualities of the races which respectively affected them; and they were artfully and systematically adapted by the poets to the classes and kinds of emotion intended to be expressed in their compositions.



One finds it hard to understand the power attributed to music by the ancients. Athenæus relates that Cleinias the Pythagorean, when he felt himself moved to anger, touched the cithern, and said, *πραῦνομαι*, *I appease myself*. According to Plutarch, Terpander was sent for to quell a sedition by his music. Solon roused the Athenians to renew the war against the Megareans by singing a few verses. Pythagoras prevented an indignant young gentleman inflamed with wine from setting fire to the house of his mistress, who had jilted him, by making a flute-player perform a spondaic rhythm in the neighborhood. The Dorians moved to battle, as Milton says, to the sound of flutes and soft recorders. In the war with the Messenians, Tyrtæus restored the flagging fortunes of the Lacedæmonians by playing a Phrygian air. Music was also used as a medicine. Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet. Thaletas cured the plague, and Xenocrates restored maniacs to reason, by the sound of instruments. Theophrastus asserts that music is a remedy for dejection, mental disorder, and the gout. Galen proposes that the flute should be played upon the aching part. The Tyrrhenians, tender-hearted souls, flogged their slaves to the sound of the flute. Quintilian says that music is the gift of nature, to enable man the more patiently to support the ills of his condition. And poets, from Pindar down to Shakespeare, have denounced in unmeasured terms the unfortunates who are not musical.

“The wretches whom immortal Jove  
Deigns not to honor with his love,  
Hear in confusion the Pierian strain  
On earth or in the mighty main.”

Shakespeare — or rather the lovesick Lorenzo sitting in the moonshine — says :

“The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.”

Pretty words these for a young gentleman who has just robbed a doting old father of his daughter and his ducats !

The details of Greek music are given to some extent by the ancients themselves. The subject was very ably touched upon by Aristotle ; Aristoxenus, a contemporary of his, wrote a work in three books, called the *Elements of Harmonics* ; Euclid, the mathematician, treated the subject geometrically ; Nicomachus wrote a *Manual of Harmony* ; Alypius, a later writer, a *Musical Introduction*, chiefly occupied with a technical account of the modes, intervals, and scales ; Gaudentius, also a late writer, wrote a *Musical Introduction* ; Baccheius, an *Introduction to the Art of Music*, a sort of catechism on the subject ; and Aristides Quintilianus, three books concerning Music. Plutarch, also, has on the subject a very interesting, though somewhat confused dialogue, valuable for recording many curious historical facts. If we do not understand Greek music, it may be our own fault ; but at all events, I know from personal experience — having read the authors conscientiously through — that it is emphatically the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

It was generally supposed that not a note of the old Greek music had been preserved, except some faint reminiscence of it, perhaps, in the four styles of chant in the Greek Church, unquestionably handed down from a high antiquity. But in the sixteenth century three Greek hymns were found in an old manuscript, with a musical notation, in the diatonic kind and Lydian mode. A fourth scrap was published in the seventeenth century by Father Kircher, having been found by him in a Sicilian monastery. It contains the first eight verses of the first Pythian Ode of Pindar, with the musical arrangement, in the Lydian mode. It has been reduced to the modern notation by Burette, Burney, Marpurg, Forkel, and lastly by Boeckh, the learned editor of Pindar, and author of an admirable and most incomprehensible essay on that poet's music. Anxious to form some idea of those effects which had alarmed philosophers and controlled the policy of sovereign states, I

persuaded a skilful hand to try it on the piano. The musical world has gained little by disinterring from their sepulchre these unearthly notes. The result of the experiment was like that of the classical banquet in Peregrine Pickle. The listeners were all reminded of the old hymn,—

“Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.”

I have no idea that it would be fair to judge of the music of the Greeks by these doubtful fragments. They must have attained a comparative excellence in the art, or all the ancients who have touched upon the subject were under a delusion. It is doubtful whether they possessed *harmony*, in the modern sense, though the word constantly occurs in their treatises. Yet they played with both hands on stringed instruments of considerable compass; they united many voices of different qualities, and combined several kinds of instruments; but they fell far short of the modern orchestra in variety and power.

Intimately connected with the musical accompaniment, in the representation of the lyric composition and the choral part of the drama, was the orchestric, or rhythm and harmony of motion. This, too, like the music of the cithara, dates from the earliest times, and is elaborately described by Homer. When they appease the wrath of Apollo, it is done with music, song, and dance. On the shield of Achilles, a prominent group represents a chorus of youths performing a Dædalian dance. The suitors of Penelope soften the rigors of delay with music and the dance. Odysseus is entertained at the court of Alcinoüs by a beautiful exhibition of dancing. Dancing was connected with religion, with festivity, with public celebrations of every kind, all over the ancient world. David danced before the ark, though his wife upbraided him for such an unseemly exhibition; and Sophocles danced round the altar, in the pæan composed in honor of the victory of Salamis. This art, cultivated by all nations, was most cultivated by the Greeks. It was carefully adapted to express the varying emotions of the mind, by the application of well-defined prin



ciples of art. To famous dancers golden crowns were decreed, and to some even statues were raised. Lyric poetry had all these accompaniments, and was set off by all these ornaments. It was written to be represented in this threefold manner. The poetry, however, always held the first place, and possessed the highest dignity. The others were ancillary arts, never wholly emancipated from the supremacy of the elder and more illustrious child of the imagination. The poetry of the ancients we still feel as a living presence; but their music and dancing have passed away, with the vibrations which their momentary existence impressed upon the air.

There were certain general ideas which the ancient teachers and philosophers included in their conception of music, giving it an extension quite beyond the modern meaning of the term. They considered man as placed in the centre of an harmonious universe. As he looked upon the objects of nature, their colors not only pleased him by their variety, but combined in an harmonious effect upon his organs of vision. The sounds of nature, the song of birds, the voices of the winds and the waves, filled his ear agreeably, and impressed his mind with an indefinite sense of harmony. Forms also—the varying surface of the earth, the outlines of the hills, the myriad varieties of trees, animals, and men, the ever shifting, ever beautiful clouds, flitting across the sky—stirred within him a rhythmical perception which did not wholly distinguish itself from the harmony of sound. These objects, too, are in life and motion; and this motion, indeterminate as it may be, has a regularity and a rhythmical progress; while some of the objects of nature which strike the senses the earliest and the most deeply—the stars, for instance—move on in their silent courses in such solemn order, that the imagination of man, in the primitive ages, conceived an unheard music of the spheres, which the philosophers themselves did not refuse to believe; and the moral adaptation between man and the world constituted an ethical harmony, never to be lost sight of when we endeavor to reproduce to our minds the thoughts, feelings,

and speculations of the ancient world. On these primitive harmonies the fine arts were built. Harmony of form ripened into sculpture, architecture, and plastic art generally; harmony of color, combined with form, was embodied in painting and the arts of design; harmony of sound found its artistic expression in music, poetical rhythm, and impassioned expression in oratory; harmony of motion was brought into order and system in the rhythmical and modulated movements of the dancer, and in the refinements of the orchestric art.

But there was a deeper harmony still, that blended all these special rhythms into one, and constituted that music which the ancients conceived of as the basis of civilization and the essence of instruction. To them the natural man was not the savage running naked in the woods, but the man whose senses, imagination, and reason are unfolded to their highest reach; whose bodily forces and mental powers are in equipoise, and in full and healthy action; who has the keenest eye, the surest hand, the truest ear, the richest voice, the loftiest and most rhythmical step; whose passions, though strong, are held in check; whose moral nature runs into no morbid perversions, and whose intellectual being is robustly developed; whose life moves on in rhythmical accord with God, nature, and man, with no discord, except to break its monotony, and to be resolved in the harmony of its peaceful and painless close. This is the ideal being, whose nature is unfolded without disease, imperfection, or sin, to perpetual happiness and joy. This is the ideal education, such as the ancient teachers conceived it. This is the ideal music into which all the harmonies of the world were blended. This is the ideal man, the musical man, of whose possibility the ancient philosophers dreamed.

## LECTURE IX.

### IONIAN LYRIC POETRY.

THE period of Greek poetry on which we are now entering is a brilliant one; but the numerous works which filled it exist, with few exceptions, only in fragments. In time, it extends from the eighth century B. C. down to the flourishing age of Athenian letters. It has usually been called the lyrical period, — a designation sufficiently accurate for general use.

With the exception of Pindar's works, the poetry of the Greek lyrists is found only in passages quoted by other writers, — rhetoricians, grammarians, scholiasts, and especially in the work of Athenæus, a learned Greek of Naucratis in Egypt, who lived in the third century after Christ. As we are indebted to this scholar for many curious particulars relating to the ancients, as well as for passages from about eight hundred authors, a brief notice of his work will not be out of place here. It is called the *Deipnosophistæ*, or *Philosophers at Supper*, and is cast in the dialogue form, which, as is well known, was a favorite species of composition with the ancients. It professes to be an account of an entertainment given at the house of Laurentius, a noble Roman, among whose guests are Athenæus, Galen the medical writer, and Ulpian the lawyer. The conversations and the plot in general are managed with none of the dramatic skill and lifelikeness that belong to Plato's works; and to make the whole scheme more clumsy still in point of art, the dialogues purport to have been related to Timocrates, a friend of the author. It extends through fifteen books — some of them preserved only in epitomes — and fills more than a thousand octavo pages; yet it gives the conversations at



a single feast. The entertainment itself embraces the products of every season, country, and climate; and the interlocutors must have thought of each other, as Eve thought of Adam, — “With thee conversing, I forget all time.” The discussions are as various as the dishes. Athenæus was at once a scholar and an epicure. He was familiar with the old literature and the recent science of the Greeks. He had the works of the authors at his tongue’s end, and knew the criticisms of the Logotheroi — the word-hunters — of the Alexandrian schools, who, however they quarrelled with one another, were on the best terms with a man who kept so good a table. He was equally learned in all the qualities of the juice of the grape, he knew the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the game of the woodland, fen, and mountain, and the denizens of the farm-yard, in their zoölogical and gastronomical relations. His book, therefore, is a vast assemblage of racy anecdotes, and quotations from poets, historians, philosophers, physicians, — upon the fine arts and the art of cookery, — upon poetry and natural history, — upon fish, crabs, oysters, comedy, and tragedy. In one department alone, that of the middle comedy, he had made extracts from eight hundred plays; and as he wrote at a time when ancient literature had as yet sustained no heavy losses, his book contains fragments of many authors whose works but for him would have utterly perished. It is to him that we are indebted for the anecdotes of the illustrious glutton Apicius, who embarked for Africa in search of lobsters, but, having ascertained, as he drew near the coast, that African lobsters were no larger than those he had eaten in Italy, returned without landing.

As the three great leading nationalities came separately forward in the lyrical period, and stamped themselves upon their poetical works, it seems natural to divide these works according to the national characteristics, and to the dialects which now asserted severally an independent existence and a classical rank. These subdivisions then will be: 1. The Ionian poetry; 2. The Æolian poetry; 3. The Dorian poetry. A correspond-

ing subdivision of styles should also be made. The characteristic form of the Ionian of this period is the elegiac distich, or alternate hexameter and pentameter, — differing from the epic versification by taking one foot from every alternate line. The characteristic form of the Æolian poetry is the strophic composition, that is, the combination of several different verses, and their regular recurrence in the same order, so that the antistrophe always corresponds with the strophe. The characteristic form of the Doric poetry is the choral composition, in which to the strophe and antistrophe of the Æolians a third part, called the epode, was added, closing the measure. The elegiac composition admitted no further variety of form than the alternating hexameter and pentameter. The other two kinds were susceptible, within the form of art assigned to them, of a great variety. The Doric, with its three rhythmical elements, and its four or five musical modes, gave scope for the greatest variety of all, in the permutations and combinations by which these elements and modes could be interlaced. The elegiac form is the oldest; the Ionian poets who employed it coming directly after the epic age, and being closely connected in language and style with the poetry of that age. The Æolian has a less direct relation to the parent stem, and is wholly independent of it in dialect and in rhythmical form. The Dorian begins at a considerably later period, and is even more broadly marked as to structure and language, — as to rhythmical form and dialectic peculiarity. But all three — speaking in general terms — may be regarded as contemporaneous for a considerable part of their literary existence. The Doric, however, outlived the Æolian, passed into the age of Athenian literature, and came to be considered in a special manner as the language and the form of lyric poetry, consecrated peculiarly to that department of the art.

In the heroic times, a system of monarchy or hereditary rule, embracing within itself the germs out of which sprang the complex variety of later constitutions, had been established; the orders of society being kings, nobles, freemen, and slaves. The

first two orders in the state underwent many changes, and in the historical democracies were finally abolished; the last two remained undisturbed. The long absence of so many chieftains in the Trojan war, and the extensive migrations which took place in the two following centuries, tended to overthrow the anciently universal system, although the traditions of the old heroic authorities were carried across the Ægean, and the political forms were renewed with diminished strength in the islands and on the Asiatic shore. Aristocracies, oligarchies, and tyrannies ensued; the heads of these shifting polities being generally self-made men, or descendants of the old houses who had gone over to the popular party. The history of this period is obscure in its details, for want of documents. But through the general darkness we discern some brilliant points, whence light is thrown abroad; here and there a splendid capital and court; centres of literature and art; places illumined by renowned names of poets and their patrons, as Samos by that of Polycrates, Corinth by that of Periander, Mitylene by that of Pittacus, Athens by that of Peisistratus. Commercial wealth had brought in all the ministers of luxury, and furnished the usurpers with the revenues that enabled them to support the troops of poets of which their retinues and private circles consisted. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Homeric style of dealing with poetical subjects became a little old-fashioned; that literature and language underwent numerous and important changes, branching out into novel forms, modes, and tastes, revelling, as it were, in a lavish luxuriance of manifold expression. These political changes tended on the one hand to democracy, and on the other to aristocracy and monarchy, as individual freedom or despotic will became the prevailing element. The former ended in the legislation of Solon and the democratic constitution of Athens; the latter, in the iron legislation of Lycurgus and the double-headed royalty of Sparta. The Ionian race cherished a political freedom, extending to the liberty of the individual citizen. The Dorians contemplated freedom in relation to the body politic, but



wholly sacrificed the individual to the general good. The Æolians, politically speaking, were absorbed by the other two. These diverging tendencies were not strong enough to destroy the consciousness of a common bond in the Hellenic spirit, and a sense of difference which broadly separated all from the outside barbarian world. With the increasing development of these nationalities, the feeling of Hellenism, of an affinity which united them all together, became deeper and more intense. A general idea of the geographical relations of these races or nationalities, on the Grecian mainland and the Asiatic shore, has been already given. Their colonies, however, extended along the shores of the Propontis, the Euxine, Thrace, and Macedonia; and passed over to Lower Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and the coasts of Africa, Spain, and Gaul. But however important this colonial extension was in a political point of view, it had little bearing on poetical literature. I mention it now, only to show in a word the great sweep which the Greek language and culture were taking over the world, preparing for that universal empire over literature which Athenian genius finally asserted.

Another general remark should be made here. Each dialect was consecrated to a special kind of poetical composition. The old Ionic was the language of the epic; the later, of the elegiac; the Æolic, first cultivated for a particular species of lyric poetry, namely, the strophic, continued the special language of that species; the Doric, first refined for literary purposes in choral composition, remained ever after the language of that poetical style; and neither the Doric nor the Æolic was ever used for epic composition, though poets of all three races wrote in all the poetical forms. Thus the poetical literature actually existing in these three dialects is not in all cases the work of the nations speaking them.

These three types, while agreeing in those qualities that made them all Hellenic, had each its own moral and intellectual physiognomy. The causes of these varieties — analogous to what we see around us every day and everywhere — lie

beyond the limits of our investigation; the facts and results are all that we can pretend to fathom. Ionian life, under the lovely skies of Western Asia and on the isles that crown the Ægean deep, has already been in part described. The senses of the Ionian were keen, and his sensibility to beauty, whether of nature or of the human form, was ever vivid. His clear and sunny spirit was kindled by an insatiable curiosity, which made him, on the one hand, a patient listener to the long-drawn stories of the epic singers, and, on the other, an acute observer of the phenomena of nature which were witnessed around him in their fullest beauty and splendor. His external prosperity—until it was overshadowed by the Lydians and Persians—and the freedom he enjoyed in his political relations gave full scope to the natural and national expression of his heart and his passions. In the later period of decline, the joyousness of the Ionian was tempered by the pale cast of introspective meditation. He became a sorrowful egotist and a sentimental voluptuary. He was a good observer of the actions of men, and readily fathomed their motives. The expression of the individual sentiment, therefore, and of ethical or political wisdom, or of plaintive woes, and despair most musical, most melancholy, took the place, in Ionia, of that unconscious reflection of the world of nature and the world of man which so marked the elder epic. To adopt the German phrase, the Ionian passed from the *objective* to the *subjective*.

The original Ionian of Attica—removed at first from the blandishments of Asia, and afterwards from the crushing weight of Asiatic despotism, living on a soil which required labor to till it, and made commerce needful to supply the deficiency of its scanty productiveness—laid the foundation of his culture in deeper qualities, built up a prosperity of a slower growth, but on a more solid basis, and grew into a hardier and stronger style of man than the Ionian of Asia. The Athenian character resembled that of the Ionian of Asia in its general outlines, especially in taste for beauty and genius for art; but it added the element of stability, gathered from longer and

harder struggles with a less bountiful Nature. The poetry of the Ionian belongs partly to Asia, and partly to the mainland; and while it is all Ionian, it has shades of variety in tone, spirit, and style, borrowed from the influences of nature and of political condition. The earliest rhythm, I have said, was the elegiac; but the trochaic, iambic, and anapæstic were changes which the Ionian rhythmical systems underwent in rapid succession, and all these were used by most of the Ionian writers on either side the *Ægean Sea*.

I will name one or two of these poets, quoting a few specimens of the fragments which remain. The first is Callinus the Ephesian, who belongs to the latter part of the eighth century before Christ. The invention of the elegiac distich is attributed to him. An invasion of Asia Minor, and the destruction of several of the most flourishing Ionian cities, are the events alluded to in the few passages — four fragments in all — which we have. The longest is part of a fine war-elegy, much in the style of Tyrtæus. I read the translation by H. N. Coleridge.

“How long will ye slumber? when will ye take heart  
And fear the reproach of your neighbors at hand?  
Fie! comrades, to think ye have peace for your part,  
Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting our land!  
Shame! grasp the shield close! cover well the bold breast!  
Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe!  
With no thought of retreat, with no terror confessed,  
Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last blow.  
O, 't is noble and glorious to fight for our all, —  
For our country, our children, the wife of our love!  
Death comes not the sooner; no soldier shall fall,  
Ere his thread is spun out by the sisters above.  
Once to die is man's doom; rush, rush to the fight!  
He cannot escape, though his blood were Jove's own.  
For a while let him cheat the shrill arrow by flight;  
Fate will catch him at last in his chamber alone.  
Unlamented he dies; — unregretted. Not so,  
When, the tower of his country, in death falls the brave;  
Thrice hallowed his name amongst all, high or low,  
As with blessings alive, so with tears in the grave.”



Archilochus, the Parian, stands next in point of time, his life extending from 728 B. C. to 660, — sixty-eight years. Next to Homer, he was the most celebrated poet of the early Greeks. A Delphic oracle foretold to his father his future fame in song. An epigram, still extant, says it was fortunate for Homer that Archilochus gave his genius to the inferior kinds of poetry. Longinus speaks of his divine inspiration. But his malice and evil temper were as famous as his poetical gifts; and the circumstances and mishaps of his life gave unusual scope to these unamiable qualities. He has the bad eminence of having been the first to degrade literary talent to the slander of private character. Though belonging on his father's side to one of the noblest families of Paros, his mother, Enipo, was a slave. Early in his life a fair daughter of Lycambes, a Parian citizen, named Neobule, had captivated the fiery heart of the poet. She was promised to him in marriage, but for some unexplained reason the promise was not kept. When he found himself in the unpleasant situation of a rejected lover, instead of making the best of it, and affecting to congratulate himself on his fortunate escape, as a sensible man would have done, he fell into a horrible passion, and attacked the whole family in a series of iambic and epodic invectives, — some of which were publicly recited at the festivals, — charging father and daughters with every conceivable vice and crime, and keeping up the accusations with dogged and diabolical pertinacity.

In one of his fragments he says: —

“One great thing I know, —

The man who wrongs me to requite with woe.”

He kept his word. Under this extraordinary and till then unheard-of style of persecution, Lycambes and his daughters, finding life a burden too heavy to be borne, made a family party and hanged themselves; the lady of his love choosing the alternative of a noose without him rather than with him. If her choice lay between these extremes, she chose wisely; but it seems an extraordinary compliment to pay to the power of a venomous pen. In that age, however, literary invective

against private character was a novelty ; and when the shafts were winged by poetic fancy, they seemed as terrible and inevitable as the fatal arrows of the silver-bowed Apollo.

His native island shared in his invectives, whether because Neobule had lived there, or because he was not held in the estimation he thought he deserved, — a very common source of hatred in such minds. “Away,” he says, “with Paros, her figs and fishy life.” From Paros he went to Thasos, and, taking part in a battle there against the invading Thracians, he incurred the disgrace of losing his shield. Instead of hushing the matter up, he must needs proclaim it to the world in a poem, imitated afterwards by Horace, to whom the same accident happened at Philippi : —

“Some Saian triumphs that he has the shield  
I dropped while running from the battle-field, —  
Unwilling dropped ; but let the bull-hide go, —  
Another shield will do as well, I trow.”

But, after all, he did not feel quite right towards an island that had witnessed his disgrace, and he thus avenged himself : —

“Like the sharp backbone of an ass it stood,  
That rugged isle, o’ergrown with shaggy wood ;  
No leafy grove, no lawn for poet’s dream  
Is there like those by Siris’ pleasant stream.”

When he visited Sparta, the authorities, taking a different view of shield-dropping, — as was shown by the Spartan mother, who said to her son as she handed him his shield, “Either with this or on it,” — ordered him to leave the city in an hour. He was a restless vagabond, wandering about wherever Greeks were to be found, and making himself and others unhappy everywhere. Finally he returned to his native island, and was killed in an affray with the neighboring Naxians. His poetical genius was remarkable for richness, strength, and versatility. His style reached the highest degree of force and elegance. As an iambic writer, he held undisputed the foremost rank. The severity and caustic satire which filled his works with their poison are justified by Dion Chrysostomus, who says that

they were intended to make men better, and were more effective in accomplishing this purpose than the eulogistic spirit that warms the poetry of Homer.

As an artist he was one of the most distinguished intellects of that great age. His inventive power was shown, not only in the splendor of his imagination, but in the many exquisite rhythmical forms with which he enriched the language. The ancient critics arranged his writings under seven classes. About two hundred fragments of them are found scattered through more than a hundred authors, some of a few words only, and the longest of only a few verses. The following seven trochaic verses, in which the poet addresses his own soul, and braces himself to bear the ills of life, show his better side : —

“Soul, my soul, with helpless sorrows overladen and distraught,  
Bear thee firm, to hostile hosts a manly heart opposing ;  
When the foeman’s shafts fall thickest, motionless thy post maintain ;  
If victorious, yield thee not to open triumph overmuch ;  
Nor, if conquered, cast thee down, at home thy doleful lot bewailing ;  
But in pleasures take thy pleasance, and in evils bear thy sorrow,  
Nor too much, but understand the rhythm that governs mortal men.”

The following trochaics, apart from their poetry, have an interest, as showing the effects of an eclipse, a then unexplained phenomenon, on the imagination of the poet : —

“Naught can now be unexpected, nothing with an oath denied,  
Nothing fill our hearts with wonder, since the Olympian father Zeus  
Night hath hung for noonday brightness, hiding all the glorious light  
Of the blazing sun in heaven, and on man hath terror fallen ;  
All things henceforth credence find, wonders all surprise no more.  
Nor let any mortal, seeing, marvel at the unwonted sight,  
Though the wild beasts with the dolphins their sea-pastures interchange ;  
And to them who loved the mountain and the woodland wilds to haunt,  
Dearer have the sounding billows of the surging sea become.”

Three verses have been preserved from the description of a storm, said to be part of a poem on that Thracian war in which the poet lost his shield : —

“Glaucus, look ! the deep sea heaves already with its yeasty waves,  
And, around the headlands bending, stands the pile of thunder-clouds, —  
Sign of storm, — and sudden terror overspreads the land and sea.”



Like all the poets of his time, — indeed, like all Greek poets of all times, — Archilochus had steeped his mind in the poetry of Homer, whose thoughts and turns of expression here and there shine out in the texture of the Parian poet's composition, but not in such a way as to impair the vivid effect of his originality. For there is little resemblance between the wise equability of the spirit of Homer, whose mighty heart lovingly embraced every form of life and every joy and sorrow of man, and the imperious will, the violent inconsistency, the gusts of passion shifting from fierce love to fiercer hate, and driving the objects of both to despair and self-murder; between the pervading cheerfulness that gladdens earth, sea, and sky in the Homeric world, and the moody gloom that avenges wounded pride and thwarted will, by loading the fair islands of Greece, the witnesses of the poet's fancied wrong and real shame, with bitter taunts and contemptuous epithets; between the calm sense of enjoyment, the judicious but hearty moderation, which Homer everywhere sets forth, and the desperate rush to the drunkard's bowl, draining it to the bottom, the frantic plunge into the abyss of sensuality, the self-inflicted tortures, which wasted so much of the life of Archilochus. Yet sometimes the unrest of his spirit was calmed by the bland influences of the enchanting nature around him. The sudden contrasts and shifting pictures of that half-oriental sea and earth and sky drove out the evil demons that haunted his spirit, and furnished it with the superb imagery in which his better moods are clothed. The unalterable march of destiny in the affairs of the world sometimes overcame him with a sacred awe; and his verse, seized with befitting earnestness, rises to a dignity worthy of the stately theme. This is the aspect of his poetical character which has an interest for us.

Another noted poet of Ionia was Mimnermus the Colophonian. He flourished later than Archilochus, being a contemporary of Solon the Lawgiver, who, in one of his extant fragments, addresses him by name. Little is known of his personal history, except that he had, or professed to have, a

passion for a flute-player named Nanno, to whom some of his poems were addressed. In the hands of Mimnermus the elegy became less warlike, and more exclusively the expression of sorrow and lamentation. The gloomy circumstances of Ionia at this time, and gloomier forebodings for the future, had their share in producing this result, by acting on the nervous temperament of the poet. It often happens that public calamity overwhelms private virtue, by breaking the bonds that hold society together. In war and pestilence, while death is stalking through the land, men strive to drown the sense of overhanging doom by snatching a fearful joy from reckless voluptuousness, while there is yet left a breath of life. It is only after the storm is past, and men, returning to their senses, reflect on the moral of the disaster, and seek to repair the ruin, that the law of God reasserts its supremacy. In the mean time, literature breathes the spirit of sensuality, unsatisfied desire, impatience of the present, and weariness of life under its accumulating load of evils. It was under just these circumstances that Mimnermus appeared in Ionia. He was extremely susceptible to outward influences,—plunging into the gayety of the hour, but with a constant feeling of its vanity,—drinking deeply of the cup of pleasure, but knowing well the disappointment and dreariness that were sure to follow. His constant topics were the helplessness of man, the uncertainty of his happiness, and the wretchedness of old age. For all these, love and wine are the only solace; and when the time for these is gone, life is no longer worth the keeping. The contrast between him and Solon is well drawn in this fragment of a dialogue:—

## MIMNERMUS.

“O that my days, free from disease or woe,  
On placid waters down life’s stream may flow;  
And when their course shall reach its sixtieth year,  
Death’s friendly sleep may close my sojourn here.”

## SOLON.

“Bear with me, gentle Colophonian friend,  
If I one sentence of thy wish would mend;  
The life of man, on terms like these begun,  
Its prosperous course full eighty years may run.”

The following specimen will give some idea of the poetical character of Mimnermus : —

“ We are like leaves that are thickly put forth in flowery spring-tide,  
When in the beams of the sun gorgeously grow they anew ;  
Like to these for a span, with blossoms of earliest manhood,  
Take we our pleasure and joy, taught by the gods neither ill,  
Neither good, while close by our side the black fates are standing ;  
One is holding the end, gloomy and sorrowful age ;  
Death’s term holdeth the other ; the fruit of our youth swift decayeth,  
Swift as over the earth speedeth the light of the sun.  
When already is past and gone the sweet prime of our being,  
Then, O, then is to die better than longer to live !  
For to the heart many agonies come ; at one time possession  
Vanishes wasted away ; sorrows of want take its place.  
One is unblest with offspring, the chiefest desire of his bosom,  
And to the regions below, childless to Hades descends ;  
Life-wearing sickness another endures, nor is there a mortal  
Unto whom Zeus giveth not manifold evils to bear.”

This specimen may represent the poet’s general turn of thought, but not that grace and elegance of style which were celebrated among the ancients.

Simonides of Ceos belongs both to the Doric and to the Ionic poets. His name fills a large space in the literary annals of this age. He was born about the middle of the sixth century B. C., and his literary labors embrace every species of composition known in his time. Early in life he was a favored guest in the brilliant circles of Peisistratus and Hipparchus at Athens ; later he went to Thrace, and was welcomed there by the princely families of the Aleuadae and Scopadae. He returned to Athens about the time of the Persian invasion, where he was employed in celebrating the victories of the Greeks over the Barbarians. He was the successful rival of Æschylus for the prize in an elegy on those who fell at Marathon, a few lines of which are quoted by Lycurgus the orator in the trial of Leosthenes. But the most famous of his minor compositions is the inscription on the tomb of the three hundred who fell at Thermopylae, consisting of two verses, of which Professor Wilson says : “ All



Greece, for centuries, had them by heart. She forgot them, and Greece was living Greece no more."

"Stranger, the tidings to the Spartans tell,  
That here, obeying their commands, we fell."

Afterwards he went to the court of Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, by whom he was held in the highest honor. He became one of the most distinguished of a poetical society which numbered among its members Pindar, Bacchylides, and Æschylus. He died at the age of ninety, B. C. 467. His personal character seems to have been free from the vices that stained so many of the Ionian poets; and his conduct was marked by temperance, regularity, self-command, and reverence. The rules by which he lived were to enjoy the pleasures of the present moderately, and to make its cares as light as possible. He sometimes indulged in pungent sayings. To a person who preserved a dead silence during a banquet, he said, "My friend, if you are a fool, you are doing a wise thing; but if you are wise, a foolish one." He has been pronounced the most prolific and popular of all the lyric poets; but his works exist only in fragments, of which about two hundred have been collected from the authors that quoted them. Wordsworth says:—

"O ye who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculean lore,  
What rapture, could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides!"

The poem on Danaë, quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, has been translated ten or twelve times. The subject is drawn from the mythical age. Danaë is exposed on the sea, with her infant son Perseus, her father Acrisius having been warned by an oracle that he was to be slain by his grandson. Bryant's translation is a tender and exquisite poem, but not sufficiently close to the original. Professor Norton's is equally poetical and more faithful:—

“When the strong ark which Danaë bore  
Was tossing 'mid the water's roar,  
While rising winds her soul dismay,  
She bent o'er Perseus as he lay,  
Gazed with wet cheeks, and placed her arm  
Around him, as to shield from harm.  
'My boy,' she said, 'what woe I bear!  
But thou sleep'st sweetly, free from care,  
An infant's sleep in this drear room,  
Dim lighted, 'mid a night of gloom.  
Though the high waves are dashing by,  
As yet thy clustering hair is dry;  
Wrapt in thy purple mantle warm,  
Thou, darling, dost not heed the storm;  
But were this dreadful scene to thee  
As dreadful as it is to me,  
Then wouldst thou turn a quickened ear,  
Thy mother's troubled words to hear.  
Sleep, sleep, my child, in slumber deep;  
Would that the waves and I might sleep!  
May there some change of purpose be,  
Disposer of my fate, with thee!  
Grant me—a bolder prayer I make—  
Grant justice for this infant's sake.'”

If we now turn our attention for a few moments to the Grecian mainland, we find the same species of Ionian poetry flourishing there, but breathing a more manly vigor. I shall limit my present view to two examples, Tyrtæus and Solon,—the former the author of the famous war-elegies written for the Spartans in their contests with the Messenians, and the latter employing verse in aid of his political and legislative labors. Military poetry, I mean that which is founded upon mere fighting, is not much to the Christian taste. But it connects itself with so many feelings deeply planted in the human heart, that in one form or another it has been a favorite species with all nations. Much of the lyric poetry of the Old Testament breathes this spirit; it runs through the Greek poetry of every age; and within the present century we have witnessed an extraordinary outburst of war-poetry, in the songs of Körner, Fol-

len, and the other German poets of the War of Liberation. Liberty, love of country, and the firm resolve to maintain her rights and her honor, are, perhaps, indissolubly connected with the idea of fighting; and these transcendent and all-inspiring themes clothe with a glory not his own the blood-stained Mars, the shaker of walls and sacker of cities.

The flourishing period in the life of Tyrtaeus fell between 680 and 660 B. C. According to the ancient accounts, the Spartans, hard pressed by the Messenians, sent to Athens, in obedience to a response of the Pythoness, requesting from their neighbors a general to take command of their armies. They selected for this purpose Tyrtaeus, a lame schoolmaster of Aphidnæ, who was forthwith adopted with public formalities as a citizen of the state, and clothed with the powers of commander-in-chief. It has been supposed — I know not why — that the Athenians intended to play a practical joke on their neighbors by this selection. But it seems to me that they could not have made a better choice; for his lameness would only be a hinderance to running away, and this, as a Spartan said to a lame soldier who asked for a horse, was not the Spartan fashion; and no training, I am sure, is a better preparation for the duties of a general in the field than the administration of a school. The result, at any rate, showed the wisdom of taking the schoolmaster. The ability of his measures was so great, and the enthusiasm roused by the martial poetry of his appeals to his adopted countrymen was so overwhelming, that the tide of battle was turned, civil discord quelled, the supremacy of Sparta restored, and the tarnished glory of the Dorian name illumined with fresh lustre. His works — numerous in their day, but now existing only in a few fragments — were publicly recited on marches, in the camp, and on the battlefield; and during the whole subsequent history of Sparta they were honored in public and in private, as expressing, with Laconic terseness and vigor, the spirit of martial bravery and heroic self-devotion so dear to the heart of the nation. I shall give a single fragment, line for line, in hexameter and pentam-



eter, without changing a thought or scarcely a word; preferring this literal rudeness to the style of translation in which all that is characteristic vanishes. It is an exhortation to bravery, and contains a picture of the horrors of exile consequent on defeat. On this point, the history and poetry of Greece, from Homer to the Tragedians, contain numerous, emphatic, and most affecting testimonies. Neither rank, age, sex, nor character saved the conquered from the extremities of want, servitude, and every species of personal degradation. In this respect we have certainly risen to a nobler humanity than the noblest of the ancients.

“Glorious is it to perish, among the foremost expiring,

When the brave-hearted man dies for his dear native land;  
 But from his birthplace banished, and leaving rich acres behind him,  
 Poverty's burden to bear, O, that is saddest of all!  
 Wandering abroad with his mother beloved, and his gray-headed father,  
 Children of tender age, and with the wife of his youth,  
 Hateful, in sooth, shall he be unto whom his footsteps have led him;  
 Bearing the foulness of want, bowing to penury's yoke.  
 Friends he dishonors, and covers with shame his figure resplendent;  
 Follows him every disgrace; insult and evil pursue;  
 Honor is none for the wretch who roams a beggar in exile,  
 Nor respect for his name afterwards cherished by men.  
 Gallantly, then, let us fight in the warfare for country and offspring;  
 Willingly pour out our blood, lavishly risking our lives.  
 Strike then, young champions, each by the other courageously standing;  
 Never in base flight lead, never in cowardly fear;  
 But in your bosoms arouse a strong, invincible spirit,  
 Loving not life overmuch, while with the foeman ye fight.  
 Old men, too, whose knees no longer are nimble in battle,  
 Leave not alone on the field, leave not the elders to die.  
 Shameful to all would it be, in the foremost ranks of the battle,  
 If in front of the young perished the elder in years, —  
 Whitened already his head, and his chin with snowy beard covered,  
 Gasping his brave soul away, lying outstretched in the dust;  
 Wounded and bloody the members his arm is vainly protecting,  
 Shameful for eyes to behold, dreadful for heart to conceive;  
 Naked of armor his corse. But all to the youthful is seemly,  
 While in his gracious prime lasts the bright flower of youth, —  
 Gazed at by men with wonder, and dear to the hearts of the women,

Long as he lives, and fair, fallen 'mid ranks of the foremost.  
Firmly, with feet well parted, let each then stand to his duty,  
Planting him strong on the ground, biting his lips with his teeth."

Solon belonged to the most ancient and illustrious family in Athens; but he lived at a time when the old aristocracy and the popular body were in a state of hopeless strife and discord. Instead of looking back with longing and regretful eyes upon the departed grandeur of his caste, he betook himself to practical life, and retrieved by skill and honor in commerce the dilapidated fortunes of his house. In the course of time, he gained so strong a hold upon the confidence of the citizens, that he was clothed with the august charge of giving them a new constitution, and so appeasing the dissensions of the state, holding in his hands for a time the sovereign power. How well this confidence was deserved, the history of the Athenian republic and the administration of justice ever since throughout the civilized world attest. Perhaps no one man has exercised so wide an influence over human affairs as Solon. Merchant, traveller, legislator, poet, he was illustrious and memorable in all aspects. In early life he amused his leisure hours by the composition of love-songs and convivial pieces, after the fashion of the day. He, too, sighed over the ephemeral happiness of man, and sang of love and wine as the best alleviators of the cares of life. But the earnest business which the distracted state laid upon him forced him out of these fantastical lamentations, and made the poetic art to him a secondary matter, subservient to political aims; though nature, as well as study and experience, had made him a poet of distinguished ability. In his famous Salaminian ode, of which only two or three verses remain, he is thought to have equalled Tyrtæus. In the fragments of his other poems his language and versification are correct and elegant, and sometimes his verses are nervous and pointed, and not without admirable poetical images. His morality is pure and lofty; and his expression of religious feeling is marked by humble submission to the Divine will. Among legislators he was the greatest

poet; among poets, the greatest legislator; and his only fault was that of setting the bad example of remaining a bachelor through a life of eighty years. I give two short passages. The first is on justice.

“Short are the triumphs to injustice given.  
 Zeus sees the end of all; like vapors driven  
 By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps  
 Along the billowy surface of the deeps,  
 Or, passing o'er the fields of tender green,  
 Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,  
 Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,  
 And gives the palace of the gods to view.  
 Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,  
 Where not a cloud can form, or vapor rise.  
 So Zeus avenges; his no human ire,  
 Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,  
 But slow and certain; though it long may lie  
 Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky,  
 Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,  
 And though the sire escape, the son shall weep.”

My second extract is the fragment of a poem, seemingly written to warn the people against the arts of aspiring demagogues, probably at the time when his kinsman — his second-cousin — Peisistratus had commenced the course of intrigue which ended in his usurping the government, with the support of the military and of the body of needy citizens, whose favor he had secured by scattering money among them.

“Out of the cloud the snow-flakes are poured, and fury of hail-storm;  
 After the lightning's flash follows the thunderbolt;  
 Tossed is the sea by the winds, though now so calmly reposing,  
 Hushed in a motionless rest, emblem of justice and peace.  
 So is the state by its great men ruined; and under the tyrant  
 Sinks the people unwise, yielding to slavery's thrall;  
 Nor is it easy to lower the ruler too highly exalted,  
 After the hour is gone. Now is the time to foresee.”

I have omitted Anacreon in speaking of the Ionian poets, because the pieces which now pass under his name are amorous and bacchanalian compositions of a much later age, —



written, it may be, in something of his spirit, but bearing no resemblance to the style of those brief snatches which are all of his poetry that has survived. In the character of Anacreon, as delineated by the ancients, there is nothing which deserves to be dwelt upon for a moment. A parasite at the table of princes and tyrants, careless of the great interests of country and of the welfare of private life, so that he could drink and revel to his heart's content, sober only long enough to record his tipsy jollity, he reached the dishonored old age of the voluptuary, and died an appropriate death, — choked by a grape-stone. In all the other lyric poets, faulty as they were in some respects, there was earnest and deep feeling.

In looking back over this department of Greek poetry, we are struck with the variety of the pictures which its imperfect fragments present, and with the scenes of change and revolution which they bring dimly before us. The compact system of the heroic and Homeric times is broken in pieces ; but the long accustomed trains of thought and modes of expression occasionally reappear. Gleams of the old epic spirit here and there flash out ; but generally the passing interests — the agitations caused by the downfall of ancient forms and the uprising of new societies — have disturbed the calm of the old impersonal and picturesque delineation, and substituted the individual feeling, the reflection, the suffering, of the person and the moment. Old institutions, old principles, old prosperity, have gone to decay ; old families have died out, or sunk into imbecility or poverty ; tradition and antique reverence have lost their vital force ; stability is no more, and vicissitude is the order of the age. The thoughts of men flow no longer steadily in the ancient channels of reverend authority, but sweep over the stormy surface of life, nowhere finding rest. Driven back, they take refuge in egotism and sensual indulgence. Then comes the reaction, — the sentimentality, — the satiety, — the despair. Able and bold usurpers, leaguings with the oppressed commons, grasp at tyrannic sway, then are toppled down by the outburst of popular passion. Brilliant displays of intellect-

ual life illumine distant points, — Lesbos, Samos, Sicily, Athens, Thessaly; but the hurricane and the swelling seas dash from their base the beacon-lights which for a few brief seasons had shot their rays across the storm, the surge, and the night. In Ionian Asia the prospect darkens, as the overhanging cloud of the Barbarians draws nigh; but on the mainland of Hellas the old Ionian stock exists, not yet wakened to the full consciousness of its life, though at times displaying its vigor, in contrast with the growing decrepitude of the early unfolded and early dying culture of Asiatic Ionia. It is preparing a new career of bolder enterprise, greater tenacity, more varied beauty. The seeds of liberty have been sown in the soil of Attica, — a barren soil indeed; but it shall be fruitful in noble men, in brilliant poetry, in exquisite and unapproachable art, in the loftiest as well as the most exact philosophy, in immortal eloquence.

## LECTURE X.

### ÆOLIAN AND DORIAN LYRIC POETRY.

WE pass now to a brief consideration of the second of the three subordinate types of the Hellenic character, as manifested in the lyrical ages,—the Æolian. The Æolians were widely spread over the continent of Greece, the Ægean Islands, and the Asiatic shore. Accordingly, they showed many local varieties of language and character; yet, taken together, they exhibited peculiarities of ethical notions, of poetic style, and of music, which distinguished them clearly, not only from the distant Dorians, but from the Ionians on whom they bordered. The Æolians had less of mental vigor than either the Dorians or the Ionians. Incapable of strong political activity, they never dreamed of establishing the institutions for which their neighbors were celebrated; and the traditions of a great and heroic past had but little weight in steadying the levity of their public and private character. The present and its enjoyments overpowered all consideration for the future, and the luxuries of home drowned all care for the public good. They were addicted to self-indulgence, and liked not to be disturbed at the moment of enjoyment by the struggling world and the warfare of life.

But a distinction is here also to be made between the Æolians of Asia and those of the Grecian mainland. The former rapidly fell from the primitive virtues which early gave a high pre-eminence to the race; the latter retained more of manly vigor, and formed a character which longer withstood the storms of vicissitude and the wear of ages. On the Æolian Islands, life surrounded itself with every allurement that ad-



dressed the passions and kindled the senses to the delights of animal existence. Their physical organization was perhaps finer than that of the Ionians; but their sensuous temperament often ran into sensuality. The Attic comedians, from whom the popular impressions have been drawn, give exaggerated representations of their depravity, which are not sustained by contemporary evidence; and in some particular cases they indulged in a vein of calumny, for which literary history has not yet held them to a sufficiently stern account.

Lesbos was the principal seat of Æolian culture, described in the *Iliad* as a well-inhabited island, whose maidens surpassed in beauty all the tribes of woman-kind. Here lyric poetry began very early to flourish; hence proceeded Terpander, the heir of Orpheus, to lay the foundation of the improved Greek music; here were early established temples, shrines, and altars, and the joyous festivals, in which the worship of Artemis, Apollo, and Dionysos was celebrated. Here maids and matrons were not restrained to the privacy of domestic life. They shared in all the amusements, and were active in all the intellectual occupations of their countrymen, especially in the cultivation of music and poetry. Whether they assumed the dress, too, of manhood, we are not informed. Nearly the whole body of the poetical literature of Lesbos is the work either of Lesbian poetesses, or of those who were trained under their influence and instruction. They had societies or clubs for friendly, social, and literary objects; and even public competitions were instituted for the prize of beauty. All these things, combining with the genial temperament of the Æolians, developed in them a mad love of beauty, especially of the human form, which expresses itself in a frantic, intoxicated enthusiasm, in nearly all the fragments of their literature. Even the Theban Æolians illustrated this bias of the national passion by enacting a law imposing a fine upon any sculptor or painter who should not represent the beauty of the human form as greater than the reality, however great that might be. This passionate love of beauty lent a glow to their language, which, among

a people of less sensitively attuned nature, and of a hardier cast of thought, would have implied great dissoluteness. Their language was never widely used as an instrument of literary composition; and never became the idiom of philosophy or history. It was originally one of the rudest dialects, and it remained in its unpolished state, the language of many rustic communities, down to a very late period. Those of the *Æolian* race who distinguished themselves in literature abandoned the language to which they were born, and adopted one of the other dialects, except in the species of lyric poetry cultivated by *Alcæus* and *Sappho*. In this style it was marked by a very peculiar grace, made up of naïve simplicity and piquant turns of phrase. The omission of the rough breathing, the reduplication of the liquids, and the throwing back of the accent, gave it a soft and yet spicy vivacity, in which it has been not unaptly compared to the *Castilian*. I would rather compare the entire poetical literature of the *Lesbians* — the influence of women, the courts of beauty, and the brief duration of its blooming period — with the gay science of the *Provençal Troubadours*, the short-lived flower of whose song blossomed in the spring-time of the Romantic poetry of the South. In the midst of all these blandishments, under the soft sky of the fairest *Ægean* islands, within the sound of the flashing waves of the midland sea, the lisping, liquid, and passionate language of the *Æolians* was moulded to strophes of delicate beauty; and *Sappho* and *Erinna* mingled the melting tones of voice and lyre with the subduing harmonies of nature. To them

“All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of love.”

Setting aside *Terpander* the musician, and *Arion*, whose ride ashore on the dolphin's back is the subject of one of the pleasant stories in *Herodotus*, the proper beginning of the *Lesbian* poetry is with *Alcæus*. He lived towards the end of the seventh century B. C. He seems to have played not a very creditable part in the political agitations of the island,

being at one time a warm supporter of Pittacus, and at another his bitterest enemy, writing against him the coarsest and vilest slanders. But the wise prince — he was reckoned one of the seven sages — hanged neither himself, as Lycambes did, nor Alcæus, as he might have done. He set him at liberty, with the magnanimous remark, that “forgiveness is better than revenge.” In a battle with the Athenians, Alcæus was seized with the epidemic tendency of the ancient lyric poets, took to his heels, dropped his shield, and ran away. Like Archilochus, he thought the event worth recording in a poetical epistle to his friend Melanippus of Mitylene, whom he informs, in a very rhythmical line, that “Alcæus is safe, though his arms are lost.” The Athenians hung them up as a trophy in the temple of Athene, at Sigeum. Notwithstanding this little accident, he passed with the ancients as a model of bravery. They judged him more by his words than by his deeds. He had a great deal to say against tyrants, and talked wonderfully well of patriotism and the love of liberty; but it does not appear that his labors in this direction conferred any social or civil blessing on his native island. He was a hater of poverty, and a lover of money. This sentiment appears in several of his fragments, as in the following: —

“The worst of ills and hardest to endure,  
 Past hope, past cure,  
 Is Penury, who with her sister-mate,  
 Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,  
 And makes it desolate.  
 This truth the sage of Sparta told,  
 Aristodemus old, —  
 ‘Wealth makes the man’; on him that’s poor  
 Proud Worth looks down, and Honor shuts the door.”

The war-poems of Alcæus were very famous for vigor of style and brilliancy of imagination. His convivial songs were favorites with the toppers of Greece and Rome. Here is what he thought of drinking in summer: —

“Glad your hearts with rosy wine,  
 Now the dog-star takes his round.



Sultry hours to sleep incline,  
 Gapes with heat the sultry ground.  
 Crickets sing on leafy boughs,  
 And the thistle is in flower,  
 And men forget the sober vows  
 They made to the moon in some colder hour."

And here is what he thought of drinking in winter: —

"Zeus descends in sleet and snow;  
 Howls the vexed and angry deep;  
 Every stream forgets to flow,  
 Bound in winter's icy sleep.  
 Ocean wave and forest hoar  
 To the blast responsive roar.  
 Drive the tempest from your door,  
 Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,  
 And unmeasured goblets pour  
 Brimful high, with nectar smiling."

And here is what he thought of drinking in general: —

"Why wait we for the torches' lights?  
 Now let us drink, — the day invites;  
 In mighty flagons hither bring  
 The deep red blood of many a vine,  
 That we may largely quaff, and sing  
 The praises of the god of wine, —  
 The son of Zeus and Semele,  
 Who gave the jocund grape to be  
 A sweet oblivion of our woes.  
 Fill, fill the goblet, one and two;  
 Let every brimmer, as it flows,  
 In sportive chase the last pursue."

We cannot wonder at any madness or folly in the life of a man so devoted to the god of wine.

The longest piece remaining of this poet is his brilliant description of the martial furniture with which he had embellished his own habitation; and this piece of military foppery is a proof that it was the show and gauds of war, and not its hard blows, to which he was addicted.

"From floor to roof the spacious palace-halls  
 Glitter with war's array;

With burnished metal clad, the lofty walls  
Beam like the bright noonday.  
There white-plumed helmets hang from many a nail  
Above, in threatening row;  
Steel-garnished tunics, and broad coats of mail,  
Spread o'er the space below;  
Chalcidian blades enow and belts are here,  
Greaves and emblazoned shields, —  
Well-tryed protectors from the hostile spear  
On other battle-fields.  
With these good helps our work of war 's begun;  
With these our victory must be won."

A fine fragment of this poet was paraphrased by Sir William Jones, in the noble lines so often quoted, "What constitutes a State?"

Upon a careful examination of the life and genius of Alcæus, as they appear in the fragments of his works, we must admit the correctness of the high estimate the ancients placed upon his poetical merit. We cannot respect his personal character, which was stained by boastfulness, excess, and perhaps profligacy. He was an unscrupulous and bitter hater of men who had in any way offended him, and he slandered them without stint or decency. But his poetical powers were brilliant and versatile. His works perfected the Æolic style; and though he never departed from the strophic order of composition, yet he enriched that with new rhythmical forms, which were afterwards happily reproduced in the Latin by Horace, who confesses his indebtedness to his Lesbian prototype.

But the literary history of the Lesbian poetesses, and of those who were formed in that school, is by far the most interesting and characteristic chapter in Æolian literature; and the central figure in this lovely group is Sappho. She was called the Lesbian nightingale, and lived contemporaneously with Pittacus and Alcæus. By universal consent, as well of the moderns as of the ancients, Sappho has always been held to be the miracle of her sex. Homer was called "the Poet," and Sappho "the Poetess"; and she is placed by the grave authority of

Aristotle in the same rank with Homer and Archilochus. Ælian says that Solon, on hearing one of her poems recited, prayed the gods that he might not die until he had had time to learn it by heart. Plato called her the tenth Muse. An epigrammatist describes her as the nursling of Aphrodite and Eros, the delight of Hellas, the foster-child of the Graces. The time in which she lived, and the leading facts of her life, are established on fair authority, some of them on contemporary fragments. Her family seems to have belonged to an Æolian colony in the Troad, and to have removed, perhaps in her father's lifetime, thence to Lesbos. The names of her parents and of three brothers are preserved; some notices of two of the brothers are given by Herodotus, and there is a fragment of a poem addressed to the other by herself. She was married to a good sort of rich man, from the neighboring island of Andros, named Cercolas, whose only distinction, as is generally the case with the husbands of famous women, was that he was the husband of Sappho. In such cases the wives are celebrated *per se*; the husbands, *per alias*. She had a daughter named Cleis — after the name of her own mother — whom she addresses in one of the preserved fragments. Her fame and her brilliant genius drew around her a circle of women whose tastes and pursuits were akin to her own, and who constituted a sort of poetical academy or school devoted to music, poetry, and every elegant pursuit. According to the scandal of later times, the art of love was one of the fine arts taught to the younger members of this sisterhood. Cercolas is not heard of in these agreeable occupations, being probably engaged in taking care of his property over in Andros. These are all the facts positively known, from contemporary authority, of this celebrated woman. There is an obscure allusion to a flight from Mitylene to Sicily, to escape some unexplained danger, between 604 and 592 B. C. She must have lived to a somewhat advanced age, since she calls herself *γεραιτέρα*, an *elderly person*, which, of course, implies in a woman a considerable number of years.



The peculiarity of her social position, and the freedom of manners generally allowed to the Lesbian women, joined to the warmth and tenderness of her own poetry, presented tempting subjects of malicious innuendo and exaggerating satire to the unscrupulous wits of the Athenian comic stage three centuries later. With them Sappho became a stock character. They converted an old fable of Phaon into a fact, and the hero of it into a reality, and so wove out of these fictions, which are never alluded to by any writer until a century after Sappho's death, the celebrated story of the Loves of Phaon and Sappho. From another ancient myth, they concocted the story of the Lover's Leap from the Leucadian cliff. On this promontory was the site of an early temple of Apollo, where human sacrifices were performed by throwing the victims into the waves below. In the course of time, the worship of Aphrodite took its place, and there grew up a superstitious notion of the remedial agency of the waters under the cliff, especially as a water-cure for disappointed love. It was generally tried, however, with the precaution of attaching bladders or other buoyant substances to the body, as well as stationing life-boats near at hand. An Epeirot named Machatas — the Sam Patch of the classic ages — tried it four times with perfect success, and was known, from this circumstance, as Leucopetras, or Whitestone. Suicide was, however, sometimes committed in this way. Several well-authenticated examples occur, as Artemisia of Halicarnassus and Diodorus.

The Phaon of the fable was a young man of surpassing beauty and irresistible command over the affections of all who fell in his way. In consequence of these inconvenient gifts of Venus, he was constantly exposed to what old Mr. Weller calls *inadvertent captivation*. To avoid the importunate claims of his Lesbian admirers, he fled to the distant wilds of Acarnania, and there built the temple of Apollo Leucas. They, however, found him out; — for what savage hiding-place will not Love explore? — and, reduced to despair by his obdurate coldness, threw themselves into the sea. These myths

and traditions were fastened upon Sappho by the Athenian comic poets. Menander in a fragment says : —

“ Where yonder cliff rears high its crest in air,  
White glittering o’er the distant wave,  
There Sappho, headlong in a briny grave  
Entombed, with frantic plunge, her love and her despair.”

The story was echoed by the Roman poets, particularly, six hundred years after her time, by Ovid, from whom the common notions of the character of the poetess are directly drawn. His epistle of Sappho to Phaon — one of the eloquent infamies by which that great poet, but weak and bad man, disgraced the literature of the Augustan age — was translated by Pope and imitated, in its poetical as well as objectionable features, in his epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

Byron says in *Childe Harold* : —

“ Childe Harold sailed and passed the barren spot,  
Where sad Penelope o’erlooked the wave ;  
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,  
The lover’s refuge, and the Lesbian’s grave.  
But when he saw the evening star above  
Leucadia’s far projecting rock of woe,  
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,  
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow.”

Thus Sappho has come down to our day as the type of love-lorn, despairing, suicidal damsels. On this count in the indictment against her, I say : — 1. There is not a single mention of the name of her supposed enchanter in her works. 2. The epithet *elderly*, which she frankly applies to herself, is against the story. 3. Though there is passion enough in her poems to burn a whole Troubadour’s court of love, there is not the slightest intimation of any desire to make way with herself, or even to cure the distemper, certainly not by cold water. In one of those fervent fragments, as Moore calls them

“ Which still, like sparkles of Greek fire,  
Burn on through time and ne’er expire,”

she says : —

“Come, Aphrodite, come  
 Hither with thy golden cup,  
 Where nectar-floated flowrets swim;  
 Fill, fill the goblet up!  
 Thy laughing lips shall kiss the brim, —  
 Come, Aphrodite, come.”

I submit that the woman who wrote this did not, as the grave-digger in Hamlet says, “drown herself wittingly”: “*argal*, she that is not guilty of her death shortens not her own life.”

Two other charges, somewhat inconsistent with that of having drowned herself, have been brought against her by the ancient libellers, and too hastily believed by modern copyists:—  
 1. That her life was immoral. 2. That she was short, black, and ugly. To sustain the first, her husband, that good man, is reduced to an etymology. The two great solvents in modern criticism to put out of the way any person whose existence is incompatible with a theory are myth and etymology. Sappho has suffered by this and the reverse process. They have not only vaporized her husband into an etymology, but have consolidated a myth into a lover. Her husband thus put out of the way, she was next represented by the comedians as engaged in disreputable intrigues with Anacreon, Hipponax, and Archilochus. A fancy sketch, by Hermesianax, a writer in the age of Philip, is very picturesque, but entirely without foundation:—

“With her the sweet Anacreon strayed  
 Begirt with many a Lesbian maid;  
 And fled for her the Samian strand, —  
 For her, his vine-clad native land,  
 A bleeding country, left the while  
 For wine and love in Sappho’s isle.”

Professor Volger, who published an historico-critical essay upon this subject in 1809, takes sides against her, but considers the charges of no consequence when compared with the lustre of her genius. He was followed by two German Professors, who, with a transcendental gallantry worthy of the scholarship



of their erudite nation, and of the reverence for woman cherished by the ancient Germans in the time of Tacitus, have broken lances in defence of the calumniated poetess who has been in her grave these five and twenty centuries. The work of one of her defenders is called "Sappho freed from a Prevailing Prejudice"; and that of the other, "Sappho and Erinna, described according to their Lives, and the Fragments of their Works." The vindication set up by these able and chivalrous Professors has been very generally acquiesced in; but recently the whole subject has been reconsidered by Mr. Mure, who examines the evidence with the metaphysical acuteness of a Scotch advocate, and draws a strong conclusion against the poetess. He scrutinizes every expression in her poems, for the purpose of detecting autobiographical intimations and confessions of guilt; pries into all the circumstances and conditions of her life, and deals with her as austere as John Knox dealt with poor Queen Mary. It almost seems as if Scotch Presbyterians had an invincible antipathy to handsome women. Professor Volger believes the story of her being in love with Pharon, and throwing herself in despair from the Leucadian cliff: though he admits that she must have been at least forty years of age, since she had been married, had already a grown-up daughter, and was now a widow. As to the improbability of her having been so desperately enamored at that sober and respectable age, he says, we are not without examples of old ladies in love with young gentlemen, and of young gentlemen not in love with old ladies.

As to the other lovers, Archilochus died before Sappho was born; Hipponax was born after Sappho died; and Anacreon was two years old when Sappho was forty-eight. There is, therefore, what the logicians call a violent improbability that any unbecoming relations could have existed between Sappho and either of these distinguished poets; and theirs are the only names specified by the ancient libellers.

As to the charge of ugliness, the testimony of persons who lived many centuries after she was dead and gone is hardly to

be taken, unless corroborated by other evidence. That villain Ovid represents her as short and black; Maximus Tyrius, a tedious writer in the time of the Antonines, says that she was diminutive and swarthy; Bayle calls her, I presume on these authorities, *laide, petite et noire*; Madame Dacier says she was *petite et brune*; and Professor Dalzel, a Scotchman, takes a middle course, and describes her as one "*quæ neque inter pulchras, neque inter deformes, sui sexus, numerari possit.*" I believe it is a general fact that ugly women, if there be any such, set an exaggerated value upon personal beauty. Madame de Staël is said to have declared that she would surrender all her genius and learning in exchange for beauty. Now, applying this precedent inversely to the case of Sappho, there are two lines, quoted by Galen the physician, in which she says:

"Beauty, fair flower, upon the surface lies,  
But worth with beauty e'en in aspect vies";—

from which we may infer that Sappho, being beautiful, set no undue value upon it. Alcæus addresses her as "Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho"; and it would not be easy to make a pleasanter picture than is here suggested in a single graphic line. Plato repeatedly calls her "the beautiful Sappho," and Plutarch and Athenæus adopt this description. There are, besides busts, several portraits of Sappho on coins and gems of her native island,—in all, I believe, six. These are published in Wolf's edition of the Greek Poetesses; and they confirm the hints of Alcæus and the description of Plato. I conclude, on the whole, first, that she did not leap off the Leucadian cliff; secondly, that she was not an immoral woman; and thirdly, that she was a handsome woman; or, at any rate, that she had a fine intellectual brow, the charm of a sweet and amiable countenance, and a brilliant expression of poetic sensibility and dazzling genius, and that she justly commanded the unmeasured admiration of some of the best minds of antiquity.

Her works, like those of the other lyric poets, exist, with two exceptions, only in fragments. But from these slight specimens we can well understand the ground on which her poetical

fame rested. In some, there is a slight touch of convivial gaiety; others breathe a depth of passion, and are touched with a warmth, to which the coldness of Northern natures has but little magnetic affinity. Her style is arch, vivid, flowing. She delineates the softer passions with tenderness and ideal beauty. She clothes her thoughts with incomparable suavity of language. She gathers around them images borrowed from the fairest and brightest objects in creation,—from the stars, the breath of heaven, the musical fall of rain among the branches and the leaves; from the ruddy light of morning, and the gray stillness of evening; from fruits and trees; from the rose, the violet, the primrose, and the lily,—children of Nature, and objects of her fervent sympathy and passionate love.

Achilles Tatius, of the fifth century, gives, in prose, the substance of a little poem of Sappho. “If Zeus had willed to set a king over the flowers, the rose would have been the king of the flowers. It is the ornament of the earth, the glory of the plants, the eye of the flowers, the blush of the meadow, beauty that lightens. It breathes of love, it welcomes Aphrodite, it is plumed with sweetly perfumed leaves, the petal laughs to the zephyr.”

The qualities of Sappho’s mind and heart, as well as the vivid characteristics of her style, are seen distinctly enough in the few brief snatches of her song which time has spared to us. A delicate feeling for quiet Nature breathes in these lines:—

“The stars around the lovely moon  
Their radiant visage hide, as soon  
As she, full-orbed, appears to sight,  
Flooding the earth with her silvery light.”

Her love of intellectual pursuits is expressed in a short passage from an address to some rich and proud Lesbian woman, who had shown her indifference to poetry. It is the only sarcastic passage in all the fragments:—

“In the cold grave where thou shalt lie,  
All memory, too, of thee shall die,  
Who, in this life’s auspicious hours,



Disdain'st Pieria's genial flowers ;  
 And, in the mansions of the dead,  
 With the vile crowd of ghosts, thy shade,  
 While nobler spirits point with scorn,  
 Shall flit neglected and forlorn."

The following lines refer to her daughter : —

"I have a child — a lovely one —  
 In beauty like the golden sun,  
 Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom ;  
 And Cleïs is her name, for whom  
 I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,  
 Would glad resign."

This little dialogue with the rose embodies a graceful sentiment : —

"Sweet rose of May ! sweet rose of May !  
 Whither, ah whither fled away ?

" ROSE.

"What's gone no time can e'er restore ;  
 I come no more, — I come no more."

The following lines, describing a happy and honorable love, speak well for Sappho : —

"Yes, yes, I own it true, —  
 Pleasure's the good that I pursue ;  
 How blest is then my destiny,  
 That I may love and honor too !  
 So bright, so brave a love is that allotted me."

The two poems on which the common idea of her character as a woman and a poetess is chiefly formed are the "Ode to Venus," and the "Ode to a Beloved Object." They doubtless express, in a fervent manner, her apprehension of the passions she so vividly describes ; but I see no ground for giving them the autobiographical application which some critics assign to them. Plutarch compares her heart to a volcano. It is said that one of the Greek physicians found the symptoms of love so accurately described, that he copied the whole second ode into his book of diagnosis, and regulated his prescriptions by it. Longinus, in a different mood, quotes it in his treatise on the Sublime. "Is it not wonderful," says that able and

elegant critic, "how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, color — on all at once she calls — as if frantic and beside herself, and how, with opposite effects and emotions, she freezes, she glows, she raves, she returns to reason, she shakes with terror, she is on the brink of death? It is not a single passion, but a congress of passions." These poems are well known in English literature, in the old and very graceful translation of Ambrose Phillips. I have preferred to delineate her character, as I understand it, from the fragments, which seem to me to have a closer personal bearing. I have dwelt on these details of the life and works of an illustrious woman, because she has shared the fortune of others of her sex, endowed like her with God's richest gifts of intellect and heart, who have been the victims of remorseless calumny for asserting the prerogatives of genius, and daring to compete with men in the struggle for fame and glory.

A long list of Greek poetesses has been preserved, with numerous fragments of their works. Some of their names, however, have proved to be mere epithets. The name of Agacle, which has made some noise in literary history, says an ingenious writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "is no better than an accusative case." An elegant epigrammatist of the Augustan age selects nine, and recognizes their claims to be reckoned as the mortal Muses.

"These the maids of heavenly tongue,  
Reared Pierian cliffs among : —  
Anyte, as Homer strong ;  
Sappho, star of Lesbian song ;  
Erinna ; famous Telesilla ;  
Myro fair ; and fair Praxilla ;  
Corinna, she that sang of yore  
The dreadful shield Athene bore ;  
Myrto sweet ; and Nossis, known  
For tender thought and melting tone ; —  
Framers all of deathless pages,  
Joys that live for endless ages.  
Nine the Muses famed in heaven ;  
And nine to mortals earth has given."

Erinna was the contemporary, friend, and pupil of Sappho. Though not born in Lesbos, she was called the Lesbian, on account of her habitual residence there, having been drawn thither, like many other young persons of genius and enthusiasm, by the attractions of the literary circle that gathered around Sappho. She was a maiden of refined temperament, fervid imagination, and intellect ripened into too early maturity by the excitements of such scenes and such society. Her sensitive nature soon exhausted itself, and she died at the age of eighteen or nineteen; but not until she had written poems which some of the ancient critics placed higher than Sappho's. Her early death is the subject of many touching little poems in the collection of epigrams. The only two lines preserved of her principal poem, which was written in hexameters, breathe a melancholy tone, as if that foreboding which so often seems to cast its shadow over the tremulous sensibility of richly gifted youth modulated her song, without her own consciousness, to a plaintive strain:—

“Soon shall the faint-breathing echo to unseen Hades be floated,  
And with the dead be silence; for darkness pours over the eyelids.”

For the sake of briefly exhibiting the contrast between the Æolian spirit on the Asiatic side and that on the European side of the Ægean Sea, I will mention one or two more poetesses. Corinna of Tanagra was a contemporary and rival of Pindar. She was a poetess of extraordinary vigor, and though she at first censured Myrtis, who had taught Pindar the lyric art, and afterwards beaten him repeatedly in it,—

“Shame and scorn to Myrtis bold!  
She, though cast in female mould,  
Dared to strike the rival lyre,  
And battle wage with Pindar's fire,”—

yet she afterwards changed her mind, and herself gained five lyrical victories over the great Theban. Pausanias, the Greek traveller, in describing his visit to Tanagra, says: “There is a monument of Corinna, the only Tanagrean woman who wrote poetry, in a conspicuous part of the city; and there is a



picture in the gymnasium, in which she is represented with a wreath upon her head, on account of a poetical victory she gained over Pindar in Thebès. She appears to me to have gained it," says the crusty old traveller, "partly by her dialect, since she sang not in the Doric, as Pindar did, but in that which was understood by the Æolians; and partly because, if we may judge by her portrait, she was the most beautiful woman of her age." I am sorry to add that the great Pindar was so little pleased with his defeat, that he very impolitely called her a *sow*. Besides lyrical, she wrote heroic poems, one of which was on the War of the Seven against Thebes.

The character of the Dorians was one of the most remarkable phenomena in ancient history, — remarkable in itself and in its contrasts with the other races. In the great speech of Pericles in Thucydides, he runs a covert comparison between the Athenians, who were the extreme Ionians, and the Spartans, who were exaggerated Dorians. The opposition was so deep and violent, that, in spite of the Hellenic bond of unity, they finally rushed into the Peloponnesian war, which was marked by all the fierceness, revenge, obstinacy, and bloodshed that naturally belong to wars of races. The Dorian had no private life. The moment he was born, he was submitted to a public inspector to decide whether he was worth bringing up. If he did not give proof of a sufficiently vigorous constitution for the hard life the Spartan was called to lead, he was handed over to the tender mercies of the wolves of Mount Taygetus; if he did, to the still sharper discipline of a Spartan education. This education had a grim kind of sociability about it. He lived in the company of his equals in age and station, with whom he sat at table and ate his black broth, not being allowed to take it home where he might have made as many wry faces as he pleased. An Athenian once visited Sparta on some public business. As usual with distinguished strangers, he was entertained at a public banquet. Returning to Athens, and reporting the result of his mission, he added that he now

understood why the Spartans were so ready to remain on the battle-field; for a Spartan death was less formidable than a Spartan dinner. Had the Spartan been asked, what was the chief end of man, his answer would have been, to live as uncomfortably as possible, and to die fighting, spitted by a hostile spear in front. The passion of friendship and respect for the aged were, however, cherished sentiments in the Dorian heart, and throw the light of humanity over Dorian existence. On the other hand, their cruelty to the Helots, their slaves, surpassed the cruelties elsewhere inflicted, whether in ancient or modern times, upon the victims of hideous wrong in that forlorn condition. They held woman in high honor, but not in that chivalrous respect which permits not even the breath of heaven to visit her too roughly. Their sentiment was not gallantry nor romance, nor a poetical appreciation of woman, such as led the knight of the Middle Ages to worship her. The Dorian girl underwent a training nearly as severe as her brother's. Her rights were acknowledged, her opinions respected, and the corresponding duties were exacted. In boxing, wrestling, and warlike exercises, in giving hard blows, whether abroad or at home, the men found the women quite their match, as the nickname they bore at Athens, *Broken-ears*, sufficiently shows.

The effect of this gymnastic training is hinted at in a scene of the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes. The women of Greece have been called to a general convention to take measures for the establishment of peace. On the arrival of Lampito, the delegate from Lacedæmon, she is saluted by Lysistrata:—

“Hail!

Lampito, dearest of Laconian women.

How shines thy beauty, O my sweetest friend!

How fair thy color, full of life thy frame!

Why, thou couldst choke a bull.

“LAMPITO.

“Yes, by the twain;

For I do practise the gymnastic art,

And, leaping, strike my backbone with my heels.

## "LYSISTRATA.

"In sooth, thy bust is lovely to behold."

The Dorians were the quintessence of unreasoning conservatism. The institutions of their ancestors were the height of wisdom, and to change them was impious. They refused to put a new seasoning into their broth, or an additional string to the ancient four-stringed lyre. Old bread, old meat, old iron, old black soup, old fellows, everything old, except old wine, they liked. In his speech, the Dorian was crusty and brief, partly because he had few things to say, and partly because he thought few things worth saying at all. Like the English, he had a great talent for silence. Often, however, when he did speak, there was a deal of meaning in those pithy sentences. He despised the lisping Lesbian and the fluent Ionian, and sometimes a single phrase of his struck dead a whole oration of his eloquent neighbors. To the old-fashioned dialect which his fathers brought down from the mountains he adhered with a religious veneration. The broad *alpha* was as sacred to him as the broad brim of a Quaker hat is to the follower of Penn. The peculiarities of his speech — terse in words, full and broad in sound, short in construction — gave a point to his conversation, scarcely to be represented in another language. Agesilaus the Great, hearing one praise an orator who had the power of magnifying little things, said, "I do not like a shoemaker who puts large shoes on a small foot." Another, hearing a lame Spartan soldier ask for a horse, said, "Friend, dost thou not see that war needs men not to run, but to stand?" The king was once asked to hear a singer who imitated the nightingale. He said, "I have often heard the nightingale herself." Being asked which of the virtues was the better, bravery or justice, he said, "Bravery is useless without justice; but if all men were just, there would be no need of bravery." To an Athenian who said, "We have chased you many a time from the Cephissus," Antalcidas replied, "But we have never chased you from the Eurotas." Eudamidas, seeing Xenocrates the philosopher, already advanced in age, discussing



some subject with his disciples, asked who that old man was. Some one replied, that he was one of the wise men who seek after virtue. "If he is still seeking it," he replied, "when will he find and practise it?" To a fellow who said, while taking a punishment, "I did the wrong without meaning to," a Spartan replied, "Then be flogged without meaning to." Periander, the physician, was distinguished in his profession, but had written some very poor poems. "Why," said a Spartan friend, "do you prefer to be called a bad poet, rather than a good doctor?" Sometimes they showed traces of a higher and more humane philosophy than these pungent sayings indicate. Ariston, hearing a person praise the maxim of Cleomenes, who declared it to be the duty of a good king to benefit his friends and injure his enemies, replied, "How much better, my good sir, to benefit his friends, indeed, but to make friends of his enemies!"

The Doric language was widely spoken. It spread over the Peloponnesus and nearly the whole north of Greece. It occupied the great island of Crete, and the whole southwest of Asia Minor. It was established in Africa, in Sicily, in a great part of Magna Grecia, and in the southeast of Italy. In its literary form it always remained the language of choral composition, whether lyric or tragic, and in its spoken form it continued in its original seats down to the second or third century of the Christian era. The literature of this language was copious, and the architecture which bears the name of Doric was prominent among the Grecian styles; but the Dorians themselves showed little aptitude for letters or arts. Their women sometimes wrote. Telesilla of Argos was famous for her Odes; but more famous for having led out the women to drive back an invading army from the walls. She was honored with a statue, which represented her as looking at a helmet, which she held in her hand, about to place it on her head, while her books lay scattered at her feet. The longest poem known to have been written by a Spartan Dorian consists of three lines. It was called the Trichoria, and was sung at the festival celebrated by old men, youths, and boys.

"OLD MEN.

"Brave youths were we in the days gone by.

"YOUTHS.

"Brave youths are we; if ye doubt, ye may try.

"BOYS.

"Braver youths far than ye, in our day, we shall be."

There is a line of a dancing song, quoted by Lucian, and thus rendered by Mure: —

"Forward! boys, and merrily foot it, and dance it better and better still."

They had many festivals; but the poems for them were generally written by the Greeks of other races. Their war-songs and elegies were for the most part the work of Ionians, in the Ionian language. The proper Doric poetry was generally written by Ionians or Æolians. Such pursuits the Dorians held to be unworthy of a manly and warlike race. Dorian music was composed and Doric edifices were built by artists whom they employed, as they would so many dancing-masters. When a distinguished composer was introduced to a Spartan king as the best harper of the age, the king returned the compliment by introducing his own cook as the best maker of black broth.

It is singular that the very earliest Spartan poet, Aleman, who flourished in the middle of the seventh century B. C., should have been one of the most jovial in all Greek literature. He was, however, an Asiatic by birth, and was brought into Peloponnesus as a slave. His revelling pieces enjoyed a great popularity with the ascetic Spartans, who seem to have seasoned their black broth by trying "to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast." I pass over the fragments in which he celebrates the pleasures of eating and drinking, or describes his favorite dishes, or eulogizes his own amazing appetite, or glories in his title of the all-devouring Alcman, or gives a list of his favorite wines, to quote a piece of natural description, which I think is marked by great beauty of thought, as well as by picturesque expression: —

"Now o'er the drowsy earth still night prevails.  
Calm sleep the mountain-tops and shady dales,  
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens ;  
The wild beasts slumber in their dens,  
The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea  
The countless finny race and monster brood  
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee  
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood  
No more with noisy hum of insect rings ;  
And all the feathered tribe, by gentle sleep subdued,  
Perch in the glade, and hang their drooping wings."



## LECTURE XI.

### PINDAR. — THE GREEK DRAMA. — ÆSCHYLUS.

IN the picture I have endeavored to give of the poetry of Greece during the lyrical age, I have been obliged to omit many names belonging to each of the three races, taking only such as seemed to me to have something more characteristic than the rest. It may have occurred to some to ask, why Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, and, in the estimation of some, the greatest in the world, has not been brought forward among the Dorian lyrists. The reason is, that he is to be regarded as the poet of the nation rather than of a race. He rose to an eminence in the literature of Greece second only to that of Homer himself. Homer was called *the poet*, Sappho *the poetess*, and Pindar *the lyrist*. Chronologically, he was the contemporary of the great dramatists. In early youth he studied at Athens, and ever afterward the relations between him and that city, which he calls the “prop of Hellas, divine city, splendid Athens,” were marked by the interchange of mutual and gracious offices of kindness and regard. After his death, the people, who had often welcomed him with public honors and private hospitalities, commemorated their appreciating love of his genius by raising a statue to his memory, which Pausanias saw there six centuries later. His compositions, in their form and in the mode of their delivery, bore the closest resemblance to the choral parts of the Attic tragedy. Since, then, he was in style the poet of the Greek nation, and since, in time and in the circumstances of his education, as well as in his literary relations, he was connected with Athenian culture, and may be regarded as the most brilliant phenomenon

that heralded in the Attic age, I have decided to give a brief account of him and his works, as an introduction to the Attic drama.

Pindar was a native of Bœotia, born in Thebes, or, according to others, in a small town called Cynocephalæ, in the neighborhood of Thebes, in 522 or 518 B. C. His family was one of the oldest in Thebes, claiming descent from Cadmus. For several generations they had shown a special talent for music and poetry, and had become noted as able performers at the poetical and musical festivals. The profession of the lyric poet, to which hereditary taste and personal inclination destined Pindar from his childhood, required a very elaborate training, not only in the details of poetical composition and the science of metre and rhythm, but in orchestric dancing, or the poetry of motion, and in the whole art of vocal and instrumental music. Not only this, but a familiar acquaintance with the works of the great poets, and with the entire circle of mythical, traditional, and historical lore, was to be studiously acquired. It was for this reason that the father of Pindar sent him to Athens, already fast becoming the chief school and centre of literature. From the instruction of Lasus and his other masters there, he passed to the tuition of his famous countrywomen, Myrtis and Corinna, under whom, especially the latter, he appears to have finished his poetical education.

The earliest of his extant poems was written at the age of twenty. His brilliant genius soon made him known all over Greece. He was held in equal honor at the courts of princes and in the capitals of republican states. He was invited to Syracuse by Hieron, where he remained about four years, the brightest ornament of poetical society. The Rhodians deposited in the temple of the Lindian Athene his seventh Olympian ode, written in golden letters, — a very beautiful composition, in honor of Diagoras, one of their countrymen. Though his usual residence was at Thebes, yet, like other poets of his time, he made frequent journeys to visit the cities and men that vied with one another for his friendship, and to be present

at the panegyrical assemblies and festive celebrations which his verse commemorated and adorned. His character was deeply tinctured with a reverential feeling towards the objects of religious worship, and he was a rigid observer of the forms of ancient piety. He dedicated a shrine or chapel — a *μητρόφον* — to the mother of the gods, near his own house; a statue to Zeus Ammon in Libya; another to Hermes in the Agora at Thebes. He made frequent pilgrimages to the temple of Apollo at Delphi, where Pausanias saw the iron chair on which he sat while chanting the hymns he had composed in honor of the gods. He died at or near the age of eighty. The prime of his life coincides with the great events of the Persian wars. The battles of Marathon and Salamis, in which his contemporary Æschylus fought with distinguished bravery, passed with their great issues before his eyes. But in common with his countrymen, and perhaps, like Goethe, controlled by love for the tranquil pursuits of art, he took no personal part in those high feats of patriotic valor. He seems to have suffered to some extent the common lot of distinguished excellence, from the envy of rivals; but we know little of these personalities, except from a few scornful allusions in his odes: and whatever they were, they failed to obscure in the least the brightness of his fame, after Death, the all-reconciler, had set his seal upon it. The enthusiastic admiration of Greece for him increased as the glory of Thebes gradually vanished into the mists of the past. When Alexander the Great took Thebes, and razed it to the ground, he gave strict orders to his soldiers that no damage should be done to the house where Pindar had lived and died, — an incident beautifully alluded to by Milton in one of his sonnets: —

“Lift not thy spear against the Muses’ bower;  
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground.”

Pindar was not only one of the greatest, but also one of the most copious, writers of ancient times; his works — the pro-



duct of a long, peaceful, and prosperous life exclusively occupied with religious, social, and poetical duties — embracing compositions in all the forms that were current in his day. The only pieces, however, which have come down to us entire are four series of Epinician, or triumphal odes, celebrating victories gained at the four great national games, — the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian, — in the races, athletic exercises, and musical contests, held on those great panegyric occasions. These Panegyreis, or general meetings, are a striking and characteristic feature of the social, political, and literary history of the Greeks. The peculiar style of the Pindaric ode can hardly be illustrated, without touching on some of the main points of this subject.

From before the Homeric age — as we see in passages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* — down to the later literary epochs, feats of bodily strength enjoyed an exaggerated favor, which was noticed and complained of by the deeper-thinking and more philosophical minds among the Attic writers. These were at first exclusively the objects of the games, and always the leading objects, though at later periods contests involving quickness of hand and eye were introduced, then horse and chariot races, and, finally, music, poetry, and eloquence gave a more intellectual cast to these oft-recurring holidays. The Olympian and Pythian games were celebrated at intervals of four years, and the Nemean and Isthmian, at intervals of two. The month in which they were held was sacred. Heralds proclaimed peace, or at least an armistice, throughout the Hellenic world. It was like the “God’s-peace” of the Church in the Middle Ages. States sent deputations, splendidly equipped, consisting of their most illustrious citizens, to represent them. Safe-conduct was granted through every territory to all who were travelling to the sacred spot. Private citizens who possessed any talent for anything sought to distinguish themselves there. Athletes put themselves, and jockeys their horses, in training. The poet burnished up his last ode or epic; the philosopher rounded anew the periods of his latest

discourse on the nature of things ; the artist gave the finishing touch of the pencil or the chisel. Kings and high-born cavaliers put their four-horse chariots in first-rate order. Merchants and pedlers packed up their wares. In short, there was a universal hubbub and commotion. The roads that led to the scene of festivity and strenuous rivalry were crowded with multitudes on foot, on horseback, and in carriages ; and all was life, confusion, jollity, and joy.

The scenes that broke upon the view, as one came in sight of the great world-fair, were well suited to keep up the excitement at fever-heat ; — magnificent temples crowded with worshippers ; statues of the gods, like the Olympian Zeus by Pheidias ; sacred groves, filled with the marble forms of heroes, statesmen, poets, kings, and victors ; ranges of tents, far as the eye could reach ; motley multitudes from every tribe and nation ; the hum of voices innumerable, uttering the nimble eloquence of the Greek tongue, — here a philosopher, like Gorgias, holding forth to a group of wondering disciples, — there, a famous poet or historian, with the glistening eyes of a ring of hearers fixed upon him, — yonder, a bad poet, grasping by the edge of his *himation* the hapless victim who wishes him and his Pindarics the other side of the Styx. By and by the Hellenodicæ — the judges of the games — take their stand, and silence steals over the countless multitude. The chariots are brought to the lists ; the combatants mount ; the trumpet-signal is given, and off they start. The trampling horses, the thundering wheels, the rising dust, a car overturned and broken to pieces, and the charioteer slain, fill up a few breathless moments ; and then Theron of Agrigentum is proclaimed by the loud-voiced herald victor in the chariot-race. The welkin rings with the shouts of the frantic multitude. A procession is formed to bear the happy victor to the altar or temple, with music and song, that he may thank the gods who have crowned him with so much glory. Then the congratulating friends crowd to the *Kômos*, — the grand revel. Homeward hies the victor, feeling like a god. Arrived at his native city, his

exulting countrymen rush out to meet him. They cannot receive him in so commonplace a way as through the city gate. They pull down a furlong or so of the wall which has stood the brunt of a hundred sieges, and drag in through the breach the chariot that bears their parsley-crowned townsman. Another procession, another returning of thanks to the gods, another grand carouse. Meantime a messenger is despatched to Thebes, with Theron's compliments and a handsome present to Pindar, "flower of the Muses," requesting, at his earliest convenience, an Epinician ode. The ode is speedily forthcoming, written, it may be, a month before, with blanks for the names. A grand chorus is put in training; a celebration is held with the whole musical force of the royal band; and it is annually repeated, until some fresher immortality drives it out and takes its place.

Horse-racing, boxing, and wrestling, after all, are not in themselves highly poetical subjects. The pomp and splendor of the scenes, the interest taken in them by states, and the extravagant delight of the people, surrounded them, in ancient Greece, with associations of renown which furnish the point of view for the proper appreciation of the Pindaric ode. It was a great piece of good fortune to the poet when the victor, as was generally the case, happened to be descended from the gods by the male or female line; for this opened the whole brilliant circle of mythical tradition as suggesting collateral or illustrative topics. Perhaps the native city of the victor was founded by Athene or Poseidon; and then these deities are sung. Or if he is descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, then their deeds are marshalled forth to cast their glory upon the more illustrious scion of the ancient stock. Perhaps the victor himself has founded a city, or gained a battle, or gladdened the hearts of guests by princely hospitality; and then the Muse utters her blessings upon his gracious head, predicts eternal fame to the new-built city, or endless songs and carousals around the festive board.

These brief hints will serve to suggest the general character



of the Epinician ode, its style, and the nature of its topics. Pindar was formerly considered the most irregular of the poets. His episodes were thought to be disconnected, and his transitions violent. It was settled that, while the Pindaric ode contained passages of high and daring imagination, and single figures that flashed like diamonds, yet, taken as a whole, it was an incoherent, unintelligible accumulation of lofty-sounding phrases, inexplicable allusions, and immeasurable measures. This is not true. The Pindaric ode is as artistical in its structure as a Greek tragedy. The skill shown in the selection and adaptation of materials, illustrations, and rhythms is the result of the most profound study. But it is true that Pindar's works are made difficult to us by several quite intelligible causes. The condensed and quaint style of the Doric dialect; the wide sweep of his allusions, requiring a minute study of mythology and history in its obscurer portions; the complicated rhythmic and musical character of the compositions themselves, never to be completely appreciated after the entire loss of the notes to which they were sung, — all these surround the study of Pindar with difficulties not easily overcome. And after all, owing to the nature of his subjects, and the peculiar notions of the Greeks upon them, — subjects and a state of things whose interest has completely passed away, — there is less in Pindar than in any other great poet of Greece which addresses itself to the common heart of man. There is a good deal of epic matter on which he freely draws; but he always makes it subordinate to the lyrical spirit. He has many brilliant narratives, but, unlike the composure of the Homeric stories, they move on with a passionate and headlong tread. He often embodies, in lines of wonderful terseness, the loftiest moral truths; and his descriptive passages present in a few graphic touches very fine pictures of the places, persons, or objects described. One or two brief extracts are all that the time will allow; and these, it will be readily conceived, give but a very fragmentary idea of a Pindaric poem, as it appeared to the contemporary world.

## FUTURE PUNISHMENT AND REWARD.

"O'er the good, soft suns the while,  
     Through the mild day, the night serene,  
 Alike with cloudless lustre smile,  
     Tempering all the tranquil scene.  
 Theirs is leisure; vex not they  
 Stubborn soil, or watery way,  
 To wring from toil want's worthless bread;  
 No ills they know, no tears they shed,  
 But with the glorious gods below  
     Ages of peace contented share.  
 Meanwhile the bad, with bitterest woe,  
     Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures bear.  
 All whose steadfast virtue thrice  
     Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,  
 Still unseduced, unstained with vice, —  
     They by Zeus' mysterious road  
 Pass to Chronos' realm of rest,  
 Happy isle that holds the blest,  
 Where sea-born breezes gently blow  
 O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,  
 Which Nature — boon from sea or strand  
     Or goodly tree — profusely showers;  
 Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,  
 And braid their locks with never-fading flowers."

## TO THE SUN UNDER AN ECLIPSE.

"Beam of the sun, Heaven-watcher, thou whose glance  
     Lights far and wide, unveil to me, unveil  
 Thy brow, that once again my eye may hail  
 The lustre of thy cloudless countenance.  
 Surpassing star! Why thus, at noon of day  
     Withdrawing, wouldst thou mar  
 Man's stalwart strength, and bar  
 With dark obstruction wisdom's winding way?  
     Lo! on thy chariot-track  
 Hangs midnight, pitchy black;  
 While thou, from out thine ancient path afar,  
     Hurriest thy belated car.  
 But thee by mightiest Zeus do I implore,  
     O'er Thebes thy fleet steeds' flight

To rein, with presage bright  
 Of plenteousness and peace forevermore.  
 Fountain of Light! O venerated Power!  
     To all of earthly line  
     A wonder and a sign,  
 What terror threatenest thou at this dread hour?  
     Doom of battle dost thou bring;  
     Or cankerous blight, fruit-withering;  
     Or crushing snow-showers' giant weight;  
     Or factions, shatterers of the state;  
         Or breaching seas, poured o'er the plain;  
 Or frost that fettereth land and spring;  
 Or summer dank, whose drenching wing  
     Drops heavily with rain?  
 Such fate, portendeth such, thy gloomy brow?  
     Or deluging beneath the imprisoned deep  
 This earth once more, man's infant race wilt thou  
     Afresh from off the face of Nature sweep?"

From this time forward, Athens concentrates upon herself the chief literary interest, —

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits."

The germ of the city, in the old Pelasgian times, was a stronghold, built on the summit of a rock. In the early Hellenic times, it became, under the semi-mythical Theseus, the head of twelve confederated communities. The Homeric king, Menestheus, had his "well-built palace" there. After the Trojan war, the Attic commonwealth underwent many political changes. Kings were succeeded by Archons for life, then for ten years, then for a year. Then came the essay at a legislative revolution by Draco; next, the triumph of wisdom and common sense in the legislation of Solon; then, the usurpation for half a century, by Peisistratus and his sons; and finally, the infusion of a larger popular element into the government by Cleisthenes, and the rapid rise of Ionian-Attic genius to prosperity, power, and culture, under the favoring auspices of political freedom. Then occurred the Persian invasion; and from the



agitations of that fierce struggle Athens gained her leadership among the Grecian states, and from the ashes of the war-swept city rose in statelier splendor her battlements, altars, temples, statues, and shrines. Poetry, plastic art, political eloquence, took a fresh start in the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles,—in the Athene Promachos, the Olympian Zeus, the friezes of the Parthenon, by Pheidias,—in the great orations of Pericles. The Attic dialect, founded on the old Ionic, had gained in strength and terseness by the habit of political and forensic discussion, while it still retained its flexibility of phrase and construction. It had become the dialect of business-men as well as of the lovers of the beautiful, and the style of poetical composition shared in the general influences under which the language had been modified.

During the period from the sixth to the third century before Christ—the Attic age—the characteristic species of poetry at Athens was the dramatic, in its four forms of tragedy, comedy, satyric drama, and tragicomedy; and the elegant literature of the world is indebted to the great writers of that age for the establishment of the laws of dramatic composition, and for the most exquisite and masterly productions in that department of art. In the representation of the Homeric poems—so dramatic—at the great Panathenaic festival, and in the mimetic delivery of elegiac and lyric poetry, especially of the dithyramb, which was a peculiar combination of lyric elements with a tragic story taken from the legends of Dionysos in whose honor it was composed, the Athenians already had some of the forms and ideas of dramatic poetry; and even the terms *tragedy* and *comedy* were in familiar use at Corinth, Argos, Sicyon, and Megara, long before the proper tragedy and comedy came into existence at Athens. The first step taken in the direction of the drama proper was to diversify the choral representation by the introduction of a narrative, delivered in the style of the old epic recital; the next was the introduction of a second performer to sustain the part of respondent to the first. The former step was taken by Thes-

pis, a strolling player, who stands as the representative of the rudest form of the drama; and the latter by Æschylus, all of whose earlier plays were acted by the dithyrambic chorus and two players. A third actor was added by Sophocles; and here the external form of the dramatic representation reached its completion. Comedy had a similar origin in the jocose festivals of the same deity, and advanced nearly by the same stages, and at the same time, with tragedy. The one presents the dark side of the great world-drama that passes every moment before us; the other reverses the picture, and gives us the humor, the jest, the satire, and the laughter. We see the influence of those old Greek masters in the classical compositions of Corneille and Racine, of Alfieri, of Ferreira, and of Goethe in his *Iphigeneia*; in the Æschylus-like simplicity and grandeur of the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton; in the sweet, sad strain of that most beautiful echo of the classical spirit, — the *Ion* of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd.

The old dithyrambic exhibition was held in some open place, the movements being made round the altar of the god. The earliest dramatic shows, like the pieces of *Rueda* in Spain, required a temporary stage and ranges of seats for the spectators. At length the exigencies of a rapidly perfecting art demanded a permanent structure; and the great Dionysiac theatre was built under the Acropolis, large enough to seat all the free inhabitants of the city, and with a lavish outlay of architectural, sculptural, and scenic decoration, in keeping with the general magnificence of public architecture in the age of its building.

Dramatic representation at Athens was always under the charge of the chief magistrate, and constituted a part of the religious worship. The festivals to which it especially belonged were the two Dionysiac celebrations held in the spring. The chief one lasted eight days, at the most beautiful season, when the capital was crowded with deputies from subject states, and with visitors from every part of the civilized world. The pieces were always offered in competition for the dramatic prize, the rivalry lying between the tribes to which the poets respectively

belonged. They were submitted in the first instance to the archon, and, if approved by him, three actors and a chorus were assigned to the poet, who was required to train them, not only in the dramatic parts and the choral movements, but in the music, and sometimes to play himself. A board of judges was appointed by the archon, whose duty it was to sit through the whole, and then award the prize. As the performances commenced at daylight, and lasted with little intermission all day long for several days together, the office of theatrical judge was far from being a sinecure. The contest being decided, a record was inscribed on a choragic monument, containing the name of the archon of the year, the tribe, the choragus, and the poet; and a celebration was held at the house of some friend of the victor, similar to that I described in speaking of the Olympian games. These monuments, surmounted each by a votive tripod, lined the street that led to the theatre round the corner of the Acropolis; and from the inscriptions on them later writers compiled the annals of the stage.

The theatre was built in the side of the Acropolis. Its size was enormous. It was open to the sky, so that, if a violent storm came up, the performances were interrupted until it had passed. The whole structure consisted of three main divisions,—the *σκηνή*, or stage, the orchestra, and the *θέατρον*, or place for spectators. Behind the stage stood permanent architectural fronts representing palaces. Three entrances led upon the stage; through the central one the actor of the principal part made his appearance. The orchestra, as the name imports, was the place assigned to the choir, where the lyrical parts were sung, and the elaborate dances, like those in the lyrical representations, were performed. The semicircular seats were occupied by the spectators, generally, it would appear, arranged according to tribes. Seats were reserved for magistrates and official personages, and some of the front seats were assigned to foreign ministers, and other distinguished strangers who were invited by decree of the senate to be present. They had a great variety of stage-machinery for the



change of scenes, which was accomplished partly by structures turning on a pivot and suddenly presenting the interior of a room, partly by painted scenery, which was changed during the singing of the choral songs. They had machines for making thunder, and for letting gods and other supernatural persons down upon the stage; also, a stairway, called the Charonian steps, from beneath, for infernal deities and ghosts to come up, very much like the passage by which the Lowell lecturer ascends from the lower regions.

The principles of Greek art required that the player should represent his character, not only in language, sentiment, and act, but in outward appearance. A small and puny player could not personate Achilles; a man with a pug nose could not play Apollo. But as nature does not always accommodate the men best fitted intellectually with the corresponding outward face and figure, the Greek players supplied the deficiency by arraying themselves in stately costumes; heightened their figures by wearing high-soled boots or *cothurni*, expanded themselves by padding their persons, and put on masks elaborately carved to mimic the character or passion intended to be represented. The making of these masks for the tragic and comic poets became an important branch of plastic art. Innumerable representations of them and of costumes are preserved in the pictures of ancient vases and other works of art, published by Gerhard, Panofka, and Wieseler. Julius Pollux enumerates about thirty masks, representing general characters, according to age, sex, rank, disposition, and aspect; as, for instance, the *shaven man*, the *pale man*. The chief hero was generally in the vigor of life, with black, curly hair and beard; and this mask was called the *black man*. The hero of the second class was generally blond, with yellow hair and waving locks; and this mask was the *yellow man*. A gay young fellow, ready for anything, was beardless, brown-complexioned, with luxuriant hair; and this mask was termed the *πάγχρηστος*, or *up-to-any-thing*. Another was the *fiery fellow*, with crisp hair and raised eyebrows. Then there was the *tender gentleman*, with deli-

cate pink color, blond hair, and a soft smile. The *πινυποί* were the *dirty fellows*; the *melancholy gentlemen* were *ὠχροί*, pale-complexioned, with sunken cheeks, and long, straight hair. Of female masks there were the *sad lady*, the sharer in the misfortunes of the prince, the *middle-aged lady*, the *newly married*, the *marriageable maiden*, the *despairing maiden*, with distracted eyeballs and dishevelled hair. These are only specimens selected from the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux, to give a general idea of the study expended by the Athenian dramatists upon the scenic part of the representation.

A large part of the action of a Greek tragedy took place behind the scenes, and was narrated at proper intervals by the actors. This was owing to several causes,—to the original simplicity of the plot, to the Greek ideas of dramatic decorum, and to the practical difficulty the player would have found in performing any very violent feats, stilted, padded, and masked. His action must have been limited to a somewhat stiff and stately tread across the stage, solemn and declamatory recital, and an exaggerated style of gesticulation. The by-play of expression, and the features changing according to the moods of the passion, found no place in the representation, except by the change of mask and costume in the great crises of the principal characters. Thus Œdipus, for example, at the opening of the play, appears surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of royal power; at the close, his glory has departed,—he is a blind and wretched outcast, the victim of his own rash conduct, and of an overruling destiny that visits “the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, to the third and fourth generation.”

Many of the Greek plays were first brought out in three connected pieces, called a *trilogy*, and the series was closed by a fourth,—a farce called a *satyr̄ic drama*, from a chorus of Satyrs. It would appear that sometimes the fourth piece was a tragicomedy, like the *Alcestis* of Euripides. The trilogical form appears to have been an enlargement of the original tragic outline, when the subject, like that of the woes of the house of Agamemnon, running on from generation to gener-

ation, could not be brought within the limits of a single plot, and naturally divided itself into the opening, middle, and conclusion; each, however, being by itself a tragic whole, while it formed only a part of the grander scheme that comprehended and embodied the poet's entire conception. We have only one entire trilogy, the *Oresteia* of Æschylus; but many of the now extant plays belonged originally to trilogies, the other parts of which are lost. This form, however, was not universal. Sophocles, in particular, was accustomed to offer single plays; and indeed this must have been often done, or many of the best subjects would have been entirely excluded.

The expenditures for these costly entertainments were defrayed partly by the treasury, from a fund called the *Theoricon*, or show-fund, and partly by the wealthier members of the several tribes, on whom the duty was laid, in a prescribed order, as one of the burdensome offices due to the state, ranking with the Trierarchy, or furnishing the fleet, and other expensive requisitions, all of which were regulated by law, and were known under the general name of *liturgies*. At first the admission fee was fixed at a drachma, or eighteen cents; then it was reduced to two obols, or about six cents; and the fee was allowed from the treasury to any citizen who desired it. The salaries of the actors also were paid by the state.

The technical divisions of a tragedy are the *prologos*, or the speeches and dialogues, which are delivered on the stage before the first appearance of the chorus; the *parodos*, or anapaestic song delivered by the chorus as they enter, and pass round the *thymele*, or altar, to their position in the centre of the orchestra; the *episodes*, or dialogues between the choral songs; the *stasima*, or choral songs chanted in the course of the action, in varying rhythms, and with music artfully adapted to the feelings intended to be expressed; and the *exodos*, or the part which follows the last stasimon, and closes the play. The divisions made by the choral songs correspond somewhat to the acts of the Roman and the modern drama.

The chorus, in the Attic drama, has been a stumbling-block



to many. I do not see why it is any more unnatural than the music between the acts of a modern play. It is only fair, in judging of its propriety, to place ourselves in the Greek point of view. The chorus was the form of entertainment out of which the drama sprang, or rather on which it was engrafted; and though the acted dialogue rapidly became the most important element, still the choral songs continued to have a vital connection with the action, and to form a very essential part of the piece. The chorus is most prominent in *Æschylus*; in *Sophocles*, subordinate; in *Euripides*, more nearly independent, but in all, indispensable. Schlegel's idea, that the chorus was intended to represent the idealized spectator, is too narrow and theoretical. Sometimes it does this, by embodying religious feelings and ethical ideas naturally growing out of the action, and therefore naturally springing up in the heart of the spectator. At other times, as in the opening of the *Agamemnon*, it draws into the circle of the piece, and presents or recalls to the audience, incidents remotely connected with the catastrophe, and far-off springs of action, which have in reality, though not apparently, set in motion the events of the drama. This subtle employment of the chorus was a convenient resource for the poet, on account of the narrow limits within which the proper dramatic action was required to move. Moreover, the chorus was sometimes arranged so as to present a picturesque group to the eye, while the ear was filled with poetry and music, and thus to entertain the audience while the stage was preparing for new scenes and the actors were changing their masks and costumes.

It will be readily imagined that, under circumstances so favorable for stimulating talent, and with such a public demand each year for new dramatic pieces of every kind, the productiveness of Athenian genius was immense during the culminating period of Athenian culture. Upon a moderate computation, it has been estimated that the number of tragedies existing at its close, written by about a hundred and fifty poets, was more than fifteen hundred, and that of comedies, written

by about a hundred and five poets, not far from nineteen hundred. Of all these, there are preserved only seven of *Æschylus*, seven of *Sophocles*, nineteen of *Euripides* (namely, seventeen tragedies, one tragicomedy, and one satyric drama), and eleven of *Aristophanes*.

The sources from which the materials of tragedy were drawn were wholly national, — the legends and traditions of the mythical ages, the fates and fortunes of the great half-historical families before the Trojan war, and those of the heroes in the Trojan war or their immediate descendants. Recent events were rarely dramatized. *Herodotus* relates that *Phrynichus* made the fall of *Miletus* the subject of a tragedy, which threw the audience into such convulsions of grief that they fined him a thousand drachmæ, or nearly two hundred dollars, for having exhibited so painful a picture of the recent calamities of their countrymen. *Æschylus*, in one of his extant pieces, dramatized the overwhelming defeat of the Persians, in which he had taken so large and brave a part. Besides these sources, they had a long and many-colored national existence to look back upon; they had the epic and elegiac literature, embodying in the most exquisite forms the genius of the great poets who had preceded them; they had the wisdom of life recorded in the condensed sayings of the early sages; and with all these, they wrought into their dramatic compositions, not only the political ideas under which they lived, but the general truths of morality and religion, of personal accountability, and a judgment to come, modified, however, by individual experience and belief, and by peculiarities of individual character, in a manner singularly striking and impressive, often with a solemnity of style hardly surpassed by the Hebrew Prophets and the author of the Book of Job.

Although the dramatic period has a much longer extent, the last recorded comic exhibition, by *Poseidippus*, having been in 250 B. C., and the last tragic, by *Theodectes*, in 334, yet the greatest works belong to the age which includes the lives of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. *Æschylus* was born,

probably, in 525 B. C., and died in 456; Sophocles was born in 495, and died in 405; Euripides was born in 480, and died in 406. Sophocles, therefore, survived Euripides one year, and Æschylus fifty-one years; and from the birth of Æschylus to the death of Sophocles was a hundred and twenty years; that is, the flourishing period of Greek tragedy was less than a century, beginning soon after the close of the Persian wars, lasting through the Athenian supremacy, and continuing, with scarcely diminished splendor, through the disastrous scenes of the Peloponnesian war, and then, shorn of its former magnificence, through the Macedonian supremacy.

The public expenditures at Athens, during this age, on the works of art with which the city was crowded, were enormous, and excite the astonishment of the student. How did the government obtain the means for this costly embellishment of the capital, and for this comprehensive patronage of literature? They had a carefully adjusted financial system, consisting of rents, taxes on every kind of property, fees, custom-duties, and especially tribute from the confederate states, — the most productive source of their revenue. This system was established soon after the close of the Persian war, for the purpose of supplying a permanent fund for naval and military forces against Persia, whose power was still an object of terror to the Greeks. The proportion was assessed by Aristeides the Just; the temple of Apollo, in Delos, was fixed upon as the treasury, and the place of meeting for the allied states; and the administrators of the funds were Athenians, appointed by the Athenian government. At first the annual amount was four hundred and sixty talents a year, or not more than half a million of dollars. Pericles, by a *coup d'état* like that known in our political history as the Removal of the Deposits, transferred the treasury from Delos to Athens; and from this time the Athenians assumed its entire control, and expended the money for the exclusive benefit of their city. The amount of the tribute in the time of Pericles was raised to six hundred talents, and finally to twelve hundred, or nearly a million and a half of dollars.



This, added to the other sources of revenue, made an immense income, considering the high value of money and the cheapness of living in those times. The lavish expenditure on the various festivals, of which the Dionysiac was one of the chief, inspired the people of Athens with an insatiable love of amusement, which often fatally interfered with the public service. This is the theme of many an indignant remonstrance in the great orations of Demosthenes. In one of his Philippics he exclaims: "The Panathenæa, the Dionysia, are always celebrated at the proper time,—festivals on which you expend more money than on any naval enterprise, and for which you make such preparations as were never heard of elsewhere; but when you send out a fleet, it always arrives too late." And Plutarch makes a Lacedæmonian say, that "The Athenians erred greatly in making serious matters of trifles,—in expending upon the theatre sums sufficient for the equipment of large fleets, and for the maintenance of great armies. For if it were calculated what sum each play cost the Athenians, it would be found that they had spent more treasure upon the Bacchai, the Phœnissai, the Œdipoi and Antigoni, and the woes of Medea and Electra, than upon wars undertaken for empire and for freedom against the barbarians."

The character of Æschylus was grave and earnest. He belonged to a distinguished eupatrid family, probably descended from Codrus, the last Athenian king. From his earliest youth he was accustomed to witness the solemn spectacles of the Eleusinian Mysteries, into which he was, at the proper age, initiated; and the severe and ascetic doctrines of Pythagoras formed a part of his intellectual and moral training. His imagination had been excited by the pomp of the Dionysiac worship, the plays of Phrynichus, and the lyric glow of the dithyrambs chanted by the chorus in stately dance about the altar of the god. One day, when he was employed in watching the vines in the field, he fell asleep while musing over these things; and Dionysos, appearing to him in a vision, com-

manded him to "write tragedy." As soon as he reached the legal age, he obeyed what he regarded as a divine injunction. But the times were crowded with excitements more stirring than the contests of rival tragedians. The capture of Miletus, in 494, was a forewarning to the Greeks of the designs of Persia upon Hellas herself. Æschylus did not remain behind in the brave muster. He and his gallant brothers, Ameinias and Cynægeirus, were in the battles of Marathon, Artemisium, and Salamis; and all three were conspicuous for their achievements on those illustrious days. In 484 B. C., he gained his first tragic victory. In the course of the next fifteen or sixteen years he won the prize twelve times more. But in 468 Sophocles gained the victory over the old poet, whom he doubtless surpassed in polish of style and in mastery of all the resources of tragic art. The taste of the times began to change, and the lofty tone of the Marathonian days and the austere spirit of the old hero-poet were less pleasing to the more fastidious race. For this, and for other causes not well known, Æschylus banished himself from his native land, and resorted to the splendid court of Hieron, king of Syracuse. It was after this that he composed the great trilogy, the *Oresteia*, containing the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoroi*, and the *Eumenides*; and it would seem that he must have returned to Athens to superintend its representation, since he gained the victory with it in 458 B. C. In one of the parts, the *Eumenides*, he aimed to sustain the authority of the Areopagus against the innovating spirit of the times, but without success. He lived about three years after this, and died at Gela in Sicily, in 456 B. C.

The subject of this trilogy is the fate of the house of Agamemnon, the leader of the Grecian host against Troy. Out of the thirty-one extant Greek tragedies, thirteen are upon the histories of two royal houses,—that of *Œdipus* in Thebes, and that of the *Atreidæ* at Argos. The race of the *Atreidæ* traced their origin back to the gods. From generation to generation, the house had been stained with crime and blood. The *Thyestean* banquet, in the generation before the Trojan war, finished the

climax of horrors, which should call down the awful vengeance of the gods. Meantime the warlike brothers had married into another family doomed to affright the world by its surpassing wickedness. Helen, the wife of Menelaus, causes the Trojan war. The Trojan war draws Agamemnon from his home, and so gives opportunity to Ægisthus, the son of the guilty but wronged Thyestes, to lay his schemes at leisure for the ruin of his hereditary enemy. The evil spirit of Clytemnestra is easily wrought upon by the arts of Ægisthus; and the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, to appease the wrath of Artemis, by which the fleet has long been detained at Aulis, supplies to her already perverted mind a fearful motive for the murder of her husband on his return from Troy. This is plotted between her and her paramour Ægisthus, who has stolen into the place of the royal lord of the palace. The first part of the trilogy contains the return of Agamemnon, his reception with feigned excess of joy by the fiend, his wife, his murder in the bath, and the establishment of the blood-stained and adulterous pair on the throne of Argos. But the shedding of blood must be atoned for, and the dread duty of vengeance falls on him who is nearest of kin to the murdered man. Now comes the struggle — severer than the conflict in Hamlet's breast — in the heart of Orestes. An overpowering sense of the retribution due to the shade of his foully slaughtered father subdues the “compunctious visitings of nature,” — he returns, and slays the slayers on the very scene of their crime. Says the chorus:

“Wont hath been and shall be ever,  
That when purple gouts bedash  
The guilty ground, then *blood doth blood*  
*Demand, and blood for blood shall flow.*  
Fury to Havoc cries; and Havoc,  
The tainted track of blood pursuing,  
From age to age works woe.”

In the short and terrible dialogue between Clytemnestra and her son, she exclaims at last:

“Thou wilt not kill me, son?”



ORESTES.

I kill thee not. Thyself dost kill thyself.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Beware thy mother's anger-whetted hounds.

ORESTES.

My father's hounds have hunted me to thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The stone that sepulchres the dead art thou,  
And I, the tear on it.

ORESTES.

Cease ; I voyaged here  
With a fair breeze ; my father's murder brought me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah me ! I nursed a serpent on my breast.

ORESTES.

Thou hadst a prophet in thy dream last night ;  
And since thou kill'dst the man thou shouldst have spared,  
The man that now should spare thee can but kill."

But the revulsion speedily follows. Even over the bodies of the guilty wretches, Orestes, after justifying the deed, says :

"Let grief prevail. I grieve  
Our crimes, our woes, our generation doomed,  
Our tearful trophies, blazoned with a curse."

He feels the horrors of blood, — the silently approaching footsteps of the dread avengers of a mother killed. He must flee to Delphi, to seek the protection of the god who "charmed him to this daring point" ; —

"For I must flee  
This kindred blood, and hie me where the god  
Forespoke me refuge. Once again I call  
On you, and Argive men of every time,  
To witness my great griefs. I go an exile  
From this dear soil. Living or dead, I leave  
These words, the one sad memory of my name."

The Furies appear, and he flees ; and here ends the second

part of the trilogy. The third part, the *Eumenides*, opens with a scene of supplication in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. The action is thence transferred to the Areopagus, — the most venerable court of Athens, before which came cases of bloodshed for their solemn sentence. The seat of the worship of the dread goddesses was hard by the Hill of Mars, where they were established in the final reconciliation to which the trial of Orestes leads.

“Go, with honor crowned and glory,  
Of hoary Night the daughters hoary,  
To your destined hall.  
Where our sacred train is wending,  
Stand, ye pious throngs attending,  
Hushed in silence all.  
Go to hallowed habitations,  
Neath Ogygian earth’s foundations.  
In that darksome hall,  
Sacrifice and supplication  
Shall not fail. In adoration  
Silent, worship all.”

In the second and third parts, there are scenes of awe and terror, which almost make the hair stand on end; but the subject — the atonement for sin, and the reconciliation of man with offended Deity — is too vast for human solution. The point of interest is that, in that age, a poet should so have anticipated the problem which lies at the very heart of Christianity. The first play, the *Agamemnon*, comes more within the range of human sympathies. Its idea of fate is identical with the law of retribution, whereby crime begets crime, and by the fixed decree of eternal justice the child keeps up the succession of guilt, and falls under the condemnation of the gods. The character of Clytemnestra is the most terrible and masterly conception of the poet. She has been often compared to Shakespeare’s *Lady Macbeth*; and there is some resemblance, but only in one or two points, especially in the unrelenting purpose to slay. Clytemnestra is a character of much more depth and complication, — a combination of fiend-

ish qualities, whose darkness is not relieved, but only made more visible, by the lurid light of her motherly remembrance of her slaughtered Iphigeneia. The art with which she cheats her husband by simulated joy for his return; the devilish irony which, with an amazing power and subtilty of expression, the poet weaves into her words of welcome; the fierce gladness with which she throws off the mask, and revels in the voluptuousness of revenge; the exquisite effect of the beautiful description of Iphigeneia by the chorus, in the midst of sacrificial horrors; the fine contrast between the tender sorrow in the house of Menelaus, after the flight of Helen, and the bloody consequences to which that flight led; the most tragical situation of Cassandra, gifted with the art of divination, but denied the power to make her prophetic ravings intelligible to others, — advancing to the fatal palace-door, within which her foreboding soul beholds the preparations for her own and Agamemnon's slaying, while phantoms of the murdered children of Thyestes haunt the gory house, seen by her alone; the band of Furies clutching with the grasp of death the race foredoomed to such awful expiation; the choral odes, from the beginning filled with dark forebodings which will not depart at the bidding, — the darkness slowly and surely deepening until suddenly the glare of murder clears it up, — these are some of the points which make the Agamemnon so extraordinary a tragedy. I close with a few striking extracts.

## IPHIGENEIA.

" Her piteous cries to a father's ear,  
 Her spotless maidenhood,  
 And youthful charms, at naught  
 They set, — chiefs war-athirst;  
 And, the prayer o'er, that father dear  
 Bespake the priestly rout,  
 All downcast as she lay, to lift her high,  
 Raised like a kid, on the altar-stone to die.

Then pouring o'er the plain her golden blood,  
 Fair as a pictured maid, in beauty's prime,



She pierced each sacrificer's heart  
 With pity's keenest dart,  
 Shot from her sadly supplicating eye,  
 Striving to speak as, oft at banquets high,  
 In the great chambers of her father's hall,  
 She poured her voice."

#### THE HERALD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPEST.

"Fire and the sea, sworn enemies of old,  
 Made friendly league to sweep the Achaian host  
 With swift destruction pitiless. Forth rushed  
 The tyrannous Thracian blasts, and wave chased wave  
 Fierce 'neath the starless night, and ship on ship  
 Struck clashing; beak on butting beak was driven,  
 The puffing blast, the beat of boiling billows,  
 The whirling gulf, an evil pilot, wrapt them  
 In sightless death. And when the brilliant sun  
 Shone forth again, we saw the Ægean tide  
 Strewn with the purple blossoms of the dead  
 And wrecks of shattered ships."

#### SPEECH OF CLYTEMNESTRA OVER THE BODY OF AGAMEMNON

"I spoke to you before; and what I spoke  
 Suited the time; nor shames me now to speak  
 Mine own refutation. For how shall we entrap  
 Our foe, our seeming friend, in helpless ruin,  
 Save that we fence him round with nets too high  
 For his o'erleaping? What I did, I did  
 Not with a random, inconsiderate blow,  
 But from old hate, and with maturing time.  
 Here, where I struck, I take my rooted stand  
 Upon the finished deed,—the blow so given,  
 And with wise forethought so by me devised,  
 That flight was hopeless, and to ward it vain.  
 With many-folding net, as fish are caught,  
 I drew the lines about him, mantled round  
 With bountiful destruction; twice I struck him,  
 And twice he groaning fell, with limbs diffused  
 Upon the ground; and as he fell, I gave  
 The third blow, sealing him a votive gift  
 To gloomy Hades, saviour of the dead.  
 And thus he spouted forth his angry soul,

Bubbling a bitter stream of frothy slaughter,  
And with the dark drops of the gory dew  
Bedashed me ; I delighted nothing less  
Than is the flowery calix, full surcharged  
With fruity promise, when Jove's welkin down  
Distils the rainy blessing. Men of Argos,  
Rejoice with me in this, or if ye will not,  
Then do I boast alone. If e'er 't were meet  
To pour libations to the dead, he hath them  
In justest measure. By most righteous doom,  
Who drugged the cup with curses to the brim,  
Himself hath drunk damnation to the dregs."

## LECTURE XII

EURIPIDES. — SOPHOCLES. — ARISTOPHANES.

THE three great tragic poets of Athens were singularly connected together by the battle of Salamis. Æschylus, in the heroic vigor of his life, fought there; Euripides, whose parents had fled from Athens on the approach of the Persians, was born in Salamis, probably on the day of the battle; and Sophocles, a beautiful boy of fifteen or sixteen, danced to the choral song of Simonides, in which the victory was celebrated. These three great poets, so singularly brought together, differed in style of thought and in literary manner, as if the several relations they bore to the Persian struggle had exerted a moulding influence upon their characters. Æschylus is always grave and lofty, with something of a Marathonian tread in his tragic cothurnus. He never forgets that he is a soldier; and in the inscription written by him for his own tomb he speaks of his military exploits, but says nothing of his tragic victories.

Sophocles carries the rhythmical movement, in which he first appears to us, through his whole life. Elegance, proportion, finished art, are the characteristics of the man and the poet; but within these limits he shows an orderly force and even sublimity of genius. The pomp, the poetry, and the triumphs of the war, and the glory accruing to Athens from her brave and generous part in the strife, have dwelt upon and haunted his mind; but he shares not the deep enthusiasm which lifted the older poet sometimes beyond the comprehension, and often beyond the sympathies, of his audience.

Euripides, again, born in the midst of war's alarms, knew nothing about them until they were over, and the ordinary



tone of thought and feeling had resumed its sway. Philosophical speculation, more than the inspiration of national glory, or even than the sense of the beautiful and the love of art, occupies his mind. He is accused of having lowered the character of tragedy from the stately heights at which it had been kept by *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*; of having interwoven in its web the glittering threads of a pernicious sophistry; of having set aside the rigid laws of construction; of having loosened the connection between the choral and the dramatic part of his tragedies; and of having degraded the artistical, compact, and richly-wrought Greek tongue by a fluent, sometimes eloquent, but often merely loquacious rhetoric, borrowed from the tawdry compositions of the sophists. There is some truth in these accusations; but their real grounds were greatly exaggerated by the malicious parody of *Aristophanes*, whose humorous attacks have too much influenced some of the modern schools of criticism. His abatement of the lofty bearing of tragedy brought it more within the common apprehension; his eloquence pleased the nimble fancy of the Athenians; his pithy observations on common life, and even the argumentative tilts of his characters, where, dramatically considered, they are wholly out of place, were not displeasing to the disputatious mob that flocked to the *Dionysiac* theatre; and so it has happened, owing to this greater popularity among the multitude, that more of his pieces have come down to us than of both the others together, and among them the only specimens of a tragic-comedy and of a satyric drama that we possess. Some of his plays are planned and executed with as much art, and are informed with as deep a tragic power, as those of *Sophocles*. Several of his characters, especially *Medea* and *Alcestis*, — the former a powerful representation of the jealousy, madness, revenge, and crime of a bold and passionate woman, whose love has been lavished on an unworthy object and then scornfully flung away for a new tie, and the other, the sweetest and most delicate conception of disinterested, self-sacrificing affection, — are among the first of poetical creations. *Alcestis* is a being in

whom all thought of self is merged in an absorbing love of those to whom she is bound by the tenderest ties; and the scenes between her and her husband for whom she is about to lay down her life, when she comes abroad to look for the last time on the light of heaven, furnish, in their pathos and beauty, a perfect contrast to the stormy agitations of Medea, while both together illustrate the variety of the poet's powers.

As I shall not recur to Euripides except by allusion, and as this is the only tragicomedy remaining in Greek dramatic literature, I will occupy a few moments with some remarks upon it, and one or two brief extracts. It is the legend of King Admetus, who, by the decree of fate, could be saved from death only by the voluntary death of another. His friends naturally decline; even his father and mother think themselves quite as well entitled to what remains of life as he is. It is without his knowledge that Alcestis devotes herself; and this takes away something from our contempt for the man who, under any circumstances, will let another die in his place. With the pathetic scenes the poet has singularly blended grotesque passages, in which the drunken and gluttonous Hercules fills the house of mourning, to which he has come unaware of what is about to happen, with clamorous shouts for more drink, reproaches the servants for their lugubrious looks, and finally, when he is told that Alcestis is dying, marches off to dispute the possession of her soul with Death, gains the victory, and restores her to her sorrowing husband. In reading the play, as has been justly remarked by President Woolsey, we are reminded of Shakespeare's *Hermione*, and the grouping of the characters at the winding up is strikingly similar to the tableau at the close of "*The Winter's Tale*."

A few lines from the parting speeches, in that scene so full of tender beauty, will give some idea of the tragic portion of the piece.

"ALCESTIS.

O let me go! O lay me down to die!

My feet are tottering, death is pressing on;

Dark night already o'er my eyelids creeps.

My children ! see, your mother is no more.  
 Farewell, my children, take my last farewell,  
 And live rejoicing in the light of day."

Here is part of the farewell of Admetus : —

"I pray the gods to grant a father's joy  
 In these my children, since I have no more  
 The dear delight thy gentle presence gave ;  
 And I shall mourn thee, not one year alone,  
 But every day my lingering life holds out.  
 . . . . .  
 For thou hast saved me, yielding for my life  
 All that was dearest. Must I not then mourn  
 My sad bereavement of a wife like thee ?  
 Yes ! cease the festal throng, the social scene ;  
 No more the wreath, and music's dulcet strain,  
 In these lone halls where they but lately reigned .  
 For I can never touch the lyre again,  
 Nor lift my spirit to the Libyan lute,  
 Since thou art gone, and joy is fled with thee.  
 . . . . .  
 And in my dreams oft coming, thou wilt cheer  
 My saddened spirit, while my senses sleep ;  
 For e'en in shadowy visions of the night  
 'T is sweet to see the loved one stand before us,  
 Though swiftly flits the well-known form away.  
 If Orpheus's voice and wondrous song were mine,  
 That, Ceres' daughter and her mighty lord  
 Subduing by the magic of my strain,  
 I might from Hades bring thee to the day,  
 I would descend ; and neither Pluto's dog,  
 Nor Charon at the oar, the guide of ghosts,  
 Should hold me, ere I sped thee back to life.  
 But since I may not, wait my coming there  
 When I shall die ; and have a home prepared,  
 That we may dwell together in that world ;  
 For I will bid them lay my breathless corse  
 In the same cedar, side by side with thee ;  
 For I will not be sundered, e'en in death,  
 From thee, who hast alone been faithful to me."

To illustrate a little more in detail the form and character of the Attic tragedy, I go back to Sophocles, who holds the highest



rank as a dramatic artist, though perhaps in original power a little inferior to Æschylus. The greatest of his works are the three plays on the fates of the house of Œdipus. They embody his powerful conception of destiny. In the first, the plot is the most artfully contrived of all the Greek tragedies; events following one another with breathless rapidity, and leading to the inevitable catastrophe which casts Œdipus down from his kingly state, an unconscious and self-convicted parricide. The second ends with the mournful and mysterious death of the dethroned, blind, and wretched Œdipus, who has sought the grove and shrine of the Eumenides, — the very spot that witnessed the close of the great Æschylean trilogy, — to die within its hallowed precincts, unseen by mortal eye, and thus to bring about the great solution of Destiny by death. The third carries on the tragic story of the house, the civil war between the sons of Œdipus, their mutual slaughter, and the punishment of Antigone for burying the corpse of her brother Polyneices, the invader of Thebes, against the prohibition of Creon, who has succeeded to the throne. And here occurs the memorable collision between a sacred duty, founded on natural instincts and hallowed by antique usage, with the presumed binding sanction of the law of God written on the heart, on the one side, and the edicts of power, on the other. Both are pushed to extremes, and double destruction is the consequence. So the problem presented itself, in its tragic complication, to one of the wisest minds of antiquity. But the conflict gives occasion to noble and poetic scenes. I will read one, where Antigone, detected by the king's guard, is brought into his presence.

“CREON.

Thee, thee, with earthward-bending look, I ask, —  
Dost thou confess or dost deny the deed?

ANTIGONE.

I do confess it; I deny it not.

CREON.

Thou mayst betake thyself where'er thou wilt,  
Free from all peril of this heavy charge.

But thou, tell briefly, not with many words,  
If thou didst know it had been heralded,  
That none should bury Polyneices' corse.

ANTIGONE.

I knew — how not? — for 't was proclaimed to all.

CREON.

How didst thou dare, then, to transgress the law?

ANTIGONE.

It was not Zeus that uttered this decree,  
Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below, —  
Gods who ordained these burial rites for man.  
Nor did I think thy will such power possessed  
That thou, a mortal, couldst o'errule the laws,  
Unwritten and immovable, of God;  
For they are not of now or yesterday,  
But ever live, and none their coming knows;  
Nor would I, through the fear of human pride  
For breaking them, be punished by the gods.  
For I know well that I must die — how not? —  
Without thy loud proclaim; and if before  
My time I die, I think it gain to die.  
For how can one whose life is circled round  
With woes like mine, not think it gain to die?  
No grief I feel for such a doom as this;  
But had I left my mother's child to lie  
Unhonored and unburied on the plain —  
Ay, *that* were grief; — I sorrow not for *this*;  
And if so doing I am thought a fool,  
He is the fool who dares to think me so."

Passing over these three great plays, — which in subject and connection might form a trilogy, but do not, having been written at different periods of the poet's life, — I will ask your attention to a somewhat more detailed account of a single piece, the subject of which is taken from the Trojan war, — the *Ajax*, or *Aias*.

This hero holds a prominent place in the chivalry of the *Iliad*. Born in Salamis, his story was connected with the early legends of Attica, and one of the ten tribes was called

by his name. In the Trojan war, his strength and daring placed him next to Achilles himself; his prowess was, on many occasions, the bulwark of the Greeks. But he had a fatal defect of character, — an overweening confidence in himself. When warned by his father Telamon to undertake nothing without the help of the gods, he gave an arrogant and scornful reply, and drew down upon himself the heavy wrath of the higher divinities, especially of Athene. Herein lies the far-off motive power, which slowly brings on the catastrophe, though the hero is descended from Zeus himself. During the siege, he captures and destroys the city of Teleutas, a Phrygian prince, whose daughter Tecmessa, according to the customs of the age, is assigned to him as his prize, and becomes his wife. They have a son, named Eurysaces. After the taking of Troy, — consequently at a later stage of the Ilian story than the close of the Iliad, — Achilles, according to his mother's prediction, is slain. A fierce struggle follows between the Greeks and Trojans for the dead body, which at last is borne away by Aias, while Odysseus keeps the pursuing Trojans at bay. The divine arms of the fallen hero are claimed by Aias and Odysseus, and are finally awarded to the latter. This disappointment strikes so deeply the proud and self-exaggerating spirit of Aias, that, in his thirst for vengeance, he goes forth at midnight to break into the tents of the Atreidæ and slay them. Athene suddenly smites him with frenzy, and in his delusion he falls, sword in hand, upon the flocks and herds, killing some with their keepers, and leading others bound to his tent. Two of these he mistakes for his enemies; he cuts off the head of one, and, lashing the other to a pillar, scourges him; all the while loading them both with bitter revilings. When he comes to his senses, and sees what he has done, shame and the sense of lost honor drive him to despair, and he kills himself.

This is the story as given by Homer and the Cyclic poets. The Attic tragedian here has for his hero a man brave and generous, connected as an *eponymus* with the early legends



of Athens, and so appealing to the pride of the nation; yet in thought and act showing that overbearing insolence on which the wrath of Heaven falls, leading to fierce, vindictive passion, madness, and dishonor which can be washed out only in his own blood. On the other hand, the character of Tecmessa — drawn by the poet with that delicate beauty which so distinguishes his creations — sheds a lovely but mournful light over the tragic horrors, and gives a natural occasion for situations of great tenderness and pathos. Of a similar general tone are the feelings excited by the sorrows of Teucer, the half-brother of Aias, his friend in arms, his second self, standing by him in peace and war, and watching over him in death after the heroic fashion. Again, contrasted with these, we have his hated and successful rival Odysseus, — so hated that even in Hades, in that solemn passage of the Odyssey where his visit to the souls of the departed is described with such gloomy colors, the soul of Aias, meeting his living enemy, strides in silent wrath away.

“Naught answered he, but sullen joined  
His fellow-ghosts.”

The subordinate characters, at least so far as this action is concerned, are Agamemnon and Menelaus, the generals of the host, who resolve to wreak a mean but characteristic vengeance upon Aias, by refusing to his body the honor of burial rites. For the chorus, there are the Salaminian sailors, who have followed Aias as their leader to Troy; who revere him as their prince, glory in his renown, grieve in his sorrows, and suffer in his shame. To an Athenian, whatever of dishonor had befallen the hero was removed by his death; and the bestowal of funeral honors vindicated his fame, and appeased his shade.

The whole scheme of an ancient tragedy was very simple; but much care and art were required to adjust the parts. The characters were to be so arranged and balanced that they could be distributed between the Protagonistes, the Deuteragonistes, and the Tritagonistes. In many of the pieces there is an evi-

dent attempt to make the divisions of the dialogue correspond to each other, like the strophes and antistrophes of the chorus. This is shown particularly in those parts called *stichomythic* or line-for-line dialogues, responding like the alternate strokes of hammers on the anvil. Shakespeare, who so often and so wonderfully resembles the Attic tragedians in sentiment, imagery, and condensed force of expression, — being the most classic of dramatists, because the highest in genius and the truest to man and nature, — has this peculiarity or mannerism, not at all from imitation, but from an instinctive seizing upon the same means to work out a similar effect; as in the dialogue between King Richard and Queen Elizabeth, in *Richard III.*, Act IV. Scene 4.

In the *Aias*, the parts are distributed thus: —

I. The *Protagonistes* plays *Aias* and *Teucer*.

II. The *Deuteragonistes* plays *Odysseus*, *Tecmessa*, and *Menelaus*.

III. The *Tritagonistes* plays *Athene*, *Agamemnon*, and the *Messenger*.

There are also mute figures, as *Eurysaces*; attendants, &c.

The scene is laid on the Trojan shore, with the ships and tents on one side, along the extended beach; on the other side, hills and a grove, — these represented at either end of the stage by means of theatrical machinery and scene-painting. The play opens early in the morning after the hero's insane act, near his tent. The prologos is a conversation between *Athene* and *Odysseus*, whom she discovers endeavoring to track the perpetrator of the outrage. *Aias*, from within his tent, takes part towards the conclusion. Then follows the parodos, or entrance of the chorus, chanting in anapæsts, as they advance, a lament for the condition of *Aias*; the wail passes into a choral strophe, antistrophe, and epode; then ensues a lyrical dialogue between the chorus and *Tecmessa*, — changing gradually into iambics, — in which she relates the actions and describes the state of *Aias*, who now appears and gives utterance to his despair, hinting at his resolution to kill himself. *Tecmessa*

implores him, by every tender argument which the loving heart of woman can suggest, to relinquish his dreadful purpose. This is followed by a dialogue between Aias and Tecmessa, the pathetic effect of which is heightened by the presence of their child. The chorus now chant a song, in which the memory of distant Salamis, and of friends and home, is introduced with natural beauty. This is interrupted by a speech of Aias, in which he uses the craft of one bent on suicide to make them believe that he has abandoned the purpose of self-destruction. Here occurs a beautiful passage, in which, while declaring his change of feeling, he describes the universal vicissitude of things:—

“For snow-piled winter yields to fruitful summer;  
The orb of melancholy night retires  
For Dawn, with steeds of white, her blaze to kindle;  
The blast of dreadful winds hath hushed to rest  
The groaning sea; and all-subduing Sleep  
Loosens his chain, nor always holds in thrall.”

Hearing this, the chorus break into a strain of frantic joy, in rhythms expressive of exuberant emotion. At this moment a messenger arrives announcing the return of Teucer, who has been absent on a hunt among the Mysian hills. Hearing what has taken place, he consults Calchas, the soothsayer of the army, and learns from him that the crisis of danger has come, and that, if Aias pass this day unscathed, the anger of the goddess will cease. He sends word to the attendants to restrain him from leaving his tent, but too late. He has stolen forth, under pretence of offering sacrifice, and purifying himself from the gore in the running stream, but in reality to seek a spot where, unseen of men, he may end his life with the sword given him, in a chivalrous exchange of presents, by his foeman Hector. In haste and terror they fly to search for him.

The scene now changes, and presents on one side a forest, just within the edge of which Aias is seen, having firmly set the sword, on which he is about to fall, in the ground. At this moment he utters the soliloquy, as celebrated on the Athenian



stage as that of Hamlet on the English. An actor named Timotheus is mentioned, who was particularly famous for the effective manner in which he delivered this speech. From this circumstance he was called the killer, ὁ σφαγεύς, the title by which Aias addresses his sword. Aias falls, and immediately afterward the semi-chorus appears with Tecmessa, having searched in vain east and west. Suddenly a shriek is heard from the neighboring thicket; Tecmessa has found the body of her lord, transpierced, but still warm and freshly bleeding. A wailing dialogue follows, filled with horror and despair. Teucer, arriving upon the startling scene too late, expresses the anguish of his heart in a speech of singular tragic pathos and power.

Here, according to modern ideas, the tragedy would probably have ended. But to the Grecian mind other thoughts, of deeper interest than life itself, thoughts of burial rites and funeral honors, temper the anguish of the hour. The religious and ethical feeling of the Greek passes on to the funeral pile and the commemorative tomb; and the highest interest is still to come. The contest now lies between the holy duties to the dead and the vengeance of the outraged chiefs, who would fain cast the body of their mortal enemy forth to the dogs and birds. The firmness of Teucer, who declares his unshaken purpose to bury his brother, and the relenting of Odysseus, who shows a chivalrous respect for his dead antagonist, overcome the ferocious will of Agamemnon. The tumult, the passions, the frenzy and despair, roused by the events, and crowding the scenes of the piece, are, by the beautiful and harmonizing law of Grecian art and ethics, calmed down by the all-composing rites of burial, in the midst of the preparations for which the action finishes, and the chorus move off with an appropriate anapæstic strain, which closes the whole.

I will conclude this analysis by reading two passages, to which I have already referred, which I shall give in a measure corresponding to the Greek, that is, in twelve-syllable blank verse, and line for line. The first is the address of Tecmessa

to Aias. Its tone and expression show how closely the poet studied the great master of nature, Homer; for the interview between Hector and Andromache was most manifestly in his mind, though the dramatic handling of the whole scene is quite original. The object of the speech, as I have before said, is to dissuade Aias from executing his suicidal purpose.

“Good my lord Aias, than the slave’s enforced lot,  
 There is no greater ill befalls the race of man.  
 I from a free-born father drew the breath of life,  
 Mighty in wealth as any Phrygian of them all;  
 But now I am a slave; for so the gods decreed,  
 And chiefly thy right arm; and therefore ever since  
 Thy love I shared, my every thought is thine alone.  
 I do beseech thee, by the hearth-protector Zeus,  
 And by the wedlock thou hast interchanged with me,  
 Consent thou not that I the bitter taunt receive  
 From foes of thine, to some o’ermastering hand a prey;  
 For shouldst thou die, and dying leave me all forlorn,  
 Be sure that I too, then and on that selfsame day,  
 Forcefully seized and borne away by Argive men,  
 Shall eat the bread of slavery with thy infant son,  
 And some proud master shall the bitter speech address,  
 Wounding my soul with words: ‘Behold the wedded fere  
 Of Aias, him who was the mightiest of the host!  
 What servitudes, for how great envied bliss, she bears!’  
 Thus shall they say; and me shall Fortune’s spite pursue,—  
 Shameful to thee the tale, foul scorn to all thy race.  
 But reverence thou thy father, nor desert his age  
 So full of sorrow; and thy mother reverence,  
 Of many years inheritor, who oftentimes  
 The gods implores that living thou mayest home return;  
 And pity, good my lord, thy son, sith he, deprived  
 Of childhood’s nurture, of thy tender cares bereft,  
 By cruel guardians shall be harried, all distraught.  
 How great the woe thy death to him and me bequeathes!  
 To me there’s naught remains, whereto my eyes may turn,  
 Save thee; for thou with sword didst waste my natal earth.  
 My mother and my father—him who gave my being life—  
 Another fate hath borne to dwellings of the dead.  
 What native land, then, can I have henceforth but thee?  
 What wealth but thee? In thee my all of safety lies.

Of me too hold remembrance; for it well becomes  
 To keep the memory fresh of sweets that one hath had,  
 Sith kindness kindness doth beget forevermore;  
 But he from whom the memory swiftly flows away  
 Of joys that once were his, no noble strain can boast."

The next extract is the soliloquy of Aias after having set the sword in the ground.

"Here stands the slayer, pointing where the sharpest edge  
 May reach the heart, had one the leisure to observe, —  
 The gift of Hector, him of foreign men to me  
 Abhorred most, and hatefullest to look upon.  
 'Tis firmly fixed, here in the hostile earth of Troy,  
 Its edge new-sharpened by the steel-devouring stone.  
 Myself have set it deep, and strongly guarded round, —  
 Kindest of friends, and bringer of my speedy death.  
 So am I furnished well. This fairly done I pray, —  
 Thou first, O Zeus, — for so it doth beseem, — give help;  
 Nor great the boon I supplicate thee to bestow.  
 Send me a messenger, the evil news to bear  
 To Teucer, that he first may lift my stiffened corse,  
 When fallen transfixed upon the freshly dripping sword,  
 That I may not, by prying foeman's glance espied,  
 Be hurled in scorn, outcast, to dogs and birds a prey.  
 So much, O Zeus, I thee implore, and with thee call  
 Hermes, the guide of souls below, to give me rest,  
 When through my side the sword's keen point hath broke its way,  
 With one quick spring, and not a struggle afterwards.  
 The ever-virgin helpers, too, I here invoke,  
 Who aye are watchful of the woes of mortal men, —  
 The awful Furies, swift to hunt the guilty soul.  
 See how, ill-starred, I perish by vile Atreus' sons.  
 Come, O ye swift avengers, O Erinnyes,  
 Revel on them, nor spare one man of all the host.  
 And thou, O sun, careering up the steep of heaven,  
 When, looking down, thou shalt my fatherland behold,  
 Checking thy golden-studded rein, my doom rehearse  
 To the old man, my father, and my mother lorn.  
 Sure when the sad one shall the mournful tidings hear,  
 Her wailing voice will send its moans through all the town.  
 But vain this grief, and idle all these tears and cries, —  
 Quick must the deed be done, nor longer brooks delay.



O death, O death, be present, look upon me *here*,  
And *here* I 'll meet thee, — there accost with friendly hail.  
Thee too, O instant beam of fair and glorious day,  
And yonder charioteer, the sun-god, I salute  
Now for the last time, and henceforth nevermore.  
O light; O sacred soil of my dear native land  
Of Salamis; O home and hearth of household gods,  
O famous Athens, O beloved and kindred race;  
Ye fountains and ye rivers and fair fields of Troy, —  
All I salute, my fosterers, all I bid farewell.  
This the last word that Aias speaks to you on earth;  
The rest be told to them that dwell in Hades' realm."

Comedy flourished in Athens in the same age with tragedy. It connected itself also with a Dionysiac festival, celebrated in the spring, but a little earlier than the tragic contests; though it would seem that, sometimes at least, comedies were enacted during the same festival and on the same stage with tragedies. The germ of all comedy, like the germ of tragedy, lies in the common nature of man; but, as I have before remarked, it unfolds itself prominently in literature only when society has formed intricate relations, and when oddities and humors of individual character are multiplied. In the simpler stages of society, the love of the ludicrous is coarse. The refinement of natural feeling, as displayed in the earnest, enthusiastic outflows of the heart and the imagination, seems almost independent of artificial culture; but without culture, wit degenerates into rude impertinence, satire into personality, jest into indecency and scurrility. There is great danger, even in the most polished age, that the brute in man will take advantage of these weapons to work out its base and bestial ends. Satire is the least valuable, the least pleasing form of literature, as a whole. We would readily give up all the satires of Horace and Juvenal, of Boileau, Pope, and Swift, for one of the lost tragedies of Sophocles, or a choral composition of Simonides. There was never a satire written that had not more wrong than right; more ill-temper than just judgment; that did not condemn its author more than its subject. Something of this applies to the

comic drama. By the necessity of its nature, it deals in burlesque, exaggeration, delineations that contain more or less of falsehood. We must be cautious how we judge of society or of individuals from the representations of the comic stage. If we believe its stories, we shall come to the unhappy conclusion that virtue, honor, and sanctity have fled the earth. It always aims to make strong points, to strike hard hits, to raise the laugh of the pit. On the other hand, in those works of the comic theatre, and of satirical and comic literature, in which wit is tempered by good taste and a genial temper,—in some of the plays of Aristophanes, most of Molière's, the greater part of Shakespeare's comedies, the writings of Lucian, Cervantes, Addison, Sheridan, Washington Irving, Dickens, Holmes,—wit and humor season literature as delightfully as they do conversation and life.

It is not surprising that a people so voluble in speech and so quick-witted as the Athenians should early have hit upon every form of satire, burlesque, humor, parody, and fun; nor that their literature should have abounded in the richest combinations of these provocatives to laughter. Yet the Megareans, of the Doric race, claimed the invention of comedy; and several of its early cultivators were not native Athenians. Epicharmus, Cratinus, and Eupolis were the most important among the predecessors of Aristophanes. They made the first experiments, settled the principles of the art, moulded the rhythms and style, and so prepared the way for the master, who was to surpass them all, and to carry this branch of dramatic composition to its highest perfection. The precise dates of this poet's birth and death are not known. By collating the facts of his dramatic career, his birth has been placed approximately in 444 B. C.; and his last recorded appearance as a dramatist was in 388. Thus he was the contemporary of the greatest tragic poets, and the greatest philosophers, historians, and artists, that ever flourished at Athens. Most of his pieces were written within the period of the Peloponnesian war; and some of them have direct reference to the state of things which that

hideous strife of mutual hatred and jealousy brought about. The corruption of public and private morals in Greece at this epoch gave the amplest scope to the spirit of travesty and satire. The prevalent philosophical speculations, especially those of the Ionian school, — some leading directly to pantheism, others to atheism, and all to the formation of secret creeds adverse to the popular mythology, — constituted another element in the agitation of the times. A class of scholars, or teachers, called by the general name of Sophists, but embracing every variety of philosophical and ethical view, had long been travelling over Greece, and discoursing to such hearers as they could find and as could pay them well for their lessons. Among them unquestionably were some men of ability and honor; but, generally speaking, if we may judge by the manner in which Plato holds them up to ridicule and reprobation in his incomparable Dialogues, they were a set of word-snapping quibblers, who, however, were prodigious favorites with the talkative and disputatious Athenians, — men who proved that right was wrong and wrong right, and that there was neither wrong nor right; that knowing one thing is knowing everything, and that there is no such thing as knowing anything at all; that speaking is the same as silence, and neither is anything; that you have no father; that your father is a dog, and that horses, pigs, and crabs belong to the same family-circle with yourself; that as the beautiful exists by the presence of beauty, so a man becomes an ass by the presence of an ass; and so on, ringing myriads of changes, like the fools in Shakespeare, upon these quirks of word-jugglery. The danger of such trifling appeared when the same worthless slang was applied to moral and political questions; and this sophistry, before contemptible, combined with a showy rhetoric to undermine the principles of eternal justice, on which alone the state may repose in safety, and of eternal morality, the only steadfast hope for the character of individual man. Here then was a lawful subject for the handling of the comic stage.

Another aim of Attic comedy was to amuse by a witty trav-



esty of the tragic poets. The same audience that were dissolved in tears one day by the spectacle of heroic sufferings the next day were thrown into convulsions of laughter at the sight of the same illustrious personages placed in the most ludicrous situations. There is also a running fire of single sharp allusions to well-known passages or persons, which an Attic audience readily took. Thus a market-man addresses a fine Copaic eel in a strain of affection, parodied from the speech of Admetus to Alcestis : —

“ For I will never, even after death,  
Be parted from thee, — dressed with leaves of beet.”

An ambassador apologizes for his long detention in Thrace by a snow-storm that buried the country many feet deep, — brought on by a tragedy of Theognis, a frigid poet of the time.

Again, political events, such as those of the Peloponnesian war, and magnificent projects of universal empire, like that which drove the Athenians out of their senses at the time of the Sicilian expedition, were brought upon the stage in the most amusing manner, and often with more effect than followed the political discussions in the Ecclesia. Grand schemes of revolution and reform, of annexation and reannexation, and wild speculations of any and every kind, which were constantly coming to the surface of the seething caldron of Athenian life, were dramatized with infinite wit and unsparing ridicule. Public men were brought upon the stage by name; and the actors, by the aid of portrait-masks and costumes imitated from the dresses actually worn, represented in the most minute particulars the personages themselves. Socrates, whose strange person and grotesque manners offered irresistible temptations to the wits of the comic stage, is said to have been present when he was brought out in the play of “The Clouds,” and to have stood up before the audience with imperturbable good humor, that they might compare the original with the mimic semblance on the stage. From this brief account, it will be seen that a large part of the function of the comic theatre consisted in discussing dramatically, and with all the liveliness that

wit and sarcasm could lend, and all the force that party-passion inspired, the measures and men that occupied the public attention for the moment. Objectionable as its tone frequently became, coarse, ribald, and libellous as the less scrupulous writers generally were, they scarcely descended to such a depth of falsehood and slander as is reached by the worst specimens of the political press, under similar circumstances, in free countries. Finally, any miscellaneous subject by which the Demos could be amused—even ridicule of the Demos itself—was very good-humoredly allowed by that admirable impersonation of the humors, passions, faults, and follies of the Athenian populace.

These are the principal features of the old comedy, to which all the plays of Aristophanes, except one, belong. The middle comedy comes a little later, when it was forbidden by law to introduce individuals by name; but in other respects it resembles the old. The new comedy was a still later modification, not dealing with individuals, but, like modern comedy, inventing general characters to represent classes, and gathering its materials from the observation of contemporary life and manners.

The remaining plays of Aristophanes are quite sufficient to show his unrivalled talent in his art, the copiousness of his invention, the brilliancy of his wit, the vigor of his imagination, and the singular boldness with which he grappled with the most formidable demagogues of his time. There was no more accomplished master than he of the Greek language, in its lyric sweetness and grandeur, in its infinite capability of rhythmical variations, in its graphic delineations, in its lofty eloquence, in its abusive slang, in its flashing fancies, as well as in burlesque, parody, pun, and alliteration, in its philosophical jargon and its patriotic cant. Sometimes he reminds us of the extravagant whimsicality of Rabelais; sometimes, of the quiet humor of Lucian; again, of the sharp and indecent satire of Swift; again, of the wit of Molière, who, to be sure, borrowed many of his best things from him; still oftener, of the splendid versatility of poetical genius, the absolute command over all the felicities

of language, the plastic adaptation of rhythm to the breathless succession of thought, displayed by Goethe in his *Faust*. The philosophers and sophists are handled in "The Clouds." The aristocratic and plebeian demagogues are lashed with infinite and impartial humor in "The Knights," where the high-born equestrians deprive Cleon, the leather-dresser, of the favor of the Demos, by setting up the claims of Agoracritos, the sausage-seller.

The pretensions of the rival tragedians are wittily set forth in "The Frogs." Bacchus, the god of the drama, goes down to Hades to bring up Euripides. On his way across the Acheronian lake he is saluted by a chorus of frogs, from which the play takes its name. In the lower world he finds Euripides, claiming the tragic throne, which has been held by Æschylus. Pluto, in a puzzle, begs Bacchus to decide. The two poets sing and declaim specimens of their art. At last a balance is brought, to weigh their verses against each other. The verse of Æschylus instantly sends up the scale of Euripides. Out of patience, Æschylus tells Euripides to get in himself with all his works, his wife and children, and Cephisophon into the bargain, against only two of his lines. Bacchus decides for Æschylus, who places Sophocles on the throne, *ad interim*. The following is a part of the dialogue between Charon, Bacchus, and the chorus:—

CHARON.

Thou shalt no longer trifle, but stand firm,  
And row with might and main.

BACCHUS.

How then can I,  
Unskilled in naval Salaminian tactics,  
Handle the oar?

CHARON.

Most easily; for thou,  
When once thou 'st struck, wilt hear the sweetest strains.

BACCHUS.

From whom?

CHARON.

From frogs, swanlike and wondrous melody.



BACCHUS.

Give out the signal then.

CHARON.

Oop op, Oop op.

CHORUS.

Brekekekex, koax, koax,  
Brekekekex, koax, koax.  
Ye marshy children of the lake,  
Let us of social hymns awake  
The tuneful sounding strain,  
Koax, koax."

In "The Peace," "The Lysistrata," and "The Acharnians," Aristophanes deals many hard hits at the Peloponnesian war. In "The Wasps," the passion for litigation — so strong a trait of the Athenian character — is admirably ridiculed. Racine's "Les Plaideurs" is taken from this. The Thesmophoriazousæ is devoted to the most remorseless ridicule of Euripides.

In the comedy of "The Birds," the Athenian system of universal annexation and intervention in the affairs of other nations is satirized by the establishment of a commonwealth of birds, which reduces all mankind to terms by controlling the rain, and brings the gods to terms by cutting off the sacrifices. The gods, reduced to absolute starvation, send an embassy to *Nephe lococcygia*, or Cuckoocloudland, consisting of Hercules, Neptune, and a barbarian deity of the Triballi. The archon of the feathered commonwealth lays down his ultimatum, that Jupiter shall surrender his sceptre and give him his favorite *Basileia*, or *royalty*, to wife. At first the ambassadors refuse these terms as unreasonable and extravagant; but Hercules, who is always represented as a gourmand, snuffing the odors of the kitchen, immediately begins to relent. He begs the archon to tell him what the entertainment is which is going forward. The archon replies: "O, it is only a few birds who, being found guilty of resisting the democratic birds, have been hauled over the coals, and are roasting." Hercules can stand it no longer, and votes at once to ratify the treaty.

The speculations of the philosophers, too, are here amusingly hit off; especially in the Parabasis spoken by the birds after their claim to supreme dominion is made out.

“Ye children of man, whose life is a span,  
 Protracted with sorrow from day to day,  
 Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,  
 Sickly calamitous creatures of clay !  
 Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,  
 Immortal, illustrious lords of the air,  
 Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,  
 Your struggles of misery, labor, and care,—  
 Whence you may learn and clearly discern  
 Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn,  
 Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,  
 A profound speculation about the creation,  
 And organical life and chaotical strife,  
 With various notions of heavenly motions,  
 And rivers, and oceans, and valleys, and mountains,  
 And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,  
 And stars in the sky. We propose by and by,  
 If you ’ll listen and hear, to make it all clear ;  
 And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,  
 When his doubts are explained and scattered at once.”

Then they give their theory of the world.

I have time, in the present Lecture, to sketch only one more of these pieces. I select it especially because it relates to a class of ideas which is commonly supposed to belong exclusively to modern times ; and I beg you to remember, as I read extracts from the comedy, that it was brought out more than twenty-two hundred years ago. In the play called the *Ecclesiazousæ*, or *Women in Congress Assembled*, is represented a conspiracy of the women to usurp the government for the purpose of reforming the state. Questions of this kind occupied the most philosophical minds from Protagoras to Plato. The rights of women were in some sort recognized by the Dorians and Æolians, so far as participation in the arts and in education went. It would appear that Aspasia, the left-handed wife of the great Pericles, introduced certain enlarged views into Athe-

nian society from the saloons of that statesman. She had a great deal to do with the direction of public affairs, and is said to have polished the eloquent periods of her husband's orations. From the topics discussed by her and her followers, the bolder spirits, in the course of time, began to question the justice of excluding women from political influence. And it must be admitted that the legal disabilities under which they labored at Athens were neither few nor small. They had no rights of property except through the representative character of a "next friend"; they had no voice in answering the most important personal question ever put to a woman; they had neither the privilege, as we in our vanity think it, of saying *yes*, nor the pleasure, as they in their wickedness think it, of saying *no*. This state of things must have often vexed the female philosophers and politicians, who seem after the Peloponnesian war to have made Athens the head-quarters of their speculations. These discussions form the subject of the play, which comprehends all the schemes of communism that had ever suggested themselves to the teeming brains of the ancients. The piece was brought out in the midst of the vexatious warfare in Asia Minor, at a time when, doubtless, the female world-reformers were particularly active. It dates about 392 B. C., and is the last of the author's pieces belonging to the old comedy.

There were in Athens, as in every civilized community, some gentleman-like women and about an equal number of lady-like men. One of the former, a strong-minded female, Praxagora by name, who formerly lived near enough to the Pnyx to overhear the eloquent debates, is seized with an intense desire to become a politician, and to harangue the assembly on the welfare of the state. To bring this about, she forms a party among the women, to steal their husband's garments early in the morning, to put on false beards, and, hurrying to the assembly, to pass a decree to transfer the reins of government to their own sex. As the constitution of Athens was at this time ultra-democratic, allowing universal suffrage *sans scrutin*, no practical difficulty lay in the way of this *coup*



*d'état*, except the want of practice in debate, and the habit of swearing certain feminine oaths, as by Aphrodite, Hera, and the like. This is all got over in a preliminary caucus, held at midnight. In this meeting, before declaiming their speeches, they apologize for being a little behind the time. The husband of one had supped on sprats, and had a fit of indigestion which made him cough all night; the husband of another had returned late, and it was but a few minutes ago that she had an opportunity to filch his suit; another has brought her woollen work, that she may make clothes for the children, and hear too. Praxagora instantly rebukes this last, and orders her to throw her work aside. They proceed with their discussion; but every one, until it comes to Praxagora's turn, blunders by appealing to the goddesses, or addressing the assembly as ladies. At last the leader of the plot speaks in a strain of eloquence that commands the admiration of all present, showing up the maladministration of the men and the superior qualifications of the women; and as a logical conclusion comes to the proposal,

“ That we the men resign the helm of state,  
 Asking no idle questions, as, ‘ What course  
 Of policy will they pursue ? ’ but simply  
 Investing them at once with sovereign power.  
 For their good conduct, be our guaranty  
 Naught else save this, that, being mothers, they  
 Will seek their children’s good ; for who more anxious  
 Than the fond parent to protect her nursling ?  
 Then for the ways and means, say who are more skilled  
 Than women ? They too are such arch deceivers,  
 That when in power they ne’er will be deceived.  
 More needs not ; only follow this good counsel,  
 And soon ye ’ll see the Athenian state will flourish.

FIRST WOMAN.

The very cream of speaking, my Praxagora ;  
 Prythee impart the source of all this wisdom.

PRAXAGORA.

What time within the walls, from dread of war,  
 We refuge sought, I and my husband lodged

Hard by the Pnyx ; then I oft heard the speakers,  
And from a list'ner have turned orator."

Praxagora is appointed mouthpiece and leader on the spot, and they adjourn.

While their husbands still sleep, they proceed to the assembly disguised in "bloomers," and pass the revolutionary decree. Meantime the men begin to bestir themselves. The wardrobe of an Athenian citizen at this period of national depression was not overstocked with spare garments, and they find themselves in a somewhat embarrassing predicament. However, there is no help for it, and, slipping on the dresses of their wives, they open their doors and peer cautiously up and down the streets, to see if the coast is clear. Blepyrus, the husband of Praxagora, is first seen emerging, in a pair of high-heeled woman's boots, and a short bright-yellow petticoat, uttering a soliloquy, not very complimentary to that "gadding jade," his wife. Another citizen in similar plight comes down the street, and, seeing his unfortunate friend, asks :

"Who's this? not surely neighbor Blepyrus?  
By Zeus, but 't is in very sooth the man;  
Prythee, what means this yellow that I see?"

BLEPYRUS.

I've just come out of doors with my wife's kirtle  
Of saffron die, she mostly wears herself."

While they are discussing their singular condition, and wondering what it all means, another citizen, Chremes, drops in from the assembly. He is apparently a bachelor, for he has just returned from the Pnyx without comprehending the revolution, and is surprised by the extraordinary appearance of Blepyrus.

"CHREMES.

What dost thou? why this woman's garb art wearing?

BLEPYRUS.

Why, in the dark I took what I could find.  
But whence came you?"

He tells him that he has seen at the assembly

“a mighty mob of fellows  
Greater than ever crowded to the Pnyx,  
Whom we that saw them likened unto cobblers.  
Nor this alone; 't was wonderful to see  
How multitudinously white the assembly was.  
So I and many others lost our fees.”

Chremes gives a comical account of the manner in which the popular orators were hustled out when they undertook to oppose the proceedings. The men, especially Blepyrus, were abused by a “comely youth,” who proves in the sequel to be his own wife, and finally a decree was passed

“t' invest  
The women with the powers of government;  
For in the many changes which our state  
Has undergone, this only is untried.”

The law is carried into effect. Praxagora is made President, and, at the demand of her constituents, proceeds to define her position by laying down what we call a platform. The principal doctrines are, community of goods; the abolition of the family relation; all children to be considered the children of the state; no more courts or jails; the halls of justice to be converted into feasting saloons for the great social community. Blepyrus listens with astonishment to the long series of reforms, so nimbly rattled off by his wife. He throws in, here and there, a sly objection; but she has some ingenious salvo to meet every case, so that, when she plumply puts to him the question,

“These specimens how like you of our skill in legislation?”

he is obliged to confess,

“Unqualified applause do they deserve, and approbation.”

The President issues her edicts with as much promptness and energy as the President of the French Republic. All the citizens, except one, obey. He grumbles at the requisition, refuses to put his property into the common stock, but yet insists



on having his share with the rest. The streets are filled with people bringing pots, kettles, and every kind of household stuff, to the public stores of the community, and busily discussing the new measures on the way. As all are to be on an equality in everything, the rights of the old and ugly in matters of the heart are provided for by an edict. A young gentleman, on the way to visit the maiden he loves, is claimed by three old ladies in succession, each uglier than the other, and each therefore asserting a prior right to his attentions. He is seized by two, and a third comes to the rescue. Seeing her, he exclaims:—

“Ye Pans, Corybantes, Castor, and Castor’s twin brother,  
What shape meets my view? a hag worse than the other!  
By all that is hideous in earth or in air,  
Thy name, race, and purpose, dread phantom, declare!  
Art some ape, daubed with paint, and tricked out for a show,  
Or a beldam sent up from the regions below?”

He resists, and appeals to the gods in the most pathetic manner:—

“Now, by Zeus the Preserver, who ever beheld  
A wight more ill-fated than I, thus compelled  
To remain at the mercy of two ugly crones,  
Who are nothing at all but parchment and bones?”

But his struggles are vain; he is in the hands of the law, and is dragged away, singing as he departs his own funeral dirge.

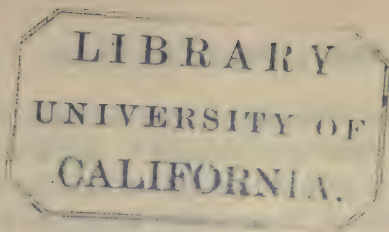
Preparations are immediately made to inaugurate the reformation by a grand banquet. The citizens are all invited; in the most comprehensive hospitality, the half-tipsy maid-servant, who officiates as the President’s herald, extends the invitation to the board of dramatic judges, and to all spectators of the piece; and the play closes with a change of scene, bringing to view a superb dining-room, with tables running its whole length, crowded with the members of the regenerated society, before whom a feast is spread, described in a single word, but that word ten or a dozen lines long, compounded, or rather agglu-

minated, from the names of all the dishes on the table, and thus representing a sort of gastronomic solidarity.

“Limpets, oysters, pickled fish,  
And of skates a dish;  
Lamprey-eels, with the remains  
Of sauce-piquante, and birds’ brains,  
With honey so luscious,  
Plump blackbirds and thrushes;  
Cocks’ combs and ring-doves,  
Which the epicure loves;  
Wood-pigeons blue,  
Juicy snipes too,  
And partridge-wings fine,  
And rabbits in wine.”

The invitation is accepted, the reform is in the full tide of successful experiment, and so we leave the jolly company to make a night of it.

Such are some of the features of the ancient comic drama. The Athenian Republic we might almost fancy to have changed places with the North American. We seem to be present at a masquerade of the ages. We follow familiar forms through the crowd of fantastic figures; the mask is raised, and in this strange disguise we recognize a face that we have encountered in our daily walks. The next moment the visor drops; the phantom flits away, and the vision of the past is supplanted by the realities of the present.



## LECTURE XIII.

THE LATER GREEK DRAMA. — DECLINE OF LETTERS. — THE ALEXANDRIAN PERIOD. — THE BYZANTINE PERIOD. — MODERN GREEK POETRY.

THE dramatic writings of the great tragedians and of Aristophanes the comedian are the only entire representatives of the Attic drama which we possess. All together they contain a body of poetry but little more in mass than the works of Shakespeare, whose genius, in its grandeur, versatility, and beauty, in its power of seeing into the heart of man and representing human life in all its earnest, solemn, and terrible forms, as well as in its light, humorous, ludicrous, and burlesque aspects, seems to comprehend in one what in Athens was divided among many; just as he often brings into the same piece dramatic elements which, under the more rigid laws of Hellenic taste, were regarded as incongruous and as belonging to different forms of the art. Shakespeare is the best commentator on the Grecian dramatists, and they should always be read in connection, — the reader bearing in mind, however, the distinction between the occasion, purpose, aim, and end of the Greek drama, the circumstances of its representation, the limitations of its structure, and its intimate relations with religion and the state or the entire body of the people, and the widely different outward condition of the drama in Queen Elizabeth's time. Shakespeare, when we make these distinctions and allowances, is infinitely the most classical, so far as I know the dramatic literature of recent times, of all modern writers for the stage. The classical French tragedy of Corneille and Racine is written in more express imitation of the Attic, especially in the rigid observance of the unities of time, place, and action, which



the Athenians, like Shakespeare, often set aside, when the higher unity of the poetic spirit required it. But it seems to me that those illustrious poets do not come so near the true classical tone as Shakespeare, because they do not stand so near to Nature, who is always classical, — because they do not paint the passions and unfold the tragic ideas which lie at the basis of all genuine dramatic representation with a directness and force equal to his. At the same time, I am far from assenting to the justice of Schlegel's severe condemnation of the old classical tragedy of France. Having recently studied it afresh, after a long interval, and for the purpose of comparison, I have been impressed with a sense of its power, such as in my more youthful studies escaped me; and I have been led to distrust the soundness of Schlegel's judgment.

The classical pieces of Alfieri, short as they fall of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, will stand a fair comparison with *Euripides*; his "Alceste" is, in many points, a finer drama than its Grecian prototype; and he has handled the tragic fortunes of the house of *Agamemnon* with great force of style and depth of insight. The modern classical drama — I mean the express imitation of the ancient — ought, indeed, to be judged chiefly by making *Euripides* the term of comparison. But, I repeat it, taking the whole Attic drama together, — the grandeur of conception, the profound views of man's destiny, the terrors of retribution for crime, the terse expression of the results of experience and of the deepest truths of intuitive philosophy, the force, loftiness, and exquisite rhythm of language, — Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians are each other's best expounders.

The comedy of the Athenians took a wider flight than that of any modern nation. *Molière* well illustrates the merely witty, humorous, and satirical element; but in breadth of view, in lyrical spirit, in patriotic aim, in infinite and unsating variety, a comparison between him and *Aristophanes* cannot be sustained for a moment. The French comedy, for the last fifteen or twenty years, in fineness of expression, in directness of political and social allusion, and in general bearing upon the

manners, circumstances, and characters of the contemporary world, — especially in the works of authors of the first class, like Scribe, — affords an excellent parallel to the Athenian comic stage; but in the higher poetical qualities the parallel ceases.

A singular feature in the history of the ancient drama was the continuance of the dramatic art in the same families, sometimes for three generations. The poet, like the great artists of modern Italy, surrounded himself with disciples who learned from him the principles and the practice of his art; and it so happened, in the case of all those whom I have mentioned, that the mantle of their genius fell upon their descendants, who also inherited their unfinished and unrepresented works. The contemporaries of the great masters were doubtless men of genius, since their dramas often gained the victory over those of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; but we are justified in inferring, from the destruction of all their works, that the plays we possess of these three poets contain, in fair measure, the best productions of the tragic stage. *Æschylus* left a son, *Euphoriion*, and two nephews, *Philocles* and *Astydamas*, who were all distinguished tragic poets; the last having brought out, after the Peloponnesian war, two hundred and forty pieces, and gained the victory fifteen times. *Sophocles* left a son, *Iophon*, distinguished in the lifetime of his father, and a grandson, the younger *Sophocles*, who was the rival of *Astydamas*, and gained the prize twelve times. There was also a younger *Euripides*, nephew of the great tragedian, who was a very successful author. Two sons of *Aristophanes* followed their father on the comic stage. Thus dramatic literature was long sustained at Athens after its most illustrious writers had passed away. Yet the public affairs of Athens in this period had undergone a decline. The Peloponnesian war had broken down her power and exhausted her wealth. From that disastrous overthrow she sprang up with her inborn elasticity but she never wholly recovered. Her constitution was restored in its main features after the overthrow of the Thirty

Tyrants by Thrasybulus and the returning exiles, and some of her former confederates renewed their allegiance; but her treasury was empty and her revenue crippled. Though the literary and festal delights that made Athens at every season of the year the centre of attraction for the civilized world were the last the people would resign, yet the splendor of the exhibitions was greatly impaired by the loss of public wealth and the diminution of private fortunes. The drama continued, on a reduced scale, through the wars in Asia Minor which followed the Peloponnesian, through the struggle which Demosthenes sustained with desperate odds against Philip and Alexander, and even through the period of Macedonian and Roman supremacy.

In comedy the most important name after Aristophanes is Menander, the loss of whose works is the greatest disaster which Athenian literature has sustained. He was born at Athens in 341 B. C., being the son of Diopeithes, the commander of the Athenian fleet in the Hellespont, — well known in the history of the times from the circumstance that he was the friend of Demosthenes, and that, when brought to trial by the Macedonian party on the charge of violating Philip's territory, he was defended by the great orator in his still extant oration on the affairs of the Chersonese. He was the nephew of Alexis, also a distinguished comic poet, by whom he was said to have been instructed in the principles of the art. Theophrastus the philosopher was one of his teachers, and Epicurus was his intimate friend. Both of these men had great influence on his character. He wrote an epigram on Themistocles and Epicurus, to the effect that the former rescued the country from slavery, the latter from nonsense. No doubt he was somewhat of a voluptuary as well as a fop. His dress was always studied and elegant, and he delighted in perfumes. He was one of the handsomest men of his age; the beauty of his countenance having been rendered, perhaps, more piquant by the slightest possible squint. As Suidas says, he was cross-eyed, but sharp-witted. The first Greek king of Egypt, Ptolemy, already



desirous of assembling at his court in Alexandria the eminent literary men of the age, invited him thither ; but he preferred to remain at Athens. He lived to the age of fifty-one or fifty-two years, and perished by drowning in the Peiræus, having written more than a hundred comedies, and gained the prize but eight times. This comparative want of public success, which he bore with the good humor of a follower of Epicurus, is attributed by some to the superiority of his pieces over those of his competitors in elegance and dignity. However this may be, they were pronounced, by the consenting voices of the ancient critics, the most finished models of the new comedy. With the generation that followed they rose to the highest fame. They continued to be played down to the time of Plutarch, and were translated and imitated by the comic writers of Rome, especially by the elegant Terence. The beauty and propriety of his style, the skill with which, like his master Theophrastus, he caught the humors and delineated the characters of society, the depth of his observation, and the pith of his sayings, made him a universal favorite among his countrymen. Of this fact there can be no doubt ; and the numerous fragments of his plays show that their estimate of his genius was well founded. It is surprising that, while there exist passages belonging to seventy or eighty of his plays whose names are known, and five hundred more fragments of pieces not named, no entire play should have come down to us. I quote the following fragments.

“ To me most happy, therefore, he appears,  
Who, having once, unmoved by hopes and fears,  
Surveyed this sun, earth, ocean, cloud, and flame,  
Well satisfied, returns from whence he came.  
Is life a hundred years, or e’er so few,  
’T is repetition all, and nothing new ;  
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay ;  
An inn where travellers bait, then post away ;  
A sea where man perpetually is tossed,  
Now plunged in business, now in trifles lost.  
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain.  
Hold then ! no farther launch into the main ;  
Contract your sails. Life nothing can bestow

By long continuance, but continued woe ;—  
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore  
 The funerals of our friends who go before ;  
 Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,  
 And age surrounded with a thousand snares."

"You say, not always wisely, '*Know thyself*' ;  
 'Know others,' oftentimes, is a better maxim."

"Of all bad things with which mankind are curst,  
 Their own bad tempers surely are the worst."

"The rich all happy I was wont to hold,  
 Who never paid large usury for gold.  
 'Those sons of fortune never sigh,' I said,  
 'Nor toss with anguish on their weary bed ;  
 But, soft dissolving into balmy sleep,  
 Indulge sweet slumbers, while the needy weep.'  
 But now the great and opulent I see  
 Lament their lot, and mourn as well as we."

"If you would know of what frail stuff you 're made,  
 Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead ;  
 There rest the bones of kings ; there tyrants rot ;  
 There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise ;  
 There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form,  
 All dust alike, compound one common mass.  
 Reflect on these, and in them see yourself."

I will here quote a fragment—the only one extant—of Strato, a poet of the same period. It seems to be taken from the speech of a person who has just been put out of patience by the pedantry of his cook, who insists on inventing new-fangled words and using the language of Homer.

"I've harbored a he-sphinx, and not a cook ;  
 For, by the gods, he talked to me in riddles,  
 And coined new words that pose me to interpret.  
 No sooner had he entered on his office,  
 Than, eying me from head to foot he cries,  
 'How many mortals hast thou bld to supper ?'  
 'Mortals !' quoth I, 'what tell you me of mortals ?  
 Let Jove decide on their mortality ;

You're crazy, sure! none by that name are bidden.  
 'No table-usher? none to officiate  
 As master of the courses?' 'No such person.  
 Moschion, and Niceratus, and Philinus,  
 These are my guests and friends, and amongst these  
 You'll find no table-decker, as I take it.'  
 'Gods! is it possible?' cried he. 'Most certain,'  
 I patiently replied. He swelled and huffed  
 As if, forsooth, I'd done him heinous wrong,  
 And robbed him of his proper dignity.  
 Ridiculous conceit! 'What offering makest thou  
 To Erysichthon?' he demanded. 'None.'  
 'Shall not the wide-horned ox be felled?' cries he.  
 'I sacrifice no ox.' 'Nor yet a wether?'  
 'Not I, by Jove; a simple sheep perhaps.'  
 'And what's a wether but a sheep?' cries he.  
 'I'm a plain man, my friend, and therefore speak  
 Plain language.' 'What! I speak as Homer does;  
 And sure a cook may use like privilege  
 And more than a blind poet.' 'Not with me;  
 I'll have no kitchen Homers in my house:  
 So pray discharge yourself.' This said, we parted."

Several species of miscellaneous poetry flourished in Athens and in other parts of Greece during this and the preceding period, and for seven or eight centuries later. There was the Gnostic poetry, mostly in elegiac measure, contemporaneous with the lyric, and forming the transition between poetry and philosophic prose, which was, singularly enough, the earliest form of prose composition in Greece. There was a vast number of smaller pieces, called epigrams, or inscriptions, of various lengths, from two lines, like that in honor of the Lacedæmonians who fell at Thermopylæ, which I read in a former lecture, to ten or twenty. These range from the sixth century before, to the seventh after Christ; and, of course, are of every degree of merit, in every conceivable style, and on every imaginable subject.

The period of nearly two centuries from the death of Alexander to the fall of the Achæan League and the subjugation of Greece to Rome, was a period of great decline in public



spirit and in private morals. Philopœmen, who perished in the final struggle for independence, has been called the last of the Greeks. Literature suffered with the decay of national honor and the consciousness of the lofty rank hitherto held by the Hellenic race. But for six or seven centuries Athens was the university which educated the leading minds of the Roman world. The ablest young men, the sons of the highest personages in the Roman Republic and Empire, were sent to that city, where the illustrious monuments of the art and genius of a great race softened and refined their characters, and where the most accomplished teachers in literature and rhetoric were to be found. No doubt the vices of sycophancy and servility—the accursed offspring of political degradation—were to some extent the characteristics especially of the Greek adventurers who sought their fortunes in the distant capital of the Empire. But we must beware of applying the darkly colored portraits drawn by the Roman satirists from these discredited originals to the whole Hellenic race. The scholars and philosophers at Athens still retained, not only the faults, but many of the virtues, of the corresponding classes in the days of their national independence. They not only delighted in discussion and wrangling, but they showed the same ardent love of knowledge, the same passion for novelty, the same readiness of intellectual apprehension, the same fervid eloquence, which had marked their predecessors. Their municipal institutions remained mostly unchanged. The local administration of local affairs still gave some scope to the old consciousness of activity, and was one of the causes which prevented the absorption of Greece into the overgrown body of the Roman empire. It was one of the secrets, too, of the permanence of the Greek race,—the only race which has come down with its language, character, and physical peculiarities from the classical ages to our own. It was also one of the causes of the elasticity with which they recovered themselves after so many disastrous overthrows. The schools of philosophy continued until they were suppressed by Justinian, in the sixth century. The fortunes

of the city during these ages ; the slaughters by Sylla ; the gleams of happiness under Hadrian ; the assaults by the Goths from the northern, and the Scandinavians from the eastern shore of the Hellespont, in the third century ; the revival of letters in the fourth ; the whirlwind of invasion in which Alaric and Attila swept over the land ; the introduction of Christianity ; the gradual decay of pagan rites and the appropriation of temple-property to private uses ; the conflicts between the new religion and the old ; the manner in which the Christian Church, by its liberal principles and harmonizing interests, gained upon heathenism in the favor of the people, borrowing its designation of *ecclesia* from the old political assembly, and many portions of its ritual from the old national festivities, and so getting a hold upon the popular affection ; the formation of Christian communities upon a free and democratic basis, which so continued until the religion was raised to the imperial throne and became an organ of statecraft, and its bishops and patriarchs, surrounded themselves with the pomps and gauds of this world ; — all these features in the history of Greece, and especially of Athens, until country and city disappear almost from sight for many centuries, — from the sixth to the thirteenth, — constitute a story of melancholy interest, and teach an impressive lesson of the vicissitudes of human affairs.

The Ptolemies, who succeeded to that portion of Alexander's empire which included Egypt a little more than three centuries B. C., found Egyptian schools of art, science, and poetry still existing in Thebes, Memphis, and Heliopolis. On these institutions they engrafted schools formed after the model of those in Athens. The distinction in principle was this: the old Egyptian schools were connected with the temples and the priesthood ; the Greek schools were, until after the Alexandrian age, wholly independent both of the priests and the state, subject only to the general supervision of the magistrate, like every other institution, — in other words, science and the popular religion were completely separated. The aim of the Ptolemies was to unite the science, literature, and poetry of

the Greeks under an Egyptian organization, supported at the expense of the state, and subject to its control. And when, just before the commencement of our era, the Roman domination succeeded to the Macedonian, the emperors respected the institutions founded by the Greeks, and the schools of learning, — the Museum, the Serapeion, the Bruchesium, and the libraries. Literature, science, poetry, theology, in the schools of Pagans, Jews, Christians, acting and reacting upon one another, blending large Oriental elements with the doctrines of the West, mingling Neo-Platonism with Christianity, give a motley aspect to this chapter of the history of the human mind.

I have time to notice only some of the points in the history of Greek poetry here, and that too very briefly; for the leading characteristics of these centuries are the study and criticism of the old authors, the investigations of philosophy, and the accumulation and classification of the facts of science. I think that injustice has always been done to the talent and industry displayed in this age, because men are too apt to compare it in one point alone — that of original creation in poetry — with the illustrious ages which preceded it. The true mode of comparison would be to take the whole intellectual activity of both periods, and to weigh against each other the positive results as well as the refinements of literature and art. That modification of the Greek language called the Later Attic, or Hellenistic, had become the organ of civilization all over the world; and it is true that most of the poetry was imitative rather than original.

Callimachus, born in Cyrene about 280 B. C., was keeper of the Alexandrian Library, and wrote various poems, of which six hymns and a few epigrams remain.

Theocritus of Syracuse, the most original poet of this century, carried pastoral poetry to its highest perfection in the Sicilian-Doric dialect. This was founded on the rustic life of the beautiful island of Sicily, and therefore, breathing as it does a fine truth to nature in the poems of Theocritus, it has a value and an effect quite different from the solemn and silly



Eclogues of Virgil, and still more so from the nauseating and detestable sentimentality of modern pastorals. The most entertaining among the pieces of Theocritus now extant is the gossiping dialogue of half a dozen women of the middle class, at a festival held by the Queen of Egypt.

Apollonius, though born in Egypt, called the Rhodian from his long residence in Rhodes, lived from 235 to 194 B. C., and is known chiefly as the author of the *Argonautica*, an heroic poem that contains passages of great descriptive beauty.

Aratus, the author of an astronomical poem, a work of much merit in its way, belongs to this age.

In general, there was at this period a want of taste, and an abundance of glitter, far-fetched ornament, and conceit. These faults were carried so far that many poems were composed in lines of varying lengths, so as to represent the forms of axes, altars, birds, eggs, and the like. Some of the most famous writers cultivated obscurity as successfully as the transcendental poets of our own time. Lycophron, whose dramatic writings gave him a place in the tragic Pleiad of his age, wrote a poem called *Cassandra*, in fourteen hundred and seventy-four iambic verses, so desperately involved and obscure that even his countrymen gave him the nickname of σκοτεινός, or the darksome. We have reason to thank Heaven that not one of his four-and-sixty tragedies has come down to torment us; only four lines out of this accumulation of Egyptian darkness have been preserved by Stobæus. The truth is, the old spirit of Greek popular life, the animating sentiment of liberty, had long since departed, and the poetical genius of the race had died with it, or fallen into a deathlike trance to endure for the ages of thralldom.

Imitative poetry continued, however, to be written. In the fifth century flourished Musæus, author of a short epic poem on the story of Hero and Leander, in which the ponderous compound adjectives, more than the storm and the sea, carry the swimming lover to the bottom. Coluthus of Lycopolis, early in the sixth century, wrote a poem in imitation of the

Homeric style, on the carrying off of Helen, — very dull. Tryphiodorus wrote one on the destruction of Troy, — duller still. Quintus Smyrnæus wrote one in fourteen books, on the portions of the story omitted by Homer; it would have been wise had he omitted them too. The series of Egyptian Greek writers closes with the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens in the seventh century; and it was high time, for the stock had run out on the banks of the Nile.

The influence of the Greek Church, the writings of the early fathers, the ritual formed between the fourth and the seventh century, and the hymns chanted in the service, imitated partly from the Jewish Psalms and partly from the Greek poets, tended powerfully to preserve the language through the Byzantine period, and down to our times. Byzantium was originally a Doric colony, as appears from historical facts, inscriptions, and documents, such as the public decrees quoted by Demosthenes in the oration on the Crown. Its position on the Bosphorus, between Asia and Europe, early made it a point of great commercial and military importance. Early in the fourth century it became, under Constantine, the capital of the Roman empire and the centre of the Christian religion. The first Constantinopolitan emperors endeavored to make it Roman in language, manners, and character; but their success was only partial. The sycophancy of the courtly circles led them to comply with the imperial wishes; they abandoned the name of Hellenes or Greeks, and assumed that of *Ῥωμαῖοι*, or Romans; and the Greek language, modified to some extent by the Latin, whence it had borrowed many words, especially legal terms and ceremonious titles, was called Romanic, down to the late Greek Revolution. But the people, the Church with the exception of the highest dignitaries, and a large part of the educated classes, both in the capital and throughout Greece, refused to Romanize, adhered to their nationality, and continued to cultivate their old Hellenic tastes. The separation was increased by the division of the empire near the close of the fourth century, and by the controversies

waged between the Eastern and Western Churches on the procession of the Holy Ghost and the worship of images, until the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople regarded each other as damnable heretics. From the fifth century Constantinople was the principal centre of Greek learning; but it will be seen from the brief sketches already given, that for more than a century there were three rival seats of culture, — Athens, Alexandria, and Byzantium.

The literature of the Byzantine period, which lasted until the conquest by the Turks in the middle of the fifteenth century, divides itself into two main branches, — the historical and the theological; the former consisting of a series of writers from the fourth to the sixteenth century, the latter beginning properly before the Byzantine age, and extending to the twelfth century. Among these writers were a few poets; for the taste for poetry had not wholly disappeared. Even the old Athenian drama was partially revived on the Byzantine stage. The plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were for a time brought upon the boards; but the circumstances which gave them interest had long ceased to exist, and the coarser taste for spectacles, dancing women, and exhibitions of animals supplanted the legitimate drama, and made the theatres the scenes of vulgar debauchery. This state of things drew down the censures of the Church. In the first Councils, the ecclesiastics launched their anathemas against the play-houses and the actors; but finding the thunders of the Church of little effect to stay the growing evil, they determined to fight the Devil with his own weapons, and to draw the people away from the worldly shows by the superior attractions of dramatic entertainments in the churches on sacred themes. This is the origin of those curious and absurd theatrical compositions on Scriptural subjects, called Mysteries and Miracle-plays, which in all the countries of Europe preceded the modern drama. The sketch of a Miracle-play in Mr. Longfellow's *Golden Legend* is a most faithful representation of these ecclesiastical performances in the Middle Ages.



Passing over the chants which form part of the Liturgy of the Greek Church, and which date from about the seventh century, that is, near the time when the element of quantity, though still employed as a matter of art and study, had yet nearly ceased to have a vital connection with the spoken language, the earliest Christian poet, whose works are entitled to notice, is Synesius, who flourished at the end of the fourth century. At first he belonged to the school of the Neo-Platonists, but was converted to Christianity, and, though married, was made Bishop of Ptolemais by Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria. His principal writings were ecclesiastical, and have held a high rank for purity and elegance. He wrote a few epigrams, and there are remaining ten of his hymns. These are written in the rhythm known as Anacreontic, which has a singular effect contrasted with the solemnity of the subject, analogous to the frisky measures in which the hymns of the Latin Church are so inappropriately written. Some of these pieces are very long. They do not contain many passages of vigorous imagination, or much felicity of expression or clearness of thought; but they are the outpouring of a pious heart, filled with the love of God, delighting in endless ascriptions of praise and glory, and finally vanishing beyond all mortal comprehension in a golden-glowing mist of Platonic and super-substantial transcendentalism. The first hymn opens:—

“Come, my sweet-toned harp,  
After the Teian song,  
After the Lesbian strain,  
On loftier themes henceforth  
Resound the Dorian song;  
Not of tender maidens,  
Smiling the smile of love,  
Nor of youths fresh-blooming,  
The soft attractive charms;  
For the offspring unpolluted  
Of God-producing wisdom  
Impels me to a strain divine  
To strike the cithern’s chords,  
And bids me fly the cares  
Of sweet, but earthly loves.”

Thus begins the second, — a morning hymn : —

“ Again the light, again the morning,  
 Again the day abroad is shining,  
 After the nightly-wandering shades ;  
 Again, my soul, thy prayer lift up  
 To God in morning hymns,  
 Who gave the light to morning,  
 Who gave the stars to evening,  
 The universal choir.  
 .  
 All things upon thy will  
 Depend ; thou art the root  
 Of present and of past,  
 Of all around, of all within ;  
 Thou art father, thou art mother ;  
 Thou art male, thou art female ;  
 Thou art voice, thou art silence ;  
 Thou art nature’s nature fruitful ;  
 Thou art king, the life of life,  
 So far as human voice may speak thee.  
 All hail, of earth the root,  
 All hail, of all things centre,  
 Immortal numbers’ unity,  
 The unsubstantial kings — ”

And here, as we are getting into the foggy land of No-meaning, we will pause. This style is characteristic of the poetry of the early Christians generally, so far as I am acquainted with it. The Greek language here is in imitation of the later lyric, and flows as easily as the Anacreontic, with which I have already compared it.

The next poet of whom I shall speak is quite a different person, Paul the Silentiary. This title was an official one at the court of the Byzantine emperors, nearly equivalent to Privy-Councillor, although in the earlier classical Latin it meant *confidential servant*. He lived towards the end of the sixth century, and is known as the author of a minute and elegant description, chiefly in hexameters, of the church of Saint Sophia. This, however, is distinguished rather for ready flow of rhythm and for architectural accuracy, than for poetical

sentiment. In fact, it was an occasional poem, delivered by the author at the second dedication of the church, after the dome which had fallen in was repaired, in 562. Besides this and another similar poem, he wrote epigrams, of which eighty-three have been preserved. They are generally love-poems. In one of them, the Privy-Councillor says that Cupid has poured upon him a whole quiver-full of arrows; and if one half of what he says of himself is true, he was as combustible as if he had been made of gun-cotton. I copy one of the least explosive, "On the Insupportableness of Absence."

"When I left thee, love, I swore  
 Not to see that face again,  
 For a fortnight's space or more;  
 But the cruel oath was vain,  
 Since the next day I spent from thee  
 Was a long year of misery.  
 . . . . .  
 O, then, for thy lover pray  
 Every gentler deity  
 Not in too nice scales to weigh  
 His constrained perjury.  
 Thou, too, O pity his despair!  
 Heaven's rage and thine he cannot bear."

Here is another poem in which he describes a mishap in one of his adventures.

"The voice of the song and the banquet were o'er,  
 And I hung up my chaplet at Glycera's door,  
 When the mischievous girl, from a window above,  
 Who looked down and laughed at the offering of love,  
 Filled with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled,  
 And poured all the crystal contents on my head.  
 So drenched was my hair, three whole days it resisted  
 All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it;  
 But water,—so whimsical, love, are thy ways!—  
 While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze."

A pretty story for the Emperor's Privy-Councillor!

I will now read a short poem on a Portrait of Sappho, by Democharis, who lived in the same age.



"Nature herself this magic portrait drew,  
 And, painter, gave thy Lesbian Muse to view.  
 Light sparkles in her eyes; and fancy seems  
 The radiant fountain of those living beams.  
 Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin  
 Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within;  
 Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,  
 And love and music breathe a mingled grace."

Early in the seventh century, in the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, lived George the Pisidian, who wrote in iambics an account of that Emperor's Persian expedition. As he was an eyewitness of what he relates, his work has an historical value, and is included in the collections of the Byzantine writers. It is divided into three cantos, or *hearings*. After a prodigiously long introduction, he thus enters upon his subject, addressing the Emperor:—

"The shadowy night of hostile armies spread  
 O'er all the earth by men inhabited;  
 For Persian lust, still eager for its prey,  
 With sateless passion, still desired to slay;  
 But thou, beneath the evening's falling shade,  
 Thyself hast ne'er to balmy sleep betrayed."

Perhaps so; but if these hearings were as hard as the reading, I venture to say His Majesty more than once betrayed himself to balmy sleep while struggling to listen to them.

From this time forward, though the educated Greeks, at Constantinople and elsewhere, continued to study and write the classical language, still the changes in its structure rapidly increased, and literary taste declined with the general decline of art following the iconoclastic fanaticism, which was more destructive to the rich legacies of ancient genius than all the visitations of Goths, Visigoths, and Huns. The observance of quantity had long been gradually disappearing; and soon after the seventh century it seems to have wholly vanished from the spoken language, though, as a matter of learned practice and scholastic exercise, it has always continued to be studied. The spoken language, thus deprived of the musical ele-

ment of time, and regulated entirely by accent, had quite developed its new rhythms and idioms in the twelfth century, — a period of very peculiar literary character, whose principal representatives are Constantine Manasses, Tzetzes, and Theodorus Ptochoprodromus. The first wrote a versified chronicle from the creation of the world down to Alexis I., in ancient Greek, but with the rhythm wholly accentual. The second wrote hexameter poems in imitation of Homer, and a gossiping sort of historical work, in accentual measure, called the *Chiliads*. He was a very learned man, and inordinately vain, boasting that he wrote his verses with the speed of lightning, which accounts for their being such uncommonly slow reading. The last, Theodorus Ptochoprodromus, is a more hearty and interesting personage. He was a scholar of high repute, and in acknowledgment of his abilities and learning received the title of *Kúrios*, or *Master*. His writings are numerous, both in prose and verse. Among them is a metrical romance, said to be dull; but as I have never read it, I will not express an opinion upon it. He wrote also an iambic poem, of some wit, in imitation of the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, called the *Galeomyomachia*, or *War of the Cat and the Mice*, in which, the cat being killed by a decayed piece of timber falling from the roof of a house, the mice are of course the victors, though with heavy losses. The messenger, who describes the battle, says: —

“First has fallen the satrap of the nation,  
Crumb-picker; next to him Bone-stealer breathed  
His last.”

But he is chiefly remarkable for having written the earliest poem in modern Greek that has been published. A few lines at the beginning, and a few at the end, are in the ancient language and rhythm, but all the rest is in the accentual iambic tetrameter, like the *Chiliads* of Tzetzes. It is addressed to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, and is chiefly occupied with complaints of the needy and neglected condition of men of letters in that age. Near the beginning, there is a figure which Coraës calls poetical, elegant, and worthy of a better age.

“For thou the waveless harbor art of those who ’ve fled for refuge,  
And scarce had I the sea escaped of briny-bitter sorrow,  
When I attained the blessed sea of thy great benefaction;  
For thou the fount of pity art, and thou the grace of graces.”

He laments that, over-persuaded by his father, he had devoted himself to letters, instead of some handicraft. “From childhood, my old father used to say to me, ‘My son, learn letters, if thou wouldst prosper. Seest yonder man, my son? He used to walk on foot; and now he wears his golden spurs, rides his fat mule, and a horse splendidly caparisoned;—he used to have no shoes; and now, thou seest, he wears his pointed sandals;—when he was a youth, he never saw the threshold of the bath; and now he takes the bath three times a week.’” And so the good father carries the argument out. “And when, O king, I heard the old man my father, (for holy Scripture says, ‘Obey your parents,’) I learned letters, but with how much toil! And ever since I became a scholar, I want a crust, a mouthful, or even a crumb; and on account of my hunger and my poverty, I curse learning, and wail, and cry, ‘Accursed be letters; accursed be the time and the day when they sent me to school, that I might get learning, and my living from it.’” He then contrasts his own condition with what it would have been had he made himself a fashionable tailor. Then his cupboard would have been full of bread, and wine, and meat; now, he opens “one cupboard,—nothing but paper; another,—bags of letters; another,—writings still,”—and so on.

In this age, then, just before the overthrow of the Byzantine empire by the Latins,—the age of Anna Comnena,—and in the literary circle assembled in her palace, in all respects the most brilliant society of the twelfth century, there was still something of poetical composition, though not much originality. And there was this extraordinary phenomenon, that the writers adopted either the ancient language, with all its rhythmical principles or with the accentual system, or the Romaic with the accentual system. Here is the point where the old



and the new come together; but the old is for the scholars, the new is the language of the people.

During this time, the mainland of Greece, Athens especially, remained sunk in the deepest obscurity. In an historical point of view, it has a sad interest; in a literary aspect, there is nothing to be said, except that the Athenians, in the midst of poverty and political insignificance, shifted about from master to master, an easy prey of barbarians, a century or two later of crusaders, Venetians, Florentines, Catalans, and pirates, still retained, as we learn from the few notices we have of them from their contemporaries, the same ready and flexible talents that distinguished their ancestors.

The overthrow of the Byzantine empire and the establishment of the empire of Romania, in the thirteenth century, again connected the East with the West, disastrously for the former; for again the arts and the literature treasured in Byzantium suffered irreparable losses from worse than barbarian hands, by wanton conflagration, by pillage, and by brutal fanaticism. The Dukedom of Athens, which lasted from the beginning of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century, under the houses of De la Roche and De Brienne, the Grand Catalan Company of Aragon, and the Florentine Acciaiuoli, presented a faint mediæval reflex of former prosperity; and the annals of this period, known in Western Europe at the dawn of modern poetry, suggested to Chaucer, Dante, and Shakespeare the title of Duke of Athens, bestowed by them on the ancient Theseus.

The capture of Constantinople, in the middle of the fifteenth century, put an end to the Byzantine period; and the extension of the Turkish conquest soon after over the greater part of Greece proper introduced the reign of barbarism over those classic regions.

But among the mountain fastnesses of the North, especially in the neighborhood of Olympus and Pindus, the descendants of the old Æolian and Dorian tribes preserved themselves unmixed and unsubdued. Although the language, here as else-

where, had lost its ancient character, and had become assimilated in general structure to the modern languages, still it had suffered less corruption on the one hand from the early Slavonian colonies between the sixth and tenth centuries, and recently from the Turkish, and on the other from the Italian, than any other of the seventy dialects spoken in Greece in the day of her degradation. The language, however, in all these forms, is substantially and radically the same as the ancient; and it has been greatly improved, within the last half-century, by educated writers, who have endeavored to fix the principles of its grammar, to remove the barbarous additions from the Slavonic dialects and the Turkish, and to substitute for the Italian idioms words and idioms drawn from the old Greek. It is true, the scholars of Greece have been, and still are, much divided as to the expediency of founding style on popular usage, or of restoring as far as possible the lost forms of the ancient tongue. A middle course is likely to be followed; at any rate, the question will be definitely settled as soon as a great poet arises to stamp the language with his own immortality.

Meantime, during the last century and the present, especially since the Greek Revolution, a very considerable literature, in prose and poetry, has enriched the language. Dramatic and lyric poetry have something to offer worth the scholar's attention. Of the former, the plays of Rizos, though not entitled to a high rank, have a certain classical finish. His *Aspasia* has been republished in this country, — a tragedy the scene of which is laid in the time of the Plague of Athens, the personages being Pericles, Aspasia, Socrates, and other well-known names. The effect of the patriotic songs of Rhigas, the gallant Thessalian chief who was handed over by Austrian treachery to the tender mercies of the Turks, is well known, and has become historical. The gay lyrics of Christopoulos breathe the freshness of nature and the spirit of the old Æolian enjoyment of life, and are far superior in delicacy of feeling and true poetical insight to the poems which pass under the name of Anacreon. Michael Perdicares, Kalvos, Alexander

Soutsos, and Salomos, author of a famous Ode to Liberty, are well known to their countrymen, and not unknown to others. These are all the recent poets with whose works I have had an opportunity to become acquainted.

But doubtless the most characteristic and original compositions are those of the mountaineers and islanders to whom I have already referred, chiefly the former. These tribes are known as Klephts and Armatoles, — the former wholly independent during the Turkish dominion; the latter partially acknowledging the Turkish authorities, and having some sort of nominal organization under them. The Klephts, under the leadership of their captains, who bore a strong family likeness to the personages of the heroic age from the same neighborhood, seized every opportunity of dashing down upon Turkish villages and camps, killing and plundering, and climbing back again to their rocky habitations before the enemy could rally for pursuit. These semi-barbaric heroes, retaining many of the customs, superstitions, and traditions of ancient times, were the most formidable assailants of the Turks during the war of the Revolution; but when the war was over, they gave the government much trouble in reducing them to obedience and the usages of civilized life. But the point of singular interest in them is their strong sensibility to poetry, and their facility in composition. They were found to possess a body of poetical literature consisting chiefly of Dirges, strongly resembling the funeral laments as far back as Homer, and of a very peculiar species of ballad, highly picturesque and characteristic of their mode of life. Like the earliest epic songs of Greece, these poems were composed — not written — to be sung, and were handed down by oral tradition. They were first written, from the lips of those to whom they had descended as a poetical heirloom, by a French scholar, M. Fauriel, who published two volumes of them in 1824. It is surprising how well he accomplished his task, considering that he was a foreigner, and depended on the ear alone. Still his text is marred by numerous errors, and in some of the poems there are important omissions, which



injure the sense, and make them appear more abrupt than they really are, though they are sufficiently so in their complete form. A year or two ago my friend and colleague, Mr. Sophocles, revisited his native country, and took occasion to revise the text of Fauriel — which he had partly done before from his own recollection — by comparing the poems as printed with the recollection of aged people in the North of Greece. In this way several of the finest of them have been much amended and improved; and the specimens I am about to read I have translated from this text. The rhythm of most of them is the unrhymed iambic tetrameter catalectic, like that employed in the twelfth century.

Among the traditional ideas changed from the ancient conceptions, and adapted to the circumstances of their modern condition, is that of Charon, the old ferryman of the dead. Among the mountains he has become a horseman, who gathers the souls of the departed, and gallops with them over the hills to the place of rest. This idea is simply, and I think poetically, handled in the following ballad, which I give in the measure of the original.

#### CHARON AND THE GHOSTS.

“Why are the mountains shadowed o’er? Why stand they mourning dark?  
Is it a tempest warring there, or rain-storm beating on them?  
It is no tempest warring there, no rain-storm beating on them,  
But Charon sweeping over them, and with him the departed.  
The young he urges on before, behind the elders follow,  
And tender children ranged in rows are carried at his saddle:  
The elders call imploringly, the young are him beseeching.

#### GHOSTS.

My Charon, at the hamlet stop, stop by the cooling fountain,  
That from the spring the old may drink, the young may play with pebbles,  
And that the little children may the pretty flowerets gather.

#### CHARON.

I will not at the hamlet stop, nor at the cooling fountain;  
For mothers meeting at the spring will know again their children,  
And man and wife each other know, and will no more be parted.”

My next specimen is quite dramatic, and ferociously warlike. It breathes the fiercest spirit of the Pallicar, or Klephtic hero. It belongs to the rough regions of Mount Olympus, where the Pallicars had some of their inaccessible strongholds. A dispute arises between Mount Olympus and Kissavos, the ancient Ossa, on the question of precedence as shown by snow and rain. The suggesting idea, I presume, is that Ossa feels aggrieved because Olympus, on account of his northern exposure, is the first to be covered with snow. The personages of the dialogue are the two rival mountains, an eagle, and the head of a slain warrior, each of which has something to say on the occasion.

#### OLYMPUS AND KISSAVOS.

“Olympus once and Kissavos, two neighboring mounts, contended  
Which of the two the rain should pour, and which shed down the snow-storm;  
And Kissavos pours down the rain, Olympus sheds the snow-storm.  
Then Kissavos in anger turns, and speaks to proud Olympus.

##### KISSAVOS.

Browbeat me not, Olympus, thou by robber-feet betrampled;  
For I am Kissavos, the mount in far Larissa famous:  
I am the joy of Turkestan, and of Larissa's Agas.  
Olympus turned him then, and spake to Kissavos in anger.

##### OLYMPUS.

Ha! Kissavos, ha! renegade, thou Turk-betrampled hillock;  
The Turks, they tread thee under foot, and all Larissa's Agas;  
I am Olympus, he of old renowned the world all over;  
And I have summits forty-two, and two-and-sixty fountains,  
And every fount a banner has, and every bough a robber,  
And on my highest summit's top an eagle fierce is sitting,  
And holding in his talons clutched a head of slaughtered warrior.

##### EAGLE.

What hast thou done, O head of mine, of what hast thou been guilty?  
How came the chance about that thou art clutched within my talons?

##### HEAD.

Devour, O bird, my youthful strength, devour my manly valor,  
And let thy pinion grow an ell, a span thy talon lengthen.  
In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatolos;  
In Chasia and Olympus next, twelve years I was a robber;  
And sixty Agas have I killed, and left their hamlets burning;

And all the Turks and Albanese that on the field of battle  
My hand has slain, my eagle brave, are more than can be numbered ;  
But me the doom befell at last, to perish in the battle."

From Olympus we now descend, and, crossing the Ægean Sea, return to the birthplace of Homer and of the perfected epic, — to Chios, still the source of many beautiful compositions. As we began with the Iliad, in setting forth from this beautiful and famous island, so, in retracing our steps, we will end with a Chian ballad. It is on a subject which has gained currency in the popular poetry of many nations, but which perhaps is treated with the most fulness and force by Bürger, in the ballad of Lenore, so graphically illustrated by Retsch. It is a ride by night of the living with the dead. The Chian poet's management of the story is wholly different from Bürger's, and his rapid style is a curious contrast to the particularity of description in the German. The unknown Chian poet seizes upon the main ideas, and in the briefest, most hurried manner hastens to the conclusion, as if a ghost were after him. It is dramatic, chiefly, in its form, the persons being the bard, a mother who has nine sons and one daughter, and the daughter. Her the mother has nurtured tenderly and secretly ; but at length one from a distant land — from Babylon, which since Aristophanes has been the type of distant regions — seeks her for his wife. The mother reluctantly consents, overcome by the stranger's entreaties and the solicitations of her son Constantine, who promises to restore her, should any mishap befall. The other brothers resist. It is a superstition among these islanders, and I believe elsewhere, that birds are gifted with the power of seeing ghosts. This superstition explains one of the features of the piece, the part taken by the birds in the dialogue, which is called

#### THE NIGHT RIDE.

"POET.

O mother, thou with thy nine sons, and with one only daughter,  
Whom in the darkness thou didst bathe, in light didst braid her tresses,



And then didst lace her bodice on abroad by silvery moonlight ;  
 Nor knew the neighborhood at all she had so fair a daughter,  
 When came from Babylon afar a wooer's soft entreaty.  
 Eight of the brothers yielded not, but Constantine consented.

CONSTANTINE.

O mother, give thine Arete, bestow her on the stranger,  
 That I may have her solace dear when on the way I journey.

MOTHER.

Though thou art wise, my Constantine, thou hast unwisely spoken.  
 Be woe my lot, or be it joy, who will restore my daughter ?  
 . . . . .

POET.

And then God's blessed name he called, he called the holy martyrs,  
 Be woe her lot, or be it joy, he would restore her daughter.  
 And then the year of sorrow comes, and all the brothers perish,  
 And at the tomb of Constantine she tears her hair in anguish.

MOTHER.

Arise, my Constantine, arise, for Arete I languish ;  
 For thou didst call God's blessed name, didst call the holy martyrs,  
 Be woe my lot, or be it joy, thou wouldst restore my daughter.

POET.

And forth at midnight hour he fares to bring her to her mother,  
 And finds her combing down her locks, abroad by silvery moonlight.

CONSTANTINE.

Arise, my Aretoula dear ; for thee our mother longeth.

ARETE.

Alas ! my brother, what is this ? Why art thou here at midnight ?  
 If joy betide our distant home, I wear my golden raiment ;  
 If woe betide, dear brother mine, I go as here I'm standing.

CONSTANTINE.

Let joy betide, let woe betide, yet go as here thou standest.  
 . . . . .

POET.

And while they fare upon the way, and while they journey homeward,  
 They hear the birds and what they sing, and what the birds are saying.

BIRDS.

Ho ! see the lovely maiden there ; a ghost it is that bears her.

ARETE.

List, Constantine, list to the birds, and hear what they are saying.

CONSTANTINE.

Yes ! birds are they, and let them sing ; they're birds, heed not their saying.

## ARETE.

I fear for thee, my brother dear ; for thou dost breathe of incense.

## CONSTANTINE.

Last evening late I visited the church of Saint Johannes ;  
And there the priest perfumed me o'er with clouds of fragrant incense.  
Unlock, O mother mine, unlock ! thine Arete is coming.

## MOTHER.

If thou a spirit art, pass by ; if thou art death, depart thee ;  
My hapless Arete afar is dwelling with the stranger.

## CONSTANTINE.

Unlock, O mother mine, unlock ! thy Constantine entreats thee ;  
I called upon God's blessed name, and on the holy martyrs,  
Be woe thy lot, or be it joy, I would restore thy daughter.

## POET.

And soon as she unbarred the door, away her spirit fled.”





SECOND COURSE.

THE LIFE OF GREECE.



## LECTURE I.

### HELLAS AND THE HELLENES.

IN the course of lectures which I had the honor to deliver last year in this place, my principal subjects were the position of the Greek language in the development of human speech, the position of Greek poetry in the history of civilization, and the value of Greek poetry considered as an expression of the heart and mind of man. The language stands near the middle of the line from the Ganges to the western shore of Europe, — one extremity being the Sanscrit, the other the English, and all forming the class or group designated by comparative philologists as the Indo-European stock. It has such analogies with the ancient Sanscrit, both in grammatical inflection and in words, that no doubt remains of an early relationship between the two; while the number of words which are similar or identical in both is so small, compared with the whole body of the respective languages, that the nations speaking them must, in their historical development, have been wholly independent of each other. The common starting-point belongs, in space, to the Iranian plains of Asia, and in time, to those mysterious depths of antiquity which historical research is totally unable to fathom. The polity of the East was early moulded into permanent types by civil and religious institutions, which have already lasted unaltered for more than four thousand years, and seem hardly susceptible of decay. The Western tribes, moving from country to country, changing from institutions to institutions, passed through Protean diversities of character, condition, and culture, presenting a striking picture of the capabilities of the race. The Sanscrit language unfolded into



a rich copiousness of expression and a fulness of grammatical flexions elsewhere unknown, but with a regularity that stamps it with a singular monotony of type. The Greek, on the other hand, has grammatical forms somewhat inferior in number, while its vocabulary, sufficiently rich for all the purposes of life, art, and letters, presents varieties and irregularities corresponding with the greater activity and more varied experiences of the races that employed it, and, instead of the monotony of the Sanscrit, is especially marked by a sparkling and exhilarating vivacity.

The literature of the Sanscrit was developed with wonderful order and system, but in forms of such gigantic dimensions that the most industrious scholar shrinks before them appalled; and even Sir William Jones compared them to the Himalayas, the loftiest mountains under the sun. Epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry succeeded each other in an order which seemed to obey some law of nature, and with a luxuriance like that of animal and vegetable life beneath the blazing heavens of the tropics. The features of nature in the midst of which this literature arose were on an overpowering and colossal scale. All was immense, unmanageable. In Greece, on the other hand, spaces were contracted. Excesses of climate and of animal and vegetable life were tempered. Instead of reposing on the bosom of all-embracing Nature, man was compelled to struggle with the earth and the elements for his existence. Instead of shaping his outward, religious, and intellectual being by the unchanging mould of caste, he asserted his freedom and claimed his individual rights. Instead of worshipping the uncouth and gigantic forms suggested by an overwhelming Nature, he clothed his deities with the loveliest attributes of human grace and beauty. Instead of bowing down to despotism, he became a political being, making his own laws according to principles of right evolved by the exercise of his own understanding; administering his own enactments either in person or by agents appointed by and representing himself. Instead of the harems of Eastern kings with their accumulating horrors,

he established the family with all its blessed relations; he embellished his life with the graces of art, invigorated it with science, animated it with politics, crowded it with intellectual joys. Literature was brought within the compass of order, proportion, beauty; it became the reflection of busy life no less than the record of philosophic musing and ascetic contemplation. Art grew rich and radiant from the teeming but disciplined imagination and the delicate training of the hand. It is idle to say that there is no standard of beauty; there is one, and it is found in the cultivated judgment of the most intellectual races, pre-eminently in the unfolded skill of the artists and poets of Greece. To say that the Hottentot knows nothing of this, that the woolly head and flattened nose and protuberant lip form his ideal of personal charms, is only to say that he is a Hottentot and not a Greek; that he is ignorant of beauty, not that beauty does not exist; that he has a false standard, not that there is no true standard. On the contrary, the fact that the Hottentot has any conception of beauty proves that there is beauty incorporated from the Divine mind in the created universe; and if so, then there is an idea of beauty in the Divine mind, and that divine idea is its prototype and standard, which the Greek race have most nearly embodied and interpreted in their art and literature. This seems to have been the function which they were specially sent upon the earth to perform.

As we look on the map of Greece, and compare that country with the other regions of the earth, the first idea which strikes us is its insignificant extent. Side by side with the vast spaces of Asia, it almost disappears from our sight. Measured with the other countries of Europe, itself the smallest grand division of the globe, it shrinks into a third-rate country. Added to the United States or Mexico, it would make no appreciable enlargement of the boundaries of either. The spirit of annexation would hardly pause to consider it; Manifest Destiny would devour it without a moment's satiety to its enormous appetite.

If we scrutinize the map of Greece a little more closely, we

are struck with the remarkable indentations of its coast, and with the extraordinary variety of its surface; broken up and moulded by mountains, hills, and plains; diversified by rivers traversing it in every direction; marked off into strongly discriminated physical divisions, producing every conceivable diversity of circumstance and influence under which the spirit of man may be trained to play its part on the mortal scene. The spine of the country is the range of the Pindus. From Laemon, its most remarkable height, five rivers diverge to the Adriatic and the Ionian Sea, the Thermaic Gulf, the Ægean, and the Gulf of Corinth. These rivers are the Aous, the Arachthus, the Haliacmon, the Peneius, and the Achelous. They flowed through fertile valleys, under thick forests, by opulent cities. The Aous passed along the line of the colonies of Corinth, and so communicated with the coast that fronted Italy. The Arachthus, rising near the source of the Aous, flows into the Ambracian Gulf, opposite the promontory of Actium, where Augustus decided the fortunes of the Roman world. The Haliacmon takes its course in the opposite direction, and, running by Berœa, falls into the Thermaic Gulf at Thessalonica, — both consecrated names in the early history of the Christian Church. Rising near the same spot, flowing at first nearly in the same direction, but separated by the Cambunian range, is the Peneius, which waters the vale of Tempe, so celebrated by the ancient writers for the assemblage of amenities that pleased the senses and captivated the imagination. Mount Olympus, the dwelling of the gods, rose high and snow-capped on the north, Ossa on the south, and between them the Peneius entered the gulf. The fertile plain of Thessaly — breeder of horses and mother of heroes — was guarded on the west by Pindus, on the north by the Cambunian Hills, on the south by Othrys. The Achelous, the largest of the rivers, flowed through a mountainous and thinly peopled country, and entered the sea at the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf.

From Mount Tymphrestus, the centre of the mountain system, we follow the line northwardly to Pindus, eastwardly



along the Othrys chain to the sea. Southeasterly runs the chain of Cæta. Westerly, on the frontiers of Ætolia and Acarnania, the Agræan Hills extend to the shore of the Ambracian Gulf. Another line along the south of Phocis bears the renowned name of Parnassus; passing into Bœotia, it is the equally famous Helicon; under the appellations of Cithæron and Parnes — both immortalized in Athenian poetry — it separates the valley of the Asopus from the Attic plain; and dividing Attica, under the names of Brilessus, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, it slopes to the shore at the promontory of Sunium, reappearing in the islands of Ceos, Paros, Delos, and the Cyclades and Sporades of the Ægean Sea, "which," says Wordsworth, "serve as natural stepping-stones to conduct us across the Archipelago to the continent of Asia from that of Greece."

The Peloponnesus is similarly traversed and divided. The central region is Arcadia, a massive table-land, supported and defended by mountain ranges; on the west, by Mount Lycæus and its curved chain; on the north, by the woody Erymanthus and Cyllene; on the east, by the pine-clad Mænalus and the snowy Parnon, which, running southeast, forms the eastern boundary of Sparta; while, nearly parallel to this, the noble and famous Taygetus bounds Sparta on the west, and ends in the Tænarian Promontory, the southernmost point of Greece. Thus from the mountainous territory of Arcadia branch off the mountain-framed valleys of Argolis, Laconia, Messenia, Triphylia, Elis, and Achaia. The Peloponnesus was called by Strabo the Acropolis of Greece.

Such is a brief outline of the physical features of Greece. My purpose is not to illustrate the geography of the country in detail, but only to mark out the framework within which the scenes of its ancient history were enacted. Each of these physical features connects itself with a thousand brilliant associations of history or poetry, consecrating to immortal memory every inch of the classic soil of Hellas. The limestone formations, the stalactite caverns in which the plastic fancy of the Greeks saw the works of nymphs and other powers of their mythological

creed, the marbles of Attica, Eubœa, and Paros, the porphyry of Thessaly and Laconia, the silver mines of Laureium, the copper mines of Eubœa, iron in the islands and in many portions of the continent, mineral springs like the still existing hot springs at Thermopylæ, — furnished the materials for building and the fine and useful arts, for commercial exchanges and household convenience, for sacred and sanitary uses, during the historical period of the Hellenic race. With great varieties of temperature, there was yet a prevailing equability and beauty in the sky and air, which favored the intellectual development of the people. The climate was equally removed from the enervating influences of the south — of India, for example — and the severity of the north. To these natural agencies in the formation of character may be added the rich and varied fertility of the soil where cultivated, and the products of the woods and mountains, — the wild animals for the chase, and cattle for the support and convenience of daily life. Lions were found only in poetry, having disappeared from the soil of Greece before the historical ages; but bears, wolves, wild boars, and deer afforded abundant and attractive game to the hunter; and, later still, fishing and fowling, in all their forms, multiplied the means of amusement and the sources of luxury. Birds of the farmyard, field, and forest not only supplied the wants of the table, but pleased the fancy and moved the heart of the susceptible Greek. The swallow was the herald of spring, and the nightingale was the songstress “that honeyed all the thickets round”; while other birds furnished the omens by which superstition sought to bring to human knowledge the will and the purposes of the gods. How accurately the forms, colors, habits, and peculiar characteristics of the birds were observed, may be pleasingly witnessed in the gayest of the comedies of Aristophanes, and in the scientific treatises of Aristotle.

The land, thus furnished by nature, was surrounded by sparkling seas, winding into the continent by curves and harbors, which made the coast-line one of extraordinary length. The dwellers along its shore were early tempted to engage in

distant enterprises of commerce and war; and the fleets of the elder nations on the eastern margin of the Mediterranean were attracted to its numerous landings, and brought the products and arts of their more ancient civilization to exchange for the fruits and the mineral wealth of Hellas. How early this action and reaction between the opposite sides of the Ægean Sea commenced, it is not possible to decide from the interrupted records of history; but it must have been very early; for the Phœnician fleets visited every shore of the Mediterranean at least a thousand years before the authentic history of Greece commences.

Whence came the people who filled up these fair regions with an active and teeming race? Over this question darkness and perplexity hang. The answer cannot be given in detail, except as a series of conjectures, founded partly on tradition, partly on comparison of languages, and partly on physical peculiarities. But so much as this is tolerably certain, — that the great waves of migration, which, in the primeval periods of human history, moved westward from the heart of Asia, overflowed in divergent streams that poured down through the mountain passes, and filled up the valleys of the peninsulas in Southern Europe; and this great fact is confirmed by another, namely, that the most ancient centres of the primitive religion and poetry of the race were among the mountains and the fertile valleys of the North, — Dodona, Olympus, Delphi, — and that from the same regions came the semi-mythical Thamyris, Olen, Orpheus, and Amphion, whose mighty names throw a gleam of poetic splendor across the darkness of that cloud-surrounded age. At a later period more cultivated settlers came in by ship from the older communities of the Oriental world. The culture that resulted from the interblending of these elements by land or sea was deeper and richer in its nature and more permanent in its duration, and, in fact, constitutes the peculiar type of civilization which we call Hellenic. This is not a name, but a prodigious and splendid reality, which has controlled the course of intellectual development for five-and-twenty centuries.



Did these primitive immigrants find an unpeopled country? or did they come upon, and displace or mingle with, an aboriginal population? The Athenians claimed to be autochthones, or children of the earth; and the Arcadians called themselves older than the moon. These claims may simply mean that they had held the soil they inhabited from immemorial ages, or they may mean that they were actually created on the spot. The question which theory is true belongs to the realm of speculation, not of demonstration. Those who hold to the unity of origin of the human race must believe that the first wave of migration swept over a solitary country, and filled it with a new life; those who hold to the theory of original creation wherever the earth was fitted to sustain the existence of man, may believe that in Greece, as in other parts of the world, the creative power placed a portion of the human family, the original possessors of the soil. The discussion does not belong to this place or to my subject.

The early traditions of the race are involved in inextricable confusion. This is undoubtedly owing, not only to the want of documentary records, but to the long series of movements from the East, bringing tribes and hordes into the country at very different stages of culture, with different mythologies and ethical ideas, which, blending with their predecessors in peaceful intercourse, or by military conquest, sent down by oral tradition a confused history, which all the acuteness of subsequent criticism has been quite unable to unravel with perspicuity of method and clearness of result. There was a civilization in Greece anterior to the heroic age, as is attested by gigantic ruins, which were antiquities before the days of Homer. The walls of Tiryns, the treasury of Atreus, the lions of Mycenæ, and other Cyclopean structures, over which time seems to have no more power than over the works of nature, are indisputable proofs that an older race held the land, and put forth gigantic energies to mark the traces of its existence there. The writers of Greece point out localities in which were found the remains of a language, which they call

Pelasgian, and consider as wholly different from their own. Here they were probably somewhat mistaken in the absolute conclusion at which they arrived. The Persian and the Indian seemed equally to the Greek to be languages having no affinities with theirs, and yet nothing is more certain than the relation between them. It seems singular that these affinities should have escaped their attention; that, of the many educated Greeks who visited the Persian court and spoke the Persian language, none should have detected the resemblances; that even Ctesias, who passed many years there as court-physician, and who wrote a history of Persia from Persian documents, took no notice of this philological fact; that the men of letters who accompanied Alexander in his Oriental campaigns, and who must have heard the Sanscrit language constantly spoken, have listened to the recital of Sanscrit hymns, and have conversed intimately with the learned Brahmins, failed to remark the wonderful resemblances between the Sanscrit language and the Greek. All this can be accounted for only by the fact, that the science of comparative philology was totally unknown to the most accomplished men of antiquity, and that, in their estimation, all languages except the Greek were barbarous, and those who spoke them were barbarians. There can be no doubt that the Pelasgian was the basis of the Hellenic, as it was of the Roman tongue, and that a considerable part of its words exist, under modified forms, in the dialects of the Greek language, as the Celtic and the Saxon form the basis of the cultivated English.

In imitation of the Romans we call the inhabitants of Hellas, collectively, Greeks. They never called themselves by this name. The Greeks were a small and rude people of Epirus, scarcely recognized in the classical history of Greece; but they appear to have been early known to the people of the neighboring peninsula of Italy, who applied their name, by a generalizing process, to all the inhabitants of the country. Hellas, on the other hand, was originally only a small district in Thessaly, and the Hellenes were at first an insignificant tribe. As

late as the time of Homer there was no common designation. The numerous divisions, partly founded on difference of descent, and partly caused by the strong lines of physical demarcation which parcelled out the country, were known by their several names as Achaioi, Danaoi, Hellenes, Argeioi, Athenaioi, each having its separate organization, its worship, its leaders, and probably its peculiarities of language. But in the historical ages, before the times of Herodotus and Thucydides, the local name of *Hellenes* was extended into a national designation, and is uniformly employed by the classic writers in that sense; and the name *Hellas* had a similar enlargement. We ought to call the country *Hellas*, and the people *Hellenes*, simply because these are their names, while *Greece* and *Greeks* are only Roman nicknames. We may consider the culture that preceded the Hellenic, whatever it was, as Pelasgic, and the historical development of the people as Hellenic.

Looking at this people in their collective capacity, there are several prominent and characteristic traits which strike the attention on a superficial survey. The remains of Hellenic art exhibit a type of extraordinary physical beauty; and that this type was not an ideal one is proved by the well-known fact that the artists studied simple, unadorned nature more diligently and exclusively than those of any other age. The human figure, in its real proportions, was constantly before their eyes; the climate and customs of the country favored the study of the nude, and the artists laid down this study as the basis of their practice. The same type of beauty has remained in those regions under all the changes of circumstance which have since taken place. The facial angle and the straight nose, which are the common characteristics of Greek statuary, are by no means uncommon among the inhabitants of the Greek islands, and in those parts of the continent where the race has not been supplanted by Slavonians and Albanians. Proportion entered largely into the conception of personal beauty. In detail, a white skin, yellow hair in waving locks, well-formed extremities, a round head of moderate size, delicate



lips, a straight nose never surmounted by spectacles, and deep-blue eyes, constituted the most prevalent conception of beauty, especially among the Greeks of the heroic age. It was the Caucasian type. Among the Southern Greeks a darker complexion, hair, and eyes presented frequent exceptions in these individual points, while the type of figure, height, and outline remained the same. It was a saying of Chrysippus that beauty consists, not in the symmetry of the elements, but in that of the parts; and Adamantius, a writer on physiognomy, of the fifth century, describes the pure Greek race as tall and straight, with white skin, soft yellow hair, fair and firm flesh, handsome extremities, head of moderate size, strong neck, square or oval face, delicate lips, straight nose, liquid eyes of dark blue or azure, having much light in them; "for of all nations," he writes, "the Greeks have the handsomest eyes." Plato, in alluding to the occasional departure from the common type in beautiful persons, says: "You praise one who has a snub nose as being piquant and agreeable; and a hooked nose you declare to be a mark of royalty. The dark-complexioned are manly to look upon, and the light-complexioned are children of the gods." Yet the healthy brown, resulting from exercise in the open air, was greatly prized in comparison with the pale complexion caused by sedentary life. "The pale man," says one, "shows the effeminacy of life in the shade"; and it was a proverb, that "pale men are good for nothing except to be cobblers." The value they placed on health, and the endless pains they took to secure this best of blessings, show the good sense of the race in a most striking contrast with the absurdities of every nation since their day. The poet Simonides says, "To be healthy is the greatest boon to man"; and Aripbron, quoted by Athenæus, was the author of the following pæan:—

"Health, brightest visitant from heaven,  
Grant me with thee to rest!  
For the short term by nature given,  
Be thou my constant guest!  
For all the pride that wealth bestows,

The pleasure that from children flows,  
 Whate'er we count in regal state  
 That makes men covet to be great,  
 Whatever sweet we hope to find  
     In love's delightful snares,  
 Whatever good by Heaven assigned,  
     Whatever pause from cares, —  
 All flourish at thy smile divine;  
 The spring of loveliness is thine,  
 And every joy that warms our hearts  
 With thee approaches and departs."

Of such ideas as to health, long life was a natural consequence. The bodily powers came early to maturity, but this did not lead to a premature old age; for development did not end with youth, nor decay commence with budding manhood. As far back as Hesiod the proper time of marriage was fixed at thirty for a man and sixteen for a woman; Aristotle changes the proportion to thirty and eighteen; and Plato to thirty and twenty, which is much more reasonable than the rule of Hesiod, who, thinking ill of the sex, probably fancied the evil would be less if they were caught young. The military age was from the twentieth to the sixtieth year. Hippocrates says that a man is a *πρεσβύτης* — a word commonly, but incorrectly, translated *old* — to the fifty-sixth year, and from that time is a *γέρων*. An unusually large proportion of the eminent Greeks retained all their powers of mind and body to the eightieth, ninetieth, or even the hundredth year. Gorgias lived to the age of one hundred and eight, and Theophrastus to a hundred, in the full possession of their faculties; and the father of Æschines died at the age of ninety-five.

The intellectual character of the Greeks corresponded to the external circumstances in which they were placed, and to the beauty of form which so pre-eminently belonged to them. The harmony between their mental, moral, and physical condition is a striking proof of the perfectness of their organization. According to Xenophon, Socrates declared that the elements of a good nature, that is, one well endowed with faculties, were the

ability to learn quickly whatever received the requisite attention, a good memory, and a passion for all knowledge by which one may be helped to discharge in the best manner his public and private duties. These the Greeks possessed almost universally. Besides these, they had a certain moderation of temper, which, however it might have been lost from sight in special cases, still generally stamped itself on the conduct and even on the speech; a propriety and becomingness of demeanor; a temperance in all things; a balance of character, which is remarkably expressed in the serene and tranquil beauty of their plastic art. Yet so delicate was their susceptibility of the gentler emotions, that they were easily moved to lamentation and tears, to pity, love, and friendship; and they were exquisitely sensitive to the effects of music, which with them was not the amusement of an idle hour, but entered deeply into the moral condition of the soul, and had important bearings on the welfare of the state. "Good men are inclined to tears," was a proverbial saying. "The Greek standard, however," says Hermann, "was never anything higher than the purely human. That which he [the Greek] was to admire or reverence, he must first clothe in human forms and analogies, especially whatever belonged to surrounding Nature and her powers. The rule of man over matter he nobly established, and he clothed his religion in anthropomorphic conceptions, making it the vehicle of a humanity by which man exalted himself to the likeness of the gods."

The faults and weaknesses of the Hellenic nature were often terribly manifested in the course of their history. The Greek acknowledged the duty of obedience to the laws of piety and gratitude; but these legal and ethical obligations did not restrain him from giving free scope to his passions. Cruelty and revenge stained his conduct and justified itself to his reason. Says Archilochus:

"One great thing I know,  
The man who wrongs me to requite with woe."

To benefit a friend and to harm an enemy, was the commonly



received maxim of duty, until Socrates penetrated deeper into the ethical basis of conduct, and taught the opposite doctrine. Selfishness, and an over-estimation of money, not in the least diminished by the additional experience of twenty-five centuries, show their ugly faces in the midst of the lovely conceptions of poetry and art. "Money makes the man," says Alcæus. "The rich man is the good, the poor the bad," is the burden of the elegies of Theognis: —

"From poverty to flee,  
From some tall precipice into the sea,  
It were a fair escape to leap below."

The value of man as man was better recognized, however, in the later times of the Athenian Republic. The prevalence of corruption, fraud, and falsehood, and the violation of oaths and treaties, stain the pages of the Greek historians and orators, and afford the amplest materials for the satirical delineations of the comic theatre. The severe judgment of Polybius, who despaired of his countrymen, applies to the more degenerate period, when Greece had become a Roman province under the name of Achaia. "Those who handle the public money among the Greeks," says he, "if they are trusted with only a talent, having ten controllers and as many seals, and twice as many witnesses, cannot keep their faith." But as far back as Solon's time, the disposition to make free with the public money is severely reprehended as a common vice by that illustrious law-giver. Public corruption, speculation, and fraud, despite the safeguards and securities with which the Athenian constitution surrounded the treasury, are the ever-recurring topics of ridicule and satire in the comedies of Aristophanes. Traitors and takers of bribes, in the days of Demosthenes, are represented as constantly thwarting his patriotic policy. These faults of conduct and character look very badly when brought together in a narrow compass; though I do not know that they are worse developments than have been made in many periods of modern history, — French, English, and American. As dark a picture might be drawn of the acts of profligacy and corrup-

tion committed in our time by public men, of the selfishness of private life, the frauds of trade, and the advantages taken by the unscrupulous over the simple and confiding. The adulteration of the coin, the repudiation of debts by states, the lies of faction, and the violence of parties, give us but a poor picture of the superiority of modern over ancient public or private morals. But these things must be looked at in their relation with the whole life of a people, — in their bearings upon grand results, and not in their isolated deformity.

Although the lines that I have rapidly traced embrace the leading features of the collective character of the Greeks, a closer inspection reveals a wonderful diversity of local, national, and individual peculiarities. Theophrastus, in the Introduction to his Characters, says, addressing Polycles: "I have always been perplexed when I have endeavored to account for the fact, that among a people who, like the Greeks, inhabit the same climate, and are reared under the same system of education, there should prevail so great a diversity of manners. You know, my friend, that I have long been an attentive observer of human nature; I am now in the ninety-ninth year of my age; and during the whole course of my life, I have conversed familiarly with men of all classes and of various climes, nor have I neglected closely to watch the actions of individuals." The same variety which led this old and accurate observer to draw the inimitable series of characters so often imitated, so seldom equalled, in modern literature, existed among the tribes and nations which together made up the Hellenic race. "The complete assemblage of the good and evil qualities," says Hermann, "was furnished only by Athens." This remark is well founded, as we shall by and by see, when we come to a more especial consideration of that part of Greece. If we take the leading races, we notice how singularly they are discriminated, and how they shade into each other. If we examine the Greeks of the mainland, and compare them with the colonists in Asia or in Italy or in Africa, we are struck with a perpetual play of diversities in the midst of general resemblance.

The Æolian, occupying a northerly position, was vigorous, active, and sound, with a keen perception of beauty, and with a tendency to fall into sensual excesses. In the fruitful plains of Thessaly, he established an aristocracy, which rose to great material prosperity, and then gave itself up to extravagant pleasures. In Ætolia, he turned his energies to robbery and plunder. In Bœotia, he became heavy, sluggish, and abandoned to the lowest gratifications. On the other hand, in the islands of the Ægean and in the Æolian cities of the Asiatic coast, the primitive qualities of the race were refined into an exquisite genius for music and poetry, which, however, rapidly degenerated into a taste for effeminate and licentious indulgence.

The Dorian character, in its iron consistency, was chiefly unfolded in Crete and Sparta. The austere principles by which the life of the Dorians was professedly regulated embodied themselves in the constitution of Lycurgus, and in the arrangements of public and private affairs by which it was carried into effect. The tersest simplicity and most pregnant brevity of speech was the characteristic of Sparta. In Asiatic Doris we find traces of the original vigor of the race, and in some portions of it, as in Byzantium, they survived the downfall of the mother country. But, generally speaking, the sterner peculiarities of the Dorians gave way before the encroaching spirit of Oriental luxury, and rapidly disappeared, without leaving any remarkable monument to preserve the memory of its existence; while in the western colonies, in Syracuse and Tarentum, the Dorians became notorious for their love of luxury.

The Ionians, who are represented on the continent by Athens chiefly, and who there exhibited the richest development of genius, even in Eubœa show many of the peculiarities of their character. But the earliest manifestations of its excellence were in the islands and cities of the Lydian and Carian coasts. The beauty of the country, the charm of the climate, and the rapidly accumulated wealth of an extensive commerce,



acting upon a vigorous nature, a proud spirit, and a love of enterprise in art and letters as well as in practical life, carried the culture of the Ionian race in early times to a lofty height. In epic poetry the world has not yet surpassed, or even equalled them. In elegiac verse, the remaining fragments are of almost equal excellence. In festive celebrations, uniting in grand exhibitions the finest of the arts, — music, song, and dance, — in stately processions, in genial worship of their protecting deities, in elegant and tasteful enjoyment of the unequalled delights of earth and sky that surrounded them, they made of human existence one perpetual holiday. But neither a race nor an individual can long endure under such conditions. Strenuous toil, a brave battling with hard necessity, is as much the spring of national greatness as of individual power. A fertile soil is not the best foundation for a mighty empire. Festivity is not the best school in which to train a hardy nature. The neighborhood of an ancient, worn-out, and luxurious civilization exercises not the most favorable influence upon the youthful virtues of a fresh and blooming race. Even the deathless verse of Homer could not save the Asiatic Ionians from premature decay. His warlike line did not defend them against the debility of Oriental habits; nor did the brave spirit of his heroes hover over them, and shield them from the Persian hordes. Achilles and Ajax, Diomedes and Nestor, were in their minds, but not in their hearts. The death of Hector, the downfall of Troy, the captivity of Hecuba and Andromache, were avenged in the decay and ruin, after a brief period of glory, of the Æolian and Ionian colonies. But on the mainland the Ionian stem took a deeper root, shot up with a slower but hardier growth, maintained a longer existence, bore richer fruits. Athens produced no Homer, for he consummated and exhausted the genius of epic poetry; but what else that does honor to the spirit of man did she not produce in her long career of intellectual supremacy?

All these varieties of character and of race were bound together by a common Hellenic spirit, which made them one as

contrasted with the rest of the peopled world. They often waged furious wars with each other, but they never forgot their relationship. They were Hellenes, and all beside were barbarians. Variety in unity was the law of their existence as of their epic art. When we look over the field of their intellectual achievements, how deeply does this fact impress itself on the mind! Politics, art, poetry, social life,—under what Protean forms do they stand before us, and yet how radically different are all of them from poetry, art, social life, politics, in the Oriental world! Glance along the series of communities and governments which occupy the foreground of Grecian history, and note the multitudinous forms of their constitutions; survey the plastic and pictorial arts; see the simplicity of design running into the most beautiful variety of combination, style, and execution, the schools and styles of sculpture and its manifold materials, and the orders of architecture; observe the kinds of poetry, discriminated with unerring taste, and wrought out with the enthusiasm of genius, guided by the hand of conscious criticism; the Ionian, Æolian, Dorian modes of lyric composition, with their several rhythms and harmonies; the drama of Athens, under the forms of tragedy, comedy, satyric drama, and tragicomedy, with their rules and principles, proportions and balancing parts; enter the courts and assemblies, and listen to the ever-changing variety of eloquence, demonstrative, judicial, and deliberative; then pause in the Academy or the Lyceum, hear the conversations and lectures of philosophers and teachers of youth, and watch the infinite vivacity of the discussions, the ingenuity of the arguments, the wit of the rapid retorts,—through all these diversities runs the same Hellenic spirit. They cannot be mistaken for anything else. Egypt had nothing like them. Phœnicia and Palestine had nothing like them. “The wealth of Ormus and of Ind” had no such intellectual abundance to show. Hellas, in this respect, as the boldest illustration of unity in the largest variety, stands alone in the history of civilization.

## LECTURE II.

### OUTLINE VIEW OF HELLENIC CULTURE.

IN the first Lecture of this course I sketched an outline of the physical conditions which surrounded the Greeks during their national existence. Next I attempted an outline, equally general, of the physical, moral, and intellectual qualities of the Hellenic race, and of the distinctions between its subordinate types. The general subject of the course is entitled "The Life of Greece," a designation borrowed from Dicæarchus, a contemporary of Aristotle. That eminent writer, the loss of whose works is one of the heaviest calamities of ancient literature, was a man of the widest range of knowledge, embracing philosophy, geography, history, and politics, on all of which he wrote. He was an extensive traveller and an admirable observer; but titles, abridgments, and fragments are all that survive of the numerous writings he gave to the world. One of them contained an account of the geography, history, morals, and religion of Greece; of the life and manners of the inhabitants; of education, learning, the arts, the musical and Dionysiac contests; in short, of everything necessary to the complete understanding of the condition and character both of people and country. This great work he entitled *Βίος τῆς Ἑλλάδος*, or the Life of Hellas.

Of this work an abridged fragment has been preserved from the second book. It begins with a description of the road to Athens, probably from Megara, which passed through a cultivated country, sweet and agreeable to the sight. The city is described as ill furnished with water, and irregular on account of its antiquity, the houses generally mean and inconvenient,



so that a stranger would at first hardly believe this to be the celebrated city of Athens. But when he should see the superb theatre; the costly temple of Athene, called the Parthenon, overhanging the theatre; the temple of Olympian Zeus, which, though unfinished, fills the beholder with amazement by the magnificence of its plan; the three Gymnasias, — the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Cynosarges, — all of them shaded by trees, and embellished with grassy lawns; when he should have beheld the haunts of the philosophers, the various schools, and the festive scenes by which the cares of life are cheated of their prey, — he would have another impression, and believe that this was in very truth the famous city of Athens. The hospitality of the citizens makes the stay of the stranger agreeable, and induces an oblivion of slavery. The city abounds with supplies for every want and the means of gratifying every desire, the neighboring towns being but its suburbs. The inhabitants are prompt to honor all artists; and though among the Attics there are busybodies and gossips who pass their time in spying out the conduct of strangers, yet the genuine Athenians are magnanimous, simple in manners, trusty friends, and accomplished critics of the arts. In short, as much as other cities excel the country in the means of enjoyment, so much does Athens surpass all other cities. As Lysippus says:

“Hast Athens seen not? Then thou art a log.

Hast seen and not been caught? Thou art an ass.”

Leaving the city, the traveller takes the road to Oropus, which is rough and hilly, but on account of the frequent places of refreshment and the beauty of the views, is not fatiguing to the traveller. Of the city of Oropus he thinks very ill on account of the dishonesty of the innkeepers and the impositions of the custom-house, *apropos* to which he quotes a couple of lines from Xenon: —

“They all are publicans, and robbers all;

May the Oropians have an evil end!”

Hence he proceeds to Tanagra, through a wooded region

planted with olives, and wholly free from the fear of robbers. The city is elevated, the fronts of the houses beautifully adorned with encaustic pictures, and the inhabitants of a very different character from the Oropians. They are wealthy, but not extravagant in their way of life; conspicuous for the observance of the virtues of justice, faith, and hospitality; liberal to the poor of the city and to foreign mendicants; utterly averse from filthy lucre. It is the safest city in Bœotia for strangers to reside in; for there is in the character of the inhabitants a downright and austere detestation of vice, because they are contented with their lot and love industry. "I observed in this city not the slightest inclination to any species of intemperance, which is generally the cause of the greatest crimes among mankind." From this model city our traveller proceeds to Plataea, the citizens of which, he remarks, have nothing else to say for themselves, except that they are colonists of Athens, and that the battle between the Greeks and Persians occurred there.

On arriving at Thebes, by a smooth and level road, he gives a somewhat graphic description of the city, and sketches the character of the inhabitants. "The city lies in the midst of the Bœotian plain, and is about seventy stadia in circumference. It is entirely smooth, round, and its soil of a dark color. Though an ancient city, it has been recently laid out with greater regularity, having been three times destroyed, as history informs us, on account of the overbearing and haughty character of the inhabitants. It is well adapted to the breeding of horses, being all well-watered, verdant, and deep-soiled, and having more gardens than any other city in Greece; for two rivers flow through the plain that lies round the city, irrigating the whole of it. Water is also brought under ground from the Cadmeia by pipes said to have been constructed by ancient Cadmus. Such is the city. The inhabitants are high-spirited, and wonderful for their sanguine hopefulness in the affairs of life; but they are bold, overbearing, and haughty, quarrelsome, indifferent alike to stranger and to native, and scorers of justice.

Disputes arising out of trade they will not settle by argument, but apply to them the law of violence and force of arms. Only controversies arising from the gymnastic games are referred to the judicial tribunals. Thus it happens that a law-case occurs scarcely once in thirty years. For whoever ventures to speak of such a thing among the people, and does not instantly quit Bœotia, but remains for the shortest possible time in the city, is watched by those who object to the trial of causes at law, and falls by a violent death at night. Murders are committed among them for very trifling causes. Such is the general character of the men, though there are some honorable exceptions, noble-minded persons, and worthy of the highest regard. The women have the noblest presence, the tallest figures, the most dignified and harmonious movement, of any in Greece. The covering they wear on the head is such that the face seems to be concealed by a mask, the eyes only being visible, but all the other parts hidden by the garments, which are all white. Their hair is yellow, and bound in a knot on the top of the head, which is called by the natives a *torch*. They wear thin and low shoes, of a red color, so laced as to leave the foot almost naked. The women have a pleasant voice, while that of the men is harsh and disagreeable. The city is very delightful to pass the summer in; for it has an abundance of cool water and numerous well-planted gardens. It enjoys pleasant breezes, has a green aspect, and is well supplied with provisions and summer fruits. But it is detestable in winter on account of the scarcity of fuel, and on account of the rivers and the winds. Snow falls there also, and it has a great deal of mud."

After visiting one or two more places, the traveller sums up his observations on Bœotia by quoting a popular description of the qualities belonging to the chief towns. "The love of filthy lucre dwells in Oropus; envy in Tanagra; quarrelsomeness in Thespiæ; avarice in Anthedon; meddling in Coroneia; bragging in Plataea; the fever in Onchestus; stupidity in Haliartus. These misfortunes have gathered from



every part of Greece into the cities of Bœotia; so that the counsel of Pherecrates is justified,

‘If thou art wise, run from Bœotia.’”

Leaving Bœotia, he passes over to Chalcis in Eubœa, which he describes as a city well furnished with gymnasia, galleries, temples, theatres, pictures, and statues; and the people as polished, fond of science, kind to strangers, quiet and orderly.

The narrative suddenly breaks off here, and the next passage contains the author’s opinion of the extent of Hellas or Greece, — including within its boundaries Thessaly on the north, because the original Hellas, from which the name extended over the country, was a town in that region founded by Hellen.

From these few touches we may form some idea of what Di-cæarchus meant by the Life of Greece; and from the pointed and graphic manner in which he brings out the peculiarities of cities, countries, and men, even under the disadvantages of an abstract, we may judge with what ability the work was executed. It is a most interesting fragment, not only from the talent of the author, but from the time in which he lived and wrote; from the fresh picture of contemporary life; from the notices of little characteristic circumstances, which perish with the occasion, never to be recovered unless recorded at the moment. He lived four centuries earlier than Strabo, six centuries earlier than Pausanias, and six centuries and a half earlier than Athenæus, — the three authors to whom we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of the details of ancient life. Here and there his sentences open most curious and instructive glimpses into the buried scenes on which humanity was once so busy. The inhabitants of towns of which now scarce a vestige remains repeople the silent and deserted streets; temples, theatres, galleries, rise in their fair proportions; the throng and tumult of commerce return to fill the solitudes; the Athenian, Oropian, Tanagræan, and Theban, each with the several peculiarities of form and character which marked him in the day of his historical existence, gaze upon us from the vivid page; and

the white-robed countrywomen of Pindar, moving with graceful and rhythmic step, come forward from the dark and solemn past, fix upon us their melancholy eyes gleaming out through the envious veil, and then vanish into the unfathomable obscurity from which they emerged to a momentary renewal of their existence.

The life of Greece was a life of a thousand years. A nation, like an individual, comes upon the stage in the freshness and vigor of youth, passes to its maturity, begins to decay, and finally yields its place to others. It has been recently said, that this analogy has no basis in necessary truth; that it is the creation of fancy; that national life is not, like individual life, made up of perishable elements, and has no inherent principle of decay. Perhaps this is theoretically correct, or at least plausible; but the sources of a nation's character and the means of a nation's growth are changeable and exhaustible. The faith and enthusiasm which belong to the period of its youth—the period of construction and development—do not endure forever. *Heu prisca fides*, was the natural exclamation of the Roman poet, when Rome meant the world; but the ancient Roman spirit was felt to be dying out. The physical resources of a country do not last always; and the crowded population of one epoch dwindles away, leaving another age to wonder how it could ever have been. Forests are cut down; the soil is exhausted; the fertilizing rivers shrink to streamlets, or entirely desert their ancient beds. Perhaps art might resist the gradual exhaustion of nature; but the attractions of new regions draw off the adventurous spirits, and the world is never full. The lines of commercial intercourse change. The great land-roads are deserted for the more expeditious and less expensive passage by sea. New and more convenient centres are found; and imperceptibly the splendors of the ancient seats become dim, and grass grows up through the crevices in the pavements. Power flies to other strongholds, and empires that once ruled the world fall into inward and outward decline. Where are Babylon, Persia, Syria, Egypt? It was not vice alone that

destroyed them. It was a combination of causes, physical, moral, and mental. It was the ever-shifting relations of the world. The process goes on around us; but we do not heed it. Old communities are decreasing; young communities are increasing; change, fluctuation, death, are written on all human things; development and dissolution are the law to which men and nations are alike subjected. Some have a longer, others a shorter term of existence; but the longest is a mere span, nor has any medicine yet been found to arrest or conquer death in either. The oldest nations now on the European stage have not reached the age of Greece and Rome. Farther east, the existence of nations has been artificially protracted; but it is only a life in death. We are less than a century old; and we can hardly infer an endless existence from the unexampled rapidity of our childhood's growth. Rather let us fear the seeds of a premature decay, unless we guard our national constitution by a wise temperance, justice, moderation, integrity, morality, religion, — the laws of national health.

The life of Greece, as I have said, may be considered as lasting, effectively, a thousand years. How long was the period which preceded its actual appearance on the stage, — how many ages were consumed in combining the elements of its being and character, and preparing it for its great career, — it is impossible to say. That this period was neither short nor unimportant, the length, variety, and brilliancy of its historical existence afford us trustworthy proof.

The country, as we have seen, was admirably fitted for an energetic development of intellectual power. The face of nature was young and fresh; its features diversified and beautiful. Mountain, hill, and vale; woodland and meadow; rivers, lakes, harbors; fertile plains alternating with hard and uneven soil; a climate of unsurpassed healthfulness and loveliness, and of every variety; the whole surrounded by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, along whose shores were clustered the noblest seats of ancient culture, — these were the framework within which Hellenic life unfolded its fairest and most fra-



grant flowers. Here was laid the only true foundation of civil society, in the family relation, extending the range of its influence to the remotest branches of kindred. Here were formed political societies, in which constitutions were modelled, embracing every principle of social and political science. Here poetry unfolded itself under the most inspiring circumstances and the most favoring auspices. Here eloquence was applied to its highest and noblest ends, with a consummate mastery of the resources of speech, logic, and intellectual force. Here belief in the existence of the gods gave to every form of nature and every affection of the human heart its relation to the divine nature, and clothed itself in the glories of plastic art. Here sprang up the exact sciences, geometry, astronomy; the intellectual science of the philosophy of the human mind; the moral or ethical science of duty towards God and man. Here a noble system of education, the germs of which were planted in Greece long before history was able to record them, developed the faculties of the mind and the powers of the body in harmonious proportion. Here history, an art closely allied to political liberty, not only began its career, but reached its highest perfection. These are the springs, the *momenta*, of the life of Greece. For the life of a nation grows out of the family affections; it is strengthened by the patriotic spirit, which sees the welfare of the individual bound up in the welfare of the state; the chastisement of suffering and disaster nerves it to brave endurance; the sunshine of national prosperity expands it into luxuriant growth; the teachings of nature give it coloring; the splendors of creative genius exalt and refine it; letters and art remove it from rudeness; poetry kindles its fervor; eloquence heartens it to the great contests which it may have to breast before its day has risen to the height of heaven; philosophy shows its intellectual relations; religion opens its view into the other world; on the breast of Mother Earth the soul and character of a nation lovingly repose; underneath the sky, its teeming energies are wakened into thrills of ecstasy; action tasks its strength, by putting the ideal to the test of

reality ; and so by unnumbered influences, some too subtle to be expressed in human speech, is evolved by slow degrees that wonderful phenomenon of creative power and goodness, a nation's life.

How far the development of the early life of Greece was directly affected by intercourse with the primitive seats in Asia, it is of course impossible to say. How far the civilization of Egypt influenced the culture of Greece, in art and religion especially, comes more within the scope of investigation ; but even this cannot be precisely determined. The poetical literature of the Sanscrit-speaking nations followed the same order of growth with the poetical literature of Greece ; but we find few analogies between the mythologies. The germs of the doctrines taught by every school of philosophy in Greece have been discerned by Oriental scholars in the teaching of the Brahminical sages ; and it has been supposed that the philosophers of Greece travelled into the remote East, in search of wisdom. This is possible, but doubtful. On the other hand, the Greeks themselves recognized in the names and attributes of the Egyptian deities the types of their own. Thus Neith became the goddess Athene. Some ideas of architecture and sculpture were doubtless suggested by the stupendous works which filled the valley of the Nile. Solid walls, columns with ornamented capitals, supporting architrave, frieze, and cornice, gigantic statues of gods and heroes, existed there long before the earliest marble temple rose on a headland, acropolis, or hill-top of Greece. The art of writing, first by pictures, secondly by symbolical signs, thirdly by pictures standing for whole words or names, and fourthly by figures standing for the initial sounds of the names of objects, or alphabetic writing, had been invented in Egypt two thousand years before the age of Homer. All these things were well known to the authors of the earliest civilization in Greece, and may have furnished a starting-point. But the grandeur of immensity marked the architecture of the Nile ; solemn repose was expressed in the stony faces which crowded its temples and propylæa ; all were

built for eternity ; but the spirit of beauty was not there ; the idea of fitness and proportion was not there. Enormous masses were piled up by mechanical contrivances, the secret of which we know not ; huge figures, awkward, stiff, ugly, were reared for gods and men. Beauty was not the attribute of Egyptian art. Whatever else the Greeks may have borrowed from the land of the Pharaohs, beauty they did not borrow. In this supreme quality and vital principle of their life, they were wholly original. Their first essays were marked by a rude strength. The *Æginetan* marbles have the stiffness of Egypt ; and some of the ancient figures of the gods would not have found themselves out of place in company with the sienite monsters of Luxor and Karnak. But as soon as the Greek got command of his materials and tools, he broke loose from the ancient traditions, and followed the instincts of his genius, which led him into the land of beauty. Through the Phœnicians, who completed the invention of alphabetic writing by selecting from the Egyptian characters representing initial sounds, the Greeks received this art, and turned it to its highest purposes. The Egyptians used it for monumental inscriptions, for papyrus-records in the tombs of the departed, and perhaps for some of the transactions of life ; but never apart from the proper hieroglyphics. The Phœnicians, abandoning the hieroglyphics, employed writing as a convenient instrument for commercial transactions, and, in the course of time, for the preservation of their national annals ; but they never rose into the higher regions of literary culture, and so they left but the shadow of a mighty name. The Greeks, on the other hand, seizing this art, which was communicated to them by the older nations, perfected it, and made it the means of laying up, for a life after life, the best part of their national existence. In this consisted their originality. They made whatever they received their own, by working it over again. They breathed into rude materials and ungainly forms the elegance and grace of their own brilliant spirits. They turned inanimate matter into the almost breathing forms of art. They raised death into life, and stamped upon life the seal of immortality.



The life of Greece commences, as we have seen, in the ante-historical times. The legends of gods and heroes occupy the background of the picture. The princes who waged the war of Troy, and their predecessors, the contemporaries of Hercules and Laomedon, emerge into a half-poetic, half-historic light. They are the chivalry of the classical ages, and are descended from the legendary gods. They appear to us as the rulers of a series of kingdoms, mostly along the coasts of Greece, with kingly authority not unlike that of the princes and barons of the Middle Ages. They are more or less related, either by consanguinity or by the tie of friendship; but in political forms and powers they stand wholly independent of one another. Sometimes they unite in temporary confederacies for special and limited purposes. The invasions of Troy, the second of which furnished the legends for the divine tale of Homer, resulted from such a combination. The chief portions of the Grecian mainland, from Thessaly on one side nearly up to Illyria on the other, are at this era settled by established communities, governed apparently by similar political authorities, but already discriminated from one another in national character and tendencies, as we see in the living pictures of Homer. They are organized into classes, — princes, nobles, freemen, and slaves. They have their splendid palaces, adorned, it may be, with the display of barbaric art. The principles of justice, understood to have come from the father of gods and men, restrain the arbitrary temper of the rulers, and secure the rights of the governed. Splendid furniture and stores of richly wrought garments are among the possessions of the wealthy. Flocks and herds fill the pastures and cover the hillsides. Agriculture in all its departments has made considerable progress, as we see by the description of the shield of Achilles. Ships of great size, propelled in part by oars and in part by sails, have been built, and Grecian sailors have coasted a considerable part of the Mediterranean. Priests interpret the will of the gods, and exercise a spiritual power over the laity, respected and feared, though not always

obeyed, by kings. The minstrel, with his harp, fills the hall of feasting with the music of his song. He rouses the enthusiasm of his listeners by chanting the lays of famous men, and creates a popular poetry destined to ripen into the glories of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The most distinguished personages of the heroic society are the chiefs, the soothsayers, the ship-builders, and the carpenters. Odysseus is a first-rate workman, as the craft he built to escape from Calypso's isle abundantly testifies. Achilles can cook as well as eat a sirloin of beef. Young ladies of princely birth find it not beneath them to do the family washing in tubs by the river-side: nothing is said of soap. Queens embroider and weave: Helen embroiders a battle-piece, and Penelope gives to Odysseus a garment on which she has wrought the picture of a chase.

The life of the divine beings in whom the popular faith is centred resembles the life of man on earth. Zeus is the head of the household on Olympus, and he sometimes finds it hard enough to keep its unruly members in order. Whether the starting-point of the ancient mythology was the primitive belief in the unity of the Divine nature, as many suppose, may be doubted; and yet the Divine power is sometimes referred to, as if the expression sprang from a deeply seated though darkling consciousness of this great truth. But the common conception was no doubt polytheistic. The gods were for the most part understood to be supernatural existences indeed, but with characters endowed with the qualities of human beings on a larger scale. Again, the vivid imagination of the early Greek gave life and spirit to all the objects by which he was surrounded,—to the tree, the wind, the storm. The appearances of nature suggested to him a power in and above nature, and were moulded, in his plastic conception, into conscious and distinct personalities. Passions and affections were at first inspirations, and then became embodied deities. Pan, the shepherd-god, is worshipped among the mountains, along the shores, and on islands laved or lashed by the ocean-waves. Temples and altars rise to Poseidon, shaker of the

earth. The lovely and majestic form of the virgin-goddess Athene represents the genius of wisdom and the spirit of progress. The love of man for woman rises from the waves in the sea-born Aphrodite, afterwards embodied in the statue that enchants the world. Women sometimes scolded their lords; and so the golden-throned Hera, the wife of Zeus, keeps a watchful eye upon the Thunderer, who is not always to be trusted out of her sight, and gives him tongue like any mortal termagant. Men sometimes lie, and Hermes begins to fib the moment he is born. So, partly, it may be, from primitive tradition, but chiefly from the forms, elements, and powers of nature and the passions of the human heart, the plastic imagination of the Greek moulded the crowd of mythological personages that filled the popular mind, and in material forms dwelt in the marble temples, on which genius and treasure alike were lavished with uncalculating liberality. Behind the motley assemblage of the Olympian deities stood a darkly apprehended power or nature, to which even the gods themselves must yield obedience. The ruling authorities of heaven bore another resemblance to humanity; they had been subject to revolution and overthrow. Several changes of dynasty had taken place before Zeus rose to power; and even he had some misgivings that his throne was not completely secure, and, like mortal monarchs, banished, imprisoned, or bound in chains the unfriendly deities who might be the nucleus of a dangerous opposition. The Titans were not only overwhelmed with mountains, in the battle which decided the disputed title to sovereignty, but were shut up afterwards in Tartarus. Prometheus, the philanthropist, as a suspected character, was chained and bolted to a rock where the vulture daily came to gnaw his liver. This purely human element in the elder mythology explains the discontent of the later philosophers with the whole system. Plato thought the things said by the poets of the characters and conduct of the gods wholly unworthy of them, and of evil moral tendency in their influence on the young. Homer, on this account, was to be ex-



cluded from his imaginary republic. The free treatment of the deities, as in the Homeric Hymns, and more remarkably in the Attic comedy, — as in the *Birds*, the *Frogs*, and other pieces, — sprang, no doubt, from this same human conception of the nature of the gods, and is not to be regarded as a display of irreverence, just as the fairies in Shakespeare are clothed in the attributes of humanity, and made susceptible of jealousies and passions, without trenching on the popular reverence for supernatural persons and objects.

The union of the Greeks against the nations inhabiting the opposite shore of the *Ægean* first brought them into a consciousness of Hellenic nationality. At what period this took place there are no means of deciding within several centuries. All that we know about it is drawn from the older legends alluded to in the Homeric poems, and from the account of the great Trojan war; and here again no two persons will agree in drawing the line between historic verity and poetical fiction. Some reject the whole as a brilliant invention of the Ionian bard; others receive nearly the whole as matter of fact, metrically recorded; others believe in a foundation of fact, with a prodigious superstructure of fancy. A middle ground is probably the true one. The great facts which it is impossible to doubt are, that, at a considerable period before the era of the Olympiads, that is, before the eighth century B. C., there was a flourishing civilization on the islands and coasts of Asia Minor; that these regions had been colonized by *Æolians*, *Ionians*, and *Dorians*, from the Grecian mainland; that the geographical relations of the colonies corresponded nearly with the geographical relations of the races on the mainland; that the colonists carried with them the language and dialects of their fathers, and a goodly store of heroic legends and religious and ballad poetry; that they cherished the memory of the heroes who fought at Troy, and from whom their principal leaders claimed descent; and that they were brought into the immediate neighborhood of the scenes where the nine years' warfare had been waged, so that to the pure Hellenic

traditions were added those of the Asiatic descendants of their antagonists. We may say, at least, when we take these facts into the account, that the story of the war of Troy, with the delineation of Grecian life wrought into that imperishable tale, is a very natural one in its outline and its principal features. So far I believe it to be a true history; but it comes to us embellished with the coloring of the second period of the life of Greece, — the period of Æolian and Ionian culture on the eastern side of the Ægean. This period embraces the flourishing age of epic poetry, wherein the Greeks, carrying with them their fresh and youthful energies into the neighborhood of an elder civilization, suddenly blossomed into a free and beautiful life under the soft skies of the fairest region in the world.

“The fame of Ionian refinement,” says Jacobs, “filled the world; the works of Ionian poetry and prose suffused every heart of sensibility with delight. . . . Here was enjoyed a life exempt from drudgery, among fair festivals and solemn assemblies, full of sensibility, exhilarating joy, innocent curiosity, and childlike faith. Surrendered to the outer world, and inclined to all that was attractive by novelty, beauty, and grandeur, here the people listened with the greatest eagerness to the history of the heroic men whose deeds, adventures, and wanderings filled a former age with their renown, and, when they were echoed in song, moved to ecstasy the breasts of the hearers. It was thus that the poets first took up those heroic legends here as the most favorable materials for their art, and from the legend by degrees sprang the epic poem, — the narrative clear, imaginative, picturesque, varied, and minute, as the youthful feelings of the age and of the listening multitude required. That the deed should be mirrored in the song; that every form should stand out distinct and vivid; that even in single parts the whole should be shadowed forth; in a word, that the glorious world of heroes should move in perfect dignity and serene poetic splendor, — this was the aim of the epic poet, as of every one in whose fresh and vigorous fancy a subject kindled into life is struggling for utter-

ance." These few sentences express the leading idea of the life of Greece as it appeared in Ionia. But as this beauty and felicity had sprung up by a rapid growth, so they fell into an early and swift decay. No matter: Homer was left to teach the coming world.

As Ionia declines from her sudden splendor, the scene of Hellenic life shifts to the slowly growing communities on the mainland. The heroic families die out; new men appear, with new ideas; loyalty to kings yields to the passion for political liberty. Constitutions supplant the old *θέμιστες*, — the common law which was traced upward to the very throne of Zeus. Arbitrary will surrenders to definite, law-protected, personal rights. The tyrants, who hold a middle ground between the heroic monarchies and the later politics, after a brief enjoyment of their power, are toppled down and vanish from the scene. Dorian life is most strikingly unfolded in Sparta; Ionian, under Attic forms and modifications, at Athens. Sparta adds something of military experience, something of legislative skill, something of public and private economy, to the common stock. She trains her citizens to brevity of speech, to bravery, to black broth, and iron coins. How strong the contrast to the gayety and elegance of Ionia! The legislation of Lycurgus was the mould in which these iron men were cast and their characters determined for six or seven centuries. This stands just on the border line of authentic history. Within this line the legislation of Draco, short-lived, and unsuited by its impracticable severity to the free and impulsive individuality of the Ionian race, enjoyed a momentary existence, and fell like its author, who was smothered with cloaks at the theatre, the people pretending that they wished to protect him from the cold.

Next came Solon, one of the wisest men of the ancient world. He called order out of chaos; gave liberty a legislative existence; surrounded human rights with the ramparts of law; placed the sovereignty, not in the despotic will of the individual, but in the deliberate conclusions of the popular



bodies, reached in certain prescribed methods, announced under solemn sanctions, and executed in due form by the warrant of public authority. This constitution was changed to meet the exigencies of changing times. It was made more and more democratic; but the principle of liberty remained. It was overthrown more than once in the long course of Athenian national existence; but it was always soon restored. The longest period during which it was held in abeyance was during the eight ignominious months of the tyranny of the Thirty.

The other states of Greece grouped themselves about these leading capitals; — those in which the aristocratic or oligarchical element prevailed falling naturally into the circle of Spartan influence; those in which the democratical element had the preponderance rallying round the city of Athens. These were the two centres of Grecian life. It was Sparta and Athens that breasted the shock of Persian invasion, — that at Thermopylæ, this at Marathon, at Salamis, and on other fields of glory. The former claimed the leadership of the Grecian states by land; the latter asserted it by sea. Sparta sacrificed the citizen to the state; she bound the natural affections in the iron bands of rule; she was always clothed in armor. The elegant arts were her scorn; eloquence, her aversion. The bridegroom, instead of peaceably conducting home his bride, must needs take her by force, as if she were a piece of baggage belonging to a hostile army; as much as to say that man, in his tenderest relations, is nothing but a fighter. The infant had to pass the scrutiny of hard-hearted judges; and if he did not promise well for the warlike purposes of the state, he was tossed to the wolves of Taygetus. The mother who dismissed her son to foreign service complacently received the news that he had fallen, pierced through the breast by a hundred spears, on the field of battle. The drudgery of daily life was laid upon the slaves. Yet these cast-iron men sometimes broke through all the restraints of law, and usage, and fixed prejudice, and let Nature have her way. When iron melts,

it runs off in a fiercely glowing liquid, and nothing can resist its voracious fervor. When the Spartan once yielded, there was no stopping him. The austere liver became the all-devourer; the rigid moralist wallowed in sensuality. The poet Alcman — the favorite poet of these hardy men — lets his imagination run riot in the joys of eating and drinking. The dishes and wines on which he dwells with a gloating affection make an odd contrast with the public professions of self-denial and frugality. The men who had legislated old iron into a legal tender fell the most readily under the temptation of Eastern gold, and Sparta became far more venal and corrupt than any other state in Greece. So universal is the law that one extreme leads to another.

In Athens, on the other hand, the wise and liberal institutions of Solon rapidly developed an extraordinary measure of public virtue and private happiness. Men of wonderful genius educated themselves in the service of the state, and raised her to the height of glory and power. Themistocles, Miltiades, Conon, Pericles, — what country can surpass these in brilliancy of statesmanlike gifts and effective labors? Aristides, surnamed the Just, — the ideal of incorruptible integrity for all ages, — where shall his superior be found? And yet the institutions of Athens encouraged a cheerful enjoyment, and every elegance that can embellish life. The affectation of Spartanism, which was at one time a fashionable mode, was met with laughter and ridicule. Hilarity and confidence marked the daily intercourse of the citizens; commerce brought to them the luxuries of the world; art refined the coarseness of existence into all conceivable beauty; conversation, repartee, discussion, social meetings in clubs, singing, dancing, revelling, the play of wit, enlivened the gay capital with an endless succession of pleasures and joys. Yet, as Pericles boasted, the Athenians were as brave when the crisis for bravery came as were those rivals who made peace only the image of war by the continual labor of preparation. "We love the beautiful with economy; we pursue wisdom

without effeminacy ; we use wealth for real occasions, not for ostentatious boasting. It is no disgrace to any one to confess his poverty ; but it is a shame to him if he do not labor to escape it. The charge of public and private affairs belongs to the same men, and those who are occupied with common labors well understand political affairs. We alone regard the man who takes no interest in politics, not as a quiet and harmless person, but as a useless one. We do not consider eloquence as an obstacle to the public good ; but we do consider it as a misfortune not to be instructed by previous discussion as to the measures which we are obliged to undertake. For we possess this characteristic above all others, that we are at once daring, and accustomed to reflect on what we are about to take in hand ; whereas ignorance gives boldness to others, and reflection induces delay. They should be rightly adjudged the boldest-hearted who, knowing most clearly the terrible and the agreeable, yet shrink not for this reason from dangers. In brief, I may call the city the school of Greece, and the citizen of Athens is personally best fitted, by variety of talent, for the graceful performance of all the duties of life."

This, no doubt, sounded a little boastful in the ears of the contemporary world. But Pericles was right. Athens was the school of Greece. His boast fell short of the truth : Athens is the school of the civilized world. Think of her sculptors and painters, — the Acropolis, covered with temples and peopled by more than three thousand marble statues ; call to mind her lyric and dramatic literature, tragedy and comedy ; remember her admirable principles of justice, which, with all the errors of application in particular cases, are the basis of its administration everywhere ; consider her philosophy in the persons of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their teachings in the Academy and the Lyceum ; recall the almost Christian ethics which strengthened the heart of Socrates to brave the passions of an angry populace, demanding with threats and imprecations that he should put a vote which was to consign men illegally to the executioner ; contemplate the



religious faith which enabled him, heathen though he was, to look death calmly in the face, and to spend the last hours of his life in discussing the highest themes with his weeping disciples ; then pass in review the doctrines of his most eloquent followers on the immortality of the soul, the nature of sin, the necessity of retribution, the essence of justice, the misery of wickedness even when triumphant ; recollect, too, the lofty civil prudence, which for a large portion of her existence swayed the counsels of the Athenian state, and the masculine eloquence which has come down to us in the volumes of the Attic orators, with its stirring appeals to all that is noblest in the human heart, its passages of profound wisdom, irrefragable logic, resistless passion, and unequalled majesty of expression ; especially bring before your thought the image of him who was greatest among the greatest, who gave his days and nights to the service of a country whose honor, glory, and prosperity were dearer to him than life itself, who dispensed his private fortune in ministering to the wants of others, redeeming the captive, endowing the daughters of the poor, supplying the exigencies of the state when disastrous defeat veiled her pride and trailed her honors in the dust, submitting to exile when the madness of the populace turned upon his incorruptible integrity the eye of suspicion, yet, while banished from the city of his love, lending the might of his eloquence to bring back success to her arms and to restore her to the post of honor in Greece, finally dying in the temple of Poseidon, when the glory of Athens had grown hopelessly dim beneath the malignant star of Macedon, — summon up these and a thousand immortal memories, and the grandeur of the position asserted for Athens by the illustrious ruler commends itself to the coolest judgment of history and posterity.

How singular the contrasts between these aspects of Grecian life in the historical ages ! Grim Sparta fought her way bravely, and fills many a chapter in the warlike annals of antiquity ; but her life perished with her life. Athens fought her way when fighting was called for, and sometimes when

it was not ; but the life of her spirit lives on wherever intellectual culture has existed or now exists ; it spreads with the extension of the realm of letters and art ; it legislates over the kingdom of beauty ; it increases in power and intensity with every advancing century ; it can fall only with the downfall of civilization, and the usurped dominion of barbarism over the face of the earth.

### LECTURE III.

#### THE DECLINE OF HELLAS.—RURAL LIFE IN GREECE.

THE life of Greece, commencing in the mythical ages, was not only varied and intense, but, if we add to the thousand years of its glory the two thousand years of its transformed existence through the Alexandrian, Byzantine, and Middle ages, to the present time, of extraordinary duration. The Ionian or Homeric period, commencing ten or twelve centuries before our era, lasts three hundred years; the historical period, commencing seven or eight centuries before Christ, lasts until the Roman conquest. The *hegemony*, or leadership, is divided between Athens and Sparta, with an occasional short-lived interlude played by some inferior state, as by Thebes under the able management of Pelopidas and Epaminondas. Life—the life of civilization—is concentrated in Southern Greece, shading off gradually into the semibarbarism of Thesaly and Macedonia, and the complete barbarism of Illyria. The battle of Chæroneia, in 338 B. C., establishes the supremacy of the Macedonian princes. The Achæan League, two centuries before Christ, rises to a temporary importance, under Philopœmen; but in 146 B. C., all Greece, under the name of Achaia, becomes a part of the Roman empire, and is heard of no more except as a portion of a province governed by a Roman proconsul. She retains, however, something of her internal freedom. Municipal institutions are not much changed in form, the constitution of Lycurgus having been previously annihilated by Philopœmen and the Achæan League, B. C. 188. Meanwhile, though politically dead, Greece is still the school of the world, and Athens is the school of Greece. For



several centuries the Roman youth resort thither, as to a great university, to be trained in the liberal arts; the son of Cicero studies there; Cicero himself has studied there. In the third century the Goths commence their ravages; in the fourth century Alaric renews the assault with more destructive rage; next come the Huns, before the fourth century is completed. In the sixth century Justinian closes the schools of Athens, which have existed from the time of Socrates.

In the midst of these successive disasters, the population of Greece has rapidly dwindled away. Political oppression and social demoralization have had their deadly effects. The small proprietors who occupied the land in the flourishing ages have vanished from the soil, and lords of immense landed estates — sure sign of decay — have spread over the country. The central power at Byzantium ceases to protect a region from which only a scanty revenue can be drawn, and little or no resistance is now offered to the barbarous hordes from the North. The Slavonian successors of the Goths and Huns pour through the pass of Thermopylæ, and find no Leonidas there to dispute their entrance. The marble lion, placed over the mound that covers the Three Hundred, has no terrors for these Russian multitudes; and on they press until they hold the fairest parts of Greece in possession or subjection, down to the southern extremity of Peloponnesus. Greece seems removed from Greece. So far is the process of supplanting carried, that some have doubted whether any portion of the old Hellenic race remains in the land of their fathers. In the eighth century Constantinus Porphyrogenitus writes: "The whole country became Slavonian and barbarous." But towards the end of this century the deluge of barbarism begins to recede before the arms of the Empress Irene, who is an Athenian by birth. A new impulse is given to the native society, which rallies against the foreigner and the barbarian. Yet for six or seven centuries the Slavonic tongue is spoken, conjointly with the Greek, all over Greece; and to this day the names of rivers, mountains, and towns, from Thermopylæ to the

southern point of Peloponnesus, bear witness to the extent of the inroads of the Slavonians, and the length of their period of possession. But in the interior regions, among the highlands, in many of the cities, in Athens for example, and in most of the islands, the Hellenic people and language, through all these changes, keep their ground, and the race perishes not in the Slavonian flood.

The language is preserved in its general structure especially through the influence of the Greek Church, although, after the downfall of Athens and Alexandria, Byzantium is the principal seat of ecclesiastical power and literary culture. The East and the West are divided in religion and in politics. Not only are the nations of Roman descent, under the general name of Franks, regarded as heretics by the orthodox Emperors at Constantinople, but the wars with the Normans of Sicily and Italy have induced a general hostility between the Frank and the Greek races; so that when the Crusaders pass on their warfare against the infidels who hold possession of the Holy Sepulchre, they are regarded by the Greek Christians rather as old enemies than as brethren of one common faith. The mischief done to the Eastern Christians by these pious marauders from the West is incalculable. The Orientals, before their appearance, had laid the foundation of a new order of things in the cultivation of the soil by freemen. The Crusaders introduced feudal tenures and predial servitude.

The Byzantine empire was conquered in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and the empire of Romania took its place. On the continent of Greece and the neighboring islands kingdoms and principalities were established under Frankish rulers, some of which endured from the thirteenth to late in the sixteenth century. There was the despotat of Epirus; the so-called empire of Thessalonica; the principality of Achaia, in the Peloponnesus; the dukedom of the Archipelago, or Naxos,—the longest-lived of all the Frankish establishments in the East. But the dukedom of Athens has the greatest interest in its relations to the condition of Greece.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century Athens and Thebes were wealthy and populous cities for the times. Leo Sgueros, a Peloponnesian noble, hearing of the arrival of the Crusaders at Constantinople, formed the design of establishing for himself an independent principality, by taking advantage of the confusion of the times, and throwing off the imperial authority. He first led his army over the Eleusinian plain by the Sacred Way, and laid siege to Athens; but the people, having removed their property to the Acropolis, made vigorous preparations for defence. Sgueros, finding that the reduction of the city was likely to give him trouble and to cause a long delay, endeavored to set it on fire, laid waste the surrounding country, collected vast stores of plunder, and then marched upon Thebes. Eastern Greece, as far as Thessaly, submitted to his authority, and he prepared to meet an army of Crusaders which was advancing from the North. They met at Thermopylæ; the Franks were victorious; and Sgueros and his remaining Peloponnesians, as unlike Leonidas and his Spartans as possible, fled to Corinth and shut themselves up in the fortress on the Acrocorinthus. Thebes and Athens readily opened their gates, and submitted, on favorable terms, to the invaders; and Otho de la Roche became master of Attica and Bœotia.

Five princes of this family ruled at Athens from 1205 to 1308. During this period Athens was one of the most populous, wealthy, and civilized capitals of Europe. The country around it was covered with flourishing villages, well watered by aqueducts and cisterns. Vineyards, orchards, olive-groves, almond and fig trees, furnished the materials of an extensive commerce; cotton, silk, and leather were manufactured at home, and sold at high prices in the markets of Western Europe; and the splendor and luxury of the Dukes of Athens were celebrated everywhere. Muntaner, the true and loyal Spanish chronicler, who had been made familiar, in a long and adventurous life, with all the countries around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, says: "The chivalry there was the best



in the world, and they spoke French as well as at Paris.” “The Duke of Athens was one of the noblest men in the empire of Romania, and next to the king the richest.” The old chronicler, *apropos* to this text, describes a ceremony which took place at Athens, accompanied with an extraordinary display of wealth and splendor; on which occasion the Duke presented to Boniface, a nobleman from Verona, a knightly estate, and the daughter of a Baron of the Duchy, who was heiress of one third of the city and island of Negropont. “What think you?” he asks. “The festival began in full splendor. When they were assembled in the principal church,” (probably the Parthenon, which had been converted into a church of the Panhagia, or Blessed Virgin,) “where the Duke was to receive the accolade, the Archbishop of Athens said mass, and laid down the arms of the Duke on the altar.” His description of the ceremony, which is extremely interesting, shows how completely the principles of Western chivalry were established in this gay and gallant court. It does not appear that the governing orders blended with the native population by marriage. The same authority says: “The Duke distributed castles, houses, lands, among his knights, and so a thousand Frankish knights were settled there, and sent for their wives and children from France. Their successors took wives from the noblest houses in France, and they remained unmixed noble families.”

The house of De la Roche was succeeded by the Duke of Brienne, the Grand Catalan Company, the Sicilian branch of the house of Aragon, and the house of Acciaiuoli in Florence, thirteen princes reigning in Athens until 1456. It is not within my plan to enter into the military events that belong to this period. The chronicle of Muntaner relates many of them with graphic simplicity, and we have still more in the versified Greek chronicle of the wars of the Morea, published by Buchon, — a record of the greatest interest and importance, both with respect to the history and the language of that age. But these two centuries form a singular episode in the life of

Greece,—the feudal system, the institutions of chivalry, the language of France, established on the classical soil of the ancient republic, and dukes and knights assisting at high mass in the Parthenon, and holding revels in the Propylæa of the Acropolis, converted into a baronial residence, the keep of which still remains,—mighty princes, whose splendid pageants were famous all over Europe in the days of Dante, Boccaccio, and Chaucer. Another curious episode in Hellenic life is the history of the empire of Trebizond, the ancient Trapezous, on the southern shore of the Black Sea. Of this Gibbon knew but little. Professor Fallmerayer published, in 1827, a history founded upon a Greek chronicle of Panaretos, discovered by him at Venice. Down to that time little or nothing was known of this remarkable offshoot from the Byzantine empire, which endured from the thirteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, notwithstanding its exposed position and the assaults of the sultans. It is interesting and important as a part of mediæval history, but we cannot dwell upon it here. The details are very ably given in Mr. Finlay's last historical work, under the title of "Mediæval Greece and Trebizond."

The capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, was the prelude to the reduction of Greece under the power of the Turks. Francis, the last Duke of Athens, surrendered the city to Omar, the son of Turakhan, in 1456, three years after the fall of Constantinople. The wealth of Attica, so remarkable at the beginning of this period, had perished under the successive hordes of invaders, and city and country had fallen into the deepest poverty; "but still," says Emerson Tennent, the historian, "the haughty spirit inherent to the blood, which crept, however sluggishly, in their veins, forbade them totally to relinquish the habits of their fathers for the customs of the barbarous stranger, and they still retained a sufficiency of their former characteristics to tell the world that they were Greeks."

Greek life slumbered under the Turkish despotism until,

in our day, the ancient spirit of the people roused itself, and shook off the ignominious yoke. A writer of the sixteenth century, Nicolas Gerbel, in alluding to the condition of Athens, exclaims: "O unhappy revolutions in human affairs! O tragic change of human power! A city once so mighty in walls, shipyards, buildings, arms, wealth, men, so flourishing in prudence and all wisdom, now reduced to a small town, or rather hamlet; once free, living under its own laws, now under the yoke of slavery to the cruelest brutes. Go to Athens, and, instead of the most magnificent works, behold piles of rubbish and lamentable ruins. Rely not too much on thy strength, but put thy trust in Him who saith, 'I am the Lord thy God.'" Another writer, Pinet, soon afterward says: "Of Athens, once so renowned, not only the chief of Greece, but of many other nations, there now remains — good God! — only a small castle, and a hamlet, undefended from the foxes, wolves, and other wild beasts." And Laurenburg finishes the sad picture in these words: "Greece once was; Athens once was; now neither in Greece is Athens, nor in Greece is Greece."

The few intimations gathered from native writers agree in representing the condition of the country and its inhabitants as deplorable; while all assert that the old Hellenic spirit still survives. In a letter of Zygomala to Martin Kraus, written in 1575, that writer says: "The cause of their ignorance is the poverty produced by the oppression of the tyrants; but the inhabitants of this country are of the quickest apprehension, when they have an opportunity of acquiring learning from a master." There was but one school in which ancient Greek was taught, and that was at Napoli di Romania. Cabasilas writes that the dialects in Greece were numerous, being more than seventy, that of Athens being the worst. "Athens," he continues, "still contains many of its splendid monuments, such as the Areopagus, the old Academies, the Lyceum of Aristotle, the grand Pantheon [Parthenon], which is, of all existing edifices, the most excellent, being covered externally



with the sculptured history of the former Greeks ; and amongst others we can there behold, above the grand entrance, two horses said to have been the work of Praxiteles, which so closely resemble nature that they seem snorting for human flesh. But why do I dwell upon Athens? It remains to-day nothing more than the skin of an animal long since dead." The population of Athens, reduced to a small remnant of the descendants of her former inhabitants, mingled with Jews and Turks, and all together less than twelve thousand, supported a miserable existence by fishing in the Gulf of Salamis, or by cultivating a few olive-groves on the banks of the Ilissus. The condition of Greece attracted the attention of De Courmenin early in the seventeenth century ; of the Jesuits and Capuchins, who, a little later, established missions in Athens ; and of several French and English travellers, of whom the most entertaining are old Sandys, Spon, and Wheeler. Sandys remarks that the spoken Greek differs not so much from the ancient as the Italian from the Latin. "And there be yet of the Laconians," he writes, "that speeke so good Greeke (though not grammatically) that they understand the learned, and understand not the vulgar. Their liturgy is read in the ancient Greeke, with not much more profit perhaps to the rude people than the Latin service of the Romish Church to the illiterate Papists." In the middle of the last century the great work of Stuart and Revett made the condition of Greece and the antiquities of Athens the common property of the civilized world ; and from that time to the present, the series of works published by tourists and scholars is innumerable. When Wheeler returned to England in 1676, the event was considered a special providence, and he closes his narrative with an appropriate psalm. Now the tour of Greece is only a vacation ramble.

The apparent resurrection of Hellas is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our day. There can be no doubt that the old Hellenic blood still flows in Hellenic veins. The Greek language is still heard on the scene of its former tri-

umphs,—in broken tones, it is true,—its ancient musical character and the rhythms of the poets lost forever, modern in its construction and versification, but retaining a large proportion of the words employed in the age of Demosthenes, with the same accents and many of the same grammatical forms. A Greek newspaper published now may be easily read by one who understands the language of Thucydides and Xenophon. Mr. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, insists that it is not a dead but a living language, and teaches his students to pronounce it as they do in Greece. He says: “The language of Homer is not dead, but lives, and that in a state of purity to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its literary existence, —twenty-five hundred years at least,—there is no parallel, perhaps, on the face of the globe, certainly not in Europe.” Quoting an article giving an account of Kossuth’s visit to America, he says: “In three columns of a Greek newspaper of the year 1852 there do not certainly occur three words that are not native Greek.” In this country the same opinion was ably maintained more than a quarter of a century ago, by Mr. Pickering, who in his private reading adopted the modern Greek pronunciation. I think that Mr. Pickering had strong arguments in his favor, and I join in the commendations which some of the English journalists bestow on Mr. Blackie for rejecting the established system, which has little or nothing but the inveterate prejudices of English and American colleges to uphold it.

Whether there is to be a new lease of national life to Greece, under the guaranty of the great powers of Europe, remains to be determined. It is very certain that Hellas still suffers from the exhaustion of many oppressive ages. To restore the Hellas of antiquity, the physical properties of the country must be restored. The mountains, now bare and rocky, must be clothed again with forests; and the streams and rivers must be replenished with copious and sparkling waters. Can these things be in the present state of the world? Can Athens regain her ancient precedence

in arts and civilization while London and Paris exist? Can the Bema resound with the eloquence that once fulminated over Greece, so long as her nearest neighbors, who control her policy, are despots who abhor the voice of freedom? The thrilling associations of the past will forever fix upon her the regards of the world; but the tide of power and prosperity has worn for itself other channels, where, in the times of her ancient splendor, hung the night of barbarism and the silence of intellectual darkness. The teaching of history is summed up in the poet's majestic line:—

“Westward the course of empire takes its way.”

Having made this rapid survey of the life of Greece down to the present time, let us now return to what is commonly understood by the national existence of that country. The idea of Greece usually entertained is that of a country of heroes, poets, artists, and philosophers; and in truth, the great significance of Hellas in the history of man is embodied in the individuals belonging to these illustrious classes of her sons. Yet the common life of man was lived there as well as by us. Through the openings of the splendid curtain which presents itself to our vision as the true picture of Hellas, we catch glimpses of familiar scenes,—of the toil for daily bread, of the vulgar wants of humanity. The life of Greece was not all heroism, romance, poetry, and art. It rested, as life everywhere rests, on the bosom of the common Mother Earth. If the Greeks were pre-eminently a nation of poets and artists, they were no less pre-eminently a nation of farmers. They understood the theory and the practice of agriculture, though some of the sciences now deemed important to the best cultivation of the earth were wholly unknown to them.

In Homer we find lovely sketches of the primitive country life and the rural tastes and habits of the most eminent personages. Hesiod's *Works and Days* is chiefly devoted to the rustic lore which experience had taught to the cultivators of



the earth in his age, both with respect to the virtues of industry, temperance, and thrift, and to the practical methods of husbandry. The precepts seem to have been drawn in a great measure from the poet's own experience. He was a Bœotian farmer, and, like the farmers of New England, had a great amount of proverbial philosophy at his tongue's end. The early Greek agriculturists carefully observed the phenomena of the heavens, and knew all about the weather. The habits of animals; the flight of birds, according to the season; a knowledge of the properties of different soils, and their adaptation to different kinds of crops; the method of discovering springs, — were among the subjects of their practical observation and study; and their skill in them would surprise those who think that sense and observation are of modern growth. Wagons, carts, ploughs, and harrows were generally manufactured on the farm, if it was a large one, or in its neighborhood, by smiths and carpenters; and the kinds of wood chosen for these purposes were determined with much care. Corn was ground, first, in a large mortar, with a pestle. The list of other implements — scythes, pruning-hooks, saws, spades, shovels, rakes, pickaxes, hoes, and the like — could hardly be extended now. The methods of enriching the soil were carefully studied; the utility of guano and sea-weed, as well as of the common manures, was perfectly understood and largely verified in practice. Land was allowed to recover its strength by lying fallow, as Xenophon teaches in his *Œconomicus*. To protect the grain from birds, scarecrows were set up in the fields; and to make all sure, they were accustomed to try a curious spell. Having caught a toad, they carried him around the field by night alive, and then put him into a jar, sealed him up, and buried him in the middle of the ground. After these precautions it was supposed that the growing blade was safe from enemies. Hay was an article whose value was well understood. The time for mowing was carefully determined; and the hay-ricks were made with due precautions against dampness on one hand, and spontaneous combustion on the other. When the time of harvest came, the laborers at

Athens ranged themselves round the agora, and waited to be employed by the farmers. Homer has an animated passage in which he compares the rushing together of two hostile armies to rival parties of harvesters starting from opposite sides of the field: —

“ As reapers each to the other opposite  
With haste rush forward, mowing quickly  
Stalks of wheat or barley in some rich man's field,  
While dense before them fall the sheafy heaps;  
So rushing terribly, with mutual rage,  
Trojans and Greeks the slaughter waged.”

In another place, the same incomparable poet presents to us a delightful harvest-scene: —

“ There, in a field, 'mid lofty corn, the lusty reapers stand,  
Plying their task right joyously, with sickle each in hand.  
Some strew in lines, as on they press, the handfuls thick behind,  
While at their heels the heavy sheaves their merry comrades bind.  
There to the mows a troop of boys next bear in haste away,  
And pile upon the golden glebe the triumphs of the day.  
Among them, wrapped in silent joy, their sceptred king appears,  
Beholding in the swelling heaps the stores of future years.  
A mighty ox beneath an oak the busy heralds slay,  
With grateful sacrifice to close the labors of the day;  
While near, the husbandman's repast the rustic maids prepare,  
Sprinkling with flour the broiling eates whose savor fills the air.”

The grain was trodden out from the straw by horses, oxen, or mules, on a circular threshing-floor, usually placed on an eminence in the open field. A pole was set up in the centre of the floor, and the cattle were fastened to it by a rope reaching to the circumference. As they moved round it, the rope coiled itself about the pole, until they were brought up at the centre; then their heads were turned in the opposite direction, until the cord was unwound. Sometimes a rude threshing-machine, toothed with stones or iron, or a flail, was employed. As early as the time of Homer winnowing-machines were used. The whole process is described by him, in one of those similes which are finished off like elaborate pictures. The granaries were prepared with the utmost care; and when

the fruits of the season were housed, the event was celebrated by a festival in honor of Demeter and Dionysos, of which the distinguishing feature was that no bloody sacrifices were offered, but only cakes and fruit, — fine loaves made of the new corn being among the offerings at the festival of the Thalsysia.

The culture of the vine, it is perhaps needless to say, was a subject of great interest and importance among the Greeks. The selection of the spot for a vineyard, whether on a sloping hillside or on a plain, the direction of the exposure, and the effects of climate and of particular winds, were sedulously considered. The hedging in of the ground, the rooting up of whatever might be harmful to the vine, the trenching of the soil, the setting out of the slips, the treatment of the growing vine, are all discussed very minutely by the ancient writers who preceded Virgil. The appearance of a vineyard composed wholly of tree-climbing vines, one of the three varieties created in Greece by different modes of cultivation, is thus described by Mr. St. John: "A vineyard, consisting wholly of anadendroids, most common in Attica, presents in spring and summer a very picturesque appearance, especially when situated on the sharp declivity of a hill. The trees designed for the support of the vines, planted in straight lines, and rising behind each other, terrace above terrace, at intervals of three or four and twenty feet, were beautiful in form and varied in feature, consisting generally of the black poplar, the oak, the maple, the elm, and probably also the platane, which is still employed for this purpose in Crete. Though kept low in some situations, where the soil was scanty, they were in others allowed to run thirty or forty, and sometimes even sixty, feet in height. The face of the tree along which the vine climbed was cut down sheer like a wall, against which the purple or golden clusters hung thickly suspended, while the young branches crept along the boughs or over bridges of reeds, uniting tree with tree, and, when touched with the rich tints of autumn, delighting the eye by an extraordinary variety of foliage. As the lower boughs of these noble trees were carefully lopped away, a



series of lofty arches was created, beneath which the breezes could freely play; abundant currents of pure air being regarded as no less essential to the perfect maturing of the grape than constant sunshine."

The vintage was a season of great rejoicing, as it is everywhere. In Greece it was particularly memorable on account of its connection with the origin of tragedy and comedy. A considerable portion of the grapes was reserved and kept fresh, or converted into raisins for the use of the table.

It would be endless to describe the variety of fruits, and the methods of raising and preserving them practised by the Greeks. The olive was perhaps the most extensively used, as the oil was not only employed for lights, but was the basis of cookery. Figs, citrons, pomegranates, apples, quinces, and pears were among the principal; and from apples and pears large quantities of cider and perry were manufactured.

The farm-yard had a multitude of noisy tenants. Geese and ducks often waddled into the kitchen, in one corner of which might be heard the comforting sounds of the occupant of the pig-sty. The art of enlarging the goose's liver to please the fastidious appetite of the gourmand, by cooping him up in a heated room and stuffing him with fattening food and drink, was not left for German gastronomers to invent, but was well known to the Greeks, and to the Egyptians before them. Henneries, furnished with roosts, were attached to the kitchen, so as to receive its smoke, which was supposed to be agreeable to barn-door fowls. Peacocks, pheasants, guinea-hens, partridges, quails, moor-hens, thrushes, pigeons in immense numbers, many smaller birds, and even jackdaws, were found in the establishments of the wealthier farmers. The curious scenes in the *Birds* of Aristophanes show the great familiarity of that poet with the habits and character of every known species of bird.

The laboring animals were much the same as in modern times, except that the horse was less commonly employed in the work of a farm. Oxen were used as now. The arrangements of a Greek dairy were not unlike our own; and though

butter was not much used in the classical ages, it is mentioned by Hippocrates, under the name of *πικέριον* (*pikerion*). Cheese was universally eaten, generally while fresh and soft. Milk was sold in the Grecian markets by women; and it frequently reached the customer in the shape of milk and water. A method sometimes employed for detecting the fraud — perhaps it may be useful now — was to drop a little milk on the thumb-nail: if the milk was pure, it would remain in its place; if not, it would flow away.

These are only a few points in the rural life of the Greek farmer; sufficient, perhaps, to show the homely side of the life of Greece, or at any rate to open a glance into its labors, resources, and joys, behind the splendid scenes that fill the theatre of history.

Another aspect claims our regard in the pastoral life of the Greeks, — “a kind of parenthetical existence,” — to borrow the words of St. John, — “a remnant of the old nomadic habits once common to the whole race, of which we obtain so many glimpses through the leafy glades and grassy avenues of Greek poetry.” Pastoral life in the East is said by travellers to remain much as it is described by the ancient poets. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise; since its entire simplicity and the very limited range of its objects afford but few possibilities of change. Modern pictures of pastoral life, by poets of Western Europe, are feeble and mawkish, because they are mostly drawn by men who know nothing of the realities on which pastoral poetry is founded. In Greece, and in the East generally, the care of flocks in the primitive ages was not below the dignity of a prince; and the royal shepherd, in the tranquil solitudes of the country, on the hillsides, under the lovely skies of those delightful regions, could not help becoming a poet, and giving utterance to his meditations in song. “Abroad much after dark,” says a writer whom I have already quoted, “in a climate where the summer nights are soft and balmy beyond expression, and where the stars seem lovingly to crowd closer about the earth, they necessarily grew romantic and super-

stitious. Their very creed was poetry. Tree, rock, mountain, spring, everything was instinct with divinity, not mystically, as in certain philosophic systems, but literally; and, as they believed, the immortal race — their invisible companions at all hours — could when they pleased become visible, or rather remove from their eyes the film which prevented their habitually beholding them."

In Greek poetry, Paris, Anchises, Bucolion, and many others, will at once occur to memory; and in sacred history, David, the psalmist of Israel. The superb description of the night in Homer lights up a pastoral scene: —

"As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,  
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams high prospects under the brows  
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,  
And even the lonely valleys joy to glitter in their sight,  
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,  
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart."

The dangers of the shepherd's life afford Homer an apt term of comparison: —

"As when the hungry wolves on folds forsaken by the watch  
Descend, the kids and tender lambs by thievish force to snatch;  
Or when the timid, browsing crew are scattered far and wide,  
And seized, by witless shepherds left upon the mountain-side."

And again, the lion appears on the scene: —

"Thus the night-watching shepherds strive, but vainly, to repel  
The angry lion, whom the stings of want and rage impel.  
Upon the carcass fastens he; his heart no fear can quell."

The shepherd's pipe, made of the *donax*, or reed, sounded, I fancy, much better in poetry than in fact. Of the shepherd's dog we know more. Let me quote the eulogy passed upon this noble animal by an ancient writer well acquainted with his virtues. "The dog is falsely said to be a mute guardian; for what man announces the wild beast or the thief more clearly or with so great an outcry as he does by his barking? What servant more fond of his master? what companion more faithful? what guardian more incorruptible? what watchman can



be found more vigilant? what defender or avenger more constant?"

The Arcadians called themselves *προσέληνοι*, or *older than the moon*; and they passed among the ancient, and, we may add, the modern poets, as a race devoted to eating acorns and singing to the pipe. Arcadia suggests to the reader a vague idea of shepherds and shepherdesses, sitting in the cool shade, contemplating their kids feeding among the rocks, and breathing strains of sentimental passion. Palmerius discovers the descendants of the Arcadians among the Irish, one of whose national insignia is a triangular harp. Arcadia, however, was not the most agreeable seat for this contemplative, poetical existence. The best pictures of pastoral life are those — so fresh and radiant with natural beauty — in the idyls of Theocritus, beside which all subsequent pastoral poetry seems flat and foolish; and they are drawn from shepherd-life in Sicily. There are fragments of other writers belonging to this school, which are full of charms. The shepherdesses in these pieces are bewitching in hexameters, whatever they may have been in the fresh air of buxom life; and they are not wanting in coquetry, if we are to believe Theocritus, who, in a beautiful description of a scene wrought on a pastoral cup, writes:—

“And there, by ivy shaded, sits a maid, divinely wrought,  
With veil and circlet on her brows, by two fond lovers sought,—  
Both beautiful, with flowing hair, both suing to be heard,  
On this side one, the other there, but neither is preferred;  
For now on this, on that anon, she pours her witching smile,  
Like sunshine on the buds of hope, in falsehood all and guile,  
Though ceaselessly, with swelling eyes, they seek her heart to move  
By every soft and touching art that wins a maiden’s love.”

There is a daintier bit of life-painting in a fragment of Chæremon, representing a troop of these beauties sporting by moonlight. I will read a few verses.

“Another danced, and, floating free her garments in the breeze,  
She seemed as buoyant as the wave that leaps o’er summer seas;  
While dusky shadows all around shrank backward from the place,  
Chased by the beaming splendor shed like sunshine from her face.”

After describing another, the poet exclaims: —

“And oh! the image of her charms, as clouds in heaven above  
Mirrored by streams, left on my soul the stamp of hopeless love.”

A critic not much given to sentiment remarks: “There is here no straining after the ideal. Like Titian’s beauties, these shepherdesses are all creatures of this earth, filled with robust health, dark-eyed, warm, impassioned, and somewhat deficient in reserve. They understand well how to act their part in a dialogue. For every bolt shot at them they can return another as keen. Each bower and bosky bourn seems redolent of their smiles; their laughter awakens the echoes; their ruddy lips and pearly teeth hang like a vision over every bubbling spring and love-hiding thicket which they were wont to frequent.”

I need not dwell longer on this subject. The pastoral poets of the Greeks seem to me to have the magnetic attraction belonging to all literature that breathes the fresh air of life and is racy of the earth. Their pieces are the only pastoral poetry that I can read without an uncomfortable feeling, — something akin to sea-sickness.

The love of rural life was one of the deepest passions of the Grecian heart, beyond the realm of Arcadia, real or ideal. What lovely touches of nature adorn with their exquisite beauty the Dialogues of Plato, and even the Comedies of Aristophanes! Through the whole compass of Greek literature, the sights and sounds of the country — the sweet, calm sunshine; the fleecy clouds; the song of the lark and the nightingale; the murmuring of the bees; the rising sun, smiting the earth with his shafts; the rich meadows; the cattle feeding in the pastures — furnish images on which the most artificial of the city poets delight to dwell, and share with the sea the thoughts that move harmonious numbers. The rustic land-owner, shut up in the city by the fashionable wife whom in an evil hour he was tempted by the matchmaker to wed, sighs to return to his fields and his farm-house. When the Peloponnesian war began, the plains of Attica were covered

with residences, elegantly furnished, on which the inhabitants looked back with regret and tears from the walls of the city, while the Spartan armies were laying all waste with fire and sword. The country was tastefully decorated with little temples or chapels, consecrated to the nymphs and rural deities; and the lands were made holy ground, because in them were buried the ancestors of the families now occupying them, — a circumstance alluded to in one of the legal arguments of Demosthenes to prove an ancient title to an estate, as one of the usual concomitants of long possession in the same family.

Statesmen and generals delighted to surround themselves with gardens, combining every conceivable feature of a picturesque retreat. Xenophon, after his return from the expedition of Cyrus the Younger, lived on a beautiful estate near Elis, which the Lacedæmonians had granted to him. The description of its various attractions is one of the most pleasing passages in the *Anabasis*, and we cease to wonder that he could bear his exile with resignation. It was three miles from the temple of Zeus. A river flowed through it, well stocked with fish. There were groves and wooded hills with plenty of game. There was a temple to Artemis, built by Xenophon at his own cost, and an annual festival established in her honor, to which was devoted a tithe of the income of his property. The neighbors, with their wives and children, assembled to enjoy the hospitality of the goddess. Friends came from far and near to hunt with Xenophon; and as his residence was on the way from Lacedæmon to Olympia, gentlemen going to attend the games dropped in, and were welcomed to the best by the hospitable host. And so the pupil of Socrates, the leader of the immortal retreat of the ten thousand, passed the remainder of his days, dividing his time between the manly pleasures of elegant rural life, literary pursuits, the society of friends, and religious duties. Even at this distance of time one can hardly picture to himself the retirement of the illustrious exile without envy.



As we read his books we call up the delightful scenes so in harmony with the simplicity and quiet beauty of his style. We feel the influence of woodland, plain, and mountain, with their refreshing breezes and cooling shades and flowing waters, stealing over us from the ever-enchancing page.

Peisistratus and Pericles relieved the cares of state by occasional repose in their gardens. Epicurus is called by Pliny *the master of gardens*. He held his school at Athens in the midst of a garden, in which was assembled everything that could charm the senses.

The Greek gardens were laid out with lawns, groves, thickets, arcades, and avenues. Fountains poured their waters, which flowed in winding rivulets, feeding a perpetual verdure. Myrtles, roses, pomegranate-trees, shed their perfumes, which were wafted by the breezes through the opened apartments of the house. Beds of violets, hyacinths, and asphodel gave a soft and varied beauty to the scene. Here Athenian taste and luxury were displayed. Here the poetry of nature soothed the fierce ardor of ambition, or, blending with the contemplations of philosophy, gave to them that living charm which they possessed in the eyes of Milton,—

“Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo’s lute.”

With what rich and melodious rhythm Socrates sets forth the beauty of the scene on the banks of the Ilissus, where the immortal dialogue takes place between him and the youthful Phædrus! “Is not this the tree to which you were leading us? It is indeed a delightful spot; for the plane-tree is lofty and spreading, and beautiful the stature and shadiness of the *agnus*, which, in full blossom, should load the air of the place with its sweet fragrance; and most graceful the fountain that flows from under the plane-tree, and cooling its water, to judge by the foot; sacred to the nymphs and Achelœus, it would seem from the offerings and images there. How sweet and grateful the breeziness of the spot! It resounds with the summer music and the chirping chorus of the cicadæ;

and the gentle slope of the grassy lawn is a soft and quiet pillow for the head, inviting to repose." Yet it is sometimes affirmed that the Greeks had no appreciation of the beauties of nature!

The city and the country present one of the contrasts in the life of Greece. I have dealt with the country very briefly, with the purpose of suggesting rather than completing the picture. The intimations are numerous in the Greek writers; on some points the details are quite complete; but they form no part of the common conception of ancient Hellas. The Greek, as a farmer or country-gentleman, is not the Greek of classical associations; and yet, perhaps, precisely in these relations he was most intensely Greek. "Now, O Socrates," says Ischomachus, the model man of Xenophon, "you shall hear the philanthropy of this art. For can it be otherwise than noble,—an art not only the most useful, but most agreeable to exercise, most beautiful, most dear to gods and men, and, besides all this, most easy to learn? For the learner is not obliged, as in the other arts, to spend a long time before he can earn his living. Other craftsmen conceal the most essential rules and principles of their professions, but the most skilful farmer is best pleased when others witness his operations; and if you ask him, he conceals nothing from you, but will readily explain to you the secret of his greatest successes; so that you see, Socrates, farming has the strongest tendency to exalt the moral character of those who are devoted to it."

## LECTURE IV.

ROADS.—HOUSES.—FURNITURE.—MARRIAGE.—XENOPHON'S  
ŒCONOMICUS.

WE know but little of the state of the roads by which the communication between the Greek commonwealths was carried on. The roads are alluded to incidentally, but nowhere particularly described; and very few traces of them, I believe, are to be found at the present day. The Sacred Way, from Athens to Eleusis, over which the processions passed to the celebration of the mysteries, is still discernible, with some of the paving-stones, and the ruts worn by the chariot-wheels. The direction of other roads leading out of Athens, east, north, and south, is tolerably well ascertained. It seems certain that the principal thoroughfares were, from an early period, passable for chariots, but probably narrow, and not very elaborately built. Telemachus, journeying in search of his father, goes by ship to Pylos, but travels thence, with Nestor's son, in a carriage drawn by a pair of horses, in which the careful house-keeper has bestowed a plenty of food and wine for the journey. At the nightfall of the second day they arrive at Lacedæmon, and stop at the palace of Menelaus, having travelled at no very rapid rate. In the legend of Œdipus, the murder of his father takes place in consequence of a quarrel between the attendants of Laius, who is travelling in his royal car with a retinue, and Œdipus himself. The general use of cars by the princes of the heroic age implies the existence of roads. Herodotus employs a phrase that points to two kinds of roads; the one, cut roads, that is, built and fenced in; the other, mere tracks. Thucydides, in describing the improvements introduced into Mace-



donia by Archelaus, says that "he cut straight roads." Di-cæarchus, in the passage I read in a preceding lecture, points out some of the characteristics of the roads over which he travelled. The nature of the country generally indicates the direction which the great highways must have taken. The sea and rivers, so far as was possible, were resorted to as the most convenient means of intercourse between country and country. The principal towns had inns for the accommodation of travellers, and those who stopped at them often had occasion to complain of bad wine and extortionate charges. It frequently happened, however, that the traveller enjoyed relations of hospitality with some citizen of the place he desired to visit, in which case he lodged at the house of his friend. Travelling in the best times was a tedious affair in ancient Greece; and it is no wonder that distances which appear to us insignificant then seemed enormous.

But let us turn from these external arrangements to the privacy of domestic life in Greece. We cannot enter into numerous antiquarian details, which would be inconsistent with the purpose of this course. I shall attempt nothing further than to select some of the main points, so as to present the most characteristic features, and a few of the leading scenes. "First provide a house," was a precept as old as Hesiod. Following the spirit of this rule, let me ask your attention to such particulars of the building and furnishing of a Greek house as are least doubtful or disputable. It will be readily understood that in the arrangements of houses, as well as in all the other accommodations of life, fashions varied from age to age, passing from the extreme of simplicity to the height of luxury. In different parts of Greece, also, the houses were probably constructed after different patterns. There certainly was a wide difference between country and city residences; and in both there must of course have been the greatest contrasts between the dwellings of the rich and those of the poor. The small farmer, with his few acres, and only a slave or two to assist him in their cultivation, lived in a plain and homely way, as

compared with the man of large property and refined education, who surrounded himself with all the elegances of wealth and taste. The Spartan lived in a style quite different from that of the Athenian; and in the city itself, the poorer citizen contented himself with a lodging according to his circumstances, sometimes narrow enough. Domestic comforts were not so necessary to any in the Grecian climate, which had every quality to tempt one out of doors, as under the sterner skies of the North.

From the notices that have come down to us incidentally in the authors, we can form only very general notions on this subject. In putting these notices together, care enough has not always been taken to discriminate among the various circumstances of time, place, and rank, to say nothing of the individual taste of the tenant. In Homer we have several princely establishments described with considerable detail, as the palace of Priam, the house of Ulysses, the palace and gardens of King Alcinoüs, the palace of Menelaus, the dwelling of Nestor. The most detailed accounts are given of the regal dwellings of Priam in Troy, of Ulysses in Ithaca, and of Alcinoüs in Scheria. When Hector returns to Troy, to beseech the Trojan dames to offer up prayers to Athene, the poet pauses, as he reaches the royal threshold, to point out its arrangements. Priam's family was an Oriental, not a Grecian household. His harem was numerous, and his domestic accommodations were as extensive as those of a Turkish sultan. He had fifty sons and twelve daughters; and with the most comprehensive hospitality, they, with their wives and husbands, are lodged beneath the paternal roof.

“ To Priam's beauteous palace he proceeds,  
With polished porches framed; within were built,  
Of polished marble, fifty chambers high,  
Beside each other built; and there the sons  
Of Priam dwelt, each with his wedded wife.  
And opposite, within the court, were built  
Twelve other rooms of polished marble, made  
Beside each other, where the sons-in-law  
Abode, each dwelling with his wedded wife.”

In the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad*, Priam drives his chariot from the vestibule and sounding portico; and in another place Hecuba descends to a *thalamos*, or chamber, in which precious articles are kept, and selects from a chest a splendidly wrought robe, as an offering for Pallas Athene.

The house of Ulysses, in Ithaca, is somewhat more carefully described; and remains, in some degree corresponding to it, were discovered by Sir William Gell, and delineated in his work on the geography and antiquities of Ithaca.

“ This house, Eumæus, of Ulysses seems  
Passing magnificent, and to be known  
With ease for his among a thousand more.  
One pile supports another, and a wall  
Crested with battlements surrounds the court.  
Firm, too, the folding doors all force of man  
Defy.”

Homer, indeed, gives no detailed outline of this mansion; but as so much of the action of the *Odyssey* takes place in and around it, almost every part of it is mentioned in the course of the poem. The establishment of King Alcinoüs — his palaces, and magnificent gardens yielding fruits through the year — is upon the whole the most attractive one described by Homer.

But perhaps we have already lingered too long among these epic abodes. They contain the elements of the subsequent house-building of the Greeks, and as such deserve something more than a passing allusion.

The houses of the farmers, in the historical times, were more comfortable than elegant. Strepsiades, — in the play of the *Clouds*, — who has been tempted into a marriage with a fine city lady from the aristocratic clan of Megacles, has had time to repent at his leisure. Kept awake by the heavy debts incurred by his spendthrift son, — the effect of which he compares to the biting of fleas, — he muses with regret upon the ease and homely abundance he enjoyed in the country, and heartily wishes himself back again.



“Alas! alas! forever cursed be that same matchmaker  
Who set me on to wed thy lady-mother;  
For I the sweetest rustic life was leading,  
Unwashed, unswept, and doing what I would;  
Full of my bees, my sheep, my figs and raisins.  
Then I, a farmer, married from the city  
A niece of Megacles’ long-descended house, —  
A proud, luxurious, and high-flying dame.  
And so we married, I of cheeses smelling,  
And lees of wine, and mighty store of wool,  
But she with myrrh and saffron and tongue-kisses scented,  
Feasting and dainties, and rites of Genetyllis.  
I can’t say she was idle, but too fast.  
I used to tell her, showing my old coat  
All out at the elbows, ‘Wife, you are too fast.’”

In the earlier times of Sparta the private dwellings appear to have been rude; but after the Peloponnesian war, the Spartans, at least in the country, would seem to have built for themselves costly houses, and furnished them with many luxuries. In Athens, also, during the simple days of the Commonwealth, the most eminent citizens contented themselves with dwellings no richer or better furnished than those of their poor neighbors; but with the progress of luxury and the arts, the republican plainness of the Marathonian times disappeared. In the age of Dicæarchus, the general aspect of the private residences, compared with the splendor of the public edifices, was, as we have seen, far from imposing; yet there must have been, even then, many houses whose interiors, at least, were embellished with costly furniture, ornaments, and works of art and taste; and the luxury of their times, contrasted with the virtuous frugality of their ancestors, is the subject of frequent rebuke by the orators. But, whether it be right or wrong, such is the inevitable progress of events. There was one circumstance, however, which may have hindered the growth of this species of extravagance among the Greeks, and especially among the Athenians. Indoor life was by no means so general or important among them as among us. The market, the court, the gymnasium,

the odeum, the theatre, the barbers' shops, the work-shops, the schools of the philosophers and sophists, and the *leschæ*, or club-rooms, filled up the days of the citizen, leaving him but little time for home, except at meals and during the period of sleep; and even these hours were not always passed under his own roof. Socrates, as we know, was very irregular in his hours, haunting every sort of place where he could enjoy the delights of talk and argument. If he went to a symposium, he was likely enough to stay all night, and, having composed all his companions on their couches, just to wash his face, go to the lyceum or academy, and set in for another day's talk; while his wife stayed at home with the children, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Vitruvius, the architect of Augustus, gives the plan of a Greek house in his day; and so far as concerns the general divisions and their uses, his description coincides with the intimations of other authors; but in one important point he contradicts them, and that is as to the position of the women's apartments, which he places in the front part of the house. This has given great trouble to the architectural critics, who cannot conceive that the Greeks should have allowed the women to live next the street, while the men were thrown into the background. Some of them propose a compromise by arranging the two suites of apartments side by side, on the front, giving both sexes an equal privilege of peeping into the street; others have placed the women's apartments in the front of the second story; but though the second story was so used in the heroic palaces, the general arrangement in the historical times was undoubtedly to place the rooms occupied by the chief members of the family on the ground floor. Perhaps Vitruvius was giving directions for building according to a fashion prevalent in his times, or in some single locality. At all events, though no specimen of a Greek house remains to illustrate the subject, unless the houses of the buried Pompeii may be so termed, the outline of the usual arrangements can be determined with tolerable precision.

These arrangements may, however, have differed much at different periods.

The two principal divisions, into which all houses were laid out, were the *andronitis*, or men's apartments, and the *gynæconitis*, or women's apartments; and according to Lysias, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, or later, the women's apartments were on the ground floor, and behind those of the men. The front was narrow, but the space required for all the household purposes was secured by carrying the house in to a considerable depth; and in the city, houses were built side by side with only party-walls between them. The outside wall was usually constructed of stone or brick, very skilfully made, and then covered with stucco. Socrates's idea of a good house was, that it should be cool in summer and warm in winter; convenient for the family, and safe for their property; that the winter-rooms should be towards the south, and higher, to let in more sun; the summer-rooms lower, and towards the north, to receive the cooling breezes. This seems to imply a semiannual migration from one side of the house to the other. Usually there was no open space between the street and the house-door, though the more aristocratic residences sometimes stood within enclosures. In front was placed a statue of Apollo Agyeus, or a bust of Hermes, the object of religious veneration to the members of the household. Over the door was set an inscription containing the name of the owner, and some words of good omen, as ἀγαθῷ δαίμονι, *to the good genius*. The threshold was the object of a superstitious notion, that it was unfortunate to tread on it with the left foot; and this is the reason why the steps leading into a temple were of an uneven number. The door was generally made of wood, but sometimes of marble or bronze, especially the doors of temples. It turned on a pivot, and was secured by bolts running into a socket in the sill, and by a cross-bar, inserted into sockets on each side. Locks and keys are also described, the locksmith being called a κλειδοποιός, or key-maker; and



if we may believe the novelist Achilles Tatius, doors were sometimes locked both inside and out, and the door opened indifferently either way. Passing the hall-door, we enter a passage called the *θυρών* or *θυρωρεῖον*, on the sides of which were arranged the porter's lodge and the stables. Beyond these we enter a square court open to the sky, surrounded by a peristyle and covered arcades. This is the *andronitis*, around which chambers for the use of the male members of the family opened into the columned passages. Directly in the rear of this a passage conducted to another open square, surrounded on the sides by columns, and similarly furnished with covered arcades, upon which, on each of three sides, chambers opened. The passage was called *μέταυλος* or *μέσαυλος*, and these apartments constituted the *gynæconitis* and its appurtenances. On the side of the *gynæconitis* opposite the entrance was a sort of alcove, called the *προστάς*, or *antechamber*, which opened on the right and left into the *thalamos* and *amphithalamos*, or principal bedchambers of the mansion; and the rooms on the other sides were rooms for eating and various household purposes. The rooms around the *andronitis* were saloons; eating-rooms, and other apartments for the use of the men, and in some houses a particular apartment was designated especially for the entertainment of company. In many houses there was a second story; but it was used only to lodge the slaves and servants, or sometimes, when the house was crowded with visitors, for the accommodation of guests. In the wealthier establishments the guest-chambers were separated from the rest of the house, that the visitors, if they chose, might be perfectly retired. The upper story, in some houses, projected so as to form balconies. Behind the *thalamoi* were large rooms, in which the mistress of the house superintended the work of her handmaids, — the preparation of wool, spinning, embroidery, and the like. A door is also mentioned as opening from the rear of the house into a garden. The roofs were mostly flat, though pointed roofs are also alluded to; and they furnished an agreeable resort in the cool of the evening.

The rooms were lighted by openings in the roofs of the arcades, and by windows. Glass was probably not used till a later age. The house was warmed sometimes by fire in fire-places. It has been strangely supposed there were no chimneys; but there are certainly several words (like *καπνοδόχη*) meaning *smoke-receivers*, if not *chimneys*, and it is difficult to imagine what they were used for, since human smoke-receivers had not yet vexed the patience of much-enduring housekeepers. In one of the comedies a young man shuts up his father, to keep him out of litigation. Suddenly he calls for help, as the old gentleman, anticipating the sooty sweep of modern times, is creeping up the chimney. He exclaims:

“Poseidon, what a noise is in the flue!

Who’s there?”

“Smokelander, soaring up aloft!”

But his escape is prevented by clapping a lid on the top of the chimney,—from which I infer that there were chimneys in those days. Some of the rooms were heated by braziers, or portable stoves,—like those carried by our grandmothers to church in the winter, before furnaces formed a part of public worship,—and by chafing-dishes.

Until a late period, the floor and walls were only plastered and whitewashed. Mosaic floors and painted walls belong to the times of advancing wealth and luxury. Plato and Xenophon declaim against these innovations, and Socrates considers such ornaments more plague than profit; and these discussions among the thinkers of the age show that the arts of household embellishment were creeping in, even in their days. Before the time of Pompeii, they were the universal rage, in spite of the philosophers. The following is a curious charge against Alcibiades by Andocides, the orator, when speaking of his pretensions to democracy in the midst of deeds of great violence. “He went to such a pitch of audacity, that, having persuaded Agatharchus the painter to accompany him home, he compelled him to paint the walls of his house. The artist remonstrated, alleging that he had other

contracts to execute,—which was true. But Alcibiades threatened to send him to prison unless he instantly went to work, which he did; nor did he get away until the fourth month afterwards, when, deceiving the guards, he made his escape. But this man was so lost to shame, that, instead of repenting of his deeds of violence, he commenced a suit against the artist for leaving his work incomplete.”

Having built our house, let us proceed to furnish it. We have as great a variety of articles to select from in the shops of Athenian workmen, as anywhere else in the world. The principal rooms were furnished with sofas, or seats running along the walls, covered sometimes with skins, sometimes with purple carpets, with heaps of cushions to rest upon, — sometimes movable and sometimes immovable. The tables were, like ours, either round, square, or oblong, and for these the most costly woods were imported from the East. There were no table-cloths; but the tables were wiped down with sponges. Chairs, ottomans, and couches, of every variety of form and in the most elegant styles, adorned the room. In the Homeric times, the men sat at table; but afterwards they adopted the Oriental custom of lazily reclining on a luxurious couch. They had the greatest variety of earthen and metallic plates, cups, and goblets, as we see them delineated on the vases and other works of art. Drinking-cups were the object of special attention. Their forms were elegant, and of wonderful variety; and their size would have astonished a teetotaller. Nestor, that sober old councillor of the Grecian camp, made nothing of draining a beaker, mixed in thirds, which two common men could not lift; and—more extraordinary still—Hercules carried about with him a cup holding wine enough to quench his ordinary thirst, which having exhausted, he set it afloat and steered, more than half-seas over, to any part of the world he pleased.

I do not know that there is any form of bedstead, from the four-poster to the French, which may not be found described by writers or represented in works of art. Ulysses manufactured



one for himself, of olive-wood inlaid with gold and ivory. The bed rested sometimes on boards laid across the frame, on thongs of ox-hide stretched over one another, or on a netting of cord. Plato speaks of bedsteads made of solid silver; Athenæus describes them as made of ivory, and embossed with beautifully wrought figures; and Lucian has them veneered with Indian tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold. In Thessaly, beds were stuffed with fine grass. According to Athenæus, effeminate gentlemen sometimes slept on beds of sponge. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock-skins, with the feathers on. Clearchus, the author of a treatise on Sleep, describes the bed of a Paphian prince in such a way that one can hardly keep his eyes open while reading of it. "Over the soft mattresses, supported by a silver-footed bedstead, was flung a short-grained Sardinian carpet of the most expensive kind. A coverlet of downy texture succeeded, and upon this was cast a costly counterpane of Amorginian purple. Cushions variegated with the richest purple supported his head; while two soft Dorian pillows of pale pink gently raised his feet."

One of the greatest improvements introduced by the Greeks into the art of sleeping was the practice of undressing before going to bed, — a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Bed-coverings were often perfumed with fragrant essences from the East. Counterpanes were not only perfumed, but embroidered with figures of animals and men. The luxury of laziness was celebrated by Ephippus: —

"How I delight

To roll upon the dainty coverlets,  
Breathing the perfume of the rose, and steeped  
In tears of myrrh!"

Theocritus speaks of

"Carpets of purple, *softer far than sleep*,  
Woven in Milesian looms."

The place of the kitchen, with a cooking-stove and frying-pans, was ascertained in one of the houses of Pompeii, —

that of Pansa. From the Greeks, although a great deal is said about cooks, we have very little about the locality of the kitchen. It seems sometimes to have been a separate structure from the house, and well supplied with all the necessary utensils. In Athens, the kitchen was furnished with sinks, kneading-troughs, pots, pans, and cutlery. Clearchus, of Soli, gives a tolerable list of kitchen-furniture, comprising, among other articles, a three-legged table and a *chytra*, or earthen pot for soup, on which considerable artistic taste was expended. In the Hippias of Plato, Socrates has something to say on the beauty of this useful vessel, particularly when it held seven gallons. The ladle was made of the wood of the fig-tree, to give a pleasant flavor to the soup. In the opinion of the philosopher, this kind of ladle was better than one of gold, which might crack the pot, spill the broth, and put out the fire. Next we have a mortar, caldron, mug, oil-flask, rush basket, cleaver, platters, bowls, larding-pins, stew-pans, tinder-boxes, chopping-blocks, fish-kettles, spits, andirons, ovens, bean and barley roasters, sieves, wine-strainers, colanders, crates, chafing-dishes, and a good many articles not to be found at Mr. Waterman's. The fuel commonly used was wood, charcoal, and sometimes mineral coal. Bellows were employed from the time of Homer.

From the kitchen we pass by the association of contrast, as the philosophers call it, to the toilette of the mistress of the house. Dress and costume will be referred to in another place; we are now considering only the different parts of the house, with their several furnishings. A good deal of attention was paid to the ornamenting of the person, even in the heroic age. Ear-rings are named in the Iliad and Odyssey; and eight or ten different kinds of them are mentioned. Necklaces were as various. Of armlets and bracelets there was a great diversity. Signet and jewelled rings adorned the taper fingers of the Grecian ladies. They had tooth-powder, black paint for the eyebrows, rouge-pots, blanching-varnish, essence-bottles, hair-powder, exquisite dyes for the hair, oils for softening it and

giving it a charming gloss, curling-irons, fillets, golden pins, and so on, without end.

Perhaps these few details will be sufficient to suggest the idea of what a Greek house of the better class was. It certainly was not deficient in any of the means and appliances of a tolerably comfortable existence. Following out the spirit of the ancient and modern maxim, which directs us to provide a house and then to get a wife, let us see how the second part of the rule was practised by the Greeks. I have already alluded to the fact that monogamy, or the marriage of one man to one woman, was early established as the basis of Hellenic society. It is true that the traditions of the heroes do not represent them all as adhering to this rule. Hercules travelled about the earth, subduing monsters and marrying wives; wherever he journeyed, he set up a domestic establishment: but the jealousies to which this vagrant style of domesticity exposed him cost him his life; he put on the poisoned tunic of Nessus, sent to him by Dejanaira, and expired in agony on the funeral pile. Yet despite this sad experience, his spirit ascended to Olympus, and there married Hebe, the daughter of Hera, greatly against the wishes of the old lady, and that is the last we hear of him. After all, there was not much in the earthly fortunes of Hercules to tempt his admirers into imitating his example; and the moral does not appear to have been lost on them.

The education of girls, in Athens, was for the most part a secluded one. Whatever accomplishments they acquired were acquired in the presence and under the superintendence of the mother. There were, however, many celebrations, connected with the religion of the country, in which the women participated. They walked in processions through the streets of the city to the temples of the gods; they attended funerals and marriages; and it would seem that, in the more primitive times at least, youths and maidens joined in some of the public dances. They were, also, present at the theatre, at least at some of the representations, and they took part in the Eleusinian mysteries.



Thus there were not wanting numerous occasions for men and women to become acquainted with each other, — occasions nearly as good as the modern ball-room affords. Thrasymedes, an Athenian youth, fell in love with the daughter of Peisistratus, and ventured to salute her as she walked in a religious procession. This liberty was resented by the young men, her brothers; but the father, taking a more sensible view of the case, said to them, “If we punish men for loving us, what shall we do with those that hate us?” But the course of true love did not yet run quite smooth. The lover determined to carry the young lady off. Taking some of his companions with him, he seized the opportunity of a sacrifice on the sea-shore, and, placing her in a boat, set sail for Ægina. Unfortunately, one of her brothers, happening to be cruising about the bay on the watch for pirates, captured the bark, and carried the whole party back to Athens. They were brought into the presence of Peisistratus, and, expecting nothing better than death, told him to do what he pleased, since they had staked their lives on the venture, and were quite ready to take the consequences. The old gentleman, admiring their spirit, freely bestowed his daughter on Thrasymedes. The lovers were married; and here, like a modern novel, the story ends.

It was not at all unusual for enamored young gentlemen to cover walls, columns, or trees with the names of the maidens who had inspired them with the tender passion. Says Lucian, “Every wall was carved, and all the bark of the soft tree proclaimed the beautiful Aphrodite.” Even the leaves of trees were written over with the beloved name. Sometimes verses were sent to the object of affection; sometimes garlands of flowers were hung before her doors; sometimes the love-sick swain wore a wreath all awry upon his head, to signify the agitated state of his feelings. Maximus Tyrius, a later Greek writer, as quoted by St. John, speaking of the origin of love, says: “Its wellspring is the beauty of the soul, gleaming upward through the body; and as flowers seen under water appear still more brilliant and exquisite than they are, so

mental excellence seems to manifest additional splendor, when invested with corporeal loveliness." By the best minds of antiquity certainly the relation of the sexes in the family was as justly estimated as it is at the present day; and they have left as admirable pictures of the influence of the affections on life and conduct as are to be found in modern literature. Witness the stories of Odysseus and Penelope, of Alcestis and Admetus, of Hæmon and Antigone. Even the satirical Lucian calls the union of husband and wife a divine and holy law. To the god of love altars were built, sacrifices offered, and festivals instituted. In the words of an eloquent writer, "Love breathed the breath of life into their poetry; it was supposed to elicit music and verse from the coldest human clay, like the sun's rays from the fabulous Memnon; it allied itself in its energies with freedom; to love, in the imagination of a Greek, was to cease to be a slave; it emancipated and rendered noble whomsoever it inspired; it floated winged through the air, and descended even in dreams upon the minds of men or women, revealing to sight the forms of persons unknown, annihilating distance, trampling over rank, confounding together gods and men by its irresistible force."

It was a tendency of the Greek mind to trace every institution back to some inventor; and Cecrops has the honor of having invented marriage.

There is an opposite picture to that just given. From Hesiod downward, there were not wanting sarcastic writers, who held up the female character to derision and contempt; charging women, in the mass, with every vice that could render them most despicable, — with gossiping, gadding about the streets, intriguing, gluttony, hard drinking, extravagance. Euripides was the most poetical of these misogynists; and yet even he drew the lovely character of Alcestis. Of course, in their general representations of the marriage life, these writers regard it as a necessary evil, which must be submitted to for reasons of state. But it is a curious commentary on these satirists, that, while every conceivable crime is discussed by the

Attic orators as having been committed by men, there is, so far as I remember, in the whole body of the legal arguments preserved, only a single instance of the impeachment of the character of a married woman. It is true that Plato describes the feminine character as more secret and stealthy than that of man; and it is true, too, that the legal position of woman was, in the utmost degree, that of dependence.

The peculiar view which the law took of the duty of marriage perhaps has had some influence in lowering our estimate of the institution, as it existed in ancient Greece; and the particular modes by which marriages were doubtless, in many cases, brought about, have helped to strengthen the misapprehension. Thus at Sparta the man who did not marry, or who postponed marrying too long, laid himself open to a prosecution. Solon is said to have made a similar law, though he was never married.) All this shows that marriage was looked upon by the lawgivers as an institution on which the whole political structure rested, yet without denying that it had another aspect with regard to its private relations, and its bearings on individual happiness. It is very true that the intermarriage of children was often settled by the parents, probably without much consulting the inclinations of the parties most concerned; young men were often put under the restraints of matrimony as a remedy for dissipation; fortunes were united by wedding the heirs of adjoining properties; dilapidated estates were repaired by seeking out and securing the hands of heiresses; and, in the last resort, the daughter was obliged to submit to the father's authority, and to take whomsoever he chose to give, for better or worse. It must have happened that marriages often turned out unhappily when contracted in this manner, with little or no mutual knowledge; and one of the reforms suggested by Plato was a mode of bringing men and women into a better acquaintance with one another. Besides this, there were in Athens persons whose business was match-making, as poor Strepsiades found to his cost.

Bachelors, if too old, were subject to a legal penalty, both in



Sparta and in Athens. At what age they were supposed to have reached the end of their tether we are not informed. Whether any indulgence was extended to those unhappy abnormals who, having made frequent experiments, could honestly plead the impossibility of finding any one to have them, remains also doubtful. Probably they were not excused; the law presuming that some one of the many methods of getting a wife would meet the most exceptional case. These are agreement between the parents or guardians; agreement between the parties; a bargain negotiated by a match-broker; elopement with an heiress; and, finally, the legacy of a departing friend, who, by the law of Athens, could devise not only his estate, but his widow, as a mark of particular regard, to a surviving friend or kinsman. In truth, a bachelor on compulsion, after these methods had been exhausted, must have been a deplorable nondescript.

In the Homeric age the suitor paid to the father of the lady a sum proportioned to his circumstances, or perhaps to his estimate of the value of the purchase; though the princely brides of that age are also spoken of as bringing large possessions to their husbands. In the historical times the dowry was the subject of legal regulation; and at Athens a considerable part of the movable property was held in this form. It was a matter of frequent litigation, as appears especially in the speeches of Isæus. The dowry was generally indispensable to marriage. We are told that the dowry of the daughters of the poor citizens varied from ten to thirty minas, or from one hundred and eighty to five hundred and forty dollars, which last was the sum bestowed by the state on the daughters of Aristides, who died poor. The daughter of Hipponicus received ten talents, or about eleven thousand dollars, with the promise of as much more. This, however, was an extraordinary fortune. The husband was obliged by law to give security for the dowry, — he receiving only the income of it during the continuance of the marriage relation, — the property belonging to the wife and children.

The marriage having been determined on, the first step taken was the betrothal, made by the legal guardian of the bride, and attended by the friends and relatives of both parties, on which occasion the dowry of the wife was agreed upon.

A day or two before the marriage a sacrifice was offered by the father of the bride to Hera, Artemis, and the Fates, to whom the bride consecrated a lock of her hair. On the wedding day the happy pair were bathed in water taken from a particular fountain at Athens, the Enneacrounos. Then they put on their best attire, — their wedding garments; and the friends of both families having assembled, the women engaged in the recitation of prayers and the presentation of offerings. After these ceremonies were performed, the bride was led from the house, and placed in an open carriage between the bridegroom and his *paranymphus* or groomsman, — both robed in the most costly attire, and crowned with garlands. A procession was formed of the company present, which moved on to the temple, where a part of the ceremony was usually performed, the oath of fidelity taken, and the hand of the bride placed by the father in that of the bridegroom. In later times the ceremonies consumed nearly all the day, and the procession arrived at the house of the newly married pair not long before night-fall. Hymeneal songs, accompanied by the flute, were sung as the procession passed, and the people on the way poured out their good wishes and congratulations. The bride was conducted into her future home by the bridegroom's mother with a lighted torch, and sweetmeats were scattered over them as they entered. In some places the axletree of the carriage was then broken, to intimate that, having found a new home, the bride would have no occasion to return to her father's house. The house was splendidly illuminated; and, to suggest the idea of practical domestic duties, there was a great show of pestles, sieves, and pitchers. An ancient hymn was chanted, the burden of which was, "I have escaped the worse, I have found the better," — words to be commended to the serious consideration of all single gentlemen who have chosen the

worse and shunned the better. At the close of the hymn a troop of dancing girls, crowned with myrtle-wreaths, entered, and performed an expressive ballet, appropriate to the occasion. The feast was sumptuous, consisting of wines, meats, sweet-meats, and wedding cake. The guests at this feast were considered in the light of legal witnesses to the marriage. Women were present, but sat at different tables from the men, with the veiled bride among them. The last ceremony of the feast was the eating of a quince by the husband and wife together, to signify that their communion should be sweet and harmonious. When the company had retired, the epithalamium was sung by a chorus of damsels standing at the door of the *παστὰς*, or nuptial chamber. Another song was chanted on the following morning, and the day was occupied in receiving presents from friends.

Perhaps I ought to leave the subject here; but as there is a pretty fair sketch of a good housekeeper in Xenophon's Œconomicus, I will close this Lecture by an abridged translation of it. The work is intended to embody the ideas of Socrates on the management of a family; and the passage to which I refer is that in which he gives an account of a conversation he once held with a friend, Ischomachus by name, shortly after that gentleman's marriage.

"Seeing him one day," says Socrates, "sitting in the porch of Zeus Eleutherios, as he seemed to be at leisure, I approached him, and, taking a seat by him, said, 'How is it, O Ischomachus, that you, so little accustomed to be unemployed, are sitting here?' 'I should not be here, had I not agreed to wait for some friends.'" After a few preliminary compliments, Ischomachus remarks, that he is entirely free to attend to his business out of doors, because his wife is fully competent to manage everything in the house; and that is the reason why he has risen so high in the estimation of the citizens, — alluding to a compliment Socrates had just paid him. "I should be glad to know," says Socrates, "whether you educated your wife yourself, or whether she was taught by



her father and mother to perform the duties belonging to her station." "Why, she was only seventeen years old when I married her; and she had been brought up in great privacy, where she could hear, see, and ask as little as possible. I think I ought to have been content if she knew how to superintend the weaving, and to distribute the tasks among her handmaids. One thing, however, she was particularly well educated in,—and that is the most important thing for man or woman either,—namely, temperance." "Then you educated your wife in all other things yourself, so that she became qualified to perform all her duties?" "Not," replied Ischomachus, earnestly, "until I had sacrificed and prayed, that I might teach and she might learn what would most benefit both of us." "Did your wife join in the sacrifice, and offer the same prayers?" "To be sure she did, and made many promises to the gods if she might become what she ought to be, and showed plainly that she was not going to neglect her lessons." "In God's name," said Socrates, "tell me what you taught her first: I would rather hear it than the play."

"Well, Socrates, when she began to get a little acquainted with me, so as to converse easily, I said to her, 'Do you know, wife, why it was that I chose you, and your parents gave you to me, when there were plenty of others we might have married? The reason was, that I was looking out for the best partner for myself, and your parents for the best one for you. If God give us children, we will, when the time comes, consider the best methods of educating them to be our dearest friends and supporters in old age. Now this is our common dwelling. All that each of us has brought is thrown into the common store. The question is not, who has brought in the largest sum, but whichever of us proves the better companion contributes the most.' She answered, 'What can I help you to do? What power have I? Everything depends on you. My mother taught me that my duty was to be virtuous.' 'Certainly,' said I, 'and my father taught me the same. But

it is the duty of an honest man and woman to make their present condition as good as possible, and to improve it by every fair and honorable means.' 'What can I do,' said she, 'to help improve our condition?' 'What the gods designed you should do, and the law approves, strive to do in the best possible manner.' 'What is that?' said she. 'Duties of the highest importance,' I replied, 'if the work of the queen-bee in a hive is of great importance.' "

He then enters upon a general consideration of the aim and end of the marriage relation, and the respective duties of the husband and wife. A large part of the work of life is to be carried on in the open air; but the care of children, the weaving of cloth, and the like, must be within doors. God has framed the constitution of man so as to fit him for business abroad, and the nature of woman He has adapted to the charge of the household. He has fitted the body and mind of man to endure heat and cold, journeys and marches, and therefore has laid upon him work out of doors. But he has made the body of woman less able to bear these hardships, and therefore has assigned to her the labors in the house. He has inspired her with a greater love of children, and has intrusted their care to her rather than to man. He has made her more timid, that she may keep a watchful oversight; and him more courageous, that he may the better defend the household against the wrong-doer. And as both have to give and to receive, on both he has bestowed the faculties of memory and intelligent superintendence, so that it is impossible to say which of the sexes has the superiority, except that whichever is the better God has made the superior. But as they are not equally fitted for both classes of duties, they stand in need of each other, and union is by far the highest good of both. This is the view taken by the law when it weds the man and woman, making them alike sharers in all the fortunes of the home; and the law is in harmony with the purposes of God in their creation. For it is more honorable to the woman to remain within than to be out of doors; and for the man it is more

shameful to remain within, than to attend to his affairs abroad. And if a man violates the natural law of God, he cannot escape the consequences of neglecting his proper business, and attending to that of his wife. It is therefore her business to look after the servants, assign them their tasks, receive what is brought into the house, and adjust the expenditures, so that the provision of a year may not be used up in a month. If a servant fall sick, she must take care of him.

“ ‘It seems to me,’ she replied, ‘that, after all, you are the head; for all my care of the household would be ludicrous, unless you provided the supplies.’ ‘And all my supplies,’ said I, ‘would be ludicrous, unless there were some one at home to take care of them. . . . There are other duties which become agreeable,—as when you make an ignorant person intelligent, and so double the value of his labor; and when you have it in your power to do good to those who are good and useful to the family; and, what is the most delightful of all, when you prove yourself to be better than I am, and so make me your servant, having no fear lest, as age advances, you be held in less honor in the family, but assured that, the older you grow, the more you will be honored in the home, according as you have discharged your duties to me and your children.’ ” This is the substance of the first curtain lecture. Socrates naturally desires to be informed what effect it had. Nothing could be more satisfactory.

The subject of the next lecture is Order, the most useful thing in the world. It is illustrated by the rhythmical movements of the chorus; of an army on the march or the field of battle; of a ship with its rowers and passengers; all of which require the most exact order for beauty or efficiency. Disorder, on the contrary, is like a farmer who sows barley, wheat, rye, and beans, all together, and who, when he wants a barley-cake, or wheaten bread, or pulse, must needs be picking and choosing, instead of taking directly what he wants. The true principle is, a place for everything, and everything in its place; and the servant must be taught whence to take and where



to put whatever is needed for use, which he will soon learn. This the speaker further illustrates by what he once saw on board a Phœnician merchant-vessel, where by a careful economy of space, and by exact order, a great quantity of rigging and warlike armament and a cargo of costly goods were snugly stowed away in a place not larger than a dining-room, and the officers of the ship knew the place of each article as well as he who can spell knows the letters in the name of Socrates. The master remarked, that in a storm at sea there would be no time for hunting after anything out of the way, for God threatens and punishes the indolent. "Now if seamen can find a place for everything, and keep such exquisite order in a vessel tossed about on the waves, it were a great shame to us if, in houses standing on the solid earth, we should not do the same. It is pleasant to have a place for shoes, for clothes, for bed-clothes, for brazen vessels, for table-furniture; and though an elegant gentleman might smile at the assertion, there is something rhythmical in seeing soup-dishes properly arranged. The arrangement of furniture is like that of a circular chorus; not only the chorus itself is a beautiful spectacle, but the clear space within it is beautiful. There is no difficulty in finding a person who will learn the places, and remember to put each thing in its proper place. If you send a servant out to purchase anything in the market, he will know precisely where to go and find it, because there is a particular place for everything; but if you look after a man you are not so certain where to go, because there is no fixed place to await him in." This was the second curtain lecture. "Well," says Socrates, "did she promise to undertake all this?" "To be sure she did, with the greatest alacrity, and entreated me to set about putting things in order at once."

They then together examine the arrangements of the house, in which utility had been studied more than ornament. It was well built for comfort both in summer and winter. They first collected all the furniture connected with sacrifices; then the ornaments and apparel for festival occasions, armor,

bed-clothes, women's shoes and men's shoes, the implements for spinning, cooking utensils, bathing-furniture, towels, table-furniture; then the things that were to be used every day, those reserved for company, and so on. Every kind of furniture was put in its proper place. Servants were properly instructed, and a housekeeper selected, whose interest it was made to enforce the regulations of the family. "I taught my wife," proceeded Ischomachus, "that as it is not enough in well-regulated states to enact good laws, but guardians of the laws must be chosen to see that they are duly executed, so the wife ought to be the executive officer in the house, to see that the laws are enforced, and, like a queen, to distribute blame and praise and honor as they are deserved. I told her, too, that she must not take it hard if I charged her with more duties in relation to the property than I should require of a servant to undertake, since it was merely taking care of her own." "What did she say to that?" "Why, that I did not understand her if I thought the duty proposed were a hard one, — to take care of her own; it would be much harder if I told her to neglect it." "By Juno," said Socrates, "your wife has the sense of a man." "I will tell you something better than all this, as a proof of her good sense and magnanimity." "What? I would infinitely rather listen to the virtues of a living woman, than see the finest picture Zeuxis ever painted."

"I noticed that she was in the habit of using cosmetics, that she might seem fairer and ruddier than she was, and of wearing high shoes, that she might appear taller than she was by nature. 'Tell me, my dear,' said I, 'should you esteem me more highly as a sharer of your fortunes, if I told you exactly the state of my property, or if I tried to deceive you by exhibiting false coin, and necklaces of gilded wood, and robes of spurious instead of genuine purple?' She replied instantly, 'Heaven forbid! Were you such a man, I never could love you from my heart.' 'Well, then, would you like me better, if I appeared before you sound and healthy, fair and

vigorous, or with painted cheeks, and artificially colored eyelids, trying to cheat you by offering you paint instead of myself?' 'Why,' said she, 'I like you better than paint; I prefer the natural color of your cheeks to rouge, and I would rather look into your eyes sparkling with health than with all the cosmetics in the world.' 'Then I would have you to know that I am more charmed with your native complexion than with paint. These false pretences may deceive the casual observer, but not those who live together. They are exposed before the morning toilette, or by perspiration, or by tears, or by the bath.' "What, in heaven's name, did she answer?" "Why, she said she would not do so any more, and asked my advice as to the best means of making herself really beautiful. I advised her not to sit all the time, like a slave, but to be up and stirring; to look after the bread-maker; to stand over the housekeeper as she measured out the allowance; to run all over the house, and see if everything was in its place; for this would combine both duty and exercise. I said that it was a good exercise also to mix and knead the bread, to shake out the clothes, and make the beds; and that thus she would have a better appetite, and grow healthier, and would in reality appear handsomer. And now, Socrates, my wife lives and practises according to my instructions, and as I tell you."



## LECTURE V.

### HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.—OCCUPATIONS.—FOOD.—FEASTS.— MARKETS.

SOCRATES admitted that all he had heard of Ischomachus and his wife was very pleasant, and highly creditable to both. Perhaps a sigh of regret escaped him, philosopher though he was, when he was reminded, by these details of his friend's household, how different a home awaited him when he returned from strolling about the city. The image of Xanthippe contrasted painfully with the fair and docile bride of Ischomachus, and we may fancy that he felt a momentary doubt whether, after all, he did the wisest thing in the world when he married her for the sake of the moral discipline of being compelled to bear the outbreaks of her violent temper. At all events, the experiment is not one to be recommended, except perhaps to philosophers and reformers. The conversation between him and Critobulus in the same piece illustrates his usual way of thinking about money. "I do not need anything more than I have, O Critobulus; I think myself already sufficiently rich; but you seem to me poor, and by Jupiter I sometimes pity you very much." "In Heaven's name, Socrates," replied Critobulus with a smile, "how much do you suppose your property would bring, if sold? and how much mine?" "Why, I suppose, if I could find a good purchaser, that all my property, including the house, would easily bring about five minas; yours, I know, would bring more than a hundred times as much." "How is it, then, that you think you need no more, and pity me for my poverty?" "Because my property is sufficient for my wants; but your style of living, and the figure you make

in the world, are such that, if your estate were three times as great, it would not equal the demands upon it. You have to offer numerous and magnificent sacrifices; you have to receive and entertain sumptuously a great many strangers, and to feast the citizens; you have to pay heavy contributions towards the public service, keeping horses and furnishing choruses in peace, and in war bearing the expense of triremes and paying war-taxes; or, if you fail to do all this, they will punish you with as much severity as if they caught you stealing their own money. Besides, I see that you fancy yourself rich, and you are careless about making money, and occupy your mind with trivial subjects, as if you had a right to do so. Therefore I pity you, and am afraid you will suffer some incurable evil, and get involved in great embarrassment. As for me, I know and you know that, if I need any addition to my income, friends stand ready to help me, and a very small sum would overwhelm me with abundance; whereas your friends, though much better able to bear their own expenses than you yours, are always expecting to be benefited by you."

The property which Socrates declared to be sufficient for his wants amounted to something less than a hundred dollars of our currency, from which, at the rate of interest usual in Athens, he might have received an annual income of twelve dollars,—a slender revenue to support a wife and three children. His own expenses were small. He wore no under garment, and his outer garment was always an old one, both in summer and winter. He went barefoot, having been known to possess but one pair of shoes in all his life. When he was invited to the drinking bout at Agathon's house, in honor of a dramatic victory gained by that poet, he appeared in a dress so much smarter than usual that all his friends were astonished,—as remarkable a transformation as Mr. Samuel Weller's first appearance in the new suit which Mr. Pickwick gave him. He lived on bread and water, except when he was invited out; and the only seasoning he took was a long walk before dinner. But how did his wife and children live? Per-

haps they worked; perhaps Xanthippe had a little property of her own; perhaps Socrates had, as Demetrius Phalereus asserted, besides his real estate, seventy minæ, or twelve hundred and sixty dollars, lent on interest to Crito, which would give something over one hundred and fifty dollars a year for household expenses. However this may have been, these three men present a not uninteresting picture of society; — Socrates, reducing the wants of life to the lowest amount, and maintaining a sturdy independence; Ischomachus, a wise and prudent man, managing his property with thrift, living on a liberal scale of expenditure, relieving the poor, helping his friends, and performing every public and private duty with order, punctuality, and a conscientious regard to the rights and interests of all around him; Critobulus, a man of high birth, hereditary property, large and liberal tastes, open-handed hospitality, somewhat ostentatious in his way of living, and, though sometimes pressed for ready cash, recklessly going on with the profuse expenditures which his rank and reputation seemed to demand. Ischomachus is the mean between the two extremes, — in his day doubtless regarded as the best citizen of the three; beloved by his friends; adored by his slaves; called a *καλὸς κἀγαθός*, or perfect gentleman, by the citizens; looked up to by his amiable little wife as the complete model of a man. Yet we should never have heard of his name but for Xenophon, who has made the whole world wiser and better by his records of the goodness and wisdom of Socrates.

The occupations of a day, for an Athenian of the rank and character of Ischomachus, were not disagreeable. Since the gods have connected happiness with the performance of duties, and these again require the light of knowledge, he opens the labors of the day by a prayer for health, strength, and prosperity, for a good name among the citizens, and success in worldly affairs. Having risen early enough to find people at home, he eats a morsel, and then makes his business visits in the city, combining exercise and profit. If no affairs detain him in town, he sends his horse out into the country by a servant, and walks



thither himself; and having inspected the work going on at the farm, he mounts his horse, and takes a rapid gallop, not minding whether it is up hill or down, leaping over ditches and trenches, just as he would have done in war. Then he gives his horse up to the servant, walks home to a light breakfast, and devotes the day to intercourse with friends, miscellaneous business, visiting places of amusement, or discharging the civil duties which belong to every Athenian citizen, to say nothing of hearing and adjusting the complaints of servants, reconciling differences among friends, endeavoring to convince them that it is much better to be friends than enemies, and discussing the conduct of public men; "and sometimes," says he, "I am taken to task, O Socrates, and put on my trial."—"By whom? for this had escaped my notice."—"By my wife."—"And how do you get on in the defence?"—"When it is for my interest to tell the truth, pretty well; but when the contrary, O Socrates, I cannot make the worse appear the better reason."

But let us look a little more closely into the interior of this establishment. How did the family live? What was their food? When and how many times a day did they eat? Of course, the principal provisions were brought in from the country. The grain had been trodden out on the threshing-floor, in the manner already described, and, after some further preparation, either pounded in the mortar, or ground in hand-mills, or, at a later period, in mills worked by mules. Bread was made of many other grains besides wheat and barley, as rye, millet, spelt, rice, mixed with lotus-root, which was used as the potato is sometimes used now. The variety of loaves and cakes produced by the ancient bakers is exceedingly puzzling; and the forms were as curiously contrived as in any modern bakery. Some were baked in ovens heated by wood, and large enough for a batch of prodigious magnitude; others in vessels set on the coals; and some kinds, as our corn-cakes, before or on the coals. The size varied from slender rolls to loaves requiring three bushels of flour. The bread sold by the

*artopolides*, or bread-women, in the Attic markets, enjoyed a reputation throughout Greece, like that of French bread at the present day. The principal vegetables used were lettuce, radishes, turnips, asparagus, beans, peas, garlic, and onions. A great many other articles were used as vegetable food, which I believe are seldom sold for that purpose now, such as choke-weed, clematis, and elm-leaves. Beef, mutton, goat's flesh, and pork were the most ordinary meats. The flesh of the ass was sometimes eaten, but rarely, except perhaps when the sausage-sellers seasoned it so that it passed for something else. Hares were a favorite luxury. Attic poultry was famous everywhere. Thrushes enjoyed a reputation similar to that of the canvas-back duck. There was a good supply of doves, black-birds, becaficos, starlings, partridges, wild pigeons, geese, francolins, and quails, most of which have not lost the estimation in which they were held by the ancient gastronomers. Fish, however, were the objects of the greatest solicitude, — Copaic eels, conger-eels, soles, the tunny, the mackerel, the young shark, the mullet, turbot, carp, gudgeon, anchovy, halibut, and a great many others which cannot be identified with species now known, though mentioned by Athenæus, and most of them described by Aristotle; and among shell-fish, snails, periwinkles, mussels, oysters, echini. A Spartan, being once invited to dine where echini constituted one of the dishes, took one upon his plate, and put it into his mouth. The prickly shell was somewhat uncomfortable, and he disdained to inquire how to eat it. In short, he found himself much in the condition of Davy Crocket with the olive. At last he got angry, and, crushing the shell with a mighty effort of his teeth, he exclaimed, "Accursed beast! I will not let thee go, now that I have cracked thee to pieces; but I will never touch thee again!" Archestratus says: —

"For mussels you must go to Ænos; oysters  
 You'll find best at Abydos. Parion  
 Rejoices in its urchins; but if cockles  
 Gigantic and sweet-tasted you would eat,

A voyage must be made to Mitylene,  
Or the Ambracian Gulf, where they abound,  
With many other dainties. At Messene,  
Hard by the narrows, are Pelorian conchs,  
Nor are those bad you find near Ephesus.  
For Tethyan oysters go to Chalcedon."

The Copaic eel — celebrated in Aristophanes — is found by modern travellers fully to justify the classical eulogies bestowed upon it, and the eagerness of the old Acharnian to put an end to the Peloponnesian war, that he might again enjoy its flavor roasted on the coals and wrapped in beet-leaves. The principal fruits were figs, apples, quinces, peaches, pears, citrons, plums, cherries, mulberries, blackberries, filberts, walnuts, almonds, olives, chestnuts, pistachio-nuts, dates, and, last and best of all, the noblest fruit of the earth, — the grape.

The two principal beverages of the Greeks were water and wine. The wines of Thasos, Cos, Myndos, and Halicarnassus enjoyed a high reputation. Egyptian wines were not disliked. Nectar was made near Olympus in Lydia, by mingling honey and fragrant flowers with the juice of the grape. Not to enter into the particulars of this subject, we may say that the use of wine as a beverage was universal among the ancient nations, with a few individual exceptions. Demosthenes was a water-drinker; but Æschines was so far from agreeing with him, that he made this a ground of insult and reproach to his antagonist. Some of the deepest thinkers arrived at the conclusion that the highest efficiency of the bodily and mental powers is to be attained only by total abstinence from wine. "Old wine," some of the physicians said, "shatters the nerves and produces headache; new wine is the parent of horrible dreams." The doctors and wine-dealers were at feud, considering each other as natural enemies. The philosophers, too, differed from the doctors. Plato and Socrates — though not hard drinkers — could stand a good deal upon occasion. The poets, however, in word if not in deed, were the vintners' best customers. Musæus thought that the reward of virtue in the next world would be everlasting intoxication. Anacreon describes himself as making



his breakfast on a piece of cake and a whole cask of wine,—like Jack Falstaff's bit of bread and monstrous deal of sack. Pindar, who said, "Water is the best," meant it for something else besides drinking, and in another place professes a liking for old wine and new songs. The comic poet Diphilus expressed the general feeling (I am sorry to believe) in verses as flowing and glowing as Tom Moore's:—

"O friend to the wise, to the children of song,  
Take me with thee, thou wisest and sweetest, along.  
To the humble, the lowly, proud thoughts dost thou bring;  
For the wretch who has thee is as blithe as a king;  
From the brows of the sage, in thy humorous play,  
Thou dost smooth every furrow, every wrinkle, away;  
To the weak thou giv'st strength, to the mendicant gold;  
And a slave warmed by thee as a lion is bold."

The hero worshipped at the port of Munychia was named Acratopotes, or the drinker of unmixed wine. Wine was imported into Athens from nearly all the islands and cities of the Mediterranean. They had Lesbian, Eubœan, Thasian, Pramnian, and several kinds of Italian wine. In the island of Thera they thickened wine with the yolk of eggs, making a sort of egg-nog. Ice and snow were used to cool wine, just as in our times.

The ordinary style of Greek living was frugal and temperate. The usual number of meals was three a day. The breakfast (*ἀκράτισμα*) was taken immediately after rising, sometimes while it was yet dark, and consisted only of bread soaked in wine; but what perhaps should more properly be called the breakfast (*ἄριστον*) was commonly eaten towards noon, as we saw in the case of Ischomachus, who made his morning calls or visited his farm, and took a long gallop, before he breakfasted. This meal was somewhat more elaborate, consisting of warm food. The principal meal was towards the close of the day, and was called *δείπνον*, which corresponded nearly to our dinner. The common meals were prepared, under the direction of the mistress of the house, by her slaves, one of whom was usually a cook; but at dinner-parties, or *symposia*, professed cooks were

employed. It is supposed that generally the men and women in a family took their meals apart; but this could not have been universally the case, since Menander introduces a young dandy complaining what a bore it was to be at a family party, where the father, holding the goblet in his hand, first made a speech, abounding with exhortations, the mother followed, and then the grandmother prated a little; then afterward stood up her father, hoarse with age, and his wife, calling him her dearest, while he meantime nodded to all present.

The occasions for more formal entertainments were numerous among the wealthier class. Public and private sacrifices were at all times celebrated by convivial meetings, as were birthdays of members of the family and of distinguished individuals, living or dead; also the leave-taking of a friend, or his welcome home after a long absence; and after the burial of a person, a funeral feast was held by the surviving relatives and friends. The gaining of a victory or a prize in a dramatic contest was likewise thus celebrated. Entertainments were sometimes got up by parties, dividing the expense among themselves, or each bringing a share of the provisions, after the manner of modern picnics; and excursions into the country or to the sea-shore, with provisions packed in baskets and wine in jars, were no uncommon method of passing a pleasant day. The usual expression was *σήμερον ἀκτάσωμεν*, "*Let us go to the shore*,"—meaning, *Let us have a good time to-day*. Parties given by individuals at their own houses and at their own expense were the customary occasions of social intercourse. The host would go out to the usual places of resort,—the market-place or the gymnasium,—and, meeting his friends there, request them to visit him without further ceremony at such or such a time; or, if he intended to make a more formal affair of it, he gave a list of the guests he proposed to invite to a slave, whose business it was to deliver the invitations in person. It was not the fashion to invite women to these parties, at least at Athens. The fashion appears to have been different at Sybaris; for Plutarch states that the Sybarites used to ask the

ladies a year beforehand, that they might have time to dress. There was some question whether it was quite proper to bring an uninvited guest. Socrates takes Aristodemus with him to Agathon's entertainment, and in the course of the night Alcibiades, at the head of a troop of revellers, breaks in with a great deal of noise; and they are all very politely received. Parasites and mountebanks always took the liberty of dropping in wherever they found a feast was going to be given, which they ascertained by walking through the fashionable streets, and snuffing at the kitchens. These characters were sometimes called *flies*, and sometimes *shades*. There was at one period a law at Athens limiting the number of guests at a marriage-feast to thirty; and it was the duty of a particular officer to enter the banqueting-hall and count the guests. On one occasion the whole number had been invited; but a fly, scenting the savor of the viands, could not resist the temptation to try his fortune. He accordingly entered, and took his place at the foot of the table. The officer came in, and counted the guests, ending with the fly. "Friend," said he, "you must retire; I find there is one more than the law allows." "You are quite mistaken, my dear sir," said the fly, "as you will find if you will be so kind as to count again, — *only beginning with me.*" The guests were expected to dress in their best, and to be punctual at the appointed hour; tardiness being justly considered as a piece of impoliteness and presumption.

In all the entertainments described by Homer the guests sit; but in later times the fashion of reclining at meals was universally adopted, except in Crete, where the old fashion was still retained. At ordinary meals, the women and children sat erect. The guests occupied couches, furnished with cushions, and ranged round the dining-room; two persons commonly occupying a single couch, but sometimes three, four, or even five. Before taking their places, a slave removed the shoes of the guests, and washed their feet with wine and perfumed essences. It would seem to have been the Athenian custom for the giver of the entertainment to assign the places



of the company ; the place of honor being next his own, which was at the upper end of the room, or farthest from the door. The position they took was so as to let the left arm rest on the cushion, keeping the right arm free and ready for action. The head of the second man reached near the breast of the first, while the feet and legs of the first extended down behind the second. When the guests were duly placed, the slaves brought in water to wash their hands, which Philoxenus, a fly, said was the best use that could be made of water. Generally a table was placed before each couch, and the provisions laid upon it ; though some of the dishes were carried round. They had no knives and forks, but helped themselves with their fingers, which, according to the ancient saying, were made first ; but as soups could not be managed in this way, necessity, which is the mother of invention, led to the manufacture of spoons. It was not consistent with good manners to talk much until the substantial dishes had been duly honored ; and in order to reach this point with the greatest ease and despatch, the guests sometimes lay flat, like sportsmen watching for their prey. The room was brilliantly lighted with lamps and chandeliers, and the guests were crowned with wreaths or garlands.

The entertainment commenced with sweetmeats, cakes, lettuce or pungent herbs, oysters, and thrushes. Then came in a dish of eels done crisp and brown, or some other rare delicacy from the fish-market, such as shrimps, broiled tunny, or mullet. Poultry and meat, of which pork and sausages were favorite kinds, calf's pluck, pig's harslet and chine, feet and snout, kid's head, small hams, and so on, finished the first course. The second course consisted of honey, curdled cream, cheese-cakes, fresh and preserved fruits, and confectionery. Ices were not known. To dine well without knife and fork was an art requiring a great deal of study and practice. The more skilful gourmands prepared themselves for the heat of the battle by playing with hot pokers, or, like Philoxenus, hardened their fingers by dipping them in boiling water, and gargled their mouths and throats with it, that they might seize the delicate

slices smoking hot, and swallow them without serious inconvenience; and one of them is reported to have worn metallic finger-guards. Such persons enjoyed great advantages over the inexperienced, sweeping off the whole dish before the more verdant gentlemen dared to put a finger into the pie. There was no table-cloth or napkin. Crumbs of bread or dough, served round for the purpose, were used for wiping the hands, when that process became necessary, as it often did. At the close of the first course, the tables were removed, and water, with towels, was carried round to wash the hands. Until this period in the feast, silence had been maintained; but now wine was brought in, of which each guest just tasted, and libations were made to the good demon, accompanied by the singing of a pæan to the music of the flute. After this, wine mixed with water was handed to the guests, who drank the first cup to Ζεὺς Σωτήρ, Zeus the Preserver.

Here closed the first act, or the substantial part of the dinner; and the symposium proper then commenced, or, to quote the customary phrase, "they set in to drink." Drinking wine unmixed was usually considered as the mark of a barbarian, and as extremely prejudicial to mental and bodily health. Even half and half was thought to be too strong. The common proportion was three parts of water to one of wine, and this was sometimes mixed with honey and spices. The drink was prepared in a vessel called a κρατήρ, or *mixer*, and poured into drinking-cups of various names, shapes, and sizes. The *culix* was a shallow cup with two handles; the *phiale* had but one handle; the *rhuton*, or drinking-horn, had this to recommend it, that it was impossible to set it down until it was emptied. The drinking was presided over by a master of the revels, called the *symposiarch*, generally chosen by a throw of *astragals*, or dice. He had the entire control of the entertainment; determined the proportion of wine and water, how much each guest should drink, and the penalty to be paid as a forfeit for failure in any of the duties of the feast; and had the attendants under his exclusive command. The cups were

carried round to the right, smaller ones being first used, then larger, as the business of the night advanced. At Agathon's entertainment, Alcibiades and Socrates each drained at a single draught a cup that held two quarts. At the funeral feast given by Alexander the Great in honor of Calanus the Brahmin, a drinking bout was proposed, with a crown for the prize of the victor. Promachus was the happy mortal who gained the wreath by swallowing a couple of gallons; but he died three days afterward. Alexander himself was a terrible toper, and died at Babylon in consequence of a drunken debauch; the brilliant history of his achievements ending in a fever of intoxication, and serving only "to point a moral or adorn a tale." The amusements of the night were by no means limited to drinking. Conversation, music, and dancing added their attractions.

The two principal sources of our information as to these matters are the Symposium of Xenophon, a very elegant and graceful work, and the Symposium of Plato, one of his most animated and characteristic productions, — both undoubtedly founded on real scenes in the life of Athens in the times of their authors. Plutarch also has a work written in imitation of these agreeable compositions, but far inferior in liveliness and artistic effect. The *Deipnosophistæ* of Athenæus is very absurd, but invaluable for the information it contains and the extracts from earlier writers it has preserved.

Female flute-players and dancers were almost indispensable accompaniments to the symposium, having been engaged in the agora, where they stood waiting for employment. Jugglers were sometimes added, and all kinds of tumblers performed their tricks for the diversion of the company. Xenophon describes a female dancer, who would throw back her head until it reached her heels, and then roll off like a hoop. Then she would take some hoops, and, while dancing to the music of the flute, throw them, one after another, into the air, catching them as they fell, until a dozen or more were flying at once between her hands and the ceiling. Another



of her feats of agility was to pitch herself head foremost into a hoop of large size set round with upright swords, then, standing on her head, to balance her body over the naked points, and, finally, with a single spring, to regain her footing outside of the circle. Jesters and buffoons excited the merriment of the company by their jokes and tricks; but a foreign guest, on one occasion, said that, though a monkey always diverted him, he felt nothing but disgust at the man-monkey. Toasts were drunk by the guests to one another, and in honor of the absent. Young gentlemen in love pledged each his mistress, sometimes taking a glass for each letter in her name; sometimes drinking three glasses only, one for each of the Graces; or, when it was desired to testify to the lady's charms with especial emphasis, equalling the number of goblets to that of the Muses. The following lover's song, composed for such an occasion, is found in the *Anthology*: —

“ Pour out ten cups of the sparkling wine,  
 To crown Lycidice's charms divine;  
 One for Euphrante, young and fair,  
 With the sparkling eye, and the raven hair.  
 Then I love Lycidice more, you say?  
 By this foaming goblet, I say you nay.  
 More valued than ten is Euphrante to me;  
 For as when the heavens unclouded be,  
 And the stars are crowding far and nigh  
 On the deep blue of the midnight sky,  
 The moon is still brighter and lovelier far  
 Than the loveliest planet or brightest star, —  
 So 'mid the stars of this earthly sphere,  
 None are so lovely or half so dear  
 As to me is Euphrante, young and fair,  
 With the sparkling eye and the raven hair.”

Though devoted especially to Euphrante, he had no objection to a few glasses in honor of another, — “all for love and a little for the bottle.”

Pantomimic and dramatic dances lent variety and interest to the entertainment. The dining-room was arranged, after the drinking was over, as a temporary theatre; and the piece

was played in the centre, the guests looking on. In Xenophon's Symposium of Callias, there is a very remarkable description of a scene of this kind, representing the loves of Ariadne and Dionysos. A company of strolling players from Syracuse comes in, like the players in Hamlet. The leader or manager announces the piece:—"Ariadne enters the *thalamos*; afterwards Dionysos will come in, and they will play together." The drama is performed with great spirit, as if the counterfeit presentment of the passion had been changed into a reality.

Conversation, jokes, puns, and sportive trials of skill were of course among the staple amusements of these occasions. There was a club of sixty at Athens, in the time of Demosthenes, whose principal object in life was to say good things; and their reputation rose so high that Philip of Macedon sent them a present of a talent, or about a thousand dollars, with a request that they would furnish him a collection of their jokes for his private use. There was one of them,—an unfortunate gentleman from Metapontum,—of distinguished fortune and family,—who had lost the power of laughing by going down into the cave of Trophonius, in Lebadeia,—a cave supposed to be haunted by sundry demoniac spirits. He made a pilgrimage to Delphi to inquire by what means he might cure himself of this inexplicable calamity. The Pythoness replied, "Unpleasant mortal, thou inquirest of me concerning pleasant laughter. The mother shall give it thee at home; honor her supremely." He went home, expecting to have a hearty guffaw as soon as he saw his mother. He was disappointed, and thought that the oracle had been quizzing him; but happening to go to Delos on some occasion, he walked about the island full of admiration at what he beheld, and at length entered the temple of Leto, the mother of Apollo, expecting to find her statue well worth seeing. But when his eyes fell upon a shapeless bit of wood, he burst into a sudden fit of laughter. Remembering the oracle, and cured of his infirmity, he worshipped the mother goddess with the highest degree of veneration.

The *cottabos*, a Sicilian game, by which the inclinations of the beloved one were supposed to be announced, was a favorite sport at these entertainments. The trick consisted in throwing a glass of wine upon one balance of a pair of nicely adjusted scales, so as to make it strike the head of a brazen figure placed below it, without spilling the wine. If the experiment succeeded, then "she loves," if not, "she does not." Other games were chess, drafts, and dice, though these were not all nor exclusively played at the symposia.

Another favorite amusement was the guessing of conundrums. Athenæus has preserved a considerable number of these. One is as follows:—

"Know'st thou the creature that a tiny brood  
 Within her bosom keeps securely mewed?  
 Though voiceless all, beyond the ocean wide  
 To distant realms their still, small voices glide;  
 Far, far away, whome'er to address they seek  
 Will understand; yet no one hears them speak."

Antiphanes represents the poetess Sappho as propounding this *griphus*. One of the company guessed that the creature was the city, and the tiny brood the orators, whose voices, heard beyond the sea, bring in bribes from Thrace and Asia, while the Demos sits down before them, unable to hear or see for their uproar and quarrelling. He is mistaken; and when he gives up further attempts, Sappho tells him, "The creature is an epistle, and the brood the letters in it, which, though dumb, speak to those afar off." The recitation of fine passages from the poets was occasionally introduced. Perhaps the most striking amusement of this class was the singing of *scolia*, so called, because one of the party improvised a strophe or stanza, and then, on his passing the lyre or myrtle-branch he held in his hand to any other guest he chose, the person receiving it was obliged to improvise a stanza to match on the same subject. These compositions, from the irregular manner in which they went round the saloon, were called *scolia*, or crooked songs. It naturally happened that this part of the entertainment fell



to the lot of the most skilful and practised persons present. The best known specimen of this kind of performance is the ode to the tyrannicides Harmodius and Aristogeiton:—

“ ‘ Wreathed with myrtle be my glave,  
Wreathed like yours, stout hearts ! when ye  
Death to the usurper gave,  
And to Athens, liberty.

“ Dearest youths ! ye are not dead,  
But in islands of the blest,  
With Tydean Diomed,  
With the swift Achilles, rest.’

“ ‘ Yes, with wreaths my sword I ’ll twine,  
Wreaths like yours, ye tried and true !  
When at chaste Athene’s shrine  
Ye the base Hipparchus slew.

“ Bright your deeds beyond the grave !  
Endless your renown ! for ye  
Death to the usurper gave,  
And to Athens liberty.’ ”

The action celebrated in this piece was as favorite a subject of rhetorical and poetical eulogium among the Athenians, as the exploit of William Tell with modern sons of liberty. A shorter specimen, in choriambic and dactylic measure, is preserved, with a good many others, by Athenæus.

#### THE LYRE AND THE VASE.

“ ‘ O that I were the sweet-tuned lyre, of burnished ivory bright,  
Which beautiful youths, in the festive choir, attune to the Dionysiac rite !’

“ ‘ O that I were the golden vase, so pure, and of form so fair,  
Which beautiful dames, at the festive games, in their arms to the sacred altar  
bear !’ ”

From thirty to forty scolia have been preserved.

In the Symposium of Athenæus, the subjects discussed would have occupied at least three months’ hard talking. Of course it represents nothing that ever took place on this earth. The Symposium of Xenophon is beautifully written, and may well

embody the substance of discussions that were actually held at a social meeting during the celebration of the greater Panathenæa, between such men as Socrates, Critobulus, Charmides, and others. The accessories of the entertainment are lightly and gracefully presented, and the subjects of love and friendship agreeably handled. Plato's Symposium collects the most brilliant wits in Athens ;—first and foremost, Socrates ; Agathon, the poet, who gives the feast ; Aristodemus ; Pausanias ; Eryximachus, a physician ; Phædrus ; Aristophanes, — in all twenty-eight. In the midst of the conversation, a great noise is heard at the door ; and when it opens, in rushes Alcibiades, not so sober as he should be, followed by a band of revellers, who fill the saloon, and take part both in the drinking and the talking. The great topic of the evening is Love, and the guests, one after another, give their opinions on the matter. After midnight, some of them go home, others fall asleep ; and Socrates commences a lecture on the art of Poetry, to which Agathon and Aristophanes do their best to listen, and at last fall dead asleep. Socrates places them comfortably on their couches, washes his face, marches off to the Lyceum, where he talks all day long, and finally reaches his own home on the following evening. The whole piece is intended, doubtless, to give a vivid picture of one of those celebrated Attic nights, in the first place, and in the next, to embody the whole Platonic theory of love, the sum and substance of which is, that affection for objects and persons of the visible creation should lead us to the love of divine things, which shine with a beauty incomparably more lustrous than the most exquisite forms of those we love on earth. Love, therefore, has the closest connection with philosophy itself, which is, as it were, its culmination ; for by this alone the mind of man is imbued with a true knowledge, inflamed by a love of perfect and consummated virtue, and, by the contemplation of divine things, finally brought to the enjoyment of supreme happiness and blessed tranquillity.

But to descend from these Platonic altitudes once more into

the terrestrial purlieus of the kitchen, that illustrious personage, the cook, ought not to be neglected. For such an entertainment as those described by Plato and Xenophon, the family cook would be wholly insufficient. Athens abounded in professed cooks, as we may gather not only from numerous allusions in the Platonic Dialogues, but from the direct testimony of other authors. The art was so highly appreciated in that capital, that gentlemen of this profession from other countries and cities found there the most brilliant theatre for the display of their genius. The Sicilians bore the palm from all others. Some of them aspired to the fame of authorship, and professed an acquaintance with philosophy, geometry, astronomy, painting, sculpture, and medicine. Astronomy taught what was the best season for mackerel and haddock; geometry, where a boiler or gridiron might be placed to the greatest advantage; and medicine, what dishes were wholesome and what were not. Philemon, the comic poet, thus introduces one of these gentry:—

“How strong is my desire fore earth and heaven  
 To tell how daintily I cooked his dinner  
 'Gainst his return! By all Athene's owls,  
 'Tis no unpleasant thing to hit the mark  
 On all occasions. What a fish had I!  
 And ah! how nicely fried! not all bedevilled  
 With cheese, or browned atop, but, though well done,  
 Looking alive, in its rare beauty dressed.  
 With skill so exquisite the fire I tempered,  
 It seemed a joke to say that it was cooked.  
 And then, just fancy now you see a hen  
 Gobbling a morsel much too big to swallow.  
 With bill uplifted round and round she runs  
 Half choking; while the rest are at her heels,  
 Clucking for shares. Just so 't was with my soldiers.  
 The first who touched the dish, up started he,  
 Whirling round in a circle like the hen,  
 Eating and running; but his jolly comrades,  
 Each a fish-worshipper, soon joined the dance,  
 Laughing and shouting, snatching some a bit,  
 Some missing, till like smoke the whole had vanished.



Yet were they merely mud-fed river dabs.  
But had some splendid scar-fish graced my pan,  
Or Attic blue-fish, O Servator Zeus !  
A boar from Argos, or the conger-eel,  
Which old Poseidon to Olympus sends  
To be the food of gods, — why then my guests  
Had rivalled those above. I have in fact  
The power to lavish immortality  
On whom I please, or, by my potent art,  
To raise the dead if they but snuff my dishes.”

These sublime artists were to be found in the agora, where they were hired, with all their cooking apparatus, as their services were required.

Among the famous diners-out commemorated by Athenæus, there was Charinus the Syracusan, who had a poetical passage *apropos* to every dish, and sometimes, it is said, suffered the fish to cool while he was showing off his learning. Calliphanes, Cleanthes, and Pamphilus kept portfolios of poetical extracts, that they might be provided for every dinner-table emergency. Archestratus wrote an epic poem on good eating, laying down the maxim that the number at the table should never exceed four or five. Timachidas wrote a poem on the same subject, in eleven books. Four or five other authors are mentioned by Athenæus; one of whom, Philoxenus, the fly, already mentioned, celebrates the merits of the kettle and the frying-pan. The same man invented the Philoxenian cakes. Another gourmand exclaims: “Ah, how delightful it is to refresh my throat with the crackling flakes of broiled fish!” Suidas relates that Philoxenus was in the habit of frequenting the neighborhood of rich men’s houses, accompanied by slaves, with wine, oil, vinegar, and other seasonings, and where he smelt the best dinner, he would go into the kitchen, season the dishes, and then take his place among the guests. It was he who wished that Nature had given man the neck of a crane, that the pleasure of swallowing might be prolonged. Pithyllus contrived an artificial covering for the tongue, by which the flavor of a good dish was retained for a long time on the palate.

Perhaps too much time has been occupied by this subject, — frivolous, no doubt, in the estimation of many, — but still one aspect of the life of Greece in its best ages. I have taken only a few of the prominent points, simply proposing to place the outlines before you. But the life of man exhibits everywhere the same great phenomena, however modified by transient conditions and influences.

The details which have been here brought together naturally lead us to say something of the Grecian market. (A visit to the market was one of the arrangements of the day. You will remember that Dicæarchus said the Athenian agora was well supplied with all the necessaries and luxuries of life. Isocrates speaks to the same purport. Its locality was between the Pnyx and the Acropolis. It was adorned with temples, galleries, altars, and statues, and shaded by plane-trees, planted by Cimon. The time for visiting the agora was about the middle of the forenoon, when that quarter of the city exhibited a spectacle not unlike high 'Change. This time is designated by the words ἀγορὰ πλήθουσα, or *full market*, — of frequent occurrence in the Greek writers. The breaking up of the market was about noon.) The other places of common resort for the more respectable of the male gossips were the barbers' shops, the surgeries, and the shops of the ointment-sellers and shoemakers. Thus Peisthetairos, in the *Birds*, says: —

“ You must have heard, yourself, elderly people  
Sitting conversing in the barber's shop,  
And one says : ‘ Well, Diitrephes has talked  
So much to my young man, he has brought him at last  
To plume himself on driving.’ And another  
Says that his son is quite amongst the clouds,  
Grown flighty of late with studying tragedy.”

It was in such places that Socrates rejoiced to hold forth to anybody who liked to hear him ; and who did not listen with delight to the resistless charm of his talk ?

(All kinds of trade were carried on in the market ; the

native traders and foreigners equally paying a fee for the privilege. Here advertisements of things found or lost were posted up, or proclamation was made by the city crier; and here philosophers and sophists gathered their hearers about them to discourse on the nature of things. The merchant who imported and sold his goods by wholesale; the retail-dealers; the farmers from the country, with the produce of their gardens and fields, — were here brought together. The market was divided into circles, for the different kinds of merchandise, — furniture, slaves, meat, fish. The sellers had booths, hung with wicker-work or wattles; and each place was called by the name of the article sold there. Thus, *to go to the fish*, or *to the wine*, means to go to the fish-market, to the wine-market, &c. In one quarter stood the auction-mart, where all sorts of merchandise were disposed of to the highest bidder. Women, except of the lowest class, never made purchases in the market. Either the master of the house or his slave — a male slave called ἀγοραστής, *the purchaser* — attended to this part of domestic duty. On one side of the agora stood cooks waiting to be hired, as we have already seen. Crockery and cooking utensils were to be found on another. Articles of luxury and splendor had their particular place. Wine brought to the city in wains, as distinguished from the καπηλεία, or dram-shops, was sold in open market. The dram-shops, inns, or taverns were not considered very reputable places to be seen in, though, of course, frequented by the loungers in the streets. Their keepers were accused of weakening their wines with waters from the Ilissus, besides using small measures. Poultry was sold at tables. The name of a noted poulterer, Philocrates, is preserved in the *Birds* of Aristophanes, where the birds set a price on his head. The use of chaplets for sacrificial ceremonies, feasts, and numerous other occasions at all seasons in the year, created a large demand for this article, which was manufactured by women, who, with the sellers of ribbons and of ready-made head-dresses, occupied a place called “the myrtles.” Salt fish was sold outside of the



gates, although it was so extensively used as an article of food that the inventor of it had a statue erected to his memory as a public benefactor. Bread-women sold their loaves at stalls. This class of dealers was notorious for vituperative eloquence, as the dealers in chaplets and the flute-players were for their pleasant manners and ready wit. On one side of the agora were ranged the tables or banks of the money-changers — a class of men essential to the commercial enterprises of the Athenians, — who will be mentioned in another place.

The most important part of the agora was the fish-market. Notice was given when the sale commenced by ringing a bell; and all other quarters were deserted, everybody rushing to the spot. Rich gourmands hurried in with their baskets and slaves to get the first choice; the poor looked away, as one of them expresses it, —

“Lest, if I saw the fish they ask so much for,  
I should at once to marble turn.”

The fishmongers, both male and female, bore the same character in Athens as in London and Paris. Amphis, the comic poet, describes their surly manners: —

“Ten thousand times more easy 't is to gain  
Admission to a haughty general's tent,  
And have discourse of him, than in the market  
Audience to get of a cursed fishmonger.  
If you draw near and say, 'How much, my friend,  
Costs this or that?' — no answer. Deaf you think  
The rogue must be, or stupid; for he heeds not  
A syllable you say, but o'er his fish  
Bends silently like Telephus, (and with good reason;  
For his whole race he knows are cut-throats all).  
Another, minding not, or else not hearing,  
Pulls by the legs a polypus. A third  
With saucy carelessness replies: 'Four oboli, —  
That's just the price. For this no less than eight, —  
Take it or leave it.'”

And Alexis writes: —

“But when a paltry fish-fag will look big,  
Cast down his eyes affectedly, or bend

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His eyebrows upward like a full-strained bow,  
 I burst with rage. Demand what price he asks  
 For, say two mullets; and he answers straight,  
 'Ten oboli!' 'Ten? that's dear; will you take eight?'  
 'Yes, if one fish will serve you.' 'Friend, no jokes;  
 I am no subject for your mirth.' 'Pass on, sir!  
 And buy elsewhere.' Now tell me, is not this  
 Bitterer than gall?"

There was a law forbidding the fishmongers to water their fish so as to give them the appearance of being fresher than they were. Another regulation required them to have but one price. With regard to the former law, Xenarchus says:—

"Commend me for invention to the rogue  
 Who sells fish in the agora. He knows,  
 In fact there's no mistaking, that the law  
 Clearly and formally forbids the trick  
 Of reconciling stale fish to the nose  
 By constant watering. But if some poor wight  
 Detect him in the fact, forsooth he picks  
 A quarrel, and provokes his man to blows.  
 He wheels meanwhile about his fish, looks sharp  
 To catch the nick of time, reels, feigns a hurt,  
 And prostrate falls just in the right position.  
 A friend placed there on purpose snatches up  
 A pot of water, sprinkles a drop or two,  
 For form's sake, on his face, but by mistake,  
 As you must sure believe, pours all the rest  
 Full on the fish, so that you almost might  
 Consider them fresh caught."

I will close this ancient and fish-like subject with a fish-story from Strabo. A harp-player had gathered a circle of admiring listeners around himself, when suddenly the bell of the fish-market began to ring. In an instant they all deserted him, except one man who was deaf. "I thank you," said the musician, "for the honor you have done me in not going like the others at the sound of the bell." "What!" said he, "did you say the bell had rung?" "Yes." "God bless you, then," said he, and took to his heels.

## LECTURE VI.

DRESS.—ARMOR.—ARTISTICAL DRAPERY.—MANUFACTURES,  
TRADE, AND COMMERCE.

A PICTURE of the private life of the Greeks would be very incomplete, without some account of their style of dress. The ancient draperies were doubtless much better suited to artistic representation than the dresses in which human beings have disguised themselves in our own more enlightened days. The body was less constrained by the contrivances worn to shield it from the rigors of an inclement sky, than it is by the walking fetters and jails in which modern tailors bind and shut us up. Small-clothes and knee-buckles have some venerable associations; cocked hats remind us of our grandfathers; long waistcoats, with deep pockets, excite a profound respect; silk stockings, with silver-buckled shoes, have an aristocratic sound; but can anything be more absurd, if looked at in an economical or æsthetic point of view, than each and all of these instruments of torture? The present costume is even less picturesque. Boots, trousers, waistcoat, coat, and hat,—lay them out or hang them up together, and what logical connection would Aristotle himself have imagined to exist between them and man, that paragon of animals? Yet the personality of man is so closely identified with these monstrous productions of the nightmare of dyspeptic tailors, that probably no human being would be recognized by his next-door neighbor in his simply draped humanity. The female costumes have always been more tasteful, owing to the instinctive loyalty to the spirit of beauty which is the characteristic of the sex; and why any one of them should so far forget the innate gracefulness of her



being as to cherish a morbid desire to step into the shoes and so on of the more tasteless sex, is to me one of the most inexplicable mysteries of the times. If it depended upon my vote, the exchange should very readily be made. The modern hat, a piece of funnel with a top and border, is modelled probably from "Luke's iron crown," selected by the poet as an illustration of the wanton excesses of tyranny. Shoes and boots are so contrived as to mutilate the fair proportions of the foot, pinching the toes, — which in their natural condition are ornaments to human nature, in cases of emergency capable of supplying the place of hands and fingers, — into the most pitiable deformity and imbecility. To be set in the stocks was once a disgraceful punishment; yet what are boots and shoes but stocks, with this great disadvantage, that they go with us wherever we go, turning our feet into bunches of corns, and making the services of the chiropodist of more imminent necessity than those of the surgeon in the economy of life? The Greeks had a great variety of sandals, shoes, and boots; but to go barefoot never offended the usages of society, except on festive or state occasions; and any one who remembers with what delight he felt the first touch of the soil, in spring or early summer, when the time came for throwing off his shoes and stockings, will agree with me in thinking that the Hellenic usage in this respect was more natural and agreeable than our own. Of all the enjoyments of childhood and youth in the country in former times, that of the soft, fresh feeling of the genial earth, pressed by the unshod sole of the foot, is undoubtedly one of the most delicious, — a pleasure, I fear, now fast vanishing from the face of our planet. Though the Greeks had various coverings for the head, it was also perfectly in accordance with the customs of polite society to go bareheaded. They had no fear of uplifting the noble throne of the intellect into the clear air, and allowing the breezes of heaven to play freely around it; and here they showed their instinctive sagacity. But to pass from the painful contrasts which these comparisons suggest, let us spend a few moments upon the details of the Grecian dress.

There was one striking difference between the dresses of most of the other known nations of the ancient world and those of the Greeks and Romans. Trousers, or pantaloons, were worn by the Oriental nations, — Medes, Persians, Assyrians, Parthians, — and by the principal Western nations of Europe known to the ancients, especially the Dacians and Gauls. The first women who are known to have assumed this dress were the Amazons; but even these ladies, unlike their successors, the Bloomers, modestly limited the time of imprisonment in such masculine habiliments to the period of warlike expeditions, after which they resumed the customary and graceful attire of their sex, laying aside the garb of manhood with the helmet, shield, and spear. These garments were made of skins, or richly wrought cloth, sometimes fitting tightly to the limbs, like those in use here, and sometimes loose and hanging in folds over the shoes, like the Turkish trousers. The Greeks never wore them at all; nor did the Romans until the time of the Emperors, who attempted to introduce breeches among their subjects, as a means of making them forget their ancient liberties. The Greek style of dress was not, however, precisely the same as the Roman, though there was a general resemblance. The *himation* of the Greeks and the *toga* of the Romans were different in shape, and differently worn, though as an outer garment they answered the same purpose. The materials used by the Greeks were furnished partly by domestic manufacture, and partly by commercial exchange. They were fabrics of woollen, cotton, linen, and, in the later times, silk. The woollen was frequently spun and woven by the women of the household, though there were also large establishments where this as well as the other tissues was manufactured to supply the market. The Dorians differed somewhat from the other Greeks in their notions of propriety. At Sparta, the women appeared in the public games and dances in a style of undress or half-dress, which shocked the refinement of Athenian society. At Athens, a much more becoming style prevailed, except perhaps among the *artistes* who danced for hire at the private

and public entertainments, at which, be it remembered, modest women were never present. The essential parts of the Grecian dress remained, with some changes in form, fashion, and make, nearly the same from Homer down to the latest times. When Agamemnon's morning slumbers are broken by the deceptive dream from Zeus, he first sits up in bed, rubs his eyes, and then proceeds to dress, much as Alcibiades or Pericles would have performed the same operation seven or eight hundred years later. First he put on his soft *chiton*; next he threw over it the ample *pharos*; under his shining feet he bound his beautiful sandals; and over his shoulders he slung his silver-hilted sword.

The articles of a Grecian wardrobe may be classed under two heads; — first, those drawn on, or got into; and second, those thrown over the person: the former called by the general term *ἐνδύματα* (*endymata*), and the latter *ἐπιβλήματα* (*epiblemata*). The principal garment of the first class was the *χιτών* (*chiton*), which was worn next the body, like a flannel under-waistcoat. In early times, it was large and long, reaching to the feet; but later it was of varying length, extending sometimes to the knees and sometimes to the feet. Sometimes it was made with two sleeves, closed, either by the needle, or by clasps or hooks placed at intervals down the arm; but frequently there was only one sleeve, or arm-hole, the garment being secured by a broach or pin over the other shoulder; and in some of the works of art it is fastened by broaches over both shoulders. The one-sleeved kind was called the *ἐξωμῖς* (*exomis*), and was less elaborately made, being worn by laboring people. Whether any garment was at any time worn under this among the Greeks is doubtful. The principal outer garment of the class of *ἐπιβλήματα* was the *himation*. This was a square piece of cloth, of a more or less costly fabric, according to the circumstances of the wearer. It was thrown over the left shoulder, drawn across the back to the right side, generally below the right arm, but sometimes over it, and again over the right shoulder or arm. There were many styles of wearing this garment,



and the gentility of the personal appearance depended much on the adroitness with which it was managed. It usually reached to the knee, but the Spartan *tribon* was much shorter. In the time of simple and hardy manners, the boys commonly wore only the *chiton*. The young men, from the age of seventeen to twenty, called ἑφηβοί (*ephebi*), instead of the *himation*, wore a garment of a somewhat different shape, the *chlamys*, differing principally in being oblong, — the length about twice the breadth, — gores being added at the sides. This garment was also the military cloak, since it was more convenient for journeys, especially for riding on horseback. The shorter side was passed round the neck, and fastened by a broach; then it hung down the back and reached the heels. That worn by the youths was saffron-colored. Sometimes it was hung over the left shoulder, so as to cover one side of the body; or it was passed across the back, and over one or both arms, like a lady's shawl. There was indeed an infinite diversity in its adjustment.

The dress of the women consisted of the same principal elements, but greatly diversified in form and in the manner of wearing. A belt or zone was clasped about the waist, and sometimes a second confined the dress below. They had, too, a number of additional contrivances, and one or two garments seldom worn by the other sex. Julius Pollux describes first the *epomis* or *diploidion*, — an outer garment with sleeves falling down to the feet, and often made so long as to fold over at the top, and hang down over the breast and the back. Sometimes this garment was so nearly the same for both sexes, that husband and wife could wear it with equal convenience. Xanthippe is said to have steadily refused to wear her husband's. The most distinguishing article of female apparel was called the κροκωτός (*crocotos*), a saffron-colored under-garment, and even this on state occasions was worn by the men. *Peplos* is a general term for almost any kind of garment or cloak. Capes and tippets formed a part of the lady's wardrobe; and various mantles, purple or embroidered with gold, floated about her per-

son as she walked. The Athenian women appear not only to have resorted to cosmetics, as we saw in the sketch of the wife of Ischomachus, but they had many ingenious contrivances for the improvement of the figure. Corsets and tight-lacing were frequently employed. If a damsel was too short, she had cork put into the soles of her shoes; if too tall, she wore thin soles, and dropped her head on her shoulder. If her figure was too thin, the defect was removed by padding; so that, says Alexis, the comic poet, the beholders would cry out at the beauty of her form. Red eyebrows, according to the same authority, were blackened; a dark complexion was whitened; one too pale was rouged; and any peculiar beauty of the person was carefully displayed. She who had white teeth must needs laugh, that the passer-by might see what a handsome mouth she had, and so on. But I do not think it would be fair to disclose any more secrets of the toilette; though, as these ladies, if living now, would be twenty-three or four centuries old, perhaps no great harm would be done to their prospects.

It is a mistake to suppose that these dresses were always simple, and of a single color. The women naturally dressed, as a general rule, in gayer tints than the men; but white, yellow, purple, gray, brown, olive, green, azure, and changeable were worn by both sexes; only it was considered essential to good taste to avoid very staring colors. The undergarment, in times of mourning, was sometimes black. On great occasions, such as festivals and religious processions, a richer splendor of dress was of course exhibited than in daily life; and there were some kinds of garments, as the *xystis*, or purple robe, never worn except on these occasions. The white mantle was the dress for many festival occasions, long after the dyer's art had given a variety of colors to the ordinary costume. It is, of course, understood that slaves and laborers in the country wore dresses different from those which have been described, and such as were convenient for their several occupations.

Generally speaking, the head and feet were covered only

out of doors. The common term for the dress of the foot was *ὑπόδημα* (*hypodema*), meaning *something bound under*; but there was a great variety in form and fashion, from the simple sandal up to the high boot. The sandal was secured to the sole of the foot by a leather thong passing between the great and the second toe, and attached to another across the instep, that again connecting with a strap that passed round the back of the heel. These straps were sometimes so multiplied, and so closely crossed each other, that they nearly covered the foot. The half-shoe covered the fore part of the foot. Gradually the whole foot was covered by the upper leather, and ornamented with bows and buckles. Persian shoes, of red morocco, were fashionable at Athens in the time of Aristophanes; and Lacedæmonian shoes were considered in good taste. Boots, open and laced in front, were worn chiefly in hunting. A species of sock or stocking made of felt appears to have been sometimes worn. The soles of the shoes, when thick and high, had the middle layer of cork; and sometimes men's shoes were studded with nails, though this was considered a mark of rusticity. A good fit was thought as important in the Athenian circles as it is now. Even Socrates put on an elegant pair of shoes when he went to that famous supper at Agathon's house. Many colors were admissible, — white, red, brown, and black. Gloves were not used, except in certain kinds of work.

The wedding-dress for the gentleman consisted of a *chiton* of Milesian wool, a white *himation*, half-shoes with crimson thongs and clasps of gold, and a chaplet of myrtle-branches and violets. The bride wore embroidered sandals, adorned with emeralds, rubies, and pearls, with white thongs, a necklace of gold richly set with precious stones, armlets, and pearl ear-drops; her hair, fragrant with the richest perfumes of the East, was restrained by a fillet or coronet and a chaplet of flowers; and her fingers, ungloved, were resplendent with jewels and rings. Over her simple but magnificent costume, brilliant in colors and costly in ornaments, floated the silvery tissue of the nuptial veil, like a cloud.



In Homer, the Achæians are designated as *καρηκομόωντες*, or long-haired. At all times the hair was especially cultivated by the Greeks. Brasidas said, "The hair makes the handsome handsomer, and the ugly more terrible." Herodotus relates that the spy of Xerxes found the Spartans combing their heads just before the battle of Thermopylæ. At Athens, the youth reaching the age of an ephebus (seventeen) cut off his hair, and consecrated it to some deity; but in manhood the hair was worn longer, and the fashion in which it was worn was a point of as great consequence as any other part of what Mr. Hamilton calls the personal scenery of a gentleman. The barbers in Athens were numerous; and hair-cutting, as well as paring the nails and removing warts and freckles, was attended to in their shops. Persons dissatisfied with the natural color of the hair found here the means of correcting the mistakes of Nature; ointment, perfumes, oils, essences, were recommended by the professional gentlemen, and were often used by those whose minds were exercised on such subjects. The first appearance of gray hairs was frequently a warning to call in the art of the hair-dresser. The beard and mustache were usually allowed to grow, though not universally. It was considered rather effeminate to have them taken off. In short, shaving was a little disreputable. Alexander ordered his soldiers to be shaved, because the beard presented the most convenient handle for the enemy in battle. The successors of Alexander shaved, and so the poets of that period — Menander, for example — appear to have done. The care of the beard and mustache cost a good deal of time and thought, except among the sophists, who rather affected to leave it untrimmed, to designate their contempt of sublunary affairs. Some of the philosophers, however, such as Aristotle, and the physicians generally, are represented as shaved.

Alciphron, to whom I shall have occasion to refer on another occasion, says in one of his pleasant epistles: "You saw what a trick the cursed barber near the street played on me, that prating, gossiping fellow, who sells the looking-

glasses of Abrotesion, — the fellow that tames crows and ravens, and plays cymbal-tunes with his razors. When I went to get my chin shaved, he received me with great politeness, perched me up in a high chair, put on me a new napkin, and brought the razor down softly over my jaws, thinning off the beard. But in this he proved a villain and a reprobate; for, without my noticing it, he did his work only in part, and not over the whole jaw, so that it was left in many places rough, in others smooth. As I knew nothing about his villany, I went, according to my custom, uninvited to Pasion's, and the guests, as soon as they saw me, died with laughter, until one of them came forward, and, taking hold of the remaining beard, gave it a twitch. I tweaked it out with a deal of trouble and suffering. I should like to take a billet of wood and break the rascal's head." The writer of this epistle means to intimate that he did not look into the mirror after he had got shaved, which is the height of improbability; since large mirrors were usually ranged round the walls of the barbers' shops, in all directions. These same shops also furnished wigs of any size or color to gentlemen standing in need of them. Scented lard, and various other pomatums, were sold there. Young gentlemen resorted thither to get their hair curled, for which curling-irons were constantly heating. Other articles used for the hair were bear's grease, onion-juice, olive-oil, the gluten of snails, bruised cabbage-leaves, burnt frogs, walnuts, and pitch. It was thought that wearing a hat or bonnet tended to make the hair turn gray, so that such coverings were avoided as much as possible. Many of the works of art represent the hair of men, as well as of women, curled and hanging down in parallel ringlets. In some, indeed, it is drawn up and bound in a large bunch on the top of the head; but in many it is left long and luxuriant, without any restraint. The women had a variety of nettings, caps, and coiffures, from very remote antiquity. There was the sling-shaped band, the broad part passing over the forehead, and the narrow part round the sides of the head; there were hair-nets made of golden threads,

or silk, or byssus; there were sacks, — either covering the whole head, or leaving the front bare, — open behind, so that a kind of queue might hang out; and so on.

Umbrellas and sunshades, almost exactly of the modern shape, appear in the works of art.

It was the fashion to carry a cane, both in Athens and in Sparta. This was a sort of reminiscence of the spear, borne universally by the heroes in the Homeric age. Young gentlemen, who whisk a slender stick as they walk through the street, seldom remember the martial origin of so innocent an implement in their white-gloved hands.

The men sometimes wore hats or caps, especially in certain trades and on journeys. The *petasus* was a broad-brimmed hat, varying in fashion as to the brim, but always with an arched crown. The *causia* had a higher crown, flat on the top, also with a broad brim. Boatmen wore caps fitting closely to the head, and without a brim, usually red. The *petasus* was sometimes white, with a red brim; but the purple *causia* was the more stylish.

Rings on the fingers came earlier into use among the men than among the women, for the reason doubtless that they were employed for seals. Ear-drops, however, and rings and chains about the arms, neck, hands, and feet, were the peculiar ornaments of the better sex. These were all included under the name of χρυσία (*chrysia*), as golden ornaments.

Coan and Amorginian tissues were famous for their gauze-like and transparent fineness of texture, and were used to enhance the effect of female costume, as well as for other more objectionable purposes. In Ionia, the extravagance of dress appears to have been carried to its height. In Athens, luxury went very far in this matter; but generally speaking, the fashions were restrained, among respectable men and women, within the limits of good taste. The profligate, there as elsewhere, outraged modesty by their style of dress no less than by their vices.

Crowns and wreaths were much used by the Greeks; and



particular species were consecrated to certain deities, — as that of oak-leaves to Zeus, that of laurel-leaves to Apollo, of wheat-ears to Demeter, of myrtle to Aphrodite. Wreaths were the prizes of the victors in the games, — wild olive in the Olympian, laurel in the Pythian, parsley in the Nemean, and pine in the Isthmian. The diadem was the emblem of royalty; a wreath of olive-branches was worn on occasion of the birth of a son, a flower-garland at weddings and feasts; and golden or gilded crowns were conferred on public men for signal services to the state.

This may be as suitable a place as any to mention the principal pieces of armor used in war, since the hardships and dangers of military life naturally made a great change necessary in the covering of the body. The defensive armor consisted of helmet, breastplate, greaves, and shield. The helmet had a visor, either movable or immovable; the top adorned with plumes or with horses' manes cut square at the edges, and passing over from the back to the front, and the surface embellished with chariots, griffins, and other insignia, richly wrought. The breastplate was sometimes in two pieces, — one to cover the front and the other the back, — fastened together at the sides; sometimes of square plates or long slips, secured by studs on a leathern doublet. The shoulders were protected by a separate piece, coming down to the breastplate, and fastened to it by strings or clasps. To this was attached the *zoma*, — a sort of kilt, — hanging below, and under it a belt lined with wool, to protect the body from the friction of the armor. A girdle, often richly ornamented, was worn outside of the armor. The greaves were the defences of the legs, rising above the knees, and secured behind with loops or clasps. The shield was commonly circular, but often oval. It was provided with loops inside, and a strap or bar across. The arm passed under the latter, and the shield was held by the loop on the opposite side. In the centre, on the outside, was a raised knob or boss; and around it were numerous devices, like the arms on the shields of the knights of chivalry.

In a passage of the Seven against Thebes, this feature of ancient knighthood is brilliantly displayed. The Messenger, in describing Tydeus, says : —

“On his shield’s face  
A sign he bears as haughty as himself, —  
The welkin flaming with a thousand lights, —  
And in its centre the full moon shines forth,  
Eye of the night and regent of the stars.”

And of Capaneus : —

“His orbed shield  
The blazon of a naked man displays,  
Shaking a flaring torch with lofty threat  
In golden letters, ‘I will burn the city.’”

And of Eteoclus : —

“His breadth of shield  
Superbly rounded shows an armed man  
Scaling a city, with this proud device, —  
‘Nor Ares’ self shall hurl me from these towers.’”

Polynices, who stands at the seventh gate, bears upon his shield the double blazonry, —

“A woman  
Leading with sober pace an armed man  
All bossed in gold, and thus the superscription :  
‘I, Justice, bring this injured exile back  
To claim his portion in his fathers’ hall.’”

Six of the seven wear shields with these boastful devices ; but, singularly enough, the poet gives to the wise seer Amphiaraus

“A full-orbed shield  
Of solid brass, but plain, without device.  
Of substance studious, careless of the show,  
The wise man is what fools but seem to be,  
Reaping rich harvests from the mellow soil  
Of quiet thought, the mother of great deeds.  
Choose thou a wise and virtuous man to meet  
The wise and virtuous. Whoso fears the gods  
Is fearful to oppose.”

The chief offensive weapons were the short broadsword, suspended on the left side by a belt, and the long spear, with

a sharpened end to the shaft, by which it might be fixed in the ground. In Homer, the heroes usually carry two of these last-named weapons. Bows and arrows were not common in the later ages among the Grecian soldiers; but they appear in the Homeric warfare, with covered quivers to protect the arrows from rain and dust. Apollo, Artemis, and Eros are also represented as furnished with these arms; and what mischief they did—especially the last troublesome little immortal—the poets, from Anacreon down, abundantly testify. The Greek warriors in the heroic ages made frequent use of war-chariots, each drawn by two horses. By the side of the chief stood his attendant to guide the horses, while he fought. It is singular that in Homer, riding horseback, which one would think so much more convenient, especially where the ground was uneven, is never mentioned, except on a single occasion. Diomedes and Ulysses go out upon a midnight marauding expedition to the enemy's camp; they slay Rhesus and his attendants, who have just arrived with a superb team; they then steal the horses, and make their escape by mounting them and galloping back to camp.

The drapery of ancient art, in its best and most ideal days, is to be discriminated from the dresses worn in the common occupations of life. The principal object of dress is the protection and comfort of the body; and only so much of art as is consistent with this primary object is admissible in its form and texture. It is true that the natural desire to please leads young persons especially to sacrifice the substantial to the graceful. In our present style of manly garb, no amount of genius can throw a particle of grace into the dress-coat, for example, with its skirts and pockets. The ordinary dress of the ancients was much better suited to the purposes of art than ours, and might be copied with effect in a marble statue; but think of putting either our dress-coat, or that still more ludicrous deformity, the sack,—shaped like a pea-jacket,—into stone, to be gazed at by laughing eyes two thousand years hence. Notwithstanding the superior effect of the ancient



dress, the Greek artists made a distinction between dress and drapery. Drapery was wholly subordinate to the form and motion of the body, which it was designed to exhibit, not to conceal; to set off, not to disguise. Says Achilles Tatius, "The chiton became the mirror of the body." All the arrangements of the drapery were made expressly for this purpose, and not to produce a counterpart of the every-day dress. It is this consideration which renders the drapery of the ancient sculptors as suitable to the purposes of art at the present moment as it was in the days of Pheidias. It was founded on artistic principles and ideas, not on practical utility. It was an accessory, not a leading part. This view does not in the least contravene the historical importance of portraiture in which a minute fidelity to the style of dress is observed; but it shows how unfounded are the objections sometimes urged against the employment of ancient drapery in the treatment of modern subjects, when a great idea or a momentous crisis is to be expressed through the medium of human form and action. Every one remembers the criticisms that passed current for a time upon the noble statue of Washington, by an eminent and lamented sculptor, — a work, both in design and execution, worthy of the best days of Grecian plastic art. Standing in the centre of a public square, with no covering but the arch of heaven, the marble semblance of the Father of his Country, in the simple majesty of form, attitude, and expression, makes a powerful impression on the mind of the beholder, and fills it with emotions of grandeur. Party spirit and personal aims are rebuked and abashed in the presence of that silent, heroic, godlike figure. Genius has here achieved one of its highest triumphs; it has stamped on the heart of the living generation the unforgotten lessons of patriotism, by the sublimity and beauty of an immortal act, embodied with noble simplicity in the imperishable form of art.

(These details of private life — modes, fashions, and enjoyments — necessarily imply an extended system of domestic industry and foreign commerce. The policy of Lycurgus was

to encourage idleness among the free-born, except in warlike exercises. The policy of the Athenians was just the opposite. A Lacedæmonian, happening to be in Athens when a citizen was prosecuted for being a lazy fellow, remarked that the Athenians punished a man for being a gentleman. Draco punished this crime with death. Solon made laziness on the third conviction a capital offence. Rewards for distinction in any useful art were the same as those bestowed on eminent magistrates and generals, — a proof of enlightened views as to the real interests of the state seldom given by modern commonwealths. A constant competition was thus kept up in the career of invention and improvement. Plutarch, speaking of the great enterprises undertaken by Pericles, says: “The mechanics also did not go without their share of the public money, nor yet received it to maintain them in idleness. By the constructing of great edifices, which require many arts and a long time to finish them, they had equal pretensions to be recompensed out of the treasury — though they stirred not from the city — with the mariners, soldiers, and garrison. For the different materials, such as stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress, furnished employment to carpenters, masons, braziers, goldsmiths, painters, turners, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land, wheelwrights, wagoners, carriers, rope-makers, leather-dressers, pavers, and iron-founders; and every art had a number of the lower people ranged in proper subordination to execute it, like soldiers under the command of a general. Thus by the exercise of these different trades was plenty diffused among persons of every rank and condition.” There were industrial exhibitions, — called *δείξεις*, or *shows*, — which brought together specimens of all the inventions and improvements that had been entered for the prize in their respective departments. At Sybaris, as Athenæus relates, the author of a new dish in cookery was rewarded with the monopoly of the article during the year. Some occupations, indeed, such as that of the perfumer, were not considered reputable for a man to engage

in; and sausage-sellers and fishmongers were not held in high esteem.

Domestic industry was encouraged by restrictions laid on foreigners. Young persons were apprenticed to trades, as now; and no man could legally carry on more than a single branch of business, the division of labor being considered the foundation of all excellence in the manufacturing arts. This principle is discussed at great length by Plato in his *Republic* and *Laws*. "There are two things," he says, "which are the ruin of manufacturers, — wealth and poverty. A potter, for instance, getting rich, will grow idle and neglect his art; and if he has not the means of procuring proper tools and materials, he will manufacture inferior wares, and make his sons and apprentices worse workmen; so that a moderate competence is most desirable for the individual and the community." There was at Athens no system of castes, by which the son was necessarily brought up to his father's trade; but it often happened that the same pursuit was adopted by several generations of the same family in succession. The practical arts were successfully cultivated in many parts of Greece. Bœotia manufactured famous chariots; Thessaly, easy-chairs; Chios and Miletus, beds; Megara, Corinth, and Cnidos rivalled Athens in the exquisite form and finish of their earthen-ware. Public mills, worked by slaves or animals, and even wind-mills, were common in Attica. Menedemus and Asclepiades, when poor, supported themselves by laboring in a mill by night, giving their days to the study of philosophy. The story is told by Athenæus, that these poor scholars were charged with idleness, — few knowing the sources of their income, — and brought to trial before the Areopagus. The miller who employed them testified that he paid each of them two drachmæ (about two shillings) a night. The judges of the Areopagus, pleased with this honest method of procuring the means of obtaining a liberal education, not only acquitted them, but gave them a present of two hundred drachmæ.

I have already spoken, in connection with another topic, of



the manufacture of the articles of prime necessity to life, and of the bakers, cooks, vintners, and butchers. Other trades were those of the goldsmiths, stone-cutters, blacksmiths, cutlers, and armorers, who attained the highest degree of skill in their several branches of business. Mining was carried on under the auspices of the state. Charcoal-making was an important branch of industry, connected not only with various trades, but with the daily operations of the household. House-builders, cabinet-makers, wheelwrights, turners, glass-blowers (who carried the manufacture of this article to the highest possible perfection as to form, transparency, and color), oil-dealers, druggists, weavers, glovers, shoemakers, tanners, hatters, dyers, and innumerable other craftsmen, were to be found in every enlightened state of Greece, but especially in Athens, carrying on their business, and supporting the gigantic structure of prosperity and civilization, upon which, in those far distant ages, we gaze with wonder.

The genius and position of Greece equally invited her to engage in commercial enterprise; but the institutions of some of the states were much more favorable to its development than those of others. As a general rule, the Spartans were less inclined to this pursuit than the Athenians; but even they, with all their antipathy to foreigners, and despite their iron-money theories, could not resist the course of events and the march of civilization. The early traders of Phœnicia and Greece appear to have united the professions of merchant and pirate; but this state of things was limited to ages when the lines were not strictly drawn between mine and thine. The Æginetans were among the first to engage in distant ventures, carrying their trade eastward to the Black Sea, and westward to Tartessus. In Egypt the Greeks had commercial establishments at Naucratis in the Delta, like the English and American houses in Canton; and they built there nine cities, four of the Ionians, four of the Dorians, and one of the Æolians. Of all the Dorian cities on the mainland, Corinth was the wealthiest and the most addicted to foreign commerce, as well

as to manufactures. "No state," says Xenophon, "can ever export anything, if it be not submissive to the mistress of the sea; upon her depends all the exportation of the surplus produce of other nations." The inland traffic of Greece appears to have been carried on chiefly by fairs, held at convenient and accessible places, and particularly at the sites and seasons of the four great games, — the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. Athens, however, had a richer and more extensive commerce than any other portion of the Grecian world. The purity of her coin made it current everywhere, as a favored medium of exchange; her system of banking was especially adapted to the encouragement of trade; her harbors were admirable; her large commercial marine enabled her to export and import with the greatest facility; and as her own soil did not produce breadstuffs in sufficient quantities for the consumption of her teeming population, she was obliged to rely on the foreign producers, who were always anxious to supply her markets. At the same time, the freedom of her institutions, and the liberality of her commercial code, tended powerfully to develop the mercantile spirit into energetic action. She everywhere sought markets for her manufactures of every description, from wine and swords to books. Her relation to the other states of Greece also made her the general agent for all their business operations; so that Athens was the resort of merchants, traders, and all kinds of businessmen, not only from the Hellenic states and the colonies round the Mediterranean Sea, but from the wealthy communities of the Oriental world; and there is but little doubt that an indirect trade was carried on with China, through India. The Peiræus, or port of Athens, always presented a busy, bustling scene, resounding with a hundred languages, and enlivened by the strange dresses of a hundred nations. Goods and merchandise from every part of the world were crowded into its warehouses and bazaars; and an incessant din of sellers and buyers was kept up from morning till night. It was the boast of Isocrates, that Athens had established the Peiræus as an em-

porium in the centre of Hellas, so abundantly supplied, that it was easy to procure there all those things which it was difficult to find in other places. And he justly sets forth this fact as one of the strongest claims of Athens to the supremacy he asserts for her among the Grecian states. )



## LECTURE VII.

### DORIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. — CLUBS. — PROVISION FOR THE POOR. — THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

THE details which have been given of the private life of the Greeks relate mostly to the manners and customs of the Athenians. The same way of living, or nearly the same, prevailed in the other cities and states founded by the Ionian stock. The Dorians had different views of life, and manifested them in the adoption of widely different usages. Crete and Sparta were the principal seats of Dorian life ; but a general similarity to the Doric type was to be seen in Argos, Cos, Cnidos, and many other places ; the similarity embracing personal, domestic, and social customs, and the principles of government. Among its features we may name a rigid discipline in private and in public, respect for ancient usages, reverence for established laws, and submission to the authority of elders, who were regarded as so sacred that to treat them with disrespect, to apply to them contemptuous epithets, or to set them aside on any occasion, was deemed offensive alike to sound morals, polite manners, good taste, and common sense, — the surest mark of a wanton disposition, a vulgar tone of feeling, and a base soul, — at once coarse, impious, and sacrilegious. The genuine Spartans were not allowed or expected to engage in trade or agriculture ; these occupations being limited to the inferior classes, — the Perioeci and the Helots. Their houses were simple in arrangement and structure ; the laws of Lycurgus aiming to restrain excess and extravagance in private dwellings, and forbidding useless ornaments, but not interfering with the architecture of public buildings. The solid and magnificent Doric

architecture — the noblest style in Greece — was at once the invention and the type of this race. With regard to their costume, I have already spoken in general terms. The unmarried women appeared in public more than the married; and when they appeared, their faces were not concealed behind a veil. It was in accordance with Dorian propriety for them to walk in the streets with young men; they were spectators in the gymnastic contests, and sometimes took part in them themselves. They wore a garment like the Athenian chiton, but with no sleeves, fastened by clasps over the shoulder, so arranged as not to impede the motion of the limbs, and without a girdle; and this was usually their whole dress when they performed their exercises or danced in the chorus. The dress of the men was equally simple. The *tribon*, a garment of thick cloth and small size, was worn by Spartan youths, and sometimes by old men, the whole year through. Ointment-makers and dyers were excluded from Sparta. Clemens Alexandrinus quotes the Spartan saying, "Deceitful are dyes, deceitful are ointments." The beard was considered the ornament of man, and in several Doric states shaving was prohibited by penal enactments. The hair remained uncut, and was tied in a knot over the crown. Like the Quakers, they wore hats with broad brims.

They differed widely from the Ionians in their usages with regard to daily meals. They dined together at public tables; and though they reclined like other Greeks, it was on hard benches without cushions. Foreign cooks were not allowed to practise their profession in Sparta; and native cookery was a business that passed by hereditary descent from father to son. The principal dish was the famous black broth, which was always made according to a traditional receipt, and continued equally detestable from age to age. They sometimes indulged in pork, poultry, beef, and kid's flesh. They drank wine mixed with water, but never toasted one another, apparently thinking this custom a waste of words. Fat men were looked upon with suspicion, and were liable to severe penalties. In-

toxication was forbidden by law, and all citizens were prohibited from attending symposia. The men were organized for the public tables in small companies, or societies, into which new members were admitted by election. Conversation turned chiefly on public affairs, though the terseness and point of the Laconian style of talking often enlivened these otherwise somewhat dismal entertainments with pungent jest and witty repartee. The adult men attended these meals; the youths and boys had their separate places and companies; and the small children sat on low stools near their fathers, and received from them a half-allowance, being permitted to steal something more, if they could do it without being found out. The women took their meals at home. Among the Cretans, tables were always set for strangers; and the citizens of allied states had the privilege of occupying a place at one another's tables unasked. The rigid rules which the Spartans adopted in accordance with a theoretical view of human nature and a mechanical idea of political communities, gave place to the most wanton excesses of luxury when the novelty had worn away, and the irksomeness of the undue interference of legal restraints with individual liberty made itself felt.

The domestic relations were on a different footing in Sparta. A broad line was drawn between the rights of the citizen at home and abroad. Inside of his hall-door he resumed his individuality, while outside of it he was completely merged in the state. Young persons of both sexes had many opportunities of free mutual intercourse. Young men, living more constantly in the presence of unmarried women, came to value their good opinion more highly than was usual in other parts of Greece; and Mr. Müller thinks that love-matches were much more common, because the damsels were so often seen dancing on ornamented cars on the way to the temple of Helen, and riding horseback in the midst of assembled multitudes. However this may be, the beauty of Lacedæmonian women was proverbial from Helen down, — a somewhat masculine beauty, owing partly to the gymnastic exercises. This is amusingly



alluded to in the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, where the ruddy health of Lampito, the Spartan delegate to the women's convention, is admired and applauded by her sister representatives.

Marriage at Sparta consisted of two ceremonies; — first, the betrothal by the father or guardian of the bride; and secondly, the violent seizure of the bride by the bridegroom, who carried her off from a chorus, or from some place where he chanced to meet her, placed her in the hands of a bridemaid, who cut off her hair, went to a public banquet as if nothing had happened, and then joined his wife without anybody's knowing it. These stolen interviews were kept up for a long time before he introduced his wife to his own house. The obligation to marry, as a matter of public duty, has already been alluded to. I will add here that old bachelors, very properly, were not allowed to be present at the gymnastic exercises of the young girls; and the magistrate was invested with the wholesome power of making them run round the market-place in winter naked, singing verses containing satires upon themselves. A penalty was enforced, not only on those who married late or not at all, but also on those who married unsuitably, — marriage being regarded less as a private relation than as a public institution. Each party was required to have a certificate of health and beauty, — a rule that must have operated severely on some of the single men. The Dorian wife seems to have enjoyed a high degree of respect and honor, as the female head of her family; she was saluted by the title of *δέσποινα* (*mistress*), while the husband was called *ἐστίουχος* (*possessor of the hearth*), and the Spartans were often laughed at for their quiet submission to the authority of their wives.

The clubs of Sparta and Athens form a feature of the life of Greece, not to be passed over. In every Grecian community there was a place of resort called the *Lesche*. In Sparta it was peculiarly the resort for old men, who assembled round a blazing fire in winter, and were listened to with pro-

found respect by their juniors. These retreats were numerous in Athens, and not only afforded a convenient place of meeting for the talkers and political gossips, but a refuge where the poor might obtain warmth and shelter gratuitously. The term "Lesche" is indeed used to designate any kind of convention or council, as well as the place where such meetings were held; but at Athens it is said that there were three hundred and sixty Leschæ for the special purposes I have mentioned. Clubs for mutual relief were common in Athens, the members paying a stated sum, and having the right to draw upon the treasury when they fell into distress or poverty; these were called *eranoi*. The laws of Solon allowed the members of these associations to frame such rules for their regulation as they pleased, provided that they infringed no public law. Clubs were formed in a similar manner for numerous other purposes of a social or business character, as to carry on mercantile expeditions, to perform certain sacrifices, to dine together on such occasions as the great national festivals. These classes of clubs were called *eranoi* and *thiasoi*, — the former more especially devoted to social pleasures, and the latter to religious affairs. But the charitable or relief clubs — also, as has been said, called *eranoi* — were the most common and useful. The sums advanced to needy members were, however, regarded as debts of honor, to be scrupulously repaid as soon as the circumstances of the recipient enabled him to do so. The subscription to most of the clubs was not only a debt of honor, but one which could be legally enforced, and many cases growing out of these club obligations were tried before a special court. The principal officer of the club was chosen by lot or elected by the members, and combined the functions of president and treasurer; his duty being to collect the assessments and regulate the meetings. The members of the convivial clubs dined at one another's houses alternately, or at taverns resembling the club-houses of our times; but they appear to have restrained their expenses within moderate limits, justly considering the legitimate object of such associations to be the pleasures of society

and conversation, rather than a show of extravagance and luxury. The nature of the obligation laid on members by these debts is seen in the fact that Leocrates, who was prosecuted by Lycurgus, the orator, for treason in deserting his country after the battle of Chæroneia, left it in charge of his brother in Athens to pay his club-debts.

In a society so intensely political as that of the Athenians, such reunions almost inevitably assumed a party character, and were often turned to the accomplishment of partisan purposes. The administration of justice was not seldom interfered with by partialities and attachments growing out of these associations; and popular votes on public questions were a good deal influenced by the prejudices of the clubs. Thucydides describes the feeling they generated as stronger than attachment to country. They were sometimes made the instruments of conspiracy and revolution. Thus the overthrow of the democracy, with the establishment of the Oligarchy of the Four Hundred, in the Peloponnesian war, by Phrynichus, Antiphon, and other conspirators, was brought about mainly through the help of the clubs. The various classes of these institutions, their character, objects, and influence, are tersely and ably described by Aristotle in his *Nicomachean Ethics*, where they are all treated under the head of political societies.

It is pleasing to find that the claims of the poor were not neglected in ancient communities. The question of their support, however, nowhere in antiquity assumed so formidable an aspect as it has in modern times. Their wants were easily provided for, not only by the associations I have briefly described, but in various methods, by the state or by the wealthier classes. On certain festivals, entertainments were given by the rich citizens to the members of their several tribes, either voluntarily, or in rotation by a fixed rule; for the feast must be given somehow. The number of guests on one of these occasions is estimated by Boeckh to have been usually more than two thousand. When sacrifices were offered, it was



customary to distribute parts of the victim among the poor. In times of famine or scarcity, corn was dealt out at the Odeion, or the Peiræus, or the Arsenal. On one occasion Psammetichus, the king of Egypt, presented to the people of Athens a quantity of wheat sufficient to bestow on each citizen seven or eight bushels. Athenæus relates that when Ion, a dramatic poet of Chios, won the tragic prize on the Athenian boards, he presented to every citizen a jar of the best Chian wine, which one would think must have nearly exhausted his cellars. The plunder brought home by victorious generals sometimes furnished the means of entertaining the people on a grand scale. Chares spent sixty talents, or about seventy thousand dollars, in feasting the Demos, in the agora. A similar entertainment was given by Conon after the naval victory over the Lacedæmonians at Cnidos. Cimon made himself immensely popular by throwing open his gardens to the public, and keeping a table constantly laid for any one who chose to dine there. Whenever he went abroad, two or three attendants followed him with bags of money to be distributed among the needy; and if he saw an Athenian meanly clad, he ordered one of his servants to exchange clothes with him, — an exchange no doubt infinitely more agreeable to the citizen than the servant. Provision was made at the public expense for soldiers disabled in war, and for the education of the children of those who had fallen in battle. Still beggars were not wanting, beginning with Irus in Homer, and coming down through every age. Some of them went about the country with a tame crow or raven, singing a ditty which has been preserved by Athenæus: —

“ Good people, a handful of barley bestow  
 On the child of Apollo, the sable crow,  
 Or a little wheat, O kind friends, give,  
 Or a loaf of bread, that the crow may live;  
 For on these she loves to feast full well.  
 Who to-day gives salt, the honeycomb's cell  
 To-morrow will give. Pray open the door.  
 Why keep me waiting a moment more?

"Plutus has heard our prayers;  
 A little maid to the raven bears  
 A basket of figs all fresh and sweet.  
 God bless the maiden, so trim and neat;  
 May she all good fortune prove,  
 The joys of wealth, and a husband's love,  
 And in her aged father's arms  
 A grandson place, with his winning charms,  
 And on her loving mother's knee  
 A little maiden as fair as she."

The luxuries of the poor, in their ordinary way of living, were extremely limited. Antiphanes, as quoted by St. John, "describes a poor man's meal as consisting of a cake bristling with bran for the sake of economy, with an onion, and for a relish a dish of sow-thistles, or of mushrooms, or some such wretched produce of the soil, — a diet producing neither fever nor phlegm." Two Pythagorean philosophers are mentioned, who lived all their lives on water and figs, and grew very healthy and stout on this fare. But it gave their persons a very unpleasant odor, like that by which ancient smokers pollute the breath of heaven, so that when they appeared at the baths, or other places of public resort, their presence was like the reading of the riot-act, and caused an instantaneous dispersion. Alexis, the poet, introduces a poor Athenian woman describing, not without a natural pathos, the condition of her family: —

"Mean my husband is, and poor,  
 And my blooming days are o'er.  
 Children have we two, — a boy,  
 The father's pet, the mother's joy,  
 And a girl so fair and small, —  
 And this good nurse, — we 're five in all;  
 Yet alas! alas! have we  
 Food enough for only three.  
 So two of us must often make  
 A scanty meal on barley-cake;  
 And when the board there's naught that cheers,  
 Our sorrows break in sighs and tears:  
 And we who once were strong and hale

By fasting grow so weak and pale.  
For our best and daintiest cheer,  
Through the bright half of the year,  
Is but acorns, onions, peas,  
Or beans, lupines, radishes,  
Vetches, wild pears, when we can,  
And a locust now and then.  
As to figs, — the Phrygian treat,  
Fit for Jove's own guests to eat, —  
They, when happier moments shine,  
They, the Attic figs, are mine."

The profession of the physician was held in the highest honor among the Greeks, from very early times. Says Homer,

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,  
Is worth whole armies to the commonweal."

In the warlike scenes of the *Iliad*, the surgical part of the profession was naturally the most needed; and the practice was evidently of the simplest kind. Podaleirius and Machaon passed for sons of *Æsculapius*, who was afterwards worshipped as the god of medicine; but they knew how to fight as well as to heal. At first, the priests appear to have combined the practice of medicine with the functions of their sacred office; divination and the healing art having been closely connected in the ideas of men. Leech-craft never ceased to be accounted divine; and one of the titles of *Apollo* was the Healer. In the course of time, the priestly and medical characters were distinguished; and the recorded observations of ages were moulded into a science. But in the popular mind ignorant and superstitious notions always remained; magical arts were resorted to; amulets were used; dreams were relied upon; and it is even supposed that animal magnetism and clairvoyance were employed by the ancient quacks. Certain diseases, such as epilepsy, were accounted sacred, being supposed to have come directly from some supernatural interposition of the Deity. A sudden death was caused by the invisible and gentle shafts of *Apollo* or *Diana*. These ideas and illusions were never wholly dissipated, except among the most enlightened practitioners.



The great centres of the healing art were the Asclepieia, or Temples of Æsculapius, established in many places, and generally on spots known for the salubrity of their situation, as on some breezy highland or in the neighborhood of medical springs. The three principal schools or hospitals were those of Rhodes, Cnidos, and Cos. These places were frequented by invalids, who placed themselves under the care of the resident physicians; and the records of the cases, kept from one generation to another, constituted the basis of facts on which the theories of medicine were founded. The pupils of these schools appear to have scattered themselves all over Greece. What standard of professional attainment was applied in the admission of candidates, we cannot precisely tell; but no one was allowed to practise without giving some proof that he possessed the necessary qualifications for the performance of his delicate and important duties. In many places there was a body of physicians chosen by public authority, and paid by the state. Democedes of Crotona, 540 B. C., received in Ægina one talent, or about one thousand and seventy dollars; Athens made a higher bid for his services, of about seventeen hundred dollars; and at last, Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, obtained him on a salary of two talents, or about two thousand one hundred and forty dollars. We are not told what duties were required of these public physicians in return for the salary; but they were probably limited to residence, a general supervision of the public health, and occasional consultation with the magistrates; at all events, they do not appear to have interfered with their fees, which were sometimes exacted in advance, for fear, perhaps, that the patient might die, and the heir dispute the bill, though, according to Aristotle, this was no plea in bar of the claim. The physician made up his prescriptions, as the *pharmacopolai*, or druggists, were generally ill-educated and low persons, unfit to be trusted. He had an office, called *Iatreion*, where his attendants and pupils remained, and where he received calls. His regular patients were visited at their own houses. The patients belonging to the lower classes of

society were attended by his subordinates. All the branches of the profession were exercised by the same individual, until a late period, when oculists, dentists, and the like occupied themselves each exclusively with his special department.

Of all the ancient physicians, Hippocrates was, by universal consent, placed in the very highest rank. I am, of course, incompetent to speak of his professional merit; but I am told by my friend Dr. Wyman, than whom no man living is better qualified to judge, that many of his professional writings are of the highest order of excellence; that his observations are of great value, and his descriptions of diseases and their symptoms, considering the imperfection of the measurement of time and the consequent uncertainty in counting the pulse, remarkable for precision and accuracy. There are among the writings of Hippocrates other works less strictly professional, and of general interest, embodying the observations of a most profound thinker on the characters of men and nations; showing that his long and various life had been actively and sagaciously employed in the accumulation of practical knowledge, and in the application of it to the service of the human race. It was said of him, "Hippocrates is a man who knows not how to deceive or to be deceived." He was born in Cos, probably in 460 B. C., — though there is considerable doubt as to the year, — of the family of the Asclepiadæ. His forefathers had long been at the head of the most distinguished temples of health, and he therefore inherited the accumulation of wisdom which they, the most illustrious family of this profession in the Grecian world, had left behind them. He learned the rudiments of his profession under the direction of his father, from the reports of cases in the Asclepieion of Cos, and was for a time under the tuition of Herodicus, a physician often mentioned by Plato as the one who first applied gymnastic exercises to the cure of diseases, but who killed more than he cured by his energetic practice. He was educated in polite learning by Gorgias and Democritus. Finishing his preliminary studies he set out upon his travels, and visited Delos, Athens, Thrace, Thessaly, and probably

more distant regions, practising and teaching his profession. He is supposed to have been in Athens at the time of the great pestilence, or during one of the subsequent attacks of the disease, and to have been consulted by the magistrates as to the best mode of treating it. Galen, as quoted by Dr. Adams, remarks that "Thucydides gives only those symptoms which would strike a common, that is, an unprofessional man, whereas Hippocrates describes the disease accurately, like a professional man, but gives few of those symptoms which appeared most interesting to Thucydides." The historian affirms that the skill of the physicians could do nothing to mitigate the severity of the disease. One of the traditions relating to Hippocrates is that he declined large offers from the king of Persia to pay a professional visit to his court. The reputation of the Greek physicians stood high at the court of that monarch, as we know from other sources. Hippocrates was well known at Athens, as unquestionably the most eminent man in his profession; and he is sometimes represented as the family physician of Pericles; but how long he remained in that city, and whether he resided there more than once, is not known. The latter part of his life he passed in Thessaly; and he died at Larissa, at a very advanced age, the statements on this point varying from eighty-five to one hundred and nine. Mr. Clinton places his death in B. C. 357, at the age of one hundred and four.

The writings which pass under his name are very numerous. They are not all, however, supposed to be genuine; but most of them belong at least to the Coan school. They are in the Ionic dialect; generally, however, in a brief and abrupt style, as if the ideas were jotted down by a man whose time was occupied with professional engagements, and who was solicitous only to preserve the substance. He was a person of the highest order of abilities, and, by character, position, and attainments, the worthy associate of his illustrious contemporaries, — Pericles, Socrates, Euripides, Sophocles, Ictinus, and Pheidias. To close the catalogue of his professional accom-



plishments, if we may take the bust that has come down to us as genuine, he was the handsomest man of his age in Greece.

It may not be uninteresting to give the views of this distinguished man on some of the general subjects relating to his profession. In a brief treatise called "The Law," he sums up the qualifications of the good physician. "Medicine," he says, "is of all the arts the most noble. . . . Whoever is to acquire a competent knowledge of medicine ought to be possessed of the following advantages,—a natural disposition, instruction, a favorable place for study, early tuition, love of labor, leisure. First of all, a natural talent is required; for when Nature opposes, everything else is vain; but when Nature leads the way to what is most excellent, instruction in the art takes place, which the student must try to appropriate to himself by reflection, early becoming a pupil in a place well adapted for instruction. He must also bring to the task love of labor and perseverance, so that the instruction taking root may bear proper and abundant fruits. Instruction in medicine is like the culture of the productions of the earth. For our natural disposition is, as it were, the soil; the tenets of our teacher are, as it were, the seed; instruction in youth is like the planting of the seed in the ground at the proper season; the place where the instruction is communicated is like the food imparted to vegetables by the atmosphere; diligent study is like the cultivation of the field; and it is time which imparts strength to all these things and brings them to maturity. Having brought all these requisites to the study of medicine, and having acquired a true knowledge of it, we shall thus, in travelling through the cities, be esteemed physicians, not only in name, but in reality. But inexperience is a bad treasure and a bad fund to those who possess it, whether in opinion or reality, being devoid of contentedness, and the nurse both of timidity and audacity. For timidity betrays a want of power, and audacity a want of skill. There are indeed two things, knowledge and opinion, of which the one makes its possessor really to know, the other, to be ignorant."

The physician's profession was regarded as sacred, in many points of view, and as not to be entered upon lightly, or from motives of gain. The Asclepiadæ were very rigid in examining the characters and overseeing the conduct of their disciples. The oath required of them is preserved in the Hippocratic writings, and is substantially as follows: "I swear by Apollo, the physician, by Æsculapius, by Hygeia, by Panaceaia, and all the gods and goddesses, calling them to witness, that I will fulfil religiously, according to the best of my power and judgment, the solemn promise and the written bond which I now make. I will honor as my parents the master who has taught me this art, and endeavor to minister to all his necessities. I will consider his children as my own brothers, and will teach them my profession, should they express a desire to follow it, without remuneration or written bond. I will admit to my lessons, my discourses, and all my other methods of teaching, my own sons and those of my tutor, and those who have been inscribed as pupils and have taken the medical oath; but no one else. I will prescribe such a course of regimen as may be best suited to the condition of my patients, according to the best of my power and judgment, seeking to preserve them from anything that may prove injurious. No inducement shall ever lead me to administer poison, nor will I ever advise its administration. . . . I will maintain religiously the purity and integrity both of my conduct and my art. Into whatever dwellings I may go, I will enter them with the sole view of succoring the sick, will abstain from all injurious conduct, and observe the strictest propriety and purity of demeanor towards all. If during my attendance, or even unprofessionally in common life, I happen to see or hear of any circumstances which should not be revealed, I will consider them a profound secret, and maintain on the subject a religious silence. If I observe this oath, and do not break it, may I enjoy prosperity in life, and in the practice of my art, and obtain general esteem forever; should I transgress it, and become a perjurer, may the reverse be my lot!"

The notion formerly entertained that the ancients were ignorant of anatomy, except so far as a knowledge of it might be acquired by examining the skeletons of animals, appears to be at present abandoned in its absolute form. It is true that the religious respect entertained for the bodies of the dead by the Greeks interfered with this study; but there was a tradition that the Asclepiadæ of Cos possessed a human skeleton, which they used in the instruction of their pupils, and which was finally bequeathed to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. It is stated by Dr. Adams, that the works of Hippocrates display a wonderfully minute acquaintance with osteology; but physiology, as now understood, belongs essentially to modern science, of which it is one of the noblest triumphs. There were peculiar opportunities for surgical practice in Greece, — so far as external wounds were concerned, — owing to the national passion for the contests in the games. Accidents of a serious nature, and often fatal, were constantly occurring; and the services of a skilful surgeon in setting fractured bones and reducing dislocations were very often called in requisition. The processes are minutely described, and in several cases are exactly the same as those in use at the present day. For example, the method of reducing the dislocation of the shoulder-joint, described in the treatise of Hippocrates on Articulations, corresponds to the one described as the best known in Sir Astley Cooper's work on Dislocation; except that the Greek physician suggests a modification, to meet particular cases, which did not occur to Cooper.

The description of the *Iatreion*, or Surgery, — a curious work, — contains minute directions for the operator, the patient, the assistants, the instruments, the adjustment of the light, the position of the patient, the kinds of bandages to be used in various cases, the amount of compression, the application of splints, and so on, with a clearness and precision which, to an unprofessional reader at least, appear very remarkable. Of bandaging, for example, he says: "It should be done quickly, painlessly, neatly, and elegantly; — quickly, by despatching



the work; painlessly, by being gently done; neatly, by having everything in readiness; and elegantly, so that it may be agreeable to the sight." And the method of doing all this is carefully laid down. Again: "The suspending of a fractured limb in a sling, the disposition of it, and the bandaging, all have for their object to keep it in place."

To illustrate a little further the character of his observations, allow me to quote a few of his aphorisms.

"Life is short; art is long; the occasion is fleeting, experiment fallacious, and judgment difficult. The physician must be prepared not only to do what is right himself, but also to make the patient, the attendants, and externals co-operate."

"Old persons endure fasting most easily; next, adults; young persons, not nearly so well; least of all, infants; and least of them, such as are of a particularly lively spirit."

"Both sleep and wakefulness, when immoderate, are bad."

"Neither repletion, nor fasting, nor anything else, is good, when more than natural."

"When in a state of hunger, one ought not to undertake labor."

"Persons who are naturally very fat are apt to die earlier than those who are slender."

"Those diseases which medicines do not cure, iron cures; those which iron does not cure, fire cures; and those which fire does not cure are to be reckoned as wholly incurable."

In his dissertation on the *sacred disease*, Hippocrates combats the popular notion with arguments drawn from observation and common sense. In the course of the discussion, he describes graphically several nervous affections, quite as remarkable, he thinks, as the sacred disease. "I have known many persons in sleep groaning and crying out, some in a state of suffocation, some jumping up and running out of doors, and deprived of their reason until they awake, and afterwards becoming sane and rational as before, although they are pale and weak; and this will happen not once, but frequently." His opinion on the sacred disease is: "They who first referred

this disease to the gods appear to me to have been just such persons as the conjurers, purificators, mountebanks, and charlatans now are, who give themselves out as being excessively religious, and as knowing more than other people." The tricks devised by them, to impose on the people, he does not hesitate to denounce as impious and unholy; since "the disease is nowise more divine than others; but has its nature such as other diseases have, and a cause whence it originates, and its nature and cause are divine only just as much as all others are; and it is curable no less than others, unless when, from length of time, it is confirmed, and has become stronger than the remedies applied."

In the work on Epidemics there are records of a series of cases of great interest, I presume, for the professional man; but I shall quote only a few sentences, to show how these things were managed by the ancient physicians. A considerable number of these cases were of disease brought on by intemperance. Thus, "Silenus lived on the Broad Way, near the house of Eualcidas. From fatigue, drinking, and unseasonable exercise, he was seized with fever." Then all the phases of the disease are recorded day by day, until his death, which occurred on the eleventh day.

The following case is very curious: "Criton of Thasos, while still on foot, and going about, was seized with a violent pain in the great toe; took to his bed the same day; at night, was delirious. On the second day, swelling of the whole foot; acute fever; became furiously deranged; died the second day from the beginning."

Another case is that of a man who supped in a heated state, and drank more than enough. The progress of the disease is minutely described until the eleventh day, when he died.

Here is another case of intemperance: "In Thasos, Philistes had headache of long continuance, and sometimes was confined to his bed, with a tendency to deep sleep; having been seized with continual fevers from drinking, the pain was exacerbated"; and so on. "On the second day, deafness; acute

fever; . . . . delirium about midday. On the third, in an uncomfortable state. On the fourth, convulsions; all the symptoms exacerbated. On the fifth, early in the morning, died."

It will appear by these records, that the weaknesses, excesses, vices, and sufferings of men have always been the same. The consequences of the violation of the laws of health have been, as they still are, bound by an adamant chain to their causes. The ancients had no distilled liquors, it is true, and they escaped some of the worst forms of intemperance; but if any scholar ever dreamed that the intemperate drinking of wine, in the genial spirit of the Anacreontic and symposiac poetry of the Old World, could be habitually practised, and the terrible penalty of shattered nerves, broken health, shortened life, and a miserable death, not come at last, let him read the recorded cases of Hippocrates.

The practice of medicine was not only connected with the priestly office, but had close relations with the sects of philosophy. When the society of the Pythagoreans was dispersed by popular violence, many of its members became *περιοδευταί*, or travelling physicians, as distinguished from the Asclepiadæ, who had charge of the hospitals at the temples. Alcmaeon, Empedocles, and Acron are among the prominent names belonging to this class of practitioners. The masters of the gymnasia also united the treatment of diseases with exercises for strengthening the body. They regulated the diet, and prescribed for invalids; and one class of the functionaries, called *ιατραλείπται*, attended to the practical details of anointing, rubbing, bleeding, dressing wounds, fractures, and the like. Among these were Iccus, and Herodicus who has been already mentioned. For a long time there was a rivalry between the practitioners of the gymnasia and the travelling physicians on the one side, and the temple-physicians on the other. The Asclepiadæ long preserved the secrets of their profession; but when the other party brought the whole subject into public discussion, and seemed about to supplant the templars in the public confidence, it was found expedient to throw aside the veil of mystery, and yield



to the spirit of the times. The physicians of Cos and Cnidos published their methods and principles; and it was to this movement that the world was indebted for the Hippocratic writings, — “a collection,” in the language of M. Renouard, “which threw into the shade all the medical publications of the period, and which constitutes one of the most precious monuments of ancient medicine.”

## LECTURE VIII.

### EDUCATION.

ONE of the most remarkable and significant aspects of the life of Greece is presented to us by her systems of education. The spirit of caste, as we have already seen, which lay at the foundation of ancient Oriental society, was unknown in the Grecian commonwealths. The Greeks seem to have set out upon new principles, instinctively adopted even before the commencement of their authentic history. The germs of the peculiar Greek education are traceable in the ideas and characters around which poetry and fable have thrown their brilliant draperies; and with all the changes introduced by the advancing epochs of history, the same fundamental ideas prevailed. Here, as in other things, unity in variety was the law. Ages and races varied from one another in details, while they shared a common spirit, which distinguished the Hellenic type of civilization from every other.

The Orient, it is said, required a thousand years for what Greece accomplished in a century. Progress was the characteristic of the Grecian communities, though not equally of all. Some of the Greeks were moulded by political institutions into a spirit of reverence for the past, which made them distrustful of change; while others were eagerly looking forward, and hastily trying experiments with their fundamental institutions, — living, in short, in a perpetual fever of change and reconstruction. The education of the young varied in the several states of Greece according to these characteristic tendencies.

In the heroic age, the elements of education were simple;

but, not being borrowed from abroad, they corresponded to the character of the people, and so became the natural basis of the entire system of Greek culture. The aim was to render man energetic in word and deed, — able to make his influence felt in peace, to discharge his duties bravely and vigorously in war, and to defend himself and those around him from the assaults of the wrong-doer, from whatsoever quarter he might come. The women were trained to domestic honor, household prudence and virtue, and skill in the accomplishments of spinning, weaving, and embroidery. The hospitalities of the princely palaces were dispensed under their gentle superintendence.

The religious element — the belief in divine power and in its interposition in the affairs of the world — was an all-pervading element in the culture of the heroic age. The gods mingle in the affairs of mortals; the Erinnyes pursue the guilty soul, and work out a terrible punishment for crime. The man on whom a curse has fallen wanders an outcast over the face of the earth, until atonement is made, and the dreadful penalty is fulfilled. The will of the gods is signified to mortals by signs, omens, dreams, and sacrifices, which the prophet or diviner interprets.

The legend of Cheiron, the wise Centaur, who trained in knowledge Asclepius, Telamon, Peleus, Theseus, Jason, Machaon, Podaleirius, and, last of all, Achilles, the most renowned disciple of his mythical school, is a singular and interesting reminiscence of the earliest heroic education. Some have resolved the legend into an allegory; the double form of the Centaur being typical of the transition from the rude and savage state to milder manners and a more humane culture. The traditional picture of the education he imparted embraced instruction in the use of arms, the healing art, music, divination, and justice.

The principal elements of Hellenic education — musical and gymnastic culture — are very clearly indicated in the Homeric poems. Achilles and Odysseus are characters which illustrate in the most striking manner the prominent features of the phys-



ical, intellectual, and ethical training of that early age. The Achilles of Homer is the model of heroic vigor, with strength and swiftness unequalled, bravery that shrinks from no danger, and sensibility to honor and friendship which no fear of death can overcome. He knows no reserve in the expression of his feelings, and cares for no consequences in avenging an insult or enforcing his personal rights. Odysseus is the type of that peculiar form of intellectual ability — the power of devising means for ends, and of extricating one's self from difficulty and danger — which in every age commanded the admiration of the Greeks. Nestor, again, is the model of the wisdom of experience, — his counsels drawn from the observations of a life protracted to the third generation after those with whom he started on his career have disappeared. He indulges in wise saws, and makes long speeches, — sometimes a little tedious, but ending at last in the best advice the case admits of; and, aged as he is, he is equally ready to play his part at the feast and the council-board, — a hearty old soul, liked and respected throughout the camps.

The child of the heroic age is carefully nurtured under the supervision of the nurse, the mother, and the father. As he grows up, he is fed on the richest meat and the marrow of sheep. An attendant, his superior in age, is assigned to him, half friend, half servant, as Phœnix, first the friend of Peleus, afterwards had the charge of Achilles, — as Patroclus was the companion, attendant, friend, squire, of the same hero. Next come the teachers of song and the lyre, who even in these primeval times were held in high honor. Orpheus, Linus, and Thamyris are the traditional types of the older masters in these arts. Phemius and Demodocus appear in some of the most graceful scenes of the *Odyssey*; and Achilles himself solaces the weary hours of inactivity by singing the lays of heroes in his tent. The knowledge of good and evil — the one to be practised, the other to be avoided — is carefully instilled into the mind of the young chief; and maxims of civil prudence embodying the experience of the past — referring to the life

of men, the worship of the gods, the principles of humanity, the duties to one's country, and the obligations of friendship and hospitality—are interwoven in the Homeric poems, and doubtless comprise much of the educational wisdom of the times. Reverence for the aged and affection for parents are constantly inculcated. These sentiments and sayings constitute the groundwork of the remarkable eloquence which distinguishes so many of the debates in council, represented in the *Iliad*, and doubtless copied in their leading outlines from the life of the poet's own age.

Whether the young men of the heroic age were taught the use of letters is a much disputed question. The weight of tradition in antiquity is wholly in favor of the early knowledge of the art of writing, and the consequent instruction of the young in its use; and this is something, notwithstanding Wolf's elaborate attempt to prove that even Homer did not know how to read and write. But when we add to this the facts, at present unquestionable, that the art and the materials of writing existed in Egypt more than two thousand years before, that the Phœnicians borrowed the art from them many centuries before Homer, and that commercial intercourse existed between Phœnicia and Greece from the earliest times, I think we cannot well avoid the admission that the contemporaries, if not the predecessors, of Homer might have known their A, B, C.

After the Homeric age, the three leading divisions of the Hellenic race came more prominently and distinctly forward, and the methods and principles of education among them corresponded to these modifications of the national character. The outlines of the several types have already been presented. The Æolians of Bœotia made gymnastics and music the basis of their education. The tones of the flute were supposed by their lawgivers to temper the violence of the passions, and to produce a favorable effect on the moral condition. The music of the lyre was equally cultivated. In early times the discipline of the young in this part of Greece appears to have

produced a high degree of order and obedience to law. Similar ideas prevailed in the other Æolian communities, both on the European continent and in the Æolian cities of the Ægean Sea and of Asia Minor.

Sparta, as we have already seen, was the principal seat of Dorian education, which was completely interwoven with the political institutions. It was wholly subject to law, and subordinated to the interests of the state; the fundamental principle being the subjection of the individual will unconditionally to the collective will of the community. The new-born child was taken to the Lesche, and submitted to the inspection of the grave and reverend seniors, who decided whether he was worth rearing or not. If his promising appearance led to a favorable decision, he was allowed to remain in the paternal mansion until his seventh year, under the care of the mother and nurse. Nurses in Sparta were held in especial regard, and were allowed to celebrate an annual festival, called the *Tithenidia*, or nurse-day. The law required that the limbs of the infant should not be constrained by swathing-clothes. At the age of seven the child belonged to the state, and was subjected to the rules and regulations of public instruction. The first and principal object here attended to was the development of the bodily powers by gymnastic exercises. Reading, writing, and other branches of learning, though not absolutely neglected, were by no means made so prominent as in Athens. The poems of Homer were used as a means of education here, as well as in other parts of Greece. The didactic compositions of the later poets, Tyrtaeus and Alcman, were also learned by heart in the schools, or by frequent recitation at meals or festivals, and on military expeditions. The tunes of the ancient musical composers were thoroughly taught, in study and practice, from the earliest years; and all were obliged to learn them. What was done to those unfortunate persons who had no ear, we are nowhere informed. In speech, the young Spartan was required to cultivate the habit of brevity, — called *brachylogia*, — condensing the greatest amount of meaning into



the fewest words. Many of these Laconic sayings were current in the ancient world, and have been handed down by Plutarch and others to our times. They hated eloquence, and proscribed the rhetoricians. To an ambassador from one of the islands in the Ægean, who at a time of famine asked assistance in a moving speech, they said, "We do not understand the conclusion, and we have forgotten the beginning." Another ambassador was sent, who, without saying a word, exhibited an empty sack; and the assembly unanimously decreed to supply the petitioners with provisions. A young Spartan, travelling in some other part of Greece, took it into his head to become an orator. On his return he was punished by the magistrate for attempting to impose on the understanding of his countrymen. Sometimes their sharp replies embodied wisdom as well as rebuke. An old man once complained to King Agis that all was lost, because some violation of the laws had taken place. He replied, "Quite true; I remember, when I was a boy, I heard my father say that, when he was a boy, he heard my grandfather say the same thing." Yet it would seem that, in the time of Sparta's supremacy, the able men who conducted her foreign affairs must have placed themselves in a condition to meet the representatives of other states, and to speak in popular assemblies, on a footing of equality; and according to Thucydides, who records many speeches of Spartan ambassadors and generals, this was actually the case.

The sciences were not admitted within the range of Spartan education; but dancing—especially war-dances—was a leading subject of attention. The gymnastic training of the women has already been spoken of. The result of the whole system—a highly artificial system it was certainly—exhibited for a time a race of men of unexampled hardihood, and of women whose beauty was celebrated all over Greece, and whose heroism fills some of the brightest pages of ancient history.

The Doric education was long and firmly retained in Crete, with some local peculiarities of detail. The domestic training here continued till the seventeenth year, when the boys

were admitted into a body called the ἀγέλη, or *herd*, and became thenceforth subjected to the hard discipline of public education. They remained in this stage ten years, during which they participated in the public meals of the men, but received only a half-allowance, and were under the charge of an officer called the παιδονόμος, or *superintendent of boys*, being themselves called σκότιοι, *shady*, because of the modest retirement in which they passed this period of their novitiate. Their time was chiefly occupied here, as in Sparta, with gymnastic exercises and instruction in the simple tunes of the Dorian music. Songs commemorating the deeds of ancient heroes were transmitted orally from father to son; hymns and poems in honor of the gods were learned by heart, and rhythmically recited; and even the laws were composed in verse, and chanted by the professors to their pupils.

These are the most characteristic points of the Dorian discipline. It embodied many admirable principles; but as it aimed to force the nature of man into forms not congenial to his instinctive feelings, it maintained only a temporary supremacy. The Dorian principles and character resisted the tendency to dissolution longer in Sparta and Crete than elsewhere; but even there, human nature could not be permanently suppressed; and the work of Lycurgus, and the stout leaders who followed him, went to ruin without the possibility of revival or restoration. When an attempt was made to call back the ancient spirit in the days of the Achæan League, it was found to be the dream of a pedant, hopeless as the return of a fossil skeleton to the life of the primeval ages. In the Sicilian and Italian colonies, corruption and overthrow came with speedier foot; and in proportion to the rigid restraints to which the passions were subjected were the excesses into which they ran when the checks gave way and the bonds were snapped asunder.

As in other things, so in education, Athens was the great centre of Hellenic culture. Nowhere else was it possible for a youth to acquire an education which could with propriety be

called liberal. Indeed, nowhere else was the term *liberal education* employed. The spirit of Solon's legislation was in this respect quite contrary to that of Lycurgus, as the spirit of the Ionian race in general was more free, discursive, and comprehensive than that of the Dorians; for it is the character of a race, however formed, which is the germ of the systems and institutions that mark the stages of its historical development. Attica had been less disturbed by foreign inroads than other parts of Greece; a more homogeneous population tilled its fields, and dwelt in its towns; and intellectual culture here unfolded itself in a more natural order, and to a higher stage of perfection, than elsewhere. It was the well-founded boast of Athenian writers, that Athens opened a safe refuge to exiles from other cities, and offered to visitors from every part of the world the most abundant means of entertainment and instruction. The ruinous conflicts between the orders of society were appeased by the wise and statesmanlike legislation of Solon, which secured a basis of political rights and domestic freedom unknown under the rival institutions of Sparta. Intercourse with the best examples of virtue and honor was a powerful means of elevating the sentiments of the rising generation; and the highest crime against the state was the corruption of the young. The unwritten laws of noble conduct—the traditional wisdom of an illustrious ancestry—blended with the influence of formal institutions and positive enactments to form the type of the Attic character. The methods and principles of education varied, however, from time to time; the most remarkable revolution taking place about the period of the Peloponnesian war.

The birth and the naming of a child were celebrated with festivals and rejoicings. The name of the first son was usually that of his paternal grandfather, as Callias, the son of Hipponicus, the son of Callias. The Clouds of Aristophanes contains an amusing sketch of a quarrel between the rustic Strepsiades and his fashionable city wife about naming their hopeful son.



" Well, when at last to me and my good woman  
 This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,  
 Why, then we took to wrangling on the name.  
 She was for giving him some knightly name, —  
 Callipides, Xanthippus, or Charippus ;  
 I wished Pheidonides, his grandpa's name.  
 So for a time we argued ; till at last  
 We compromised it in Pheidippides.  
 The boy she took, and used to fondle, saying,  
 ' When you grow up, and drive the stately car,  
 In purple clad, like Megacles, your uncle.'  
 I used to say, ' When you grow up and drive  
 The goats from Phelleus, clad in leather jerkin,  
 Like me, your father.' "

The care and training of the child's early years were committed to the mother and the nurse. A nurse from Sparta was always considered a great blessing, because these nurses not only understood the management of the diet, but knew how to regulate and govern the temper, to stop the crying, which was deemed a great nuisance in an Attic baby, and to quell childish fears, in particular the fear of such spectres as used to haunt the classical nursery. Cradles, either rocking, swinging, or basket-shaped, helped to lull the young Athenian to sleep. Nursery-songs lent the aid of sweet voices and harmony to this most desirable object. Says the proud mother in Theocritus : —

" Sleep, ye that on my breast have lain,  
 The slumber sweet and light,  
 And wake, my glorious twins, again  
 To glad your mother's sight.  
 O happy, happy be your dreams,  
 And blest your waking be,  
 When morning's gold and ruddy beams  
 Restore your smiles to me."

Athenæus gives an account of these classical lullabies. A great importance was attributed to the early influence of nurses, both by the Greeks and Romans. The word *babia*, *baby*, is said to have been in use among the Syrians long before Greek history commenced ; and Menage traces it with some probabil-

ity up to the tower of Babel. Injudicious mothers used to frighten naughty children into good behavior by stories about the goblin Empusa, or Onoscelis, a monster that haunted the shades, and roved through dark rooms and secret passages. Lamia, who once had been a beautiful woman, the object of love to Zeus himself, was now a witch, and occupied herself with the destruction of children. The *Kobaloi*, wild spirits of the woods, were another object of superstitious terror, brought to bear on the imagination of the Grecian infant. The earliest toy that diverted childhood was the rattle, invented by Archytas the philosopher, — a man of immense genius, seven times elected a general by his native city, and said to have been admired for his domestic virtues. But when I remember the nuisance he bequeathed to the world, I read with less regret Horace's story of his drowning. Colored balls and little wagons next occupied the child's attention. Painted dolls, made of clay, were to be had in the market, and received the caresses of the girls. Making boats, building mud-houses, framing go-carts out of leather, or cutting pomegranates into the shape of frogs, served to fill up the time which then, as now, hung heavily on the hands of the future citizen. Strepsiadēs, whose authority has already been given, describing the precocious abilities of his son, says : —

“He is a lad of parts, and from a child  
Took wondrously to dabbling in the mud,  
Whereof he 'd build you up a house so natural  
As would amaze you, trace you out a ship,  
Make you a little cart out of the sole  
Of an old shoe, mayhap, and from the rind  
Of a pomegranate cut you out a frog,  
You 'd swear it was alive.”

Whipping the top, driving the hoop, tying strings to the legs of beetles and letting them fly off only to be pulled back again, blind-man's-buff, hide and seek, pickapack, leap-frog, hot-cockles, ducks and drakes, hiding the rope, forfeits, bob-cherry, games at ball, odd or even, and a thousand other sports

of childhood, are described or alluded to by ancient writers, and have been learnedly discussed by the moderns.

At the age of seven, the superintendence of the nurse was dispensed with, and the boy was placed under the charge of the pedagogue, who was generally one of the domestic slaves. Under the care of this attendant he was sent to the school of the teacher of letters. Schools of this description existed as early as Solon, who enacts in his laws that the teachers of boys shall not open their schools before sunrise, nor keep them open after sunset. Here they learned their letters, which meant learning the alphabet, spelling, and reading. The nature of boys, and the necessity of reducing them to order and due subordination, were pretty thoroughly understood by the Greek philosophers. "A boy," says Plato, "is the most ferocious of animals"; and in another place he says, "Man is intended to be a mild and gentle creature. If he be endowed with a fortunate nature, and attain the right education, he may become the most amiable and divine of living beings; not educated sufficiently or nobly, he is the wildest beast the earth produces." The training of the schools was not wanting in exactness and severity. The rod was not spared as a potent instrument in teaching. On the interesting subject of vacations we have no details; but it is stated that, when the master was ill, a notice was posted up with the welcome announcement, "No school to-day."

The sum and substance of Athenian education are well and briefly described by Plato in his *Protagoras*. "Beginning with early childhood," says he, "they teach and discipline the young; and discipline is continued through life. As soon as the child can understand what is said, nurse and mother, master and the father himself, contend with one another to make him as good as possible, teaching by every act and word; pointing out that this is just, and that is unjust; this is honorable, and that is shameful; this is pious, and that is impious; do the one, do not the other; and if he goes astray, they treat him as a crooked stick, and straighten him by threats



and blows. Next, sending him to the schoolmaster, they are more urgent in requiring him to look after the manners and morals of the youth, than after his letters and music. And when he comes to the study of literature, they place before him the works of distinguished poets, and compel him to learn them by heart, — especially the admonitions, narratives, and eulogies of the great men of former ages, to the end that the youth may imitate them, and earnestly strive to become himself such as they were. Again, the teachers of the harp look carefully to virtuous habits; and the pupils are required to learn the compositions of other poets, — the lyrical, — accompanying them with tunes on the harp; and the rhythms and the harmonies are made familiar to the souls of the young, in order that they may be more gentle, and that, becoming more rhythmical and harmonious, they may be better men in speech and action; for the whole life of man needs rhythm and harmony. Next they send them to the gymnasium, that, having more efficient bodies, they may the better minister to virtuous minds, and that they may not be compelled to play the coward, on account of the evil condition of their bodies, whether in war or in the other affairs of life. When they leave the schools, the state requires them to learn the laws, and to live after the pattern they furnish, that they may not act at random, according to their own caprices. For as the writing-master directs by strokes the hands of those not yet skilled in the art, so the state, laying down laws devised by illustrious legislators of ancient times, requires the citizen both to govern and to obey according to them, and punishes him who steps aside from their path.” This remarkable passage from the eloquent philosopher gives a brief but comprehensive outline of ancient Athenian education, embracing literature, music, gymnastics, and law; neither of these branches being confined to any particular class or profession, but all being thought necessary to the education of the citizen who should be able, in the language of Milton, “to perform justly, wisely, and magnanimously all the duties both of peace and war.”

The schools were private institutions, but to some extent under the supervision of the state. Among the reforms suggested by Plato was the establishment of a common-school system at the public charge. The study of the myths, and of those traditions in which the public religion embodied itself, was connected with the earliest lessons in reading and writing. This, however, was a part of instruction in which the greatest discretion was required, so as not to crowd young minds with images of terror, which, in the vivid language of Lucian, would "haunt them all their life long, and make them frightened at every rustling sound, filling them with every species of superstition." The musical instruction had in view not only the ethical effect pointed out by Plato, but the further practical object of qualifying the young to take part in the recitation of poems and other rhythmical and musical compositions at the great festivals. Instruction in arithmetic and geometry, the latter of which Plato considered to be of the highest value in sharpening and invigorating the mental faculties, as well as of essential use in its application to the business of life, was included in the course. In these sciences, the Greeks attained a great proficiency. Their works upon them were numerous, and their terminology accurate and well defined.

Declamation, and the repetition of passages from the poets, are often alluded to. In Xenophon's Symposium, one of the collocutors, Niceratus, says, "My father, who superintended my education, required me to learn all the poems of Homer, and even now I could repeat the Iliad and Odyssey by heart." Particular care was taken to teach a correct pronunciation and accent, and a proper management of the voice, as well as a rhythmical delivery. The ethical and didactic verses of Simonides, Theognis, and Phocylides were highly esteemed as means of instruction, and much used in the schools; and these were accompanied with a critical investigation of the power of letters, syllables, harmonies, and rhythms. The liberal education of the Athenian young men, however, extended beyond the formal schools, in which the rudiments of science and liter-

ature were taught, to the lessons of the rhetoricians and philosophers. Becoming manners and a noble tone of thought, in contrast with a vulgar rudeness and a coarse disposition, acuteness and vigor of intellect, a refined taste, and purity of moral feeling, were the general aims of Athenian education.

Gymnastic exercises formed an essential element in the system. In childhood, only the lighter kinds of exercises were admitted into the course of training. Swimming appears to have been practised early; so that it was a proverbial expression, significant of utter ignorance, "to know neither swimming nor letters." Severer exercises were probably practised about the tenth year, and the pancration not until the fourteenth; so that the physical education, under the various teachers designated by the names of *paidotribai*, *trainers of boys*, *gymnastai*, *masters of the gymnasia*, *aleiptai*, *anointers*, went on gradually and regularly, corresponding very closely with the education of the intellect. The first two classes of teachers were specially occupied with instruction in single kinds of exercises; and the *aleiptai* superintended the diet, as has been already stated. The *gymnasia* and the wrestling schools, or *palæstræ*, were places where the physical training was carried on, not only in youth, but as a habit of mature life. A distinction was made between gymnastics, or physical training as a means of health and strength, and the athletic training by which men were fitted for the contests in the games. In the Ionic states, girls and women took no part in gymnastics. The gymnasium consisted of a peristyle, twelve hundred feet in circumference, with one row of pillars on three sides, and two on the fourth; but the details are not very clearly made out. The porticos on three sides were furnished with seats for the philosophers, sophists, and other privileged persons. On the fourth side was the *ephebeion*, for the *ephebi*; and on the right and left the rooms for undressing, anointing, the cold bath, and the hot bath. In the rear were porticos for various exercises, with margins for the spectators. At the end was the stadium for the race-course. There were three chief *gymnasia* at Athens.



Great pains and expense were bestowed in ornamenting them with statues of gods, heroes, victors in the games, and eminent men. After the gymnastic training came the orchestric; or instruction and practice in those graceful and elaborate movements wherein great mimetic skill was acquired, to be employed especially for performance in the choral exhibitions which embellished the festivals. The object of this branch of education was to give to motion, attitude, and physical action the highest degree of rhythmical expression. Later still came exercise in the use of arms, in riding, and perhaps in tactics, as a preparation for military duties.

These were the points of Athenian education. With the progress of society, and the increase of philosophical studies, the subjects of instruction were multiplied and extended, while the business of education had a most intimate connection with the duties of citizens under a free constitution. The lectures of the philosophers and rhetoricians were, of course, attended only by young men of leisure, and particularly by those who aspired to take an ambitious part in the affairs of state, by the exercise of the arts of persuasion. The study of rhetoric, with practice in dialectics, assumed a proud position. Isocrates, having listened to the discourses of Gorgias, Prodicus, and Socrates, and being prevented by some physical infirmity from engaging in public life, established a school of rhetoric in Athens, which became one of the most celebrated in Greece. In one of his discourses, — that on the Exchange of Estates, — he describes his manner of life and his occupations as a teacher. He kept aloof from political affairs, from courts of law, from assemblies, and devoted himself to compositions on the general interests of the Greeks, by which he gained so much reputation that many desired to become his disciples, for the purpose of acquiring wisdom and virtue. Some of these pupils remained with him three years, and became so strongly attached to their residence and their teacher, that, when they closed their course, they bade him farewell with a heavy heart and with tears. Many of these scholars were afterwards leading men in the history of their times.

The sons of sovereigns in Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace — though these countries were regarded as only half civilized by the haughty inheritors of pure Hellenic blood — were carefully educated in Greek learning. Philip received his education in Thebes. Others were brought up by private tutors, invited to the court, and supported there on the most liberal allowance. Alexander, having passed his earliest years under Leonidas and Lysimachus, had the good fortune to enjoy the instructions of the philosopher of Stagira in ethics, politics, philosophy, and rhetoric, to which he added an extensive course in poetry, particularly in Homer and the Tragedians. Music, gymnastics, the use of arms, and riding were taught him by the best masters that the wealth and wisdom of his royal father could find or command.

The education of girls at Athens was commonly much more restricted, and the book-knowledge they acquired was very limited. They were trained in the principles of virtuous conduct, and with sound ideas of domestic duty; but they do not appear to have had much literary culture. Cleobulus said, "Let your daughters, when you give them in marriage, though girls in age, be women in understanding"; — "by which," says Diogenes Laertius, "he implies that even girls should be instructed." Greater freedom was allowed to women, at least in the earlier times, among the Æolians, as the lives of Sappho, Corinna, and other poetesses, show; for they were not only trained in the arts of poetry and song, but were allowed to compete with men for the public prizes.

Purity of manners, a wise administration of the house, and a quiet and modest demeanor were accounted at Athens the foremost virtues of the female sex. We hear but little of distinguished women, known extensively to the public, excepting those brilliant and somewhat daring persons who set at defiance the usages of society, cultivated music, philosophy, and eloquence, and drew around them a brilliant circle of men, like the celebrated queens of the saloons in the time of the old French monarchy. Such was Diotima, whose society was

highly prized by Socrates himself, who, as the philosopher confesses, taught him the theory of love, and whose opinions are so amusingly detailed by him, in his discourse at the symposium of Agathon. Such, too, was Aspasia, who was enabled by her attractive eloquence, her splendid beauty, and her position as the second wife of Pericles, to break down the barriers of ancient reserve, and to gather around her the most gifted men and women of Athens ; — such as the poets Sophocles and Euripides ; the philosopher Anaxagoras ; Pheidias, the sculptor ; Socrates, playing the beau, and accompanying the wives and daughters of his friends, (not his own, for Xanthippe would not have made much of a figure in such society,) — all enjoying the pleasures of rational conversation and refined wit. Scandal dealt freely with the characters of these women ; but there is no reason to suppose that there existed any ground for imputations on their moral conduct. What deductions should be made, on account of contemporary exaggerations, from the traditions of their age with regard to other saloons and their mistresses, we cannot easily determine.

If we take into view the general scope of Athenian literature, I think we shall come to the conclusion that the position of woman, though not so prominent as in some of the Æolian and Dorian communities, was happy, respectable, and powerful in the sphere of domestic life ; and that her education, though not distinguished for the prominent cultivation of the intellect, yet was not deficient in the opportunities of imbuing the mind with the spirit of the national poetry, religion, and even the fine arts ; while the experience of life made her the wise companion of man, and his equal in the position for which, according to Athenian ideas, she was created.



## LECTURE IX.

GENERAL CULTURE.—WORSHIP.—DIVINATION.—ORACLES.

THE education of the Greeks was planned with great wisdom, and the effects of it were seen in the extraordinary amount of intellectual ability exhibited by men of various classes. It is understood of itself that the mental training and the opportunities of culture differed according to the position and wealth of the individual. The working classes, of course, were limited in both these respects; but in Athens, at least, they not only had the elements of a common education, — as in reading, writing, and arithmetic, — but enjoyed many opportunities of cultivating the taste, — such as the constant spectacle of the masterpieces of architectural, pictorial, and plastic art, and the habit of listening to the public recitation of literary works, to the performance of tragedy and comedy, and to the panegyrical, deliberative, and forensic discourses of the orators. They were called upon to consider public affairs, and to decide political questions by their votes; and they were drawn to serve as jurymen in a vast variety of causes, which were brought up from the subject and confederated cities to be decided in the courts of the capital. The boast of Pericles, that political knowledge was not incompatible with the common business of life, was fully borne out by the actual condition of the people of Athens in his day.

No doubt the young men of the poorer classes left school early, to be apprenticed to the trades by which their livelihood was to be earned. Many occupations, such as making wreaths and garlands, were open to young women of the same classes; and it is probable that in the great manufactories also, espe-

cially of the different kinds of cloth, women were employed; though all these departments of industry were to a considerable extent carried on by the agency of slaves. But the young men of leisure and property generally went through the entire course already described, giving the years from sixteen to eighteen more especially to the completion of the gymnastic and military education. At the close of this period, they were enrolled in the registers of their several *demoi*, or wards, and were at liberty to marry, to appear as parties in the courts of law, and the like; from eighteen to twenty, they were liable to military service, under the name of *περίπολοι* (*peripoloi*), in the border-fortresses of Attica; and at the end of this period they attained their full majority, were enrolled in the register of citizens, entitled to the full exercise of civic rights, and made participants in the business of the popular assemblies. On attaining their majority, the young men betook themselves to their several careers. Some engaged in private business, as the father of Demosthenes, who carried on the manufacture of swords and cutlery, with a considerable body of slave-operatives; others embarked in commerce; others, like Ischomachus, employed themselves in agriculture, for which the well-born Athenians had a strong taste; and many devoted themselves wholly to military, naval, or political affairs; though, as a general rule, it was considered right that a good citizen should be competent to discharge the duties pertaining to all the departments of the public service, whenever occasion called for his activity. Poetry, the arts, and philosophy attracted an emulous multitude of the finest intellects to enter these paths of fame. The freedom of public life opened a brilliant prospect for the eloquent and aspiring; and the administration of justice filled up the time and furnished the means of subsistence for a large body of the people. But the tastes and passions of many among the young men of fortune drew them into every species of dissipation and profligacy. Pleasure, in its most dangerous and seductive forms, lured them into the inextricable snare. The tavern opened its doors, and set before them the

choicest wines from the islands of the Ægean Sea. The accomplished sirens from Ionia, the flute-players, dancers, singers, who thronged the pleasure-loving capital, and made their houses enticing by every allurement of taste, art, brilliant wit, and literary culture, wasted the time, exhausted the estates, and steeped in voluptuous oblivion the consciences of not a few youth, else of fair promise, to whom neither virtue nor ambition nor philosophy was a sufficient safeguard against the perils of wealth and leisure. Horse-racing corrupted and vulgarized the tastes of the fast Athenian, and forced the too indulgent father to resort to the money-lenders for temporary relief, to be speedily followed by more desperate embarrassments. Poor old Strepsiades is unable to sleep at night, thinking over the debts into which his hopeful son has plunged him. Getting up from his uneasy couch he says:

“ What with debts and duns  
And stable-keepers’ bills, which this fine spark  
Heaps on my back, I lie awake the whilst ;  
And what cares he, but to coil up his locks,  
Ride, drive his horses, dream of them all night,  
Whilst I, poor devil, may go hang ?

. . . . .  
What, ho ! a light ! bring me my ledger, boy,  
That I may reckon up how much I owe.  
Come, let me see ; to Pasias, twelve minæ.  
For what ? why, for the Koppa-branded horse.  
O that his eye had first been Koppa’d out !

. . . . .  
Now, then, what debt assails me next to Pasias ?  
Three minæ to Amynias ; for what ?  
Why, for a curricule and pair of wheels.”

Gambling, cock-fighting, and the sport called *ortugocopia*, or the striking of quails, were very attractive to the idlers of the market-place. Professional cock-fighters enjoyed much of the consideration that is now awarded to jockeys. “ During their professional perambulations,” says St. John, taking the description from Plato’s *Laws*, “ they presented a spectacle infinitely



ludicrous. With a couple of small cocks in their hands, and an old one under either arm, they sallied forth, like vagabonds who had been robbing a hen-roost, to give their favorite animals air and gentle exercise, and, thus laden, often strolled several miles into the country." Social intercourse in the clubs and symposia formed a less objectionable recreation. The festivals which crowded the Attic year helped to wear away the time. Hunting, field-sports, horsemanship, exercising and bathing in the gymnasia, listening to the disputes of the philosophers, lounging about the agora to learn the news of the day, and occasional journeys to Corinth, as the whim or pleasure of the moment directed, diversified the life of the gay young Athenian. Education and philosophy were not then a universal safeguard of good habits and virtuous character, any more at Athens than elsewhere; and even the boasted rhythmical ethics blended with the tones of music did not always arrest the recipient from running a headstrong course of the wildest debauchery. But the general result was honorable to the wisdom and sagacity of those who devised the system. A sound and well-balanced mind, with a healthy body, was theoretically its aim, and in most cases practically its result. Vivacity of intellect, and versatility in the many-sided application of talent to business, to the public service, to literary pursuits, and to speculative philosophy, distinguished the Athenians above all other ancient or modern communities.

After the Peloponnesian war, the education of the Athenians underwent important modifications. The subjects of study were considerably multiplied, and the severity of the ancient discipline was relaxed. A more forward and forthputting style of manners was tolerated and encouraged among the young. Greater effeminacy in dress came into fashion. The simple music of the old Marathonian time gave way to more complicated rhythms and to the works of a new and artificial class of composers. Fluency of speech without corresponding abundance of ideas, sophistical arguments, and word catching, wholly regardless of sound and solid reason, were

favorite accomplishments; and showy rhetoric, veiling religious indifference and moral deformity, passed current among the degenerate fashions of the times. Yet some of the best and ablest men appeared amid the growing corruption; many of the masterpieces of eloquence, history, and philosophy belong to this period; and the circle of sciences was immensely enlarged in the very midst of the moral perversion of the sophists. Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes are proofs of the undiminished vigor of the Athenian character.

After the time of Alexander, the system of instruction was expanded to what was called the *encyclic* education, that is, a course of studies including in its circle the principal subjects of human knowledge; and this course was gradually adopted as the basis of Hellenic culture, as far as the Greek language and literature extended. The Alexandrian scholars not only cultivated criticism and literature, but greatly enlarged the boundaries of mathematical and physical science. The professors of the Museum and the Serapeion gave their lives to these pursuits; and the patronage of the Ptolemies collected in the Alexandrian libraries the literary and scientific treasures of the world. The *encyclic* or liberal education, at this period, embraced seven departments; namely, Grammar, Rhetoric, Philosophy or Dialectics, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, and Astronomy. And now came into existence the learned class, professionally considered; that is, a class of men set apart from the ordinary vocations of life, and wholly devoted to study. Erudition, without specific, practical aims, gradually grew into a distinct pursuit; special departments of study became exclusive professions; and the methods and details of instruction were changed and improved. The principal seats of science and education at this stage were Athens, Rhodes, Alexandria, Antioch, Ephesus, Smyrna, and especially Tarsus, immortalized as the place where St. Paul acquired that various and accurate learning which made him the most efficient teacher of Christianity among the first disciples of Christ. Strabo says, that here, so great was the zeal of men for the cultivation of

philosophy and the other branches of a liberal education, that Tarsus surpassed Athens, Alexandria, and every other place that could be mentioned, where the lectures and schools of philosophers have existed.

There was one peculiar defect in the liberal education of the Greeks, distinguishing it from that of our own times, which deserves to be pointed out. There was no study of foreign languages. It was but seldom, and then only for some practical purpose, that a scholar attempted the acquisition of any language but his own. Travellers indeed sometimes learned to speak the language of the nation they visited; and ambassadors sometimes, but not always or frequently, sought to facilitate their intercourse with foreign diplomatists by learning to converse with them in their own tongue. Themistocles, we are told by Thucydides, when he fled to the Persian court, asked permission to remain a year before presenting himself to the monarch; and during that time he made himself completely master of the Persian language. Appearing at court at the expiration of the year, he was received with distinguished honor, and was able to hold personal intercourse with King Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes. During the Roman domination many Greeks studied the Latin language, either for the purpose of repairing to Rome, or for convenience of intercourse with the Romans who visited Greece. In Egypt the commercial establishments of the Greeks required the services of interpreters; and there were many persons whose sole business was to officiate in this capacity. According to Herodotus they were Egyptians by birth, who had been permitted to study the Greek language, and whose descendants constituted a class, caste, or guild, called the interpreters' guild. Similar arrangements were made at other important commercial stations, as at the emporium of the Borysthenes, where a considerable business was carried on with the Scythians. But the study of their own language was one of the most important subjects of attention, not only in the early system of the Athenians, but through all the ages of Hellenic culture; and



not only on the continent of Greece, but in Egypt, Asia Minor, Byzantium, and wherever Greek colonies were established or Greek culture was known. Improvisation was practised by the sophists of Smyrna, Pergamus, and other seats of rhetorical study. According to Philostratus, Herodes Atticus loved to extemporize more than to be looked up to as a man of consular rank, descended from consular ancestors. The same distinguished man gave to the sophist Polemon, for three discourses, twenty-five thousand drachmæ, or between four and five thousand dollars.

The Asiatic style was distinguished for excess of ornament, aiming constantly at brilliant diction, rhythmical sound, balanced sentences, sharp antitheses, metaphors, and comparisons, which delighted the ear, without always satisfying the understanding of the hearer. We have a considerable number of these showy discourses in the works of Dion Chrysostomus and Aristeides Quintilianus, some of which are not devoid of interest and value. In the schools, rhetorical exercises on themes propounded by the teacher constituted a favorite mode of discipline. The following may serve as a specimen of the subjects: — “Demosthenes affirming under oath his innocence of the charge brought against him by Demades, that he had received a bribe of fifty talents from Persia, on information drawn from the accounts of Darius sent by Alexander to Athens.”

Gymnastic education was comparatively, though not wholly, neglected during these later ages; but training for the great games continued to occupy the young men, even down through the imperial times. The ancient spirit of law and liberty — a sense of the rights, privileges, and duties of the free citizen — had long ceased to animate the systems of education; and so, with many noble exceptions, and with a remarkable development of science and philosophical speculation, a false taste in style, pedantry of manner, and a want of practical wisdom in the aim of intellectual culture, gained ground with the slow and sure degradation of public morality. Christianity was slowly working her way; but the warfare she had to wage

with heathenism and sophistry was long and desperate, and for a time the confusion of the intellectual chaos seemed to grow more hopeless. The literary character, as has been more than once the case in modern times, ceased to enjoy or to deserve the public respect. Lucian, in his *Hermotimus*, introduces an old gentleman complaining to the teacher of his nephew that the young man had grown no better, but rather worse, by his instructions; and in his *Symposium* one of the personages, having listened to the discordant talk of the philosophers, says: "While these various matters were going on, I was reflecting by myself on the obvious thought, that science and literature are of no service, unless a man reform his life thereby. These men, so fluent and excellent in speech, I saw bring ridicule on themselves in their actions; and then it occurred to me whether the common saying be not true, that a literary education withdraws from the path of common sense those who look only to books, and to the ideas contained in them."

This is certainly a discouraging result; but, on the other hand, many eminent and venerable names occur to grace these ages of decline. Aristeides the rhetorician, Plutarch, Dion Chrysostomus, Philostratus, Libanius, Themistius, deserve especial mention; and that their examples and instructions were not without effect may be fairly deduced from the sketch, by the distinguished writer first named, of the character of Eteoneus, a Grecian youth of noble soul and liberal education, whose early death he deplores. "He was more beautiful and perfect than all his companions, and made the most agreeable impression on those who beheld him. In his bearing he was the most modest and liberal of men; distinguished by magnificence joined with simplicity, so that it was not easy to judge whether he was a boy, a youth, or a man in middle life; for he had the artless disposition of the boy, the blooming vigor of the youth, the intellect of manhood. The admirable feature of his mind was, that it had nothing over-bold, forward, and presumptuous. The vigor of his understanding was accompanied by a gentle reserve, while his

moderation had nothing paltry, low, or sluggish. His character was like the soft and well-tempered air of spring, wherein keenness is blended with mildness. Solidity and grace were so combined in his intellectual and moral character, that neither quality was injured by the other."

The religion of the Greeks, in its relation to the life of Greece, is to be looked upon from two principal points of view. First, it is to be considered as a system of positive belief in the existence of gods, or supernatural beings, who, under the human form, and with some of the passions and imperfections belonging to man, yet governed this world substantially according to the decrees of eternal justice, taking a direct and personal interest and agency in the scenes of life and the destinies of men. The second aspect in which it presents itself to us is as a system of moral and religious doctrines, on the divine being and nature, the moral law, the immortality of the soul, the obligations of purity, piety, humanity, beneficence, and the duty of making one's self as much like the divine being as possible in this life,—this system having been elaborated by the higher order of philosophical intelligences, like Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. These two systems were not always in harmony; the popular belief in the multitudinous deities of Olympus, with their appetites, passions, and intrigues, was often rudely jostled by the scepticism of the philosophers; and the philosophers, in their turn, by the freedom of their speculations, subjected themselves to popular odium and vehement persecution, as heretics with regard to the established church. The external worship of the Greeks was an imposing ritual, uniting the grandeur of art, the attractions of public and private festivity, processions, holidays, sacrifices, purifications, libations, intellectual and sensual enjoyment. Songs and dances filled the day, gladdening the eyes and ears of the worshipping multitude as the performers moved around the altar, or marched in festal array to the temple. The temples themselves, occupying places consecrated to the gods, were the habitations in which the deities



dwelt, embodied in statues wrought by the genius of art, and dedicated by the piety of the state. They were surrounded by sacred grounds, often planted with trees, or occupied by other buildings connected with the worship. Architectural magnificence was lavished upon them long before the art of the statuary or painter had made any important progress. But the tympana, friezes, and metopes, in the course of time, were embellished with the finest sculptures, and no expense was spared in rendering these structures houses fit for the godhead. Without entering upon architectural details, I may mention that the temples were classified not only according to the orders of architecture, Dorian, Ionian, Corinthian, — orders exclusively devoted to sacred uses, and never adopted for private residences, — but according to the number and position of the columns at the ends and sides, and as they were roofed or open at the top. They were generally divided into three parts, — the *pronaos* or vestibule, the *naos* or *cella*, and the *opisthodomos*. The *naos* contained the statue of the god, facing the entrance, which was in the centre of the front portico. In those temples which were connected with the celebration of the mysteries, the interior division was open only to the priests and the body of the initiated. Many of the temples, such as those at Delphi, and on the Acropolis of Athens, were filled with gold, silver, precious stones, and costly works of art, sent thither by states, kings, or private individuals, to propitiate the favor of the gods, or in token of gratitude for blessings received; so that, in times of war, these centres of Hellenic piety became tempting lures to rapacious leaders, whose soldiers were clamoring for plunder. Sometimes the temples served as a safe place of deposit for the public revenues. Thus the temple of Apollo at Delos was the treasury of the contributions paid by the allies of Athens for the common defence, until Pericles removed the deposits to Athens; and the public moneys of Athens were deposited in the *opisthodomos*, or rear apartment, of the Parthenon.

Connected with the temples were estates called sacred prop-

erty. This property consisted partly in lands, which, unless prohibited by a malediction, were leased, and the revenue appropriated to the support of worship, or the defraying of the cost of sacrifices. Taxes were in many instances levied on the community, and tithes were an invention of the Greeks, as well as of the Jews. The temple of Athene had a tithe of the prizes taken in war, and of certain fines; the temple of the Delian Apollo received tithes to a large amount from the Cyclades; the temple of Artemis in Ithaca received tithes from an estate, the possessors of which were bound to keep it in repair; and so with others. Each important temple had an officer attached to it—generally appointed by the people—who acted as receiver of the revenues and treasurer. The appointment of priests and priestesses was determined by different rules and principles in different places; the general idea of the priestly function being that of an intercessor between the gods and man, though the need of such an intercessor was by no means universally recognized. The head of a family might offer prayers and sacrifices without the help of a priest; but at each important centre of worship a body of officiating persons was generally attached to the temple, and directed the acts of religious homage performed there. A few priesthoods were hereditary, as that of the Eumolpidæ at Athens; others were temporary in their tenure; others were for life. In some cases celibacy was required; in others, marriage was allowed. In the more ancient worship of Zeus, Pausanias asserts that the officiating priest was a boy, chosen for his beauty; and that, as soon as his beard began to grow, he gave place to another younger person, chosen upon the same principle. The offices of these ministers of the gods were mainly prayer and sacrifice. They were bound in a peculiar sense to maintain themselves in all honor and purity of character, as was becoming those who were admitted into such intimate communion with the deity, and who dwelt in the sacred precincts, shared in the reverence paid to the gods, and lived upon the temple revenues. To them the place of honor was assigned in the theatre, and at other re-

sorts of amusement and business. Their costume was carefully studied, the stole being usually white. Garlands and fillets were worn on the head in public ceremonies, and the hair was suffered to grow long. Sometimes they appeared in the typical costume of the deity they served. Thus the priestess of Athene, selected from the tallest and most beautiful of the maids of Athens, appeared on some occasions with the panoply and the triple-crested helmet of the goddess. In the later periods it sometimes happened that the same individual held several priesthoods, and enjoyed their united incomes, — a fact which proves pluralities not to have been an original invention of modern hierarchies. The priests had under their direction a great number of attendants, to perform the labors connected with such an establishment, to assist in the sacrificial services, to bear the sacred vessels, to execute the choral dances and walk in the processions, besides a class of servants to perform the menial duties necessary in many parts of the ceremonial; and all these partook of the good cheer furnished by the victims offered on the altars. On the whole, these priests led a jovial life, — much like the merry times enjoyed by the monks, or some of them, unless the stories of the Middle Ages are inventions of the enemy.

The four great games — the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian — were a characteristic feature of Hellenic worship and life, and a bond of union for all of Hellenic descent. They were celebrated at stated intervals under the sanction of religion, and drew together immense multitudes of people from every Grecian state. Originally intended only for athletic exercises, they combined in the course of time competitions in the fine arts, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. To the Olympian celebration, held every four years, came Greeks from Asia, from Africa, and from every part of Europe where Greek colonies were established. Peace was proclaimed over the Grecian world. The territory of Elis, where stood the temple of Olympian Zeus, was inviolable. Commercial transactions on the most extensive scale were concluded there. Deputies, with



gorgeous equipments, from cities and states, made an emulous show of their magnificence. Women were not allowed to be present, under penalty of being thrown down the Typæan Rock, though they might send chariots to the races. The festival lasted five days, and was under the immediate superintendence of Olympian Zeus, whose statue, in gold and ivory, was deemed the greatest work of the sculptor Pheidias. Within the sacred precincts were altars and shrines to many other gods, statues to victors in the games, and magnificent offerings consecrated by the munificence of cities and princes. Besides the intellectual entertainments provided by the genius of poets, rhetoricians, and artists, the contests consisted in foot-races, wrestling, the throwing of the discus and the spear, boxing, the chariot-race, the pancration, horse-races of divers kinds, various exercises of boys, and the armed race. These exercises probably occupied four days, and the fifth was taken up with the processions, sacrifices, and banquets given to the victors. The garland of wild olive, cut from the sacred tree in the grove of Altis, near the altars of Aphrodite and the Horæ, was the only prize. The victor was crowned upon a table made of ivory and gold, or a tripod covered with bronze; and his name, with that of his father and his country, was proclaimed by the herald to assembled Greece. Such a victory was regarded as the highest boon the gods could bestow on mortals. Returning to his native city, the conqueror was escorted home by a triumphal procession, and his glory was commemorated by the loftiest strains of Pindar or Simonides. The occasion was one of the greatest splendor and stateliness in the varied range of Hellenic worship. The other national games agreed in their general type and aim with the Olympian; and there was an endless diversity of similar celebrations, of a local character and less comprehensive purposes.

Passing from the external pomp of Grecian worship to the influence of superstitious ideas upon the natural yearning of the human heart for intercourse with the spiritual world, and the insatiable curiosity to pry into the secrets of fate, we

shall find a wonderful apparatus, partly of delusion, partly of imposture, partly of mistaken apprehensions of the phenomena of nature, by which the eager minds of the Greeks—ever searching, but ever baffled—strove to appease the mighty hunger for the unknown.

The modes of divination, so far as the interpretation of the will of the gods was concerned, may be ranged under two general heads,—inspiration, and the interpretation of signs; and these were sometimes connected with temple-worship, sometimes wholly independent of it. The interpretation of dreams was considered of some importance, even by the most philosophical minds. The sort of divination which judges of the future by the past, though often attributed to divine inspiration, was generally conceded to be nothing more than the application of sense and sagacity to the current affairs of the world. The signs to be interpreted were innumerable. The most common were the flight and voices of birds, their habits, which were carefully observed, and their manner of alighting. In so common regard and use were these, that the word *bird* had become, even in Homer's time, synonymous with *omen*. Particular birds were more ominous or prophetic than others. Thus the crow and the raven were specially favored with the ability to act as mediums between man and the gods. Numerous accidental events,—a violent fit of sneezing, any little deviation from the ordinary course of things, a sudden sound, interrupting the stillness of the hour, the unexpected suggestion of a thought, a bright idea occurring to one not accustomed to such angel-visitants,—all these were special interpositions of the gods, and indications—often blind enough—of their will and purposes. In the sacrifice of victims, omens of the most important bearing were discerned. In the historical times, no important enterprise was undertaken, unless the omens favored it; though it is likely enough that the omens were favorable, or the contrary, much as the leaders in the undertaking desired. The circumstances from which conclusions were drawn on these occasions were the manner of burning,—

whether the flame shot up clear and bright, or smouldered and hissed, as it reached the victim's body, lying on the pile or altar; the form and appearance of the ashes, after the flame subsided; and, above all, the inspection of the entrails, and the shape and aspect of the liver. At the temples, where much of this business was carried on, the resident priesthood were the professional interpreters. In some places, simple altars were special seats of divination. At an altar of Hermes, the first word heard after the sacrificer had completed his offering, was supposed to contain the answer to the question propounded. There was in Thebes an altar of Ismenian Apollo, the ashes of which were prophetic. These, and a thousand other methods, were resorted to every day, and every hour of every day, all over Greece.

The oracular responses at the shrines and temples were more imposing, and had a wider influence over public affairs. The most ancient and venerable centre of oracular lore was the temple of Zeus at Dodona, where the responses of the gods were gathered from the rustling of the leaves on the sacred oaks that overshadowed the holy ground, and from the murmuring of the fountain flowing hard by. Apollo, however, was, in a pre-eminent degree, the oracular deity. His oracles were established in many parts of Greece. Not only was he the organ of communication between the monarch of the gods and the human race, but to him belonged the power of making men or women the mediums of his responses, by throwing them into a state of inspiration or ecstasy, in which they delivered unconsciously the words of the god. The sites selected for these oracles were generally marked by some physical property, which fitted them to be the scenes of such miraculous manifestations. They were in a volcanic region, where gas escaping from a fissure in the earth might be inhaled, and the consequent exhilaration or ecstasy, partly real and partly imaginary, was a divine inspiration. At the Pythian oracle in Delphi there was thought to be such an exhalation. Others have supposed that the priests possessed the secret of manu-



facturing an exhilarating gas, and kept it to themselves for this purpose, as no such phenomenon has been observed on that spot in modern times. Perhaps the fumes of the laurel which was burned there produced the effect. At first, the Delphian oracle was open to the consultation of visitors only once a year; next, every month; and finally, several days in each month. The persons wishing to consult the oracle were required to pass through a process of purification by bathing in water from the Castalian stream, and to offer sacrifice, before they could draw nigh to the presence of the god. In each of the oracular temples of Apollo, the officiating functionary was a woman, probably chosen on account of her nervous temperament;—at first young, but, a love affair having happened, it was decided that no one under fifty should be eligible to the office. The priestess sat upon a tripod, placed over the chasm in the centre of the temple. The smoke, gas, or ether, or perhaps her own imagination, reduced her quickly to a state of intoxication, and her ravings in this condition were taken down by the *prophetes*,—one of the managing priests,—embodied in verse more or less enigmatical, and delivered to the inquirer as the response of the god. The brain of the medium was the more easily affected, as before ascending the tripod she usually spent three days in preparing herself by fasting and bathing. The priesthood in this temple appear generally to have been very crafty and able. They had a vast amount of secret information about men and things, which they turned to the purposes of imposture. They kept poets in their pay, or as members of the fraternity, who acquired immense skill in turning the nonsensical prose of the Pythoness into high-sounding, but very unintelligible verse. The great point, in cases where no information was in their possession, was to give the response in such a way that, two opposite events being the only possible ones, the construction of the language would allow its application to either; while it would be impossible to know anything about it until after the event, which made the whole as plain as daylight.

The influence of the oracles of Apollo over Greece was boundless, and extended far beyond the countries occupied by the Hellenic race. There is no doubt that the statesmen and warriors of the historical times availed themselves of the oracles as a means of carrying out their plans. "The Pythia Philippizes," was an expression of the great Athenian orator, implying that the king of Macedonia had tampered with the sacred persons of the Delphian temple.

Sleeping in temples, and judging by dreams, which under such circumstances were considered divine communications, was another mode of divination. The custom was to slay a victim and sleep on the skin,—which one would suppose to be a very natural way of producing dreams of the most unpleasant description.

There were other temples, called *Plutonia*, where the spirits of the dead were conjured up to answer questions propounded to them. By what sort of deception this trick was accomplished, the jugglers have not informed us. Besides the public and recognized shrines of these mysterious rites, there were localities without temples, supposed to be favorable for the summoning up of ghosts; and these were called *Psychopompeia* and *Psychomanteia*,—offices for calling up and questioning departed spirits. Maximus Tyrius described one of these spots, in Magna Græcia, where a great business was carried on. "There was a place near Lake Avernus, called the prophetic cavern. Persons were in attendance there who called up ghosts. Any one desiring it came thither, and, having killed a victim and poured out libations, summoned whatever ghost he wanted. The ghost came, very faint and doubtful to the sight, but vocal and prophetic; and, having answered the questions, went off." In a more secret manner still, this species of imposture was conducted for private gain. It is a singular fact, that the imposition was practised chiefly by women of a low and vulgar character, though men were not wanting to help in the cheat and share in the profit; and, what is perhaps even more singular, the obvious bad faith of the im-

postors, the coarseness of the means they resorted to, and the baldness of the delusion, did not hinder them from drawing many, who should have known better, to sanction the impudence of their pretensions.

It is only with the very lowest style of ancient superstition that the wretched imposture of spiritual rapping, which is now emptying the churches and filling the mad-houses, can be compared. An oracle poetically expressed with two meanings is more ingenious than a badly spelled message, rapped from under a table, with no meaning at all. A ghost summoned from the realm of the departed, in a Plutonian temple or a gloomy cavern, answering questions and then vanishing, is more pleasing to the imagination than one which upsets furniture. A pythoness, raving with the fancied inspiration of Apollo, with priests and poets moulding her crazy exclamations into well-sounding hexameters, presents a finer picture than a medium, —generally a tricky girl or a nervous woman, —writing feeble sentences which an idiot would blush to own, and then libelling some departed worthy by attributing them to the dictation of his ghost. The agitation of the laurel-branches round the holy tripod, as the inspiration came over the pythoness, sounds better than making a table dance across the floor by the application of a dozen hands. Spiritual rapping is nothing but the old Athenian imposture repeated in more vulgar forms, with a few modifications of circumstance for the convenience of the rappers. It differs in being a more impudent cheat on the one side, and a more imbecile delusion on the other, and in being more fatal in its consequences; and it shows how easily an imposture which seduces the human mind to believe a lie, degrades its godlike powers to the most pitiable feebleness.



## LECTURE X.

TEMPLES.—STATE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—PHILOSOPHERS.  
—FUNERAL RITES AND MONUMENTS.—BELIEF CONCERN-  
ING A FUTURE LIFE.—WILLS.

PAUSANIAS, the Greek traveller, who made the tour of Hel-  
las in the second century of our era, left a work, somewhat  
dry in style and inartificial in arrangement, in which he de-  
scribes the objects of interest he saw on his travels. So far  
as the monuments of sculpture and architecture remain, they  
evinced the accuracy and fidelity of his accounts. In an anti-  
quarian point of view, his narrative is of the highest impor-  
tance, though its literary merits are not remarkable. When he  
visited Elis, the temple and statue of Olympian Zeus and the  
most splendid memorials of the Olympic celebrations were still  
standing uninjured. "The temple," says he, "is built ac-  
cording to the Dorian order, and is surrounded by columns (or  
a peristyle). It is constructed of the light marble which the  
country produces. Its height, from the foundation to the ped-  
iment, is sixty-eight feet; its breadth, ninety-five; and its  
length, two hundred and thirty. Its builder was Libon, a na-  
tive Eleian. Its roof is not of burned tiles, but of marble from  
the Pentelic quarries, wrought after the manner of tiles." He  
next describes in detail the sculptural ornaments, the shields,  
and the other embellishments of the exterior of the temple,  
which were of the most elaborate and admirable character.  
The site of this temple is well ascertained, as are its plan and  
dimensions. The excavations undertaken by the French sci-  
entific expedition to the Morea laid open the foundations of  
the structure, and brought to light numerous fragments of col-  
umns and pieces of sculpture of the finest workmanship cor-

responding to the description of Pausanias. The columns are shown to have been more than seven feet in diameter, surpassing in size those of any other Greek temple now extant. The most elaborate examination of these ruins and their interesting associations is by Ernst Curtius, in a discourse recently delivered at Berlin, accompanied by a diagram of the temple and its site, as restored. On this diagram the goddess of Victory surmounts the vertex of the temple; at each corner is a tripod, the memorial of a victory; and at the feet of the goddess hangs a shield, with a Medusa's head in the centre, in celebration of a battle won by the Spartans. The architrave was covered by a row of consecrated shields, placed there, however, at a late period, by the Roman general Mummius, after suppressing the last Greek revolt. In the centre of the triangular tympanum the figure of Zeus was seated. The groups on the right and left were devoted to the mythical tale of Pelops. The former represented the old Pelasgian king Œnomaus, with his attendants; and the latter, the Phrygian adventurer, with Hippodameia. On the right was the river Alpheius; and on the left, the Cladeus. The contest of Pelops in the race of four-horse chariots, which, according to the myth, decided his own destiny and that of the country, here stood very properly as the type of the principal contest in the games. The moment represented is that just before the contest begins, Olympian Zeus sitting beneath the goddess of Victory, and presiding over the scene as the supreme judge. The sculptures on the west exhibited the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. Entering the pronaos through the bronze gates, and over a mosaic floor, the visitor reaches the presence where was enthroned the colossal statue of the Olympian Zeus, the deity of the temple and the place, the work of Pheidias, the last and greatest triumph of his sublime genius. "Pheidias, the son of Charmides, the Athenian, made me," was the simple but proud inscription, in which he was permitted to record for immortal memory this achievement, — one of the wonders of the world. The famous lines of Homer, describing the nod of Zeus, were the inspiration under which he wrought: —

“ ‘This is the mightiest sign ; for a clear, irrevocable purpose  
Waits an accomplishment sure, when the nod of my head is the token.’  
So did he speak, and at pausing he signed with his shadowy eyebrows ;  
And the ambrosial curls from the head everlasting were shaken,  
And at the nod of the king deep trembled the lofty Olympus.”

Pheidias, having completed his greatest works at Athens, removed, on a public invitation, with his most eminent pupils, to Elis, where he had a *studio* assigned him, near the sacred grove of Altis. Here he began his most illustrious task, in 437 B. C., and finished it in four years. The style of sculpture was that called the *Chryselephantine*, or ivory-and-gold. The god was represented seated on a throne of cedar-wood, adorned with gold, ivory, and precious stones, crowned with a wreath of olive, holding a statue of Victory in his right hand, and a sceptre surmounted by an eagle in his left. The royal *peplos*, which covered the lower part of the statue, was of beaten gold, variegated with chased and painted figures. The throne and the platform on which it rested were richly adorned with painted and sculptured compositions of mythological subjects, which are all enumerated by Pausanias. The quantity of gold used was enormous. According to Lucian, each lock of hair weighed six minæ, and must have been worth some hundreds of dollars. In the judgment of the ancients, the statue stood at the head of all the productions of Hellenic art, and was regarded with a superstitious veneration, as the real presence of the deity, in material form. Elis became the sanctuary of peace ; the clang of arms was never allowed to break in upon the sacred repose of the region blessed by the direct supervision of the king of gods and men. Livy says that Æmilius Paulus, in his march through Greece, “went up through Megalopolis to Olympia, where he was affected in his mind as if he had beheld Jupiter in present form, and ordered a sacrifice more magnificent than usual to be prepared.” The author of an epigram in the Anthology says, “Either the god descended from heaven, to show his form, or thou, O Pheidias, didst go up to behold the god.” Quintilian writes : “The



Athenian Minerva and the Olympian Jupiter at Elis possessed a beauty which seemed to have added something to religion, the majesty of the work was so worthy of the divinity." Flaxman, having well considered all the information that has come down to us respecting it, says, "It was justly esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world." It was removed by the Emperor Theodosius I. to Constantinople, where it perished by fire, A. D. 475; and so in smoke and flame vanished from earth the great god of Olympus, nine hundred and twelve years after he was placed on the throne of Grecian worship at Elis.

One of the characters drawn by Theophrastus is that of the superstitious man. Some of the marks which distinguish him are these. "If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed until some one has gone before him; or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. . . . A mouse, perchance, has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack; away he goes to the seer to know what it behooves him to do; and if he is simply answered, 'Send it to the cobbler to be patched,' he views the business in a more serious light; and, running home, he consecrates the sack as an article no more to be used. . . . If on his walks an owl flies past him, he is horror-struck, and exclaims, 'Thus comes the divine Athene!' On the fourth and seventh days of the month, he directs mulled wine to be prepared for his family," (a rite practised within the memory of the present generation on other days as well,) "and, going himself to purchase myrtle and frankincense, he returns, and spends the day in crowning the statues of Hermes and Aphrodite. As often as he has a dream, he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur, to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Whenever he passes a cross-way, he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house; who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear around him an onion or a little dog." The folly and degradation of these lower forms of superstition were seen distinctly enough, and exposed and ridiculed by the clear intellects that

rose from time to time in Hellenic society. Aristophanes treated them in this fashion, especially in the comedy of "The Birds." When the soothsayer comes up to Birdtown with an assortment of spiritual wares, pretending that the oracles have directed the citizens of Nephelococcygia to give him a pair of shoes and a portion of the flesh of the sacrifices, he is met by a counter-oracle. Peisthetairos, the archon of this airy republic, tells him:—

"This oracle differs most remarkably  
From that which I transcribed in Apollo's temple:  
'If, at the sacrifice which you prepare,  
An uninvited vagabond should dare  
To interrupt you, and demand a share,  
Let cuffs and buffets be the varlet's lot,—  
Smite him between the ribs, and spare him not.'"

And producing a horsewhip, he proceeds to execute justice on the shoulders of the soothsayer, who takes to his heels.

The philosophers of Greece represent the favorable side of the Hellenic religion. Taken collectively, they were a most remarkable body of men, whether we consider the variety of their attainments, the depth of their intuition, the precision and accuracy of their logic, the splendor of their eloquence, or the weight of their personal influence. Philosophy among the Greeks was a very comprehensive term, embracing every department of knowledge, human and divine, looking upon the universe of mind and matter as a grand unity, all the parts of which were worthy of the serious and reverent study of man. Physical science had not made the world of matter so subject to the human mind as now. Their theories were often wild, fanciful, and poetical, rather than scientific. Yet even here, one is sometimes startled by intuitive foreshadowings that comprehend and anticipate the last conclusions of modern research. Thus Philolaus, the Pythagorean, maintained that the sun was a globe in the centre of the system, that the other planets revolved around it, and that the earth had a movement on its own axis, which caused day and night,

and gave an apparent motion to the stars. Xenophanes drew from the fossil remains imbedded in the rocks the conclusion that the earth had in previous ages undergone prodigious revolutions, in which the existing races of animals were destroyed; and that the shells and petrifications of marine products on the mountains proved the surface of the earth to have gradually risen from beneath the waters of the sea. The philosophers universally rejected the popular notions of the gods, and, almost universally, the belief in a multiplicity of gods; though, as a matter of expediency and prudence, they generally fell in with the observances of the popular worship, so far at least as the laws of the state required religious conformity. But after all, there was a wide separation between them and the body of the people, who, partly from the fanaticism natural to ignorance, and partly from the apprehension of losing the enjoyments placed within their reach by the religious festivals, persecuted with unrelenting hostility any man who was suspected of questioning the national faith. They could laugh over the vices and absurdities attributed by the poets to the gods and goddesses, the cowardice and lewdness of Dionysos, the intrigues of Aphrodite, the sneaking amours of Zeus, the scolding jealousy of Hera; but if an earnest seeker after the truth came to doubt the existence of these precious models of the divine nature, and pronounced that the universe was created and governed by one God, holy, omnipresent, eternal, and indivisible, he could look only for banishment or death from the popular tribunals. This discord between the faith of the people and the religion of the philosophers naturally led the latter to regard the doctrines in which their conclusions were embodied as secrets or mysteries, to be communicated only to the interior circle of their disciples. Here was another source of confusion and hostility; and perhaps a part of the blame is to be laid upon the philosophers themselves, for so long withholding their own loftier conceptions of the divine essence and of religious duty from the great body of their contemporaries.

Thales taught that "God is the oldest of all things, for he is



without beginning"; that "death differs not from life, the soul being immortal"; that "a bad man can hide neither evil actions nor evil thoughts from the divine power"; that "the world is the fairest of all things, for it is the work of God." Cheilon's precepts were, "Not to slander our neighbors; to be more ready to share the misfortunes than the prosperity of our friends; to keep watch over ourselves; to suffer harm rather than take a dishonest gain; to be meek when in power; to bear injuries patiently; to seek peace; to honor age; to obey the laws." Cleobulus said: "Do good to your friends, that their friendship may be strengthened; to your enemies, that they may become your friends. Be more eager to hear than to speak. Avoid injustice; bridle the love of pleasure; do violence to no man; instruct your children; keep up no enmities." Pythagoras, the first to adopt the title of philosopher or lover of knowledge, enjoined upon the members of his fraternity, not only silence, but modesty, temperance, and brotherly love. Like the early Christians, they lived together in a social community, with funds in common, administered by one of the members. The master taught: "The one Deity is the source of all things; his form, light; his essence, truth. He is the giver of good to those who love him, and as such is to be worshipped. He is the soul of all things, pervading and maintaining the universe. The souls of men exist after the death of the body. The soul strengthens its holy dispositions by the exercise of devotion. Knowledge should be sought as the means of approaching the nature and felicity of the Deity." Xenophanes said, "There is one eternal, infinite, immortal Being, by whom all things exist, and this one being is God. Incorporeal and omnipresent, he hears all, sees all, but not by human senses. He is at once mind, wisdom, eternal existence." Heracleitus affirmed that the universe is governed by one unerring Supreme Will or Deity. He told his countrymen of Ephesus, that they might as well pray to the stones of their houses as to stone images; and in the spirit of a later watchword of polytheistic fanaticism, "Great is Diana of the Ephe-

sians," they banished him. Anaxagoras declared, that "Phœbus himself, the great Delphian god, is nothing more than a glowing ball, which communicates its heat to the earth; that the moon, the Artemis of the Greeks, and the Isis of Egypt, is nothing more than another habitable earth, with hills and valleys like our own; that there is but one God, the intelligent Mind which has given movement and form to the atoms of the universe, and which, though pervading and governing all nature, is separate, and unmixed with any material substance." But bigotry was alarmed; Diopeithes procured a decree to be passed, that those who were guilty of denying the existence of the gods should be tried before the assembly of the people; and all the influence and eloquence of Pericles, when at the height of his power, availed only to procure the commutation of the sentence of death into banishment from Athens.

The argument of Socrates on the existence of God as an intelligent Creator, as reported by Xenophon, anticipates all the material points of Paley's beautiful reasoning from the appearances of design. "The senses of man are furnished him for his benefit and happiness. It is a proof of benevolent forethought, that the eye, being delicate, is protected by the eyelids, which are opened while it is used, and closed when in sleep; that the ear receives all sounds, without being filled"; and so on, through every part of the body the acute and wonderful reasoner demonstrates the existence, power, and benevolence of the Deity. "But God," he continues, "was not content with bestowing a body thus matchlessly endowed; he planted in man—the greatest of his gifts—a sovereign intellect, fit to use the faculties of the body, and rendering man like a god among the other beings of this world." His conversations were full of this divine wisdom. He was ever striving to bring the minds of his companions and disciples into a state of intense activity, so as to make real knowledge take the place of seeming knowledge, and to lay a deep and strong foundation of principles, on which character and

conduct might securely rest. He is rightly said to have drawn Philosophy down from heaven, and to have placed her among the habitations of men. The path of duty was marked out for him by the Divine Spirit, whose voice he seemed to hear in the depths of his soul. Differing from many of the preceding philosophers, he sought every opportunity of intercourse with common men, teaching them moral, political, and religious truth, and enforcing it by illustrations, drawn with admirable tact, from the most familiar objects at hand. These peculiarities are delightfully portrayed in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, and especially in the *Dialogues of Plato*.

His conflicts with the sophists, also, exhibited the ethical and religious side of his character in a wonderfully attractive manner; and the solemnity and earnestness of his convictions, the depth of his piety, his far-reaching insight into the being of God, the nature of man, and the relations between God and man, are enlivened by the play of the richest wit that ever adorned the conversation of a human being. His arguments on the spiritual and immortal nature of the soul are acute and convincing, marked by the finest logic, and the soundest and healthiest ethical tone. The duties of a citizen, the principles of household economy and state administration, the obligation to obey the laws, even when perverted to unjust ends and against ourselves, are set forth by him, as his discourses stand recorded in the immortal pages of Xenophon and Plato, with a beauty and eloquence which make the pulse throb and the heart beat, so many centuries after all the actors and speakers in the scene are silenced and turned to dust.

Socrates is a universal presence in the life of Greece. We meet him at every turn. If we stroll into the market-place, he is there; if we join the throng, and walk outside the city gates to the Academy or Lyceum, be sure he is the centre of a circle who hang entranced upon his lips. A sophist, eminent for his gifts and graces, arrives at Athens, and stops at the house of a friend. The young men hasten to hear his lectures, and are captivated with the charm of his rhetoric,



and the rhythm of his sentences; but before his triumph is quite completed, the droll figure of Socrates — that indescribable nose, Greek only in the accident of its birth; that bald head; that round body, barefooted, with no chiton; the eyes rolling and twinkling with shrewdness and good humor; polite, but with the slightest possible touch of irony — this figure, so well known in the streets and shops of Athens, drops in unperceived, and puts a modest question, as if for information: “O Gorgias, what is this rhetoric which you profess to teach?” This leads to another and another question, until the discussion passes out of the technical points of rhetoric, and the sophist and his admirers find suddenly exposed to their view the hollowness and profligacy of their deceptive profession. They are drawn into an earnest argument on the great principles of justice, the misery of wickedness, the blessedness of virtue, the certainty of a future state of reward and punishment; and all the objects of vulgar ambition for which mistaken men soil the whiteness of their souls — riches, power, empire, fame — dwindle under the moral grandeur of his eloquence, almost into the insignificance and nothingness which would seem to be their essence, were they viewed from another world. “No one,” says he, in the tone of an apostle and a martyr, “no one, who is not utterly wanting in sense and manhood, fears to die. Sin is a thing to be feared; for it is the most dreadful of evils to pass into the other world with the burden of sin upon the soul.” No wonder that even the profligate Alcibiades said: “When I listen to him, my heart leaps, and tears rush to my eyes. I have heard Pericles and other able orators, and I thought they spoke well; but I had no such feeling, my soul was not agitated, I was not held in thrall. I have been so moved by this Marsyas, that, in my condition of soul, life seemed to me not worth the having. I have felt towards him a sentiment which no one would suppose to exist in me, of mingled shame and respect. I know that duty requires me to obey his injunctions; yet the moment I leave his presence I am conquered by the applauses of the multitude. You understand not this man. Outwardly he

is like the sculptured Silenus,—his speech is jesting and ironical; but within he is full of earnestness and the sweetest virtue,—the very shrine of the Deity,—so divine, so beautiful, so wonderful, that I must needs do whatever he commands.” Such a man we should expect to resist the popular passion, when civic duty placed him at the post of danger. We should expect him, when brought to trial for his life, on charges that appealed to the popular bigotry, to meet his accusers with the serenity of an unruffled spirit, and the unshaken soul of a man conscious of innocence and fearless of death; to receive with calmness the fatal sentence,—fatal to his judges, not to him. We should expect him to pass the intervening time in meditating anew on the highest religious themes, consoling his weeping friends, confirming their faith in virtue and immortality; and, when the sun went down those western hills at the close of the last day, quietly to drink the poisoned bowl, and, without a reproachful or complaining word, to surrender his spirit to God who gave it. No wonder that Erasmus, in the fervid admiration inspired by these undying moments of the dying man, exclaimed, “Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!”

There is but one end of human life. Its restless endeavor, its hopes, enjoyments, and sufferings, carry it forward with equal step to the house appointed for all mankind. Therefore it is that the secrets of the grave and the world beyond present themselves to the imagination with an absorbing interest. The lessons of mortality are impressive alike to the mighty and the mean, to the strong and the weak. Death comes, sparing neither hope nor love, melted not by sorrow, or supplication, or tears. The hour of mourning strikes in the life of all of mortal birth. The eye closes in the long sleep; the soul vanishes, unseen, save by the vision of faith. The living and the dead, the sorrowing and those insensible to sorrow, part at the door of the tomb, and go alone on their several ways. “The graves of the departed,” says the Baron Stackelberg, “encompassed with the dread solemnities of the future, endowed with the won-

drous power to move the inmost and strongest chords of the soul by the harmonies of memory and grief, to subdue the mighty and tame the violent by the image of the transitoriness of this world's glories, to bring low the pride of the haughty by the prospect of future equality, to console and elevate the wretched and the bowed down by the approaching end of their sorrows, exercised from the earliest times the most decided reaction upon the depths of life. Death was always the first teacher and refiner of the human race. In the richly endowed and sunny land beneath the southern sky, the natural man, who, trusting in his rude strength alone, enjoyed the happiness of his existence, must have been aroused from his thoughtlessness, and led to a forecast of a higher being, by the sorrowful dissonance in creation presented by Death, the overtaker of all, the all-conqueror."

Sensibility to the claims of blood and friendship, tenderness to the sufferings of the invalid, and reverence for the remains and the memory of the dead, distinguished the Hellenic character. Even a fallen enemy, except in peculiar cases, was not denied the customary burial ceremonies and honors. The most sacred of duties from the living to the dead was to bestow on their mortal remains the last sad rites, whereby the beloved form was committed in its solemn beauty to the bosom of the common mother Earth, or passed through flames into the kindred elements, leaving a little ashes to be wept over and inurned in the tomb. When the tender offices of affection and the skill of the physician had proved unavailing, the eyes were closed by the hand of the watcher, and the body bathed and sprinkled with costly perfumes, crowned with flowers of the season gathered by friends, and robed in white garments of the richest texture. A coin was placed in the mouth, as a fare to be paid to Charon for ferrying the spirit over the dark Acherontian waters to the place of its final abode. The dead was laid on a couch in the house, with the face looking towards the door; a cushion or pillow being placed under the head, and painted earthen vases ranged around it. A vessel



of water, drawn from some neighboring well, was set before the door, for all who visited the house to sprinkle themselves; since the presence of a dead body was supposed to require the purifying influence of lustral water to guard the living from contamination. Relations and friends surrounded the couch, and the women gave vent to their sorrow in loud lamentations. The burial took place soon after death. The laying out was usually on the second day, and the burying or entombment early on the following morning. Sometimes it was necessary to postpone the funeral longer, to allow of the arrival of distant friends. The dead was borne to the place of interment on the couch, supported by kinsmen or intimates, persons chosen as a mark of distinction; preceded by the *threnodoi*, or professional performers of the funeral wail, generally females; and followed by a procession of friends and relatives, and other persons who chose to join it, the men preceding the women. In the case of the latter, there were some legal restrictions of age and relationship, though they do not appear to have been enforced. The practice of burning and that of burying were both in use during all the periods of Hellenic existence, until the prevalence of Christianity put an end to the former. Of the simultaneousness of the two modes there is at present no doubt. The opening of ancient graves, and the finding of skeletons entire in their coffins, as well as of ashes, have settled the disputes of the learned by indisputable facts; though usage varied somewhat in different parts of Greece. The coffins were sometimes of cypress-wood, but were generally made of tiles of burnt earth, put together in different forms and ways, painted, and adorned with arabesques. A considerable number of these are engraved in Stackelberg's interesting work entitled "The Graves of the Greeks,"—some of them having been taken from the ground by the author, and containing the remains of the dead, with vases and other funeral objects buried with them. Some are in the form of a triangular prism; others oval, shaped like a bathing-vessel; others still, of burnt tiles, the section of which would be an oval, with upright tiles at the foot and head.

The tombs, or places for burial, whether for the ashes after burning or for the body, were either near the house, or on a spot of ground in some other part of the family estate, and were considered the most sacred of possessions ; but for those who were destitute of landed property, there was at Athens a common burial-ground, between the Itonian gate and the Peiræan road. The cenotaphs of warriors slain in battle were outside the walls, on the way to the Academy. The monuments were of various fashions and degrees of splendor, according to the taste, feeling, and wealth of the family. Slabs of stone set upright over the grave, with sculptured ornaments, and the name of the deceased, were the most common. To the name was added a farewell twice repeated, and often a sketch of the life of the departed, a description of his virtues, or an expression of the grief felt in his death. Sometimes verses, mostly in hexameters and pentameters, recorded the merits of the dead. There was a classical Old Mortality, by the name of Diodorus, who wrote a work on Sepulchres, which, however, has not survived. In the tomb were placed such objects as arms, painted vases, and symbolical articles, of which immense numbers now exist in the great collections, and are described in the works of Panofka, Gerhard, and others, constituting one of the most important and interesting branches of the antiquities of art. Monuments of great architectural and sculptural beauty sometimes adorned the resting-places of the dead. Stackelberg gives a very interesting account and engraving of a funeral structure of this description, made of Pentelic marble, and found in 1819 near the Dipylon gate, on the Sacred Way, where the most important monuments were built. It represents the front of a Doric *heroön*, or chapel to a hero, at the entrance of which sits the sculptured form of the deceased lady, clothed in an Ionian chiton, reaching to the feet, with clasped sleeves, with a full and richly ornamented peplos thrown over the bust, the head encircled with a triple band, and a short veil hanging down and supported by her left hand, while in her right she holds a written

scroll. Her little daughter — a figure of the most delicate and touching beauty — stands at her knees, and gazes with childish curiosity into the scroll, which may be a missive commending the departed spirit to the deities of the other world. On one side is a servant, with an open box containing offerings. On the lintel above is inscribed, in letters elegantly cut, the name *Phrasicleia*. The beauty and touching expression of the group, and the exquisite design and execution of the sculpture, prove it to belong to the best days of Athenian art; while the wealth and refinement indicated by the general character of the monument, and the particular objects represented on it, seem to show that the lady whom it was intended to commemorate belonged to some distinguished Athenian family. But this monument tells us all we know of her history. Her name nowhere else occurs. The imagination alone can supply the story of her life, following her into the privacy of the domestic scene adorned by her beauty and modest virtues, and saddened by her early death. We see her presiding gracefully over the household of her husband, directing the labor of her dependents, sharing in the religious ceremonies assigned to her rank and sex, and setting an illustrious example of wise reserve, economy, elegance, purity, and piety, to the fair child who is so soon to mourn her loss. We watch over her anxiously during her illness; but even Hippocrates cannot avail to snatch her from the tomb. Her delicate form sinks under a rapid consumption; she breathes her gentle life away, in the midst of her family. No hired mourners here are needed to add a fictitious sorrow to the bitter realities of bereaved affection. Breaking hearts follow her as she is borne from the house she has blessed, clad in white, and crowned with the freshest flowers of spring. She is committed to the earth, which has never held a more sacred trust; and her name and form are chiselled in the undying marble, by the noblest artists of a noble age. Is this the fair young bride of Ischomachus, the friend of Socrates, whose simple virtues were recorded by Xenophon, and whose lovely form still remains for



us to gaze upon, while her soft and melancholy countenance looks sadly away from the daughter at her knee, — the child God has given her, — as if she would tell — but her marble lips cannot — the story of her life?

After the burial, sacrifices were offered, — the first on the third day, and the principal one on the ninth, when the formal feast for the dead took place. The usual period of mourning was thirty days; and the outward manifestation of grief consisted in laying aside the ordinary dress, wearing a black *himation*, and cutting off the hair. Places of amusement were scrupulously avoided, and the graves were piously cared for by the survivors. The neglect of the graves of ancestors was regarded at Athens as a disqualification for office, and was a subject of express scrutiny at the examination of the candidates. Offerings were made, and chaplets suspended on the monuments, at stated times; the birthday of the deceased and the anniversary of his death were held in remembrance; and frequent visits to the grave were supposed to be grateful to the departed spirit. Over the remains of those who fell fighting for their country a public service was held, and a eulogy pronounced by some distinguished orator. After the disastrous battle of Chæroneia, Demosthenes was appointed by his countrymen to discharge this sad office; and the funeral feast, as he himself states, was held at his house. There is a funeral oration of Lysias, pronounced over some Athenian soldiers who fell at Corinth. But the most noted illustration of this fitting and patriotic observance is the oration of Pericles, delivered at the funeral of those who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, as recorded in Thucydides. "In the same winter," says the historian, "they publicly celebrated the burial-honors of those who had first fallen in this war. They were attended by citizens and strangers; and the women belonging to the families of the dead were present as mourners. The interment was in the most beautiful suburb of the city, where all those who fell in battle are buried, except the heroes of Marathon, whose valor, pre-eminent above that of

all others, was honored by sepulture on the spot where they died. Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, was the orator on the present occasion. Leaving the tomb, he ascended an elevated platform, so that he might be heard as far as possible by the multitude, and spoke as follows."

The discourse, as reported by Thucydides, is one of the most condensed and forcible pieces of ancient eloquence. It is by no means limited to the eulogy of the dead, but is a most able exposition of the Constitution of Athens, and the modes of her social life, as contrasted with those of Sparta. The topics were chosen with admirable felicity; for the struggle for life and death between the opposite principles of the two systems had just commenced, and the Athenians needed every argument and encouragement to meet the dangers of so appalling a crisis. He holds up before their eyes the fair picture of a country entitled to the love of its citizens, and worthy to be defended at the hazard of life. He points out the merits of her institutions, and the glorious distinctions they secure to the people. For such a country the heroes of past ages laid down their lives, and are held in everlasting remembrance. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre; signalized not only by the inscription on the column in their native land, but, in lands not their own, by the unwritten memory which dwells with every man. "Emulous of men like these," says he, turning to the young Athenians, "do you also, placing your happiness in liberty, and your liberty in courage, shrink from no warlike dangers in defence of your country." Webster, quoting from this oration of Pericles, exclaims, in a spirit kindred to that of the great Athenian statesman: "Is it Athens or America? Is Athens or America the theme of these immortal strains? Was Pericles speaking of his own country, as he saw it or knew it? or was he gazing upon a bright vision, then two thousand years before him, which we see in reality, as he saw it in prospect?"

I have dwelt upon this oration for a few moments, because it presents a highly characteristic scene of Hellenic life and death.

The ideas of the people as to the abode and condition of departed spirits were neither clear nor consistent. In the wonderful and mysterious passage of the *Odyssey* where Odysseus visits the shades, the ghost of Achilles presents a dismal picture of discontent and misery. The most loathed life on earth he would prefer to the gloomy nothingness of his state in Hades. He would rather be the meanest slave of the hardest taskmaster than king of the miserable dead. So far is he from sharing in the oft-quoted sentiment, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." But in the process of time and of intellectual culture, more cheering and gladsome prospects enlivened the dark journey which all must take. Pleasant Elysian fields, the islands of the blessed, the company of the just and good, and occupations resembling the most dignified pursuits of earth, presented themselves to the imaginations of men, who grasped at the most fleeting shadows for consolation, when they "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day," to tread the dark unknown. The mysteries were a source of faith and hope to the initiated, as are the churches of modern times. Secret doctrines, regarded as holy, and to be kept with inviolable fidelity, were handed down in these brotherhoods, and no doubt were fondly believed to contain a saving grace by those who were admitted, amidst solemn and imposing rites, under the veil of midnight, to hear the tenets of the ancient faith, and the promises of blessings to come to those who, with sincerity of heart and pious trust, took the obligations upon them.

The Eleusinian mysteries were the most imposing and venerable. Their origin extended back into a mythical antiquity, and they were among the few forms of Greek worship which were under the superintendence of hereditary priesthoods. Thirlwall thinks, that "they were the remains of a worship which preceded the rise of the Hellenic mythology and its attendant rites, grounded on a view of Nature less fanciful, more earnest, and better fitted to awaken both philosophical thought and religious feeling." This conclusion is still further



confirmed by the moral and religious tone of the poets, — such as Æschylus, — whose ideas on justice, sin, and retribution are as solemn and elevated as those of a Hebrew prophet. The secrets, whatever they were, were never revealed in express terms; but Isocrates uses some remarkable expressions, when speaking of their importance to the condition of man. “Those who are initiated,” says he, “entertain sweeter hopes of eternal life”; and how could this be the case, unless there were imparted at Eleusis the doctrine of eternal life, and some idea of its state and circumstances more compatible with an elevated conception of the Deity and of the human soul than the vague and shadowy images which haunted the popular mind? The Eleusinian communion embraced the most eminent men from every part of Greece, — statesmen, poets, philosophers, and generals; and when Greece became a part of the Roman empire, the greatest minds of Rome drew instruction and consolation from its doctrines.

The ceremonies of initiation — which took place every year in the early autumn, a beautiful season in Attica — were a splendid ritual, attracting visitors from every part of the world. The processions moving from Athens to Eleusis over the Sacred Way sometimes numbered twenty or thirty thousand people, and the exciting scenes were well calculated to leave a durable impression on susceptible minds. Purifications, sacrifices, the oath of secrecy, — the mystagogue leading the reverend company, in the darkness of the night, into the lighted interior of the temple, to behold the awful sights and hear the awful sounds never to be repeated to the profane world without, — were part of the machinery by which the influence of the doctrines was more deeply stamped on the heart, through the imagination. The formula of the dismissal, after the initiation was over, consisted in the mysterious words, *kona*, *ompa*; and this is the only Eleusinian secret that has illuminated the world from the recesses of the temple of Demeter and Persephone. But it is a striking illustration of the value attached to these rites and doctrines, that, in moments of extremest peril,

—as of impending shipwreck, or massacre by a victorious enemy,—men asked one another, “Are you initiated?” as if this were the anchor of their hopes for another life.

Before the final scene, the departure from life, it was the citizen’s duty to dispose of his worldly goods under the solemnities of the law. The arrangements of the funeral, also, were sometimes minutely determined by the testator. The will was drawn up in due form, either by the person himself, or by some friend, folded carefully, sealed, and in the presence of witnesses deposited in the hands of a confidential associate or adviser. Immediately after the death of the testator, the document was produced by the individual having it in charge, and in the presence of the family, and of those who had witnessed its deposit, opened and read. The fact of its deposit was all to which they could then testify; but after hearing it read, they set their seals to it, in attestation of its contents. The document usually commenced with the formula, *ἔσται μὲν εὖ*, — “It shall be well,” — and proceeded directly to describe and dispose of the various items of property. As the wills of several persons are preserved in the Lives of the Philosophers by Diogenes Laertius, the best illustration of this topic will be to read one of the shortest. “Plato,” says that writer, “was buried in the Academy, where he had passed the greater part of his life in the pursuit of philosophy, whence his school was called the Academic. His funeral was attended by a large body of friends and disciples; and his will was as follows: ‘Plato hath left this property, and thus disposed of it. The farm in Hephæstiadæ, next to which on the north is the road from the temple in Cephissia, on the south the temple of Hercules in Hephæstiadæ, on the east Archestratus the Phrearian, on the west Philippus the Chollidian, — this farm shall neither be sold nor alienated, but is to remain the property of my son Adeimantus, as far as possible. Also the farm of Eroiadæ, which I bought of Callimachus, bounded on the north by Eurymedon the Myrrhinusian, on the south by Demonstratus the Xypetian, on the east by Eurymedon the Myrrhinusian, on

the west by the Cephissus ; also, three minæ of silver ; a silver goblet, weighing one hundred and sixty-five drachmæ ; a cup, weighing forty-five ; a gold ring and a gold ear-ring, together worth forty drachmæ and three obols. Eucleides, the stone-cutter, owes me three minæ. To Artemis I give her freedom. I leave the following slaves, — Tycho, Bictas, Apolloniades, Dionysius. The furniture is enumerated in the schedule of which Demetrius has a copy. I owe no man anything. Executors : Sosthenes, Speusippus, Demetrius, Hegias, Eury-medon, Callimachus, Thrasippus.’” The document is a very simple one ; and it is a comfort, while reading it, to know that a philosopher in those days was so well off. I am afraid there are not many teachers of philosophy, or of anything else, now, whose last will and testament would make so goodly a show of farms, cash, goblets, rings, and money due him, with the remarkable clause, “I owe no man anything,” — for which the memory of Plato ought to be blessed forevermore.



## LECTURE XI.

### GOVERNMENT.

HIPPOCRATES, in his treatise on *Airs, Waters, and Places*, says: "A climate which is always the same induces indolence; but a changeable climate, laborious exertions both of body and mind. From rest and indolence cowardice is engendered; and from laborious exertions and pains, courage. On this account the inhabitants of Europe are more warlike than the Asiatics; and also owing to their institutions, because they are not governed by kings, like the latter; for where men are governed by kings, there they must be very cowardly; for their souls are enslaved, and they will not willingly or readily undergo dangers in order to promote the power of another; but those that are free undertake dangers on their own account, and not for the sake of others; they court hazard and go out to meet it, for they themselves bear off the rewards of victory, and thus their institutions contribute not a little to their courage." The contrast between the Asiatic and the European character, and the causes—especially the climatic and political—which produced it, were noticed by other great men among the ancients, especially by Aristotle, whose searching intellect nothing could elude. This diversity of political experience, whether traceable to the sources referred to by Hippocrates, or to an origin lying deeper in the European constitution as it came from the hand of the Creator, brings to view one of the most curious and important aspects of the life of Greece, and perhaps that of all the most useful to be studied by the men of our times.

We have already seen that the governments of the heroic

age were nearly alike all over Greece. The elements of political society were the princely houses, holding hereditary power; a nobility; the freemen, who constituted the popular body; and the slaves, even then numerous. Time brought with it revolutions, which introduced changes in the forms and functionaries of government, more or less complete in different parts of Greece. The sharper distinctions of race were not without their influence; and innumerable local peculiarities stamped themselves on civil institutions too deeply to be mistaken. The Dorians were the most conservative; the Ionians, the most progressive. In Sparta, the former substituted for the heroic monarchy the double rule of the Heracleid kings, restrained by the supervision of a council chosen for life, and of the five ephors, an elective magistracy, as well as by a popular assembly, which possessed a considerable amount of legislative power. The latter, in Athens, passed through a long series of political revolutions, from the monarchy to the archonship for life, for ten years, and for one year, and from one archon to nine, with powers distributed among them. Then succeeded the short-lived legislation of Draco, which fell by its inherent unfitness for the condition and wants of men. The constitution of Solon came next, and furnished the basis for the future greatness and glory of the Athenian commonwealth. Several organic changes were soon introduced by Cleisthenes, a popular leader, by which the range of citizenship was enlarged; but the elements of the government remained so nearly the same, that the constitution was always called by the name of Solon, who was revered, under all the subsequent forms, as the founder of the republic.

The Greek writers divide governments into classes, according to the prevailing principles of their constitutions. The simplest classification is that of Æschines, who includes all forms of government under the three heads of monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy, — the two former being administered according to the character of the rulers, the latter by enacted laws. But it is evident that such a government as that of Sparta

would hardly come within either of these descriptions, since it combines in certain proportions the elements of all three ; and it is therefore justly called by Aristotle a mixed government.

In surveying the scene of Grecian politics, we notice several very prominent characteristics, the first of which is the variety of the constitutions ; the next, the passion for *autonomy*, or state independence ; and the third, the predominance of single cities, as representing states or combinations of states. In political life, as in everything else, there was a universal Grecian character, which distinguished all Hellas ; while there was such diversity, such contrast, such opposition among the cities, that it seems absurd to consider the Hellenes a single nation. They were united by *panegyreis*, or festal communions, which, however important in relation to art, commerce, and social life, had but little connection with politics. Again, they were united by *amphictyoneis*, or confederacies with a common council, composed of representatives from the confederated states. Of these the Amphictyonic Council, which assembled every six months, alternately at Delphi and at Thermopylæ, is the most important in an historical point of view. But in these confederacies — though they sometimes interfered with effect to enforce the principles of international law — there was nothing of the nature of a common government. The members might assemble, and pass a decree, for example, that a force should be raised for a special purpose at such a time ; but they had little or no power of compelling the several states to furnish their contingents, unless the conduct of the whole business was placed in the hands of some powerful prince, like Philip of Macedon, who had the resources of a kingdom at his command. Another bond of union consisted in the interchange between the states of mutual hospitalities, and of civil rights, such as the right of intermarriage and that of owning property. But each of these forms of relation or union, and all of them together, fell short of a common central government, clothed by a nation with the power of making laws and enforcing them. Here was the element of weakness, which led to the exhaustion of



frequent wars, and the final overthrow of Hellenic freedom, first under the Macedonian monarch, and afterward by the Roman armies. Each little community claimed the sovereign right of regulating its own affairs, and of treating with every other on the footing of absolute equality, with no supreme head, and no controlling authority, except the principles of international law as discussed by the heralds and ambassadors, through whom their intercourse with one another was carried on. Every city, therefore, had its constitution; and from this state of things we readily understand and credit the assertion that Aristotle had studied more than two hundred constitutions before he wrote his work on Polity. The seeds of division were planted by the predominance of the city over the country; by extensive migrations, which severed the ties of blood and nativity; by jarring local interests; by conflicting systems, as those of democracy, oligarchy, and tyranny; and, finally, by the formation of rival confederacies, on an extensive scale.

Before the Persian wars, Sparta took a leading part in the affairs of Greece. The close of the Persian wars left Athens a maritime power, thus giving her the leadership; and from that period to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, the states of Greece ranged themselves under these two imperial capitals, as the chief representatives of two systems of government and two contrasted races. At the close of the Peloponnesian war, Sparta was for a time the controlling power of Greece; but Athens soon regained a portion of her former influence, and began again to compete with her ancient rival. For a brief period, under the energetic leading of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, Thebes asserted her claims to the headship; so that three powers were striving, with mutual jealousy and hate, to hold the mastery in their hands. When Philip of Macedon commenced his ambitious career, this condition of things in Greece facilitated the schemes of universal empire which his active, able, and grasping spirit led him to form, and at the same time magnified the difficulties with which the supporters of national independence in the several states had to contend.

The moment the designs of Philip were understood, the only hope of safety lay in a close union of the Grecian commonwealths, under a common government, or at least a common congress; and this was the policy urged with unfaltering energy and matchless ability by Demosthenes. But Philip's gold corrupted many of the popular leaders; others could not be convinced of the imminency of the danger; others still, — and perhaps this was the most fatal symptom of all, — like Phocion the incorruptible, and the somewhat timid Isocrates, either from the deep discouragement inspired by the public vices of the times, or from a doubt of the possibility or expediency of resistance, opposed the measures of Demosthenes, tied his hands, and crippled his strength. All these causes combined led to the final downfall of the Grecian states, and the establishment of the Macedonian power over their ruins.

In the states themselves, especially in the democracies, the warfare of contending parties was fierce and incessant; and the struggles springing from it often resulted, not in the peaceable retirement of the defeated, and the assumption of power by the victors, but in the banishment or death of the heads of the unsuccessful party. A constitutional opposition scarcely entered the thoughts of the ancients. On all these points the details are endless, and most instructive to the citizen of a modern republic.

The political evils existing in the world around them led philosophic minds into speculation upon the means of avoiding or removing them. The violence of parties, the influence of demagogues, the oppressions exercised by the rabble over the great and good men who incurred their displeasure, the insecurity of property, and the perpetual agitations of society, discouraged and disheartened them. Xenophon was an admirer and an advocate of Spartan discipline. Plato looked with distrust on the popular courts, which he stigmatized as mobs. In his Republic he shadows forth a constitution of society, by which he seems to think the evils that afflicted humanity under existing institutions might be cured; but the cure, so much

worse than the disease, is a sad proof how little the most brilliant genius and the most profound learning avail in dealing with human affairs on *a priori* grounds, setting aside the lights of experience. The disbanding of the family; the absolute subjection of the individual to the state; the consequent abolition of marriage and overthrow of the relations growing out of it; the division of the community into classes founded upon a theoretical analogy between the appetites and faculties of man on the one part, and the functions of the state on the other, — the reason in man corresponding to the ruling power in the state, the anger to the military, the appetites to the body of the people, — these things make us doubt the wisdom of intrusting a merely speculative philosopher with the affairs of government. It is true, the work contains numerous passages of the grandest moral eloquence; — admirable ideas on the education both of men and of women; thoughts on the nature of law, which have their eternal application to the condition of mankind; discussions on justice, which perhaps have never been surpassed; — but all this wisdom failed when the author came to construct on paper his working-model of a republic. He anticipates every one of the ideas of modern socialists, clothing them, however, in an elegance of form, which the plagiarists, beginning with St. Simon and ending with the phalansterian pedants of our day and land, have been utterly unable to copy.

Aristotle had nothing of the eloquence and fervor which belonged to Plato, whose discourses he had heard at the Academy; but he had the most capacious intellect and piercing reason that have ever yet appeared on earth. His insatiable eagerness for knowledge gained for him the title of the Reader, in the cultivated circles of Athens. He was appointed by Philip to educate the young prince, afterwards known as Alexander the Great. The enlightened views of commerce, civilization, and literature, which so honorably distinguish Alexander from the vulgar herd of conquerors, were doubtless owing to the teachings of the philosopher of Stagira; pity that he was not able to reason his royal pupil into sound views of right-



eousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Wherever the monarch marched, the Iliad of Homer, prepared by Aristotle, was his companion, Greek culture followed his footsteps, and civilization found a home. The objects of natural history were collected, without reference to cost, and sent to his tutor, then in Athens, and lecturing at the Lyceum, on the banks of the Ilissus. Those collections furnished the materials of his work on the History of Animals, which to this day is a manual in the hands of the student of science, and which anticipates the four great divisions of the animal kingdom demonstrated by Cuvier and Agassiz. Let me add, as an illustrious example of enlightened liberality, that Alexander sent eight hundred talents, or more than a million of dollars, to carry out the scientific projects and researches of the Lyceum. Here Aristotle passed many years of his laborious life, discoursing to crowds of eminent persons and loving pupils on physical science, on logic, which he commenced and perfected, on metaphysics, some departments of which have not advanced since his day, on rhetoric, poetry, and politics. Plato was more imaginative, and soared to sublimer heights of ethical and religious speculation. In morals he was Christian, before Christianity. With him justice was the law of the universe and the voice of God. Aristotle, with a style somewhat dry and precise, was a keener observer of nature, and a surer judge of practical ethics, political questions, and constitutional systems. The range of his positive knowledge was vastly greater, being coextensive with the literature and the science of his times. Plato ascended on the wings of speculation to the highest empyrean of thought; but Aristotle had a firmer foothold on the solid earth.

His work on Polity, or Government, has been thought by the greatest masters of this science to have exhausted the subject. In style it is somewhat formal, and severely logical and exact. He is sparing of words, — sometimes too much so for the comfort of the reader. But no man can study it even now without surprise at the knowledge, sagacity, and wisdom of its author. In his criticism of the defects and errors of govern-

ments, he not only expounds the past of his own time, but deals prophetically with what was then in the future; and a large part of his principles and comments are as applicable now as they were three-and-twenty centuries ago. He maintains that the legitimate object of government is not to increase the wealth of the few, nor to favor the poor at the expense of the rich, nor to encourage mere equality; nor is it established for mutual defence alone, nor for the promotion of trade and commerce only, nor for any other exclusively material purpose; but its greatest and highest aim is, to make virtuous and good citizens, to promote the happiness arising from blamelessness of life, to lead to the perfecting of man's social and moral nature, and to encourage those great and noble deeds that dignify and adorn one's country. Those, therefore, who can most contribute to these results have the best title to a share in the government. The object of all good government is the pursuit of the common welfare. Tyranny is the corruption of monarchy, oligarchy of aristocracy, and democracy of a republic; for tyranny is monarchy looking only to the interest of the monarch, oligarchy regards the interests of the rich alone, and democracy cares only for the interest of the poor: neither consulting the good of the whole. The number of citizens invested with the governing power in a state ought to be sufficient to insure all the purposes of security and well-being for which society was founded. Differing fundamentally from Plato, he makes the family — the institution first in order, and growing out of daily exigencies — the basis of the state; next, the village; next, a collection of villages, or a commonwealth; — so that the same necessity of our nature that leads to association produces government, and man is just as much formed by nature for a state of political society, as he is for the simplest bonds of union, those of the family and the village. But all systems of communism he rejects as impracticable and absurd, except in some specific cases, under particular forms of administration, in which, though the property should be private, the use of it may be public. One of the reasons why he rejects

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communism is remarkable. "To give pleasure and aid to friends, guests, or companions, is the greatest of delights; and this belongs to private, individual property." Marriage he recognizes as a divine institution, designed not only for utility, but for happiness. He discerns the plan of Providence in the characteristics of the sexes which fit them for their different careers in life,—the nature of each being foreordained by God, and pointing to the union of both for their mutual happiness. He has made the one stronger, for protection and defence; the other weaker, for watchfulness: the one for active life out of doors, the other for quiet domestic occupations; the one to support the rising family, the other to nurture and educate it. In another work, — the History of Animals, — it is true, he admits that there are some men who have the qualities of women, and some women who have the loud voice of men, and can vie with them in physical strength; and he adds, by way of illustration, that it has been observed that some hens take it upon themselves to crow, and so far unsex themselves as to come off victorious in cock-fighting.

The duties of practical statesmanship are thus forcibly summed up. "The statesman is not always able to adopt the measure which appears to his judgment to be clearly the best, but is obliged to put up with that which circumstances enable him to carry; and he is bound to look, not to the present only, but to the stability and duration of his country's institutions. He must observe what is fitting for men in general, and not stand out for what is theoretically the best; he must aim at what is possible and acceptable, and not follow the example of those who are never content but with some fancied perfection. It is not an easier matter to renovate a constitution than to found one." On the best government he says: "What is morally true of individuals is also true of a government; for a government represents the moral life of a community. Accordingly, as in all states there are three great divisions,—the very rich, the very poor, and the middle classes,—and as it is admitted that a happy mediocrity is the thing most



to be desired, it is evident that the best condition of society is that in which the middle classes most abound ; for of all classes they are the most likely to be governed by calm reason. But the two extremes of society — the very wealthy and the very powerful on the one hand, and on the other, the necessitous, weak, ignorant, and base — are with difficulty brought to submit to reason. The former are overbearing, and wicked on a great scale ; the latter are mischievous, and wicked in a small way. A state composed of these two extremes may be said to consist of tyrants and slaves. The latter know not how to rule, but must submit to despotic authority ; the former know not how to obey, but will exercise a tyrannical sway over the rest. . . . That state will be best conducted which is composed, as far as possible, of those whom we call its main stay. For they neither covet what does not belong to them, nor are they exposed to envy ; and being neither the objects nor the authors of aggression, their position is secure. Wherefore Phocylides the poet wisely prayed :

‘Happiest are they who walk the middle path ; —  
That middle path O grant me in the state.’ ”

Aristotle saw with unerring glance the dangers that beset popular governments. “The insolence of demagogues,” says he, “is generally the cause of ruin in democracies. First, they calumniate the wealthy, and rouse them against the government, thus causing opposite parties to unite against a common danger. Next, they produce the same result by stirring up the populace and creating a sense of insecurity. Nearly all the tyrants of old began with being demagogues. . . . In well-balanced commonwealths, besides the strict observance of established laws, it is especially necessary to keep a close watch upon little matters. For a great change in the laws may creep on gradually, just as a small expense often incurred ruins a large fortune. . . . Next, let men be on their guard against those who flatter and mislead the multitude ; their actions prove what sort of men they are. . . . Of the tyrant, spies and informers are the principal instruments. . . . War is his favor-

its occupation, for the sake of engrossing the attention of the people, and making himself necessary to them as their leader. An unbridled democracy is exactly similar to a tyranny. Its objects and instruments are the worst, and both are equally served by the tamest of mankind. It is always anxious to lord it as a sovereign; it therefore has its flatterers in the shape of demagogues. Ancient customs must be done away with; ancient ties, civil and sacred, must be broken; everything must be changed according to new and false theories; and the result is, an assimilation of democratic to tyrannical government, in its habits and modes of action." In a remarkable passage on the functions of legislation, he says: "There are two parts of our nature, the higher and the lower. The latter seems to subsist for the sake of the former, and in order, under right direction, to be instrumental to its development. The arts minister to and aid the reason. Labor and business are undertaken for the sake of leisure; war, for the sake of peace; the most necessary and useful things, for the sake of leading to the most beautiful. The legislator, therefore, embracing all these in his consideration, should have regard not to the inferior arts and results alone, but to the highest ends and objects of our existence. Business and war are right in their turn; but far better are peace and leisure. The things necessary and useful to our daily life are to be attended to; but even more, the true, the beautiful, and the honorable. . . . The military virtues should be regarded chiefly as the means of maintaining peace; and peace and leisure should be made fruitful by the devotion of men's minds to justice and temperance, philosophy and wisdom, in which alone, and not in idle and luxurious enjoyment, true happiness consists."

I close these abstracts of doctrine from the *Polity* of this great philosopher with a condensed view of his ideas on education. "In childhood and in the earliest period of education, have more care for the health of the body than for the mind, and for the moral character than for the intellectual. Let nothing base or servile, vulgar or disgraceful, meet the

eye or assail the ear of the young; for from words to actions is but a step. Let their earliest and first impressions of all things be the best. Let them be taught fully all the essential elements of education, and as much of what is useful in a merely mechanical point of view as will have the effect of rendering the body, the soul, and the intellectual powers capable of arriving at the highest excellence of their respective natures. A too exclusive devotion to some of the mere mechanical arts is apt to injure the bodily faculties, and to depress the mind by unduly absorbing it. Therefore let not only those things be learned which are the usual instruments of instruction, but those which, like the fine arts, teach us how to enjoy and embellish leisure. The merely useful or absolutely necessary matters of education are not the only ones that deserve attention; but to those should be added such as exalt and expand the mind, and convey a sense of what is beautiful and noble. For to be looking everywhere to the merely useful, is little fitted to form an elevated character or a liberal mind." Great and generous sentiments these, which, if adopted in the government of a state and the education of its children, would most assuredly render it immortal.

How far did any ancient constitution come up to this standard of the most practical mind of antiquity? Many of the faults and errors of government which Aristotle blames certainly existed in the Constitution of Athens, which I proceed to sketch in outline, as it worked during the historical times, without noticing particularly the changes and adaptations it underwent from period to period. Madame de Stäel, in her lively manner, said to Sir James Mackintosh, "Tell me all about the British Constitution in ten words." I shall try to do the same with the Constitution of Athens; for in Athens the chief interest concentrates, in this as in so many other regards. I must leave out of the view the numerous boards appointed to transact city or local business, to examine the qualifications of candidates for office, to audit their accounts



on leaving office, and to conduct the administration of the revenue, — a very interesting and instructive subject, admirably illustrated by Boeckh, but not belonging to the mere outline of the government now proposed. The details of police must also be omitted.

The people of Attica, as we have seen on the authority of Thucydides, had been from the earliest times less disturbed than other parts of Greece by great immigrations and the inroads of invaders, — the lightness of the soil and the hilly character of so large a portion of the territory presenting fewer attractions to the wandering hordes from the north. The plains, however, especially that in which stood the city of Athens, watered by the Cephissus and the Ilissus, became rich and beautiful under the refining hand of Attic industry and taste. In the midst of this plain rose the rocky hill around which the town was formed, and on which were built the Parthenon, the Erechtheium, and the Propylæa. This was virtually the focus of Hellenic art and religion, crowded not only with temples, but with altars and innumerable statues. On the southern side were the great Dionysiac Theatre and the Odeium of Pericles; on the west, the Temple of Victory, and the magnificent entrance, up which the great Panathenaic procession wound its way with the sacred *peplos* of Athene, wrought by the fairest hands in Athens. Just below lay the Agora, with its bustling scenes of commerce, statues of the Eponymic heroes, galleries, and courts of law; beyond rose the Pnyx, the place of popular assembly; on the north, the Areopagus, the Temple of the Eumenides, and Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles; on the east and northeast, at a short distance, those immortal hills, Hymettus and Pentelicus. The city was joined to the port of Peiræus by the Long Walls.

The Athenian government was founded on a territorial division into ten tribes, named after ten of the ancient heroes, and a subdivision into *demoi*, or districts, at first one hundred in number, but afterwards increased to one hundred and sev-

enty-four. These were named from the chief towns in them, as Marathon, Eleusis; or from the names of leading families or clans, as Dædalidæ, Boutadæ, and the like. Each demos and each tribe, like our towns and counties, had its municipal organization, with religious rites, festivals, property, taxes, and officers of various kinds to execute the local laws and regulations. In designating a citizen, it was customary, at least in all formal documents, to affix the name of the demos to which he belonged, as well as his father's name, as Demosthenes, the son of Demosthenes, the Pæanian.

Notwithstanding the character of the soil of Attica, it was the most populous region in Greece, on account of its industry and extended commerce. It is one of the most difficult problems of antiquarian science to ascertain definitely the population of a city or country at any particular epoch. The number of the citizens of Athens who shared in the public affairs is usually stated as between twenty and thirty thousand. Boeckh, in his excellent work on the Public Economy of the Athenians, after examining all the facts, and the conclusions drawn from them by others, rates the entire population of Attica—men, women, children, and slaves—at five hundred thousand, as a probable average. The ratio of the free population to the slaves was about one to three. Slaves were more humanely treated in Athens than in any other part of Greece. Aristotle recognizes them as property, indeed; but he adds that they are also persons, having rights not to be violated. They were brought into the Athenian market from Thrace, Lydia, Phrygia, and other parts of Asia, and even from Africa. The highest price mentioned as paid for one was a talent, or about eleven hundred dollars; but prices varied from this to ten dollars. Government slaves were mostly prisoners of war. In Athens slaves were subjected to vexatious restrictions with regard to dress and ways of life, and they might be put to the torture as witnesses in law cases; but they were also under the protection of the law, and could prosecute their masters for assault and battery.

Hyperides, as quoted by Athenæus, says, "Our laws make no distinction in this respect between freemen and slaves; they grant to all alike the privilege of bringing an action against those who insult or injure them." The Constitution provided that slaves might purchase their own freedom so soon as, by the prudent management of the private property secured to them by law, they were able to pay their master a fair price for the loss of their services. Almost every citizen owned slaves; the wealthier classes, a large number. Plato says that a citizen often owned fifty. The father of Demosthenes owned more than fifty; Hipponicus had six hundred; and Nicias had a thousand working in the mines alone.

It belongs to the very nature of the servile condition, that those who are its victims have no part or lot in the administration of the government. By Solon's Constitution, the rights of citizenship depended on property; and a numerous class of the poorest freemen, as well as the slaves, were excluded from the political franchise. But the democratic element gained strength, and the basis of citizenship was enlarged, until every free-born Athenian, of the legal age, and not disqualified by crime, had his full share in the government of the state. The official persons were appointed by lot or election; it being assumed that every man who enjoyed the legal rights of citizenship was qualified in other respects to discharge the duties of any office. To this, however, there were some exceptions. Nine magistrates were annually elected, under the title of Archons. One, the head of the board, was called the Eponymus, and the acts and events of the year ran in his name; the second was styled the King Archon; the third was named the Polemarch, because originally his duties related to the department of war; and the last six were the Thesmothetæ, so called in reference to the annual revision of the laws. These officers were the official heads of the state, so far as the state had any head at all. The legislative bodies were, first, the *Boule*, or Senate of Five Hundred, fifty being annually drawn by lot from each tribe, among persons not under thirty years of age,



and in all respects of honorable standing as citizens ; and, secondly, the *Ecclesia*, or popular assembly, which all citizens of legal age — eighteen or twenty — were entitled to attend. Every subject of domestic and foreign policy was discussed and determined by these two bodies, the latter of which met three or perhaps four times every month, besides being called together by special notice on sudden or very important emergencies. The Senate had the initiative in every measure. A bill which had passed that body was called a *probouleuma*, or preliminary decree ; and having passed the lower body, it became a *psephisma*, or law. Negotiations with foreign states were carried on by the popular assembly, not through resident ministers, but through ambassadors sent whenever the occasion called for such a mission. As the salaries of foreign ministers have lately become an interesting subject of debate, it may be mentioned that the ministers of Athens received an appropriation of two shillings a day for the whole period of their absence. The consequence was, that they transacted the business as quickly as possible. But the example is not to be recommended. Public advocates — corresponding to our attorney-general — received a shilling a day ; a member of the Assembly, nine cents ; a Senator, a shilling.

The administration of justice was assigned to several classes of courts. The highest, the Areopagus, was made up of the ex-archons who had honorably discharged the duties of their office. This court and the Senate were regarded by Solon as the elements of stability in the Constitution, — “ on which the state, riding as upon anchors, might be less tossed by storms.” Two courts of arbitrators, consisting of citizens who had reached the middle period of life, — forty or fifty years of age, — determined a great variety of civil actions, without recourse to the ordinary tribunals. There were many other courts, before which various classes of actions relating to municipal, civil, and military affairs were brought. Sometimes the collective body of the people resolved themselves into a tribunal, and proceeded to try a special case, or to refer it, after

a preliminary inquiry, to one of the regular courts. But the great mass of the legal business at Athens was transacted by the *dicasts*, or jurymen, of the Heliastic courts, of which there were ten in number, corresponding to the ten tribes. Out of those members of the several tribes who were thirty years of age and upwards, and who possessed all the rights of citizenship, five thousand were annually drawn by lot, under the superintendence of the archons and their secretary; and to these were added a thousand supernumeraries, making the whole number six thousand. A single jury, numbering five hundred, usually constituted a court; but sometimes, when the cause appeared to be of great public interest and importance, two or three were united; so that the number of dicasts sitting in a single case might vary from a quorum of less than three hundred to a thousand or fifteen hundred. Each case was entered with one of the archons, or some other magistrate, whose jurisdiction was fixed by law; and he prepared it for trial by the court. This magistrate was said to have the *hegemony*, or leadership of the court, because he not only took preliminary charge of the case, but presided at the trial. His functions, however, bore no resemblance to those of the modern judge. He merely determined, in the first instance, whether there was any ground for action; and if there was, officiated as president, maintaining order, and putting the question to vote when the pleadings were over.

The courts were ready for business except on festival days and the days of assembly meetings. The oath administered to each dicast before taking his seat is given by Demosthenes, in the oration against Timocrates. "I will vote according to the laws and the decrees of the people of Athens, and of the Senate of the Five Hundred, and I will not vote for a tyrant, or an oligarchy; and if any one should attempt to overthrow the popular Constitution of Athens, or should speak or vote adversely to its principles, I will not support him. I will not vote for the repudiation of private debts, nor for a division of the land of the Athenians, nor of their houses. I will not re-

store the exiles, nor those against whom sentence of death has been passed, nor will I exile those who remain, contrary to the existing laws, and the decrees of the people and of the Senate of the Five Hundred. I will neither do these things myself, nor will I permit them in another. Nor will I establish an office to be held by one who has not rendered account of a previous office; . . . and the same man shall not hold the same office twice, nor two offices in the same year. I will not receive bribes on account of the court, nor shall another in my behalf, nor shall others with my knowledge, on any ground or pretext whatsoever. I am not less than thirty years of age. I will hear both the accuser and the defendant impartially, and will so decide on the matter of the prosecution. I invoke Zeus, Poseidon, Demeter. I imprecate destruction on myself and my house, if I violate any of these obligations; but if I keep my oath, I pray for many blessings."

Law cases were generally divided into two classes, according as they affected the individual or the public. Another distinction was made between cases in which the fine or penalty was to be estimated by the court, and those in which it had been fixed by the laws. The theory of legal process required the parties to conduct the business in person. There was no bar, as in our times; but the litigants were at liberty to consult friends, or experts in the law. The arguments were often written out by persons employed and paid for the work, and delivered *memoriter* by the parties. This system had at least the advantage of enabling the lawyer to get a fee on both sides. In the course of time, the advocate was allowed to appear for his client; and in certain cases public prosecutors were appointed, and their fees determined by law. Thus, though in form there was no Athenian bar, the necessities of the public administration of justice established customs and usages which amounted to the same thing. The dicast received from the paymaster three obols, or about nine cents, for every day's work. The decision was given by ballot.

No doubt the law was in general fairly administered by the



Athenian courts. Every question involving rights of person or property was discussed with consummate ability, as we know by the extant pleadings of the Athenian advocates. But there was no learned, upright, and independent judge to rule the points of law, and to sum up the evidence in the case. The dicasts took the law and the facts into their own hands; and from their verdict, however unjust, there lay no appeal. The passions of the moment were excluded from the seats of justice by no barrier which they could not easily overleap. The consequence was,—and it is a most instructive fact in the history of jurisprudence,—that the courts of Athens, at times, were stained with acts of perjury and blood, which fill us with contempt and horror as we read them; and for the moment we feel no surprise that Plato, after the judicial murder of Socrates, placed them on the same level with other mobs. But this at least may be said, that the administration of the law was open and public, and became a matter of history. Despots have another mode of compassing the ends of injustice. The stealthy arrest, the prison hidden from every human eye except the keeper's, the secret execution, shut their judicial misdeeds from the blaze of notoriety, in which the death of Socrates and that of the generals of Arginusæ have received the execration of the world.

The idea of trial by jury lay at the foundation of the legal procedure of the Athenians; but with no judge, with juries of five hundred, a thousand, or fifteen hundred, and with their comprehensive powers, the courts were inevitably liable to be swayed by the gusts of popular passion; and we gain a very important lesson, when we contrast the different results under the different method of applying the same principles in our own courts, and see how greatly the security for every species of right is increased by a few simple safeguards, chiefly suggested by Anglo-Saxon tact and experience. The defect in the political arrangements of Greece was the want of a federal union with an effective central government. The defect in the Constitution of Athens was the want of a distinct

executive head, and the blending of legislative, judicial, and executive functions in the same persons. But we can trace every maxim of civil prudence to the philosophers and statesmen of Greece. In the practical working of the liberal institutions of Athens, commerce, industry, and the arts flourished; and this shows a high degree of confidence in the wisdom of the government. Abuses, no doubt, existed, and crimes were committed; but during the whole history of the courts of Athens, nothing was perpetrated so bad as the judicial murders which have stained the annals of England, no deed so dark and damning as the bloody trials for witchcraft in our own model State. The Demos of Athens was encroaching and arrogant; he longed after the lands of his neighbors; he annexed the cities and islands of the Ægean Sea; he wanted to annex Sicily, because it might else give a foothold from which his rival, the Spartan, could annoy him; and he thought that his irresistible destiny beckoned him thither. But with all his faults and vices, he developed the ideas of law, order, and justice, which lie at the basis of good government wherever existing; and he left the imperishable records of his wisdom and experience as fountains of instruction to the world.

## LECTURE XII.

### LITERATURE.—THE THEATRE.

GREEK literature is the basis of modern civilization. Of its absolute merits as an instrument of culture, no reasonable person, with competent knowledge, can entertain a doubt. To its importance in the systems of study on which modern education rests, the best minds have borne the strongest testimony. It was remarked that in the circle of Greek education foreign languages found no place, and in this respect we certainly have an advantage over the ancients. As an extensive intercourse with the world removes prejudices and enlarges the mind, so a range of study which embraces foreign languages and their literature furnishes a wider scope for the exercise of reason, judgment, and taste, and creates a higher point of observation, whence we may survey the achievements of man in the exercise of his loftiest faculties. But before the Greeks there were no Greeks to study; and in the time of the Greeks, they could do nothing better than study themselves. The classics of their own language were their only classics; and the thoroughness of their training in these was a point in their education which deserves the respect of all times. We can be familiar with them, and with our own writers besides. The latter need not be neglected on account of the former. We should do the one, and not leave the other undone. We should study Homer, but Milton also; we should make Shakespeare the companion of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and Aristophanes should be illustrated by Goldsmith and Sheridan.

Plato intimates that the invention of writing, which he attributes to an Egyptian deity, had weakened the faculty of



memory. It may be so; but I think no reasonable man would hesitate to surrender, if necessary, a portion of his individual memory for an art which eternizes the memory of the human race, and by intellectual intercourse binds the nations and the ages together. To us, literature presents certainly one of the most beautiful aspects of the life of Greece. Its relation to the daily being and enjoyments of men was, however, in many respects very different from that which the art of printing and the abundance of books have given to it in our day. It affected the taste, mind, and heart, more through the ear than by the written page. The Homeric poems were delivered, first by the author himself, and then by singers, who travelled like actors from place to place, and rehearsed the divine verses from memory to enchanted multitudes. When the epic age passed away, the lyric succeeded; and here, too, public delivery, accompanied by the music of instruments and the rhythmical movements of numerous choruses, was the form in which the poet addressed himself to the general mind. The national games and local festivals were occasions on which not only poetry found a voice, but even history and philosophy attracted attention and won applause. Herodotus, reading his immortal work at the Panathenæa, is one of the commonplaces of classical allusion. The discourses of the philosophers in the public square, the gymnasium, and the panegyric assemblies, gave an intellectual cast to scenes originally connected only with business or with contests of physical strength. At the Panathenaic festival, the most gorgeous ceremonial in Athens, rhapsodists, appointed by public authority, rehearsed the poems of Homer. Musical and lyrical contests were held in the Odeium, and discourses delivered, of which the Panathenaicus — one of the most finished orations of Isocrates — affords an interesting specimen.

The public debates — the harangues of the orators, which were not listened to, unless they had received the last touches of literary elegance — must be regarded as a very important means of intellectual influence, instruction, and delight, from

the time of Solon down to the death of Demosthenes. Imagine the majestic person of Pericles, — Olympian Pericles, — speaking to the people of Athens in those magnificent periods which made men say that he thundered, and lightened, and stirred up all Hellas. Imagine the austere and sorrowful countenance of Demosthenes, when, after his patriotic hopes have been dashed to the ground by the disastrous battle of Chæro-neæ, the occasion is seized by his personal and political enemies to assail his public and private character, to impeach his motives, to overbear him with invective and slander, to load his private life with the loathsome calumnies of malice and personal hatred, to make the people, who have honored and trusted him, believe that he is profligate in morals and the hireling of northern gold ; — he, who exhausted the midnight lamp in studies that have made his works immortal ; who upheld the public faith, when an attempt was made to break it down ; who year after year rallied the faltering courage of his countrymen, and breasted the onsets of the Macedonian ; who labored, sparing neither time, nor strength, nor health, to unite the Greeks against domestic treason and foreign levy ; who, when his only daughter died, strove to forget the anguish that wrung his heart by increased devotion to the honor and glory of his country ; who was liberal above measure of his private fortune, to redeem captives and relieve the wants of the poor, and for this was libelled by Æschines the slanderer as a spendthrift who had ridiculously wasted his property ; — he to whom the august image of Athens, standing on the loftiest height of glory in this world, surrounded by the memorials of her heroes, sages, and artists, was the most inspiring theme of eloquence, until his dying day ; — imagine this man, whose genius has been his country's stay and staff for thirty years, without his having been the official head of the state, rising to vindicate his character and policy before his assembled countrymen. Eight years have passed since the first step in the trial was taken. The rumor of the contest has gone forth to every corner of the Grecian world. Crowds, greater than ever thronged to a festi-

val, fill the city, and press to the centre of interest. The accusation is over; powerful, plausible, vehement, vindictive, perhaps unanswerable. Demosthenes is a great criminal, and his whole policy is a great crime. Can he cleanse his fair fame of the perilous stuff which has been dashed upon it? Some are filled with doubt; others with fear or hope; all with expectation wrought to an intolerable intensity. He rises calmly and solemnly. The temples and images of his country's gods stand before him on yonder height, and he utters slowly and earnestly a prayer for their protection in the danger that has fallen upon him. There stand the Propylæa and the Arsenal; in the Peiræan harbor rides the fleet, which has always been the object of his patriotic care. With these emblems of Athenian genius and power appealing to the present sense, can he doubt that his countrymen will justify him for pursuing a policy in accordance with the illustrious history of the past? Will they judge him by the result, which was in the hands of God, and lay beyond the scope of human wisdom? Will they take their stand with him on the serene heights of national honor, and, if fall they must, fall at least with dignity? or will they give the lie to former noble deeds, and condemn themselves in condemning him? "It is not true," he exclaims, "it is not true, men of Athens, that you erred in taking on yourselves the peril for the liberty and safety of all. No! by your ancestors, who breasted the first shock of danger at Marathon; by those who stood in battle array on the field of Plataea; by those who fought the sea-fight of Salamis; by those who fell at Artemisium; and by the many others who rest in the public sepulchres, — brave men, — to all of whom the city, deeming them worthy of the same honor, gave a public burial, — not, Æschines, to those only who had been successful or victorious, — and justly; for the duty of brave men has been done by all; but they have borne the fortune which was allotted to each by the will of God."

The force of the argument, the grandeur of its ethical and religious tone, the overwhelming eloquence of the appeal to



whatever was noblest in the patriotic spirit, most inspiring in the proud recollections of ancestral renown, — the earnestness and boldness of innocence and truth, — so wrought both on citizens and on strangers, that long before the trial was over the libeller of his country's most illustrious citizen and greatest statesman withdrew from the scene, left the city and Attica itself, passed over to Rhodes, where he became a teacher of rhetoric, and never again showed his face in Athens.

The transactions of public life were not all tainted with the spirit of the demagogue. If in reading Demosthenes even now one finds it difficult to sit still or keep silent, what must have been the moral effect upon those who stood on the spot, under all the influences of that unparalleled scene, with the throbbing passions of the moment, and listened to the voice of the patriot and orator, who has been equalled but once in the history of constitutional liberty!

Though the popular influence of literature, both in poetry and prose, depended on the excitement of personal presence and oral delivery, the means and materials were not wanting for publication by multiplying copies. I cannot doubt that Homer and his successors had manuscript copies of the poems which it was their vocation to deliver from city to city. We are told that there was something like a library collected at Athens in the age of Peisistratus. We hear of cities possessing, at a very early period, editions of the poems of Homer. The earliest materials used for writing were wood, stone, the bark of trees, metallic and ivory tablets, and, afterward, the skins of animals. The trade with Egypt undoubtedly introduced papyrus into general use at a time earlier than is usually supposed. Tablets, prepared with a coating of wax, were frequently employed. The advantage they presented over some other materials consisted in the facility of correcting or altering what had been written, by turning the stylus and passing the flat end over the yielding surface. The kings of Pergamus rivalled the Ptolemies in their patronage of literature. Under their influence great improvements were made in the man-

ufacture of parchment, called *pergamena*, and the books in their libraries were written on the finest quality of this article. The formation of the immense libraries in Alexandria gave a similar impulse to improvement in the manufacture of the papyrus; so that, in the Roman times, the dealers offered for sale many varieties, from the coarse kind, used, like our brown paper, to wrap parcels in, up to the Augustan *charta* of the most delicate tissue, employed by kings and emperors in their journals and correspondence.

The stylus, or metallic pen, was never used for writing on papyrus or parchment. The unhappy modern who introduced this instrument of torture deserves to sit at his desk with nothing but steel pens during a wretched immortality. The age of calligraphy is gone, and the iron age has succeeded it. The ancient pen was made of the Egyptian reed, cut down to a point, split exactly like the quill, and thence called cloven-footed. The ink most commonly used was black, and some of it — the Egyptian ink — was so excellent and durable, that letters, hieroglyphs, and figures, traced more than five-and-twenty centuries ago, have the freshness and gloss of yesterday. The inkstands, some of which have been found in Pompeii, were made much like our own, single for one kind of ink, or double for red and black, and round or hexagonal. One was discovered at Herculaneum, containing ink, which, though somewhat thick, could still be used for writing. The inks of the ancients are thought to have resembled printer's ink, and not to have been so flowing as those now in use. The Roman satirist, Persius, describes an author who attributed the sluggish current of his ideas to the thickness of his ink, — a natural delusion, which every one in the habit of writing must have often experienced. For our knowledge of the actual details in the preparation and materials of Greek books, we have to depend on Egypt, and the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In Egypt, the use of paper rolls written in hieroglyphic, hieratic, or demotic characters dates from a very remote period. The copy of the Book of the Dead, published by Lepsius, is

supposed by him to belong to the fifteenth century before Christ. Fragments of manuscript contracts and documents in Greek, and of Greek poets, have been found in considerable numbers, belonging to the Ptolemæan period, and dating three centuries before Christ. These are deposits taken from tombs which, built in the solid rock and free from the slightest moisture, preserved them until the monuments were opened in the course of modern researches. Very recently, numerous and important fragments of an oration of Hypereides against Demosthenes — one often mentioned by the ancients, but supposed to be irrecoverably lost — have been found in a collection of old papyri, and published. Two libraries, containing a considerable number of manuscripts, — one in a villa in the neighborhood of Herculaneum, another in the house called that of the Tragic Poet of Pompeii, — have restored a large amount of lost literature. These rolls or volumes, though retaining their original shape, are nearly reduced to coal, and can be opened only by the nicest care and the most skilfully devised apparatus. Several have been successfully unrolled and published, — among the rest, a treatise on Music by Philodemus, a Greek author contemporary with Cicero.

The Greek writers employ all the terms belonging to books and to the practice of writing. We know that their system of legal pleadings, of court-records, and of keeping accounts in the public offices, their registers of citizens, commercial transactions, epistolary correspondence, and state archives, from a very early period, must have required an immense supply of writing materials; and that the Egyptian papyrus was the preferred material is most probable. We know that books abounded in Athens at the time of the great tragedians, or as early as the fifth century before Christ, and that copies of their pieces were in circulation. The orators after Pericles were accustomed to write out their discourses, and some, like Isocrates, depended wholly on this mode of communication with the public. Aristotle possessed an immense library, which was sold after his death. Whether Plato had one or not, we cannot say.



He makes no mention of books in his will, unless they are included under the general term *furniture*. Books were exported from Athens to the Greek colonies; and even book-auctions are mentioned as taking place in a particular part of the agora. Yet so thoroughly has Greece been ravaged in the long centuries since her life of glory that no remains of the libraries of her orators and poets have been found. Their works were preserved in transcripts made at other seats of learning, which passed down in a series of copies reaching from the third century before to the seventeenth after Christ, or through a period of two thousand years. There is no doubt, however, that books were made in Greece, as they were in Egypt and in the Greek cities of Italy, by copyists, under the various names of Calligraphoi, Tachygraphoi, and Chrysographoi, handsome writers, fast writers, and gold writers, so called from their writing in letters of gold, the preparation of which is described by Montfauçon. The paper was made from the thin coats of the papyrus-plant, a layer of which was put on a board, and another layer over it at right angles. These layers were joined by water from the Nile, which possessed a glutinous property, and then dried in the sun. The sheets were then pasted together, side by side, so as to form a strip of from twelve to fourteen inches wide, and of any length that might be desired. When ready for use, the pages were written down the sheets, the width of the strip making the length of the page. When the work was finished, it was rolled round a stick, from which came the name *volumen*, or roll. Commonly at the extremity of the stick there were ornamented balls. The ends of the roll were carefully polished, and the whole, for protection, was put into a case of parchment. The title of the book was written on a separate strip or ticket attached to the roll. In libraries, the books were arranged on shelves, with the ends outward, or in pigeon-holes; or they were kept in circular boxes, with elegantly ornamented lids. The reader took the scroll in his hand, unrolling it as he advanced, and rolling it up with the other hand, as he completed the successive pages.

With all the appliances of ancient skill in making books, they remained comparatively dear. The means placed in the hands of Aristotle enabled him to compete with princes in forming his collection. A large fortune would have been required to purchase as many volumes as may now be found in houses of very moderate pretensions. For literary culture, the great majority of the Greeks, even of the Athenians, must have depended on public discourses, on musical and lyrical representations, and especially on the stage.

Athens surpassed all other states in the number and brilliancy of her festivals, and in the lavish expenditure which her great resources and the popular policy of her rulers enabled her to supply. The national wealth of Athens was considered, even as late as the time of Demosthenes, to be equal to that of all the other states together, being estimated at thirty-five thousand talents, or forty millions of dollars. The public revenue at the most flourishing financial period is computed by Boeckh to have been eighteen hundred talents, or nearly two million dollars. The legal rate of interest at Athens was twelve per cent; but twenty or even thirty per cent was often paid. Judging by this standard, the present value of the revenue should be doubled. But perhaps even this does not fairly represent the case; for the prices of articles of subsistence were very much lower than at the present day. The family of Demosthenes, consisting of three persons after the death of his father, lived upon an expenditure of seven minæ a year — which would be one hundred and twenty-six dollars — exclusive of house-rent and the education of two children. An unmarried man might live tolerably well on a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars. The state expenditures were the disbursements for public buildings, festivals, and sacrifices, the pay of the senate, the assembly, the public physician, singers, musicians, actors, the navy and the army, and, from the time of Pericles, the *theoricon*, or admission-fee of the people to the theatre and other shows, which amounted annually to a very large sum, since every citizen who chose could draw two obols, and in some cases

more, from the treasury, for every exhibition. This last charge could not have fallen much short of forty thousand dollars.

The expense of bringing out the dramatic pieces was borne, like other costly offices, by the wealthier citizens of the several tribes, and was classed under the general term of *liturgies*, being placed as a public duty on the same footing with the fitting out of war ships, called the *trierarchic* liturgy, and with various public entertainments, which came in regular order and were assessed according to the property census. The drama was not a mere amusement at Athens, though the comic drama, in the hands of Aristophanes, was sufficiently amusing. It was connected with the great festivals of the national worship, and tragedy at least — solemn and wonderful tragedy, as Plato calls it — embraced a very large portion of the moral and religious instruction of the people; for it was not a limited entertainment, nor in any sense of the word a private speculation. It was under the direction of the chief archon, to whom the pieces were in the first instance submitted by the poets. A body of actors, in the pay of the state, was at his disposal; and he assigned three to each competing poet, as well as a chorus, which always formed one of the most characteristic features of the Athenian drama. The innumerable occasions on which solemn representations, consisting of poetical recitation, accompanied by rhythmical movement and the music of instruments, — the flute or the lyre, — were held, from the earliest times, had accustomed the people to the spectacle of the chorus, and trained large bodies of men for it. From these the archon selected the requisite number, twelve or fifteen for a tragedy, and twenty-five for a comedy, and assigned them to each poet. It was the duty of the citizen on whom the dramatic liturgy of his tribe had fallen to support and train the chorus, under the superintendence of the poet, at his own expense; and this office was generally performed with as much public spirit and ambition for popular applause as the gravest functions ever undertaken in the service of the state.

Every city in Greece had its theatre; not exclusively for



dramatic entertainments, but also for various religious services, and for meetings for public business. The great Dionysiac theatre at Athens was commenced in the time of Æschylus, and not completed until the time of Lycurgus the orator, who was intrusted with the charge of the public treasury at Athens for the unexampled period of fifteen years,—a man of such rigid honesty, that, when his own wife violated the law which he had caused to be enacted, prohibiting women from riding in chariots in the public processions, he brought her to trial and had her fined. What Madame thought of this energetic conjugal procedure, she has nowhere recorded. He not only completed the theatre, but caused bronze statues to be raised to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and copies of their works to be taken and deposited in the archives of the city.

Whether women attended the theatre at all, and, if they did, whether they sat by themselves, are questions much discussed by the curious; but several of the plots of Aristophanes seem to me to imply a knowledge of the plays of Euripides among the women hardly to be acquired except by frequent attendance at the theatre. The fact is almost expressly stated by Plato, in two or three passages, where the influence of the stage upon female morals is alluded to in terms that would be unintelligible on the supposition of their attendance being forbidden. Alciphron, in one of his agreeable epistles, represents Menander as writing to Glycera about an invitation he had received from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, to remove to his court. The letter is, indeed, a fictitious one, and is not of the same authority as if written by Menander himself. But in the second century, when Athenian literature had sustained no losses by time, it is scarcely to be supposed that so intelligent and elegant a writer as Alciphron could have been mistaken in a point of this nature. The enamored Menander is made to say that he declined the royal proposal: "For what happiness could I have without thee? Thy qualities and ways would make extreme old age appear like youth to me. Let us pass our youth together, our age together; yes, by the gods,

let us die together. God forbid that I should know what it is to feel that thou art no more. For what blessing would then remain? . . . . The king has also invited Philemon; *he* will take time to consider; but thou, O Glycera, art my judgment, my Areopagus, my Heliastic court, and, by Athene, my everything. By the twelve gods, I have not the remotest idea of embarking for so distant a kingdom as Egypt; nor, were Egypt in Ægina, over yonder, would I desert *my* kingdom, which is thy love, to behold, without my Glycera, a populous solitude in so great a mob of Egyptians. For all the golden splendors of the court, I would not exchange the pleasures of the stage, of the Lyceum, and the divine Academy. I would rather be crowned with the Dionysiac wreath, than with the diadem of Ptolemy, *if Glycera were sitting in the theatre and looking on.*" This shows, in the first place, that the author knew how to write a love-letter, and, in the second place, that women attended dramatic entertainments.

The two Dionysiac festivals, at which the tragic and comic representations chiefly took place, were in the spring. The chief one, called the Great Dionysia, was from the 10th to the 18th of the Attic month Elaphebolion, a time nearly corresponding to our first week in March, — a very beautiful season there, whatever it may be here. It was a period when the city was crowded with deputies from tributary and allied states, who had visited the capital to settle the accounts of their respective cities with the Athenian treasury; with suitors in law-cases, who were awaiting the action of the Heliastic courts; with travellers from every part of the civilized world, who had come to enjoy the pleasures of the great Hellenic holiday; with merchants and traders, who brought their wares, on this occasion, as to a great mart or fair; with artists, poets, sophists, and philosophers, drawn thither in the hope of fame or profit. Nothing was wanting to make the Great Dionysia one of the most splendid and imposing pictures in the life of Greece; and if we consider that it was the occasion for the development of the last great original form of Greek

literature, — the dramatic, — the peculiar boast of Athens, and the crowning flower of her genius, we shall see that there was reason in the enthusiasm and excitement which universally prevailed. The city put on its holiday attire. From daylight until sunset, the excited multitudes enjoyed a succession of pastimes, from the tricks of the juggler up to the loftiest representations of the Tragic Muse. The Athenians were early risers. Aristotle says, that the man who would accomplish great things must be up while it is yet dark. The lovely Grecian morning was more tempting than our freezing and sleety spring days, and there was something to encourage the citizen to leave his bed. Courts sat by the dawn, and the jurymen were sometimes conducted to the *Heliæa* by link-boys, as the city was not lighted at the public expense. The Senate and the popular Assembly usually met before sunrise. The Athenians were a people who loved the light of heaven. They thought that it was intended for the wakeful use of the faculties. With the exception of the mystic rites, some of the Dionysiac orgies, and occasional entertainments, such as that of Agathon, — which did not interfere with the early morning hour, since the revellers were already up, — the Athenians were a people who observed the old adage, “Early to bed, early to rise,” and enjoyed to the full the predicted consequence of health and wisdom. They had no balls, no theatre, no concerts, in the evening, and so they went to bed; and when the rosy-fingered Aurora shot her earliest arrows up the eastern hills, they were on foot, and ready for the frugal meal — a bit of bread, a fig, or a bunch of grapes — which preceded the morning occupations. In the days of the Dionysia, the theatre was thrown open with the earliest dawn, and the citizens and strangers were astir betimes, to secure their seats. The wealthier persons were followed by their attendants with cushions and sunshades, and perhaps a luncheon; for the session was likely to be long. Theophrastus, in his character of the Adulator, says: “At the theatre, taking the cushions from the servant, whose business it is to adjust them for his mas-



ter, he performs this office himself." You might have seen the magistrates, in their robes of office, proceeding, with strangers honored by the city, to their official place; ladies, veiled, winding their way along the passages, to apartments curtained off, perhaps, from the rude stare of the multitude; the untitled crowd, with their two-obol tickets, pressing through the street of the Tripods, after the solemn procession of dignitaries has passed by, to gain admittance into the common seats, scrambling over one another to secure the best.

By the time it is light enough to see, the religious service begins. The board of dramatic judges are on the critical bench, looking wise as so many reviewers. Perhaps a golden crown has been voted to some illustrious statesman for eminent services to the country. The herald comes forward, in the presence of all that is most distinguished in the world, and makes proclamation of the fact; that the world may know his merits, — that the citizens may be stirred to emulate his example by so noble a reward, — that his children may follow in the patriotic footsteps, and exult in the honored name, of him to whom they owe their being. Fit prelude this to the heroic doings and sufferings which are to follow in mimic life upon the stage. The dramatic contest commences, under the auspices of the god to whom the theatre is a temple. In succession the choruses of the rival tribes appear. Actors, scenery, costumes, have been elaborately prepared; music, movement, delivery, have been taught by the poet, down to the minutest point. The figures on the stage, too distant from the spectators for the flexible play of feature, present, in the sculptured countenance of the mask, only the great outlines of the character or passion which the poet has set down for them. They stand in groups, like compositions of plastic art; their solemn and stately recitation is heightened in its power by the increased volume imparted to the voice through the mask; and the sound rolls over the vast multitude, and reverberates from the colonnade behind and above them. The prologue over, the chorus enters, moving in anapæstic rhythm to the central

altar, around which most of their part of the action revolves; singing a lyrical ode, artfully constructed, embodying the religious or moral ideas growing out of the drama; or recalling distant events, which have something to do with the destinies of the characters; or moralizing in Doric strophes upon the action, as it is developing itself on the stage. The spectators express their enthusiasm by rousing applause; or, if an actor stumbles, they hiss him off the stage, or pelt him with figs and apples, rotten eggs not having yet been thought of.

In the interval between the first and second representations, acquaintances exchange greetings, and, after mutual inquiries about the health of their families, begin to discuss the merits of the pieces. The dramatic judges take notes and compare opinions on the same subject, under the weight of official responsibility. Less intellectually disposed persons seize the opportunity to refresh the inner man with some dainty bit and a flask of wine; nuts, raisins, sweetmeats, cakes, are passed round; and such a clattering of teeth and hum of voices fill the theatre as only twenty thousand hungry and sociable citizens can produce. As soon as the scenes are shifted, the next choregus on the list marshals in his dramatic troop, and another play, or the second part of a trilogy, is performed. How many come on in succession, we do not know, but the greater part of the forenoon was doubtless given to the tragic poets; and as the pieces were not long, a considerable number might be heard, when we consider the early hour at which they set to work.

The representation of comedies was held sometimes at the Lenæan Festival, a short time earlier than the Great Dionysia, and sometimes at the Dionysia, probably in the afternoon of the same days on which the tragedies were brought out. They were under the same general regulations, except that the board of judges consisted of ten, instead of four. A peculiar feature of the ancient comedy consisted in the *parabasis*, or address to the audience, in which the author, speaking by the mouth of the chorus, gave his opinions in a very free style

upon public events, or criticised the pieces of his rivals, or commended his own, generally uttering some ludicrous threat against the judges if they should fail to award him the prize. It is obvious that the business of the magistrate who had to read the pieces and to assign the chorus, as well as that of the dramatic judges who had to hear them and to decide their merits, was no sinecure. Imagine the mayor of this city required to examine plays offered for representation by rival poets from all the wards, and four aldermen obliged to rise at the peep of day, and, after eating a morsel of bread soaked in wine, going to an immense uncovered theatre, taking their places on marble seats, and sitting through ten or a dozen tragedies a day, for five or six days in succession !

The nature of the sources from which the Attic tragedy was drawn, and the high-toned doctrines of ethics and religion it inculcated, have caused the stage to be compared to the pulpit in modern times. This holds surprisingly true of Æschylus and Sophocles. The destinies of the ancient princely houses, whose awful crimes of murder, parricide, and incest overloaded the traditions of Greece, were well suited to stamp on the susceptible Hellenic spirit the profoundest lessons of the nature of sin and justice, and the terrible consequences of the wrath of God. Says the Chorus in the *Agamemnon* : —

“For Zeus doth teach men wisdom, sternly wins  
To virtue by the tutoring of their sins ;  
Yea ! drops of torturing recollection chill  
The sleeper’s heart ; ’gainst man’s rebellious will  
Zeus works the wise remorse ;  
Dread powers, on awful seats enthroned, compel  
Our hearts with gracious force.”

This solemn tone runs through the three plays in which the crimes, woes, and atonements of the doomed family of Agamemnon are unfolded with a grandeur of language and thought, and a force of characterization, worthy of the genius of Shakespeare ; while the overwhelming impression of the representation may, without irreverence, be compared with that



of the Hebrew prophets. This topic might be equally illustrated from the extant pieces of Sophocles, in which similar doctrines are preached, but in a style of more subdued elegance.

In a state of such lively political susceptibilities as Athens, an instrument of influence like the stage could not have been neglected by struggling parties. Notwithstanding the lofty and ideal tone of the tragedy, so suitable to the subjects borrowed from a distant heroic age, the poet sometimes gave his pieces a bearing, direct or indirect, upon the politics of his own times. *Æschylus* attempted to protect the court of the *Areopagus* against the encroaching radicalism of his age. *Sophocles* has frequent political allusions. In the *Antigone*, freedom and despotism are so powerfully contrasted with each other, and so much to the advantage of the former, that the author was not only overwhelmed with the applause of the people, but was appointed general in the Samian war, as the colleague of *Pericles* and *Thucydides*.

It was, however, only in the form of general principles, or by allusions, easily understood indeed, yet not conveyed in express terms, that tragedy dealt with contemporary politics. For a vivid, though doubtless exaggerated, picture of the morals, manners, passions, and demagoguery of the passing day, we must turn to the pages of *Aristophanes*. This most brilliant, but somewhat unscrupulous and wholly fearless genius, belonged to the same great age with the tragedians. He was a hearty lover of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, but made *Euripides* the constant butt of his ridicule. *Socrates*, as the friend of *Euripides*, was most unjustly held up by him as the master of a sophistical school where atheism was taught, and the art of making the worse appear the better reason was a daily practice. So far as his satire was levelled at the Sophists, whose skill turned on verbal quibbles, by which they not only proved that "naught is everything, and everything is naught," but that the right of the strongest is right by the law of nature, and that this is the only measure of justice; that pleasure and virtue are synonymous and convertible terms; that physical enjoyment is the

rule of morality, — so far as he aimed to hold this mountebank philosophy up to reprobation, he was to be praised. Again, he was to be praised for pointing the finger of scorn at the demagogues and generals who were urging the country into the abyss of ruin in the Peloponnesian war; as in the “Peace,” where Trygæus ascends to heaven, and finds that two giants, named War and Tumult, have usurped the place of the gods, and are employed in pounding the states of Greece in a huge mortar, using the generals as pestles, while Peace has been sunk to the bottom of a well, whence she is drawn with the greatest difficulty. The same subject is wittily handled in “The Acharnians,” where the blessings of peace are amusingly contrasted with the horrors of war. Again, in the “Lysistrata,” the women, wearied out with the calamitous state of things, conspire in a general congress of delegates from the contending states to bring the foolish men to terms, by stopping domestic supplies of every kind. One of the great complaints on which the uprising is justified is the melancholy fact that the citizens are so long absent in the wars, that the young maids are left to grow into old maids, and, when the soldiers return, they marry down into the next generation. The base compliances of party leaders with the passions and appetites of the demos are admirably exposed in the play of “The Knights,” where Agoracritus, the sausage-seller, is set up against Cleon, the leather-dresser, the popular idol of the hour. The mania for extending empire, which wrote the bloodiest pages in Athenian annals, and finally led to the ruin of the state, is touched with infinite liveliness in “The Birds,” who, under the guidance of a speculative Athenian, found an empire in mid-air, to cut off sacrificial supplies from the gods and the blessed rain of heaven from men, and so to reduce the universe under their sway. The frenzy of litigation, which had seized hold of the demos by the vast accumulation of suits, the pecuniary interest which the citizens felt in them, and the sense of personal importance and delight of gratified vanity when the common Athenian dicast, no matter how ignorant and vulgar,

found himself the subject of solicitation to suppliant suitors from every quarter of the Athenian empire,—are wonderfully set forth in “The Wasps,” where a crazy old dicast, being restrained of his liberty by his son, strives to escape through the chimney to join his fellow-jurymen on their way to court. Being hindered by a cap placed over the top of the chimney, he pretends that he desires to send a donkey to market, is detected hanging under the legs of the ass, like Ulysses escaping from the Cyclops’ cavern under the ram, and finally is appeased only by having a court established in his own house for the trial of the dog Labes, who has been caught stealing a Sicilian cheese. When foolish schemes of the best possible republic were agitated by the philosophers, and the class of women described by Aristotle and compared to translated hens increased the uproar of discordant opinions by agitating the question of the rights of women, Aristophanes turned the offensive folly into ridicule that killed it dead, in the play of the “Ecclesiazousæ.” In this way the comic stage dealt with the politics and the follies of the hour. Tragedy and comedy are two sides of the same scene; both are to be carefully studied if we would pass behind the curtain, and enter into the interior of the habitation of Demos.

END OF VOL. I.





THIRD COURSE.

CONSTITUTIONS AND ORATORS  
OF GREECE.

VOL. II.

1





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LECTURE I.

GENERAL VIEW OF GREECE. — GREEK POLITY.

THE subject of the present course of lectures is the Constitutions and the Orators of Greece ; but I will take the liberty of prefacing the discussion of it with a few general remarks.

European culture traces its origin mainly to the inhabitants of that comparatively diminutive country. In the remote East sprang up in early times forms of political existence, which, lasting, some a few centuries, and others many centuries, on completing their career, left but little for the instruction of the following ages. On the Indus and the Ganges, far back in the primeval times, civilized communities existed, in which the institution of caste established itself as a permanent organization, more despotic than despotism itself. Philosophy flourished there, as did poetry in all its forms ; human life suggested to speculative minds ethical conclusions of large significance ; and Divine themes occupied men's thoughts, leading them into mazes which still perplex the world. Egypt unfolded many sciences, and carried some of the arts to a high stage of progress. Her temples, pyramids, and gigantic statues amaze the traveller by the grandeur of their conception and the perfectness of their details. She performed a still greater service by the invention of hieroglyphics, which, including the germ of alphabetic writing, have furnished the means of placing on perpetual record the wisdom of the wise and the fair creations of the inventive mind. In Palestine, among the chosen people, God saw fit to manifest himself in a peculiar manner, through the inspired teachings of his servants, the prophets and leaders of Israel. But it was in Greece that literary taste, ideal art,

political constitutions, and the eloquence of the senate, the popular assembly, and the court of justice, first took a systematic form, and determined principles to be thenceforth recognized wherever civilization should plant itself.

By Hellenic culture the world was prepared for the Christian dispensation; first, by the humanizing spirit of the Greek philosophy, especially by the almost inspired teachings of Socrates, and of the two great men who afterwards divided the realm of speculative and practical wisdom between them; secondly, by furnishing a language through which the divine teachings of the Saviour and his Apostles might best reach the mind and heart of the world; and thirdly, by organizing the family relation on the basis of a true marriage of one man to one woman, and thus making it, not only the sanctuary of the best affections, but the source of the highest intellectual development. On this last great fact I place the chief stress in estimating the providential purposes which the Hellenic race were destined to accomplish. The Greeks were the earliest race to lift human society out of the infinite degradation and woe of polygamy, into which the primitive nations had fallen, into which the latest of the great impostures would sink mankind again. The cultivated and subtile Brahmin, with all his depth of speculative insight, and his immaculate purity of caste, neither saw the evil nor devised the remedy. The Egyptian, with all his art and ingenuity, surrounding himself with master works of architecture built for eternity, and shielding his mortal body from decay in the anticipation of another life, was blind to the simple law ordained by the Almighty, and recorded by his hand in the perpetual wonder of the numerical equality of births of man and woman, — the law which is the one condition of order in the state and of happiness in the household. The Hebrew even, though holding loftier ideas of the Divine nature than any of his neighbors and contemporaries, — though led from Egyptian bondage through the great and terrible wilderness into the promised land by supernatural guidance, and warned, taught, rebuked, encouraged by seer

and prophet,—failed to rise above the dreadful barbarism into which the domestic life of the Oriental races was plunged. In his home, the Hebrew was the master of a harem, and not the husband of a wife, though the first book of his sacred records, written by the great lawgiver of his ancestors, held up to his view an enchanting picture of the primeval condition of man. There is a wonderful coincidence between the best lessons drawn from Greek history and philosophy, and the teachings of Him who spoke with Divine authority in the Sermon on the Mount. It was not without a deeper cause than the casual incidents of travel, that St. Paul was courteously taken up the Hill of Mars, and, in sight of the prison where Socrates with his dying breath consoled his sorrowing disciples by his great argument for the immortality of the soul, unfolded the doctrines of the Christian faith to the listening sages of the city of Athene.

The play of contrasts between the Hellenic and the Oriental world is wonderful. Whence came these Greeks, and whence came the wisdom and the genius which, in so remarkable a manner, were embodied in their institutions and their history? Were they also, like the Brahmins, Egyptians, and Hebrews, children of the primeval and mysterious East, and did they come into their chosen land by a series of migrations, dating beyond the dawn of authentic history, and disguised under the veil of myth and fable? or were they, as they claimed to be, autochthones, — children of the soil on which they ran their brilliant historical career? The earliest legends of incomers from the East represent them as finding the country occupied. They bring with them the arts and wealth of older communities, and establish by their aid a predominating influence among simple and primitive tribes. Danaus flees from Egypt to Argos, and perpetuates his name in one of the appellations of the Hellenic people; Pelops brings his royal treasures from Phrygia, and gives his name for all future time to the great southern peninsula of Greece; Cecrops carries civilization from Egypt to Athens, and leaves a memorial of himself in the Cecropia, the



ancient and poetical designation of the Acropolis ; Cadmus sails from Phœnicia with a more precious freight than adventurer ever bore to a distant land, and leaves the alphabet among the Greeks, and his name to the citadel of Thebes. But we find before them all the Pelasgians, with their simple religion, their rude handcraft, their oracles, their primitive habits, their hardy virtues, and their artless speech, destined to give birth to the mighty pair of languages which have brought safely down to us the most precious stores of thought from the wreck of the ancient world. Certain it is that there was an early connection of some extent between the inhabitants of Greece and the Aryan tribes of the East, from which they were so widely sundered in the historical ages. The affinities of language place this fact beyond a reasonable doubt ; but they do not decisively settle the question, whether the first Pelasgic inhabitants of Greece came in one or in several migrations, or came at all from the Aryan land ; and he who presses the argument from philology to an extreme conclusion is misled by his zeal for a theory, rather than guided by the pure love of truth.

At all events, when the Greeks first come within our historic survey, they have the Hellenic characteristics, with here and there an old Pelasgic background in the picture. Intellectually, morally, politically, they are heaven-wide from the Orientals, whose kindred they are supposed to be. Physically, too, the Hellenic type of humanity is very different from the Oriental.

The earliest distinct forms of Hellenic political society are those of the heroic age, as they are represented especially in the poems of Homer. Here we find domestic servitude, indeed, but scarcely a trace of Oriental despotism, no tokens of Brahminical caste, no polygamy. On the contrary, though the people are under the rule of kings, and the kingly power is hereditary, the monarch himself holds his sceptre from Zeus, and administers laws that come from Zeus. He is surrounded by wise counsellors, who give their opinions on all matters brought before them, with an outspoken freedom not always

safe in a republic. He calls his people together; they listen to the debate, and express their approbation or disapprobation, sometimes in a tumultuous manner which is anything but agreeable to the prince. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are full of pictures of the political freedom of the heroic age, which contrast strangely with the despotism and corresponding servility among the Orientals.

I have spoken of the peculiar physical type which distinguishes the Greek from the Oriental. Compare the faces in the frieze of the Parthenon with the statues or figures in relief on the Egyptian temples or the marbles of Nineveh, or with the physiognomy of the ancient Hebrews among the captives of the Egyptian kings. What made the difference? Were they originally of different types? or did external causes develop the balanced head, the large facial angle, the straight nose, the short upper lip, the bowlike curve of the mouth, in the one, and the prominent features, especially the hooked nose and high cheek-bones, of the other? How is it that these races, wherever they exist, retain their characteristic marks, as strongly distinguished from each other as they are in the surviving monuments of Nineveh or Thebes, and of that wonder of the ages, the Parthenon at Athens? The Greek boy, dressing vines on the slopes of Delphi, might still serve as a model for the god whose temple lies hard by in ruins, below the rifted heights of the double-peaked Parnassian rock. The Greek girl, who comes down to Athens to prepare herself to teach the maidens of her native village among the mountains, and who reads Homer with a beauty of intonation and a music of rhythm which would drive a Porson, Bentley, or Wolf to despair, would furnish to a modern Pheidias the study for a modern Athene.

The Hellenic intellect, from the beginning, was keen, searching, brilliant. The Greek rejoiced in the loveliness of nature, without brooding over it as the modern sentimentalist does. To him nature was the framework of the picture of human life; and human life, in its shifting manifestations, with its

tragic fates, or its laughter-provoking incongruities and absurdities, was of deeper interest than even the charm of the beautiful nature which encompassed him. He was social, fond of talk, full of gay fancies, but logical as well as eloquent, — delighting alike in argument, in song, in the dance, and in the feast; yet happily constituted by the law of his being with a just perception of the true, the temperate, the beautiful, and therefore rarely transcending the line beyond which lies crude excess.

The physical character of Greece itself is most propitious to the happiest development of the human faculties of body and mind. The coast line is more indented than that of any other European country. The mountains are lofty, in proportion to the extent of the surface; and their ranges, cutting one another, divide the land into a succession of plains of various dimensions; while the gleaming appearance of the limestone and marble, contrasted with the belts of foliage that encircle the slopes, at least of the northern chains, give a singularly bright, silvery picturesqueness to their aspect. Olympus, seat of the gods, is nearly ten thousand feet high; Parnassus, haunt of the Muses, is more than eight thousand; and Cyllene, in Arcadia, rises almost to the same elevation. On Olympus, snow lies in spots all summer, justifying the Homeric epithet, *snowy*. It is used by the inhabitants of Thessalonica, as we use ice, to cool wine and water. In the rifts of Parnassus it is often found nearly to the middle of summer. Thus, notwithstanding its low latitude, — its extreme southern point being thirty-six degrees, — the climate of Greece is various, though generally temperate. In the lowlands the heat of summer is moderated by delicious breezes from the Mediterranean; while the mountain air in Arcadia, and along the ridges of Parnes, Helicon, Parnassus, Othrys, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, gives all the upper regions a refreshing coolness when the season is the hottest. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty and grandeur of these mountain scenes, or to over-estimate the effect they must have had in exhilarating and exalting the minds of an intellectual race.



As you approach Greece from either side, you behold these summits touching the very sky, which arches over them with indescribable loveliness. As you coast along the Peloponnesus, the lofty heights of Cyllene and Taygetus bound the distant horizon; you enter the Corinthian Gulf from the Ionian Sea, and gaze with admiration upon Parnassus and Helicon; you pass down the Saronic Gulf, and Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus shut in the plain of Athens, in the midst of which rises the immortal rock of the Acropolis, surmounted by the majestic remains of the Parthenon. Farther on, your eye rests upon the wooded heights of Ægina, with the picturesque solitude of the Panhellenian Zeus's mouldering columns. The headland of Sunium and the gleaming ruins of the temple of the Sunian Athene next salute you. From the eastern shore of Magnesia, the lofty and most picturesque and classic summits of Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus fill the eye with their united grandeur. From the height above the ancient Thessalonica you look down the Thermaic Gulf, surrounded by a panorama of magnificent mountain chains, such in natural beauty as few spots of earth have to show, — such as in charm of association are absolutely unrivalled. Farther on towers over the sea, in fair weather visible from the opposite shore of the Ægean, the singular shape of Mount Athos, against which were wrecked the Persian fleets, and on whose rocky slopes are now the ancient monastic establishments, constituting an ecclesiastical republic, and organized on the principles of representative government. From all these mountain heights, the traveller looks abroad upon prospects of unexampled splendor. The extent of Greece is so small, the coast so indented, the sea everywhere so near, that from every hill-top the landscape spread out before the eye includes all the elements of a beautiful picture, — a valley with a stream winding through it, distant hills, and at least a glimpse of the blue sea, with the sunny islands that gem its surface. From Parnassus and Helicon, from Cithæron and Parnes, from Pentelicus and Hymettus, the eye ranges over plains, rivers, gulfs, bays, and straits, whose names are immortal in history and in song.

How can I describe the air of Greece? How can I depict the splendid atmospheric effects which crown the spring and summer day? How can I paint the glories of the rising sun, as seen in Athens, when he comes up from beyond the blazing ridge of Hymettus, pouring his light into the plain and over the marble ruins of the Acropolis, and turning their embrowned surfaces into burnished gold? The atmosphere of Greece is wonderfully transparent. The voice is heard at amazing distances; and we at length understand how the orators on the Bema and the actors on the Dionysiac stage, in the open air, could be distinctly heard by the multitudes that thronged the popular assembly and the theatre. As the sun goes down, the succession and play of colors, the gold, violet, and purple, that come over the landscape and linger on mountain slope and headland and the still surface of the neighboring deep, are wonderful and enchanting. Seen from the steps of the Parthenon, it is a spectacle that never loses its varied attraction, its matchless beauty and splendor; no painter could copy it; the colors of Claude and Titian are tame and dim in the comparison; even the magnificent verse of Byron, grand as it is, falls below the realities which the poet would fain describe:—

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun;  
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
O’er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,  
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.  
On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O’er his own regions, lingering, loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine;  
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!  
Their azure arches, through the long expanse,  
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance;  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

After the sun goes down, the beauty of the night is equally wonderful, but different. The unfathomable depth of the sky, — the *ἄσπετος αἰθήρ* of the ancients, — out of which the stars come, and through which the moon in her queenly majesty moves, filling the air with her soft lustre, and silvering over the silent mountains, the stately columns of the Olympian Zeus and the Acropolis, and the sparkling but hushed sea, — seems to take the soul out of all earthly conditions, and to wrap it in the legendary associations of a far-off, mythical, poetical antiquity, when Artemis came down from just such a sky to watch the sleeping Endymion.

The climate of Greece was and is remarkably healthy. Why should people sicken and die before their time, with such a sky bending lovingly over them, with such pleasant breezes from the mountains and the sea, with such a sun and such a moon? We know from the biographies of the ancients, that a large proportion of them lived to what we should call an extraordinary age. Isocrates relates, in his *Panathenaicus*, that he began that work when he was ninety-four years old; that when it was about half written, he was seized with a violent illness, from which he did not fairly recover until three years later; and that then, induced by the urgency of friends, who had read the completed portion, and who feared something might happen, he resumed and finished it at the age of ninety-seven. When, in the following year, the news of the disastrous battle of Chæroneia reached Athens, unable to bear the disappointment of the hopes he had placed in Philip of Macedon, he put an end to his life by starving himself. It is to him that Milton alludes in the lines,

“That dishonest victory

At Chæroneia, fatal to liberty,

Killed with report that old man eloquent.”

In the letter of Theophrastus, the friend and pupil of Aristotle, which he prefixes to his “*Characters*,” he says to Polycles: “You know, my friend, that I have long been an attentive observer of human nature. I am now in the ninety-ninth



year of my age ; and during the whole course of my life I have conversed familiarly with men of all classes and of various climes, nor have I neglected closely to watch the actions of individuals, — as well the bad as the good. With these qualifications, I have thought myself fitted for the task of describing those habitual peculiarities by which the manners of every one are distinguished.” And then the vigorous centenarian proceeds to write one of the keenest and sprightliest books to be found in any language.

Gorgias, the rhetorician and sophist, lived to the age of one hundred and seven, and died with the characteristic expression on his lips, “Sleep is now beginning to lay me in the hands of his brother.”

In our day, the instances of longevity are not, perhaps, so common, partly because the habits of life — especially in the matter of bathing — are not so healthful, and partly because the country is less cultivated than it was in ancient times, and is in some places, at some seasons of the year, malarious. Yet you often meet with hale and active men nearly as old as Isocrates when he finished the Panathenaicus, and sometimes we encounter a rival of Gorgias. A year ago I saw General Perthræbos, who must be at least ninety, and who was said to be a hundred, standing among the crowd, and listening to an examination of a class of young ladies in Homer and Demosthenes, at six o'clock in the morning. In 1843, when the Constitutional Assembly met in Athens, they chose for their President Mr. Notaras, the deputy from Corinth, then one hundred and seven years old ; and at the banquet given at the close of their constitutional labors, the President was the most jovial of the party. Whether this hearty old Corinthian is still living, I cannot say. I have myself conversed with a monk in the monastery of Mount Parnes, whose memory of events for the last twenty or thirty years is rather vague, but who recalls with distinctness the transactions of a period which goes back almost a quarter of the way to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453. I think that these

facts show the great salubrity of the climate in Greece, — one important condition certainly for a free and prosperous development of social and political life.

The ancient Greeks were not only united by the bonds of a common nationality, in the broad sense of that word, but they were separated into minor nationalities, sometimes called races. As against the Barbarians, — and all who were not Greeks were Barbarians, — they held tenaciously to their distinguishing Hellenic honors. But among themselves, not only were they divided into Achæians, Æolians, Dorians, and Ionians, — each broadly discriminated from all the rest, — but each city claimed to be independent of every other, and clung passionately to its independent administration, under the name of *autonomy*. They had their amphictyonies, or unions, for special religious or festal purposes; they had their great national games, from which all who could not prove their pure Hellenic descent were rigidly excluded, and to which all of Hellenic descent, whether from Asia, Africa, Sicily, or Italy, were admitted; but they never had a central government, with a controlling political power over the members of an extended confederacy. They had temporary combinations, either of equals with equals, or of inferior states, under the headship of some prominent city. In the heroic times, the poetical legends picture to us the Greek kings from Thessaly to Ithaca joining their forces to avenge against the ancient city of Priam the piratical abduction of Helen, the most beautiful of women. They array themselves under the leadership of Agamemnon and Menelaus, sail with a mighty host across the Ægean, and, after a siege of nine long years, burn the offending capital to ashes. But this warlike enterprise in a common cause leads to no permanent union among the companions in arms. It only prepares the downfall of the royal houses, opens the way to political revolutions, substitutes new rulers for the old, and places the changing and agitated political societies of Greece on that career of progress which afterwards made her the teacher, not only of science, letters, and art, but of civic wis-

dom, and not only the illustrious teacher, but the example, the warning, the admonition of the world.

In a terse and vigorous passage of Aristotle's *Politics*, that wise man draws the distinction between the Asiatics and the Greeks with his usual firm hand, and touches upon the weakness as well as the strength of the latter. "The Asiatic nations," says he, "are intellectual, and skilful in art, but without force of mind; wherefore they continue ruled and enslaved. But the Hellenic race, occupying a middle position between the Northern regions and the Asiatic, participates in the qualities of both; for they are high-spirited and intellectual; wherefore they maintain their freedom, they have the best political institutions, and, could they be brought under one government, they might rule the world. And there are similar differences between the several tribes of the Greeks themselves; for some of them have a one-sided nature, while others are well blended and tempered to the exercise of both these forces. It is evident, then, that those who are to be well trained by the legislator to virtue must be both intellectual and high-spirited." In the same passage the philosopher speaks of the Northern races as being "full of spirit, but lacking in intelligence; wherefore they maintain their liberty, but are incapable of political organization, and cannot rule over their neighbors." To him, as he looked at the condition of the human race from Athens as a central point of observation, with the history of Asiatic despotism contrasted with the regulated liberty of the Hellenic people on the one side, and the lawless freedom of the tribes of the frozen North on the other, these were the three categories under which the nations of the earth ranged themselves.

As we look back upon the history of antiquity, we are, perhaps, inclined to think that the merits of the Greeks were limited to the production of exquisite models in literature and the arts. In studying Homer and the tragedians, we feel the transcendent excellence of their poets. When we come to Herodotus and Thucydides, the flowing and picturesque narrative



of the one, and the deep wisdom, condensed style, and powerful coloring of the other, impress us with the belief that historical exposition was their special gift. When we master the perfections of Demosthenes, and rise from his inspired page glowing with the emotions excited by the loftiness of his pure and patriotic spirit, we are apt to fancy that the genius of Hellas culminated in political eloquence. When we wander through the museums of Europe, and gaze upon the sculptured gods and godlike men of Greece, the Apollo, the Olympian Zeus, the Aphrodite, the Athene, the Demosthenes, the Pericles of the Vatican, or the matchless marbles from the Parthenon now collected in the British Museum, we scarcely resist the conviction that they must have been a race of artists, and nothing more, so high beyond the utmost reach of modern genius did the Hellenic masters rise in those marvels of beauty and grandeur which once adorned the city of Athens, and now give the laws of taste to the whole civilized world. When we follow Plato through the realms of speculative philosophy, and Aristotle over the immense sweep of his observation of nature and man, and consider how these sovereign intellects have borne absolute sway in the kingdoms of philosophy, from their day to the present, it seems to us that the mind of Greece must have exhausted itself in philosophical investigations and the construction of theories on God, man, and nature. But either of these impressions would be hasty. In these several ways the Hellenic genius made illustrious and ever-memorable achievements; but when we sum them all up into one superb whole of national deservings, they form only a part of what those ancients did towards the perfecting of human society. The Romans not only sent their sons to Greece for literary culture, they sent their senators to copy the Grecian laws. All the leading principles of Roman law had their origin in the legislation of Greece; so that Greece not only introduced the arts into Latium, but laid the foundation, by her legislative talent, at once subtle, profound, and practical, of the law of Europe and America.

With one or two exceptions, the city was the state; the constitution, *πολιτεία*, was the organization of the city, *πόλις*. Thebes was not the capital of Bœotia, though she was its most important city. The other towns of that province had their several constitutions, and never, except upon some strong compulsion, yielded the right of sovereignty — the power of forming alliances, of making war and concluding peace — to their ambitious neighbors. The political duty of the citizen was to the town of his birth or settlement. To the Platæan and the Thespian the Theban was politically an alien, and sometimes a deadly foe. Cities on opposite sides of a mountain, though acknowledging the common Hellenic tie, seldom considered themselves as belonging to the same country; their citizens were not fellow-countrymen; their institutions were not identical; when they met in battle array, they fought as any other enemies might have done, and the victorious party set up its trophy in the field. The Italian republics of the Middle Ages furnish a parallel in some points, but not a perfect one. The lines of separation among the Greeks were both geographical and ethnical; and sometimes ethnical affinities determined the character of political institutions.

This state of severance, combined with the intellectual activity of the race, led to an unexampled variety of political organizations. If every city had its constitution, it had also of necessity its constitution-makers and lawgivers; and the people who were to select the constitution-makers and to accept the laws were not likely to perform their functions silently. Discussion of all conceivable questions naturally and necessarily had 'free course; and every little community formed a circle, not of village politicians, as in our modern country towns, but of statesmen who had to deal with high questions of constitutional law and foreign policy. With our multiplying States, we imagine that we have a complicated system of governments, State and National; but our State Constitutions are essentially alike, that is, they are, as the United States Constitution requires they should be, all republican. But the Greek city or

state framed its fundamental law as it pleased, with no reference to a central tribunal, and no apprehension of a conflict with the constitution of the united country. In the historical times, the less powerful cities were distracted by factions; but these factions or parties did not turn upon the interpretation of the fundamental law;—they turned upon the question of having this or that form of government,—not as to whether one party or another should come in and wield the powers of government, while the other went out and became the opposition. It was a conflict of life and death between a tyranny or an oligarchy on the one side, and a democracy on the other; and the party which gained the upper hand sometimes exiled or put to death the opposing leaders. In one case, according to the striking expression of the Attic orators, the people—the demos—was overthrown; in the other, the people was restored. But under these three forms the variety of details was very great. Some notion of the wealth of political experiment, if not of experience, in Greece, may be drawn from the fact that the lost work of Aristotle, the *Politeiai*, contained an analysis of one hundred and fifty-eight constitutions of cities, besides several peculiar democratic, oligarchic, aristocratic, and tyrannic forms, and that fragments of fifty-two of these constitutional analyses are found in his extant writings.



## LECTURE II.

### CONSTITUTIONS OF THE HEROIC AGE. — SLAVERY.

AT the close of my last Lecture, I alluded to the great number of political constitutions in which the experience of the Grecian commonwealths was embodied. The study of Homer gives us the outlines of what may be called the primitive or heroic constitutions, which seem everywhere to have been nearly identical, — the factors constituting the state having been an hereditary king, a class of nobles or counsellors, the common people, who, though having nothing to do, strictly speaking, with government, yet sometimes made their voices heard and respected by their princes, and were beaten or otherwise maltreated if they ventured too far beyond the limits, and the slaves. The royal constitutions gave way to the progress of political ideas or to violent revolutions; — in some places leaving the name *king* as the only memorial of their existence, as in the King Archon of Athens; in others, as in Sparta, still attaching more substantial prerogatives to the name. The nobles, as a distinct order, lasted longer, either with real influence as aristocracies or oligarchies, or with only the influence of public opinion in favor of the high-born and the long-descended, as in the case of the Eupatridæ.

The scene in the Iliad, when, in order to test the feeling of the army, Agamemnon proposes to return to Greece, leaving the war unfinished, probably presents a good picture of the mutual relations of king, nobles, and people in that age. The people are summoned to the assembly, Rumor moving about among them as they swarm along the shore. Nine heralds keep them in order. Agamemnon rises, sceptre in hand, and,

having recounted the mishaps of the war, proposes, hard as it is, to go home. No sooner is this said than the people who hear the speech are stirred with a mighty desire to behold again their native land. The assembly is moved like the waves of the Icarian Sea, stirred by Eurys and Notus; they shout to one another; they rush to the ships and begin to launch them; and their cries rise to heaven. But this is not exactly what the king wishes; they have been too prompt to take him at his word; and forthwith Ulysses, instigated by the blue-eyed Athene, throws his cloak aside, takes Agamemnon's sceptre, and hastens to the ships. There, meeting nobles and leaders, he addresses them politely, and intimates that Agamemnon did not mean exactly what he had said, and that it is not for such men as them to play the coward. But whatever man of the people he finds clamoring, he smites him with the sceptre, and rebukes him with speech, the blow coming first and the word afterwards, and the word quite as hard as the blow. "Sit down, sir, and listen to your betters. You are of no account in war nor in council. We cannot all be kings here; the rule of many is not good. Let there be one ruler, one king, to whom the son of Saturn has given the sceptre to rule therewith." And they meekly submit. We cannot help admiring the truly wonderful originality with which Homer has wrought this scene; the unsuccessful trial of the sentiment of his people by Agamemnon; the readiness with which they take his word; the aristocratic demeanor with which Ulysses discriminates between the common man and the lord, when he quells the tumult; the meekness with which the men submit to the royal interpretation of their liberty, namely, the liberty of doing exactly what they please, provided they please to do exactly what the king desires. Still, the germs of freedom are quite discernible even here. The people, easily scourged back to the field of war, which, for a brief moment, they dreamed they were to quit forever, have at least had the privilege of showing what they wish; one day they will take the reins into their own hands, and will have their turn at applying the scourge

In speaking of the constitutions of the Greeks, and the bodies that made up the state, we everywhere encounter the frightful anomaly of human slavery. . There was a tradition that, in the primitive age, the soil of Hellas was free from this curse; and in historical times the inhabitants of some of the inland districts — as the Locrians — still lived in such simplicity that they employed no slaves. But from the earliest dawn of historical light, slavery was the rule, the absence of it the exception, in the Grecian states. Homer, true to humanity and to nature in this as in every other aspect of life, while taking the fact as he saw it everywhere around him, did not fail to mark its character in two memorable lines, which Plato misquotes in his *Laws*: —

“Zeus takes from man one half his worth away  
When on him falls the day of slavery.”

And in that wonderfully pathetic scene, never surpassed even by Shakespeare, — the parting of Hector and Andromache, — the firm soul of the hero, over whom the shadows of impending fate are closing, is shaken only by the vision of his country's downfall, and of the wife of his bosom dragged into pitiless slavery. Similar feelings are expressed in the Attic tragedies. The sorrows of Tecmessa reach the Homeric strain; and the frantic soul of Cassandra, as she approaches the house of death, struggles in vain with the woe of captivity, enhanced by the ghastly prophecies of murder destined to stain anew the dwelling over which hovers the boding troop of the Furies. Everywhere captivity and slavery go hand in hand. Both are taken for granted as the fixed order of human society. The prisoner of war is reduced to slavery; the inhabitant of the conquered city is sold into slavery; the woman and child, kidnapped by the roaming mariner of the Mediterranean, are borne off to a distant island or city, and bartered away for corn or wine, never to return to their native land. Even the Greeks of those early days, free as they were from most of the Oriental vices, had retained or adopted the commerce in human beings, and that most dangerous of all the self-indulgences of the Asiatic world,



the habit of living on the unpaid work of those less fortunate and gifted, whom an unequal destiny had placed in their power. Even in that early age the trade in slaves flourished all around the Ægean Sea, and the houses of the wealthy were crowded with the victims of violence, theft, and treachery. They tilled the ground, and took care of the cattle. Eumæus, the godlike swineherd of the *Odyssey*, and the faithful friend of Ulysses, is a slave. Telemachus speaks of the slaves that his father has left in his charge. When prisoners were made, they were divided among the chiefs, like other articles of plunder. Thus Agamemnon received Chryseis, and Achilles the captive Briseis; and many of the Trojans, some even of royal birth, had been transported to the islands and sold before the war was over.

It is singular how little this status changed, while all the other constituent elements of the commonwealth were constantly undergoing modifications. The kings went down; but the slaves remained. The tyrants rose on the ruin of the old heroic monarchies; but the slaves remained. Republics came into being, ran their brilliant career, and sank under the Macedonian or Roman supremacy; but the slaves still remained. The Roman Empire fell in the West, and the Byzantine, ten centuries later, in the East; but the slaves still remained, the one permanent and indestructible order in the state.

Though existing everywhere, and everywhere substantially the same, the condition of the slave varied in details in the several states, partly according to the other political institutions, and partly according to the race of the masters. In the Homeric and heroic ages, it is probable that the servile population were in much the same position all over Greece, and that the difference between the slave and the poor freeman was less than it was afterward. But when the distinctive peculiarities of the Dorian, Æolian, and Ionian divisions of the Hellenic people came prominently out, manifesting themselves in political tendencies, in literary culture, in forms of art, and in dialectic variations from the old Homeric speech, then the

relation between master and slave assumed a corresponding variety of aspects. The Dorians and the Ionians were most strongly contrasted in this regard, as they were generally in their political principles and their views of civil life. The Dorians were originally a rude and warlike race of mountaineers. They came down from their northern fastnesses, and, having conquered the old Achaian inhabitants, settled themselves in the most important portions of the Peloponnesus. Tradition and poetry embodied these transactions under the name of the return of the Heracleidæ; and the ruling families of the Spartans, which became in time the most conspicuous and powerful representatives of the Dorian race, claimed to be the direct descendants of the doughty hero Hercules. The Dorian, under influences all of which cannot be traced, became in Sparta a most singular specimen of humanity. According to him, the chief end of man was to live on black broth at home, to march about in heavy armor, to fight with or without cause, to beat or kill the Helots, and to die on the field of battle. The Dorian, entertaining such views, regarded all occupations except governing and fighting as menial. Tilling the earth, the mechanic arts, and commerce were disreputable, and fit to be conducted only by a servile race. Slaves, therefore, he must have; and the system which he organized, and for a long time pitilessly carried out, — the system of Helotism, — was the most logical, the most cruel, the most fatal in the end, that ever blighted a civil community.

Sparta produced many noble men, who signalized their country and immortalized themselves by great deeds. Many pithy sayings have come down to us, showing the concentrated force and resistless point of the Laconic style of expression. But the Spartan constitution, especially as modified by Lycurgus, was a terrible outrage upon human nature; and human nature avenged itself at last. Sparta perished, as an ancient writer says, for want of Spartans; and, as Thucydides predicted would be the case, the traveller at the present day, wandering among the scanty traces of the ancient city, finds it

difficult to believe in the greatness of her former power. Spartan virtue is an oft-repeated phrase. The Spartans were brave and hardy. They were men of iron, and tried their best to make their women women of iron. They taught their children that the state was all in all, the citizen nothing. They brought them up in a socialist community; they inculcated craft and deception; they exposed the sickly child on Mount Taygetus, after a jury of public nurses had pronounced it too weakly to be reared for the purposes of the state.

The Helots were the original Achaian inhabitants of Southern Laconia, subdued in war, and made the serfs of their conquerors. The name refers to this circumstance,—being derived either from the verb that means to capture, or from a local name, *Helos*, the inhabitants of which made desperate fight before they surrendered. I am inclined to the former explanation, as more in accordance with Grecian usage. After the Spartans had conquered their neighbors, the Messenians, they included them also among the Helots; and they continued enslaved until Epaminondas restored them to liberty and their country, after the battle of Leuctra. The Helots had the doubtful privilege of belonging to the state, while their services only were granted to individuals. They cultivated the land to which they were attached, paying their masters a certain rent in a fixed proportion of the fruits of the earth; they were domestic slaves; they waited on the public tables; they accompanied the Spartan soldiers to the field; and sometimes, when they showed distinguished bravery, or rendered great services to the army, they were emancipated. These circumstances present the bright side of the picture. On the other hand, the general cruelty of their treatment, and the implacable hatred they cherished towards their masters, are too well attested to admit of a doubt. They were flogged for no fault, but to keep their spirits down, and to remind them that they were slaves. Those who showed abilities or high qualities of character, which might be an element of danger to the



state, were ruthlessly slain ; and if the master failed in his duty to put out of the way a slave of this description, he was exposed to a legal penalty. They were made drunk for the amusement or warning of the young. By an established usage, called *crypteia*, when the masters had reason to apprehend an outbreak from the increase of the servile class, or from some crisis in public affairs that might tempt them to insurrection, the ephors selected a certain number of the young Spartans, put arms into their hands, and sent them out on a hidden mission to slay, wherever they encountered them, as many of the doomed bondsmen as they pleased. This was not only a measure of state security, but a school of martial training for the future warrior. I do not believe that this proceeding was often resorted to. Nothing but the panic of a servile insurrection could have drawn even Spartans into a measure at once so cowardly and so barbarous. But the fact that such assassinations took place under such circumstances must stand, I am afraid, as a dark blot on the pages of Spartan history.

If we pass over to Athens, we encounter slavery again as one of the fundamental institutions of the state ; but, as I have already intimated, with somewhat mitigated rigor. Athenian society was a more natural, cheerful, humane mode of existence than the Spartan. Art, letters, and industry in various forms were held in honor there. Solon, the great lawgiver and the founder of the democracy, had been engaged in trade, which he adorned with philosophy and poetry. He was not a mere theorist, nor a merely practical man ; but his practice was enlightened by general principles, and his general principles were guided, modified, and controlled in their application by practice. In his constitution property had great weight,—property qualifications determining the citizen's share in the power of the state and his eligibility to office. His institutions thus brought industrial and commercial pursuits to something near a level with patrician birth and hereditary wealth in political influence and social estimation. The Athenian citizen, therefore, was not taught to regard all labor as servile. I do not mean

to say that there was not, even among the Athenians, too large a leaven of the old contempt for the work of the hands; yet the tendency was to a liberal feeling upon this subject. The Athenian was fond of country life, and often not only took the oversight of his fields and his gardens, but labored hard among his slaves with his own hands, while his wife apportioned the domestic tasks to her maidens, and taught them how to do the work, which, if needful, she could well perform herself. The picture which Xenophon gives us in the *Œconomicus*, of the household arrangements of Ischomachus and his young bride, is a charming representation of domestic life among the middle classes of the Athenian citizens.

It was no uncommon thing for men engaged in the mechanic arts to exercise influence in public affairs, either by their native talents or their acquired wealth; and sometimes coarse and vulgar men, by the mere force of impudence, gained an ascendancy which overmatched the sway of historical names and aristocratic birth. But with all these popular tendencies, the ancient, time-honored institution of slavery was assumed as a necessity, and taken for granted, by statesmen and philosophers alike. We know more of the condition of the slaves in Attica than elsewhere, because we know more of Athens generally than of any other commonwealth in Greece, through the immortal records of her literature. Boeckh estimates the entire population of Attica at about five hundred thousand, of whom three fourths were slaves. According to Aristotle, the neighboring island of Ægina, which now has a population of only a few hundred, contained, at the period of its greatest power, four hundred and seventy thousand slaves. The slaves were partly private and partly public property, partly prisoners of war and partly bought in the slave marts. Some were imported from Thessaly, but the largest portion from Asia Minor, through the intermediate agency of factors among the Greek cities of the coast or the Ægean islands. Chios, which boasted to be the birthplace of Homer, early enjoyed the bad eminence of being the greatest slave-market in the

Grecian world, and of making the largest profit from the sale of human beings. Another class of slaves consisted of those who were born in servitude, and inherited their parents' condition. The possession of a black, that is, an African slave, was a fashionable distinction. Theophrastus, the friend and pupil of Aristotle, — in one of the admirable series of Characters which has come down to us from the wreck of his works, — mentions among the characteristics of the vain man that "he takes vast pains to be provided with a black servant, who always attends him in public." With showy ladies it was also a point of rivalry to have negro slaves in their train. But, in general, the slaves belonged to the Northern and the Asiatic nations, styled by the Greeks Barbarians. They considered it a settled point, that Hellenes might rightfully enslave Barbarians.

The numbers owned by rich Athenians were sometimes very great. The poorest citizen had at least one slave to assist him in his labors. In the houses of those of larger means, in the city, slaves were employed in every kind of service, — grinding (their business from the days of Homer), baking, cooking, marketing, making clothes, and attending upon their masters and mistresses when they appeared abroad. Three such attendants, at least, were necessary to a stylish appearance; and many more were frequently to be seen in the train of a wealthy citizen. They were employed in all sorts of trades and handicrafts, sometimes under the owner's eye, sometimes under the charge of an overseer, — as in the case of Nicias, who paid a salary of a talent to the superintendent of his men in the mines. The father of Demosthenes — a substantial citizen of the industrial class — carried on the manufacture of cutlery and bedsteads with a gang of more than fifty slaves, who constituted a large part of his estate at his death. The trading vessels of Athenian commerce were generally manned by slaves, and frequently they were mingled with freemen in the crews of vessels of war; but they did not, like the Helots of Sparta, serve in the army. Of the public slaves, some were employed in the service of the courts, having been qualified at the public charge for the



duties of their respective places. A kind of city-guard, or police, called bowmen, or Scythians, consisted also of slaves, to the number of three hundred at first, and afterwards twelve hundred. One of their duties was to keep order at the public meetings, and to remove unruly persons when directed to do so by the presiding officers.

The slaves of the private citizen were absolutely the property of their master. Their earnings were his revenue. They were subject to his will, and the victims of his caprice. They could be given in pledge like any other property. They could be scourged with impunity. Their testimony was not taken on oath, but only under torture. It seems most strange that this hideous abuse should ever have grown up, I will not say among a civilized people, but among those who had the smallest conceivable endowment of common sense. Yet the melancholy truth is, that not only did Pagan antiquity adhere to the belief that torture was the sole means of obtaining the truth from servile witnesses, but Christian nations, down to a comparatively late period, were under the same horrible delusion. Generally speaking, the administration of justice was conducted on humane principles among the Athenians; but the courts admitted this absurd anomaly, and the orators, apparently without suspecting its fallacy or its cruelty, constantly allude to it, or offer it in evidence, or challenge it from their opponents. How often it was practised we cannot tell; but every slave was liable to be put to the question, on the offer of his master or the demand of his master's opponent, whenever a litigation arose between them.

On the other hand, the slave at Athens enjoyed the protection of the laws in some important respects. He could not be put to death without the commission of crime, and the sentence of a legal tribunal. No man could strike or maltreat him, without rendering himself liable to an action. If he had a cruel master, he could seek asylum in the temple of Theseus, and demand to be sold; so that Demosthenes justly boasts of the superior humanity of the Attic law in its treatment of

slaves. When manumitted, — as they might be, and frequently were without any formality, — the slaves took rank with resident aliens, but were not entirely released from obligations to their former masters, who sustained the relation of patrons towards them, — a relation involving certain reciprocal duties, regulated by law. Yet notwithstanding the alleviations of the servile lot at Athens, its victims were not satisfied. The slave — the “animated instrument,” as Aristotle calls him — frequently made his escape; and the master, if he chose to pursue him, could either capture the fugitive, or recover him by offering a reward. I find nowhere a treaty or agreement to send back fugitive slaves, though there may have been such; nor do I find any class of persons mentioned, like the Fugitivarii of the Romans, who employed themselves in recovering them; nor do I find any trace of a law forbidding the affording them shelter, until Greece became a part of the Roman empire. The truth is, I believe, that the laws on slavery among the Greeks were never systematically organized; certainly not as between the different cities. In the only allusion I remember to the runaway, in Greek literature, the master avows his purpose of pursuing him himself. If the slave ran away, the owner had to run too, if he wanted to catch him, or else to pay some one the *σῶστρον* for bringing him back. But it is probable that the fugitive to another city would have had no protection in the laws or sentiments of the people there; and that the owner or his agent might lay hands upon his “animated instrument,” without the slightest opposition from those who had animated instruments of their own at home.

I need not add, that, as the Athenian slave was his master's property, he could be sold like any other species of property in Athens; that one division of the Agora was appropriated to this traffic; and that the article to be sold was obliged to mount a stone block, to show himself to the purchaser, and to undergo any amount of manipulation the customer might require to satisfy himself as to the quality of the merchandise. Hence the well-known phrase, *to be sold from the stone*.

I have already alluded to the sources from which the Greeks procured their slaves. The general doctrine was, that captives in war and barbarians might rightfully be reduced to servitude — captives in war, because the captor has a right to the life of his enemy, and, for stronger reasons, to his services; barbarians, because, they being inferiors, and it being a law of nature that inferiors shall serve their superiors, bondage is their natural condition. The doctrine with regard to captives was modified by the introduction of the principle and usage of ransom into the laws of war among the Grecian states. To dismiss prisoners without a ransom was a rare act of humanity. Among the noble deeds of Demosthenes, none deserve a higher praise than his frequent charity in ransoming from captivity countrymen who were too poor to ransom themselves. This rule, however, was often set aside. The inhabitants of cities taken after a long siege were not seldom sold in a body. I am sorry to say that the history of Athens is blackened by more than one transaction of this sort; and when the Athenians themselves met with disaster in the wild invasion of Sicily, the survivors of their defeated army expiated the national crime by laboring in the quarries under the blazing sun of noonday, or perishing by the nightly dew and frost. A few owed a milder fate to the verses of Euripides, which they had learned by hearing his plays in happier hours at the Dionysiac Theatre, and now softened the animosity of their captors by repeating. Strange contradictions of the Hellenic character, — one day to condemn to hopeless servitude and cruel task-work men of the same lineage with themselves, and the next day to set the captives free for a mere song!

Other examples — examples of individuals — are still more striking. Diogenes the Cynic was taken by pirates, and carried to Crete, where, being offered for sale, just as the auctioneer was about to call for bids the captive shouted out, "Who wishes to buy a master?" He was bought by a Corinthian gentleman, Xenias, over whom he acquired such influence that he gave him his freedom, and intrusted to him the edu-



ration of his children. When afterwards he had a slave of his own, and the slave, not fancying the service of a master who lived in a tub, ran away, Diogenes shrugged his shoulders, and said, "If he can do without Diogenes, Diogenes can do without him," — a very sensible comment, and the best way of disposing of the whole matter. Perhaps the personal experience of the philosopher made him reluctant to undertake the pursuit. A still more remarkable case is that of Plato. In one of his visits to Sicily, he was invited by Dionysius, the tyrant, to an interview. The philosopher rather romantically ventured to preach liberalism to the despot, who answered, uncivilly enough, "Your words are the words of a dotard," — to which Plato replied, "And yours are the words of a tyrant." The tyrant had the advantage in power, though the philosopher was the stronger in argument. In a rage, Dionysius handed him over to Pollis, a Lacedæmonian ambassador, who took him to Ægina and sold him as a slave; though what use could be made of him in that capacity it is not easy to divine. He was rescued from this condition by Anniceris, a philosophic friend, whose acquaintance he had made at Cyrene, and who paid for him twenty or thirty minæ, that is, about twenty or thirty times the price of a common slave, but only about one third of the price of a superintendent of the mines. On his return to Athens, his fellow-citizens sent the money to Anniceris, who refused to receive it, saying, "The Athenians are not the only people in the world who have a right to esteem Plato." The money was afterwards laid out in purchasing the grounds of the Academy, about a mile and a half out of the city of Athens on the north, — the spot which his genius made forever illustrious, — the spot which Cicero, on his way to Athens, turned aside to visit before entering the gates of the city, — the spot on which every scholar treads with indescribable emotion, as he wanders among the olive-groves, which still, as of old, are watered by the rills of the Cephissus. That piece of ground, whose name is clothed with the noble associations of the highest philosophy, was secured to immortal

fame for the price affixed by his owner to the great founder of the Academy — as a slave.

It was not, therefore, exclusively barbarians who, in polished Greece and in the best days of Athenian letters and art, were subjected to the lot of servitude. Of course, the condition in which a large majority of the population were found, and into which any one might fall, could not fail to be considered by thoughtful minds. How was it regarded by them? I have already shown that its necessity seems to have been admitted, almost without an exception. Homer, whose language is so pathetic in describing its woes, does not appear to have conceived a remedy; and in delineating its evils, his sympathy is limited to the condition of those who fall from high estate, by the cruel chances of war, into the slavery of captivity. It was Hecuba, it was Andromache, — royal ladies, — whose unequalled woes drew tears from Ionian assemblies, as the rhapsodist chanted the undying tale. As for the common lot of the serf tilling the ground, or the maiden grinding at the mill, — that was too much a matter of course, too fixed and permanent a form of life, to wake the song of the epic muse. Tragedy, like the epic, dealt in stately numbers with the sorrows of the great, the crimes of kings, and doomed heroic houses. The slave is the scarcely noticed attendant, — the messenger, the armed retainer, or here and there the son or daughter of a princely race, wearing the unworthy weeds of a degraded lot; and it was these whose sorrows, told in the verse of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, drew tears from the spectators. It was again Andromache, Polyxena, Cassandra, Hecuba. Here the sentiment which touched the popular heart was Cassandra's, "The inspiration remains, even in the mind enslaved"; or that of Sophocles, "If the body is enslaved, the mind is free"; or of Euripides, "To many slaves, there is the shameful name; while their minds have larger liberty than the minds of those who are not slaves": —

"One thing alone dishonor brings on slaves,  
The name; in all things else the virtuous slave  
Is the equal of the free."

In the old comedy, which occupied itself with political relations and living characters, or with literary controversies and poetical rivalries, the slave appears as a standing and necessary figure, but plays a subordinate part. He is sometimes a joker or a buffoon ; sometimes a character much like Sancho Panza. Xanthias, in "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, — the slave of Bacchus, and his companion in the descent to Hades, — is an amusing specimen of this class. Carion, in the "Plutus," is introduced as lamenting his unhappy lot, that, not being the owner of himself, he must needs follow a crack-brained master wherever he chooses to lead ; and in the dialogue on the blessings procurable by wealth, his selection of favorite objects is quite in Sancho Panza's vein. In the later comedy, which was founded on the general observation of life, the slave comes forward much more prominently, and probably appears in the real character he bore as an element of Attic society. The poet of the later comedy was entangled by no theories. Admitting the fact as a necessary one, he was not, like the theoretical statesman, bound to justify it, nor did he care directly to condemn it. The general character of the slave — with some variety in the shading — is that of a good-natured rogue, often wittier than his master. He is wasteful, extravagant, a glutton, a wine-bibber, in spite of the laws that prohibited the drinking of wine to his rank, — a prohibition considered to be one of the hardest conditions of his lot. He lies to the most enormous extent, — why should he not ? He is the pimp and pander to all the vices of the young. He has a boundless supply of jokes, — good, bad, and indifferent. He is without the slightest moral sense on any subject. In short, his animal appetites have the largest development ; his moral qualities the smallest ; while his intellectual faculties are sharpened, by the temptations of his position, for the successful performance of all sorts of petty rascalities. Sometimes he comes in as a cook, priding himself on a fine-flavored sauce of his own invention, or on the manner in which he has served up a tunny, or a mullet, or a Copaic eel. In one very amusing fragment, the



cook has a passion for quoting Homer, and drives his master, who cares more for dinner than for poetry, nearly out of his senses. In short, the slaves of the new comedy exhibit all the low humors, drolleries, and vices of common life in Athens. But on the other hand, the comic writer, true to all the aspects of Athenian life, was not blind to the fact of the essential humanity of the slave. As the tragedian said that the Divine inspiration remained in the mind enslaved, so the comic painter often gave expression to the natural, and therefore inextinguishable, feeling of the universal manhood of man. Says one of the characters in a fragment of Philemon :

“ Although a slave, his flesh is just the same ;  
For none by nature e’er was born a slave :  
But chance it was the body that enslaved.”

Says the slave in another fragment of the same author :

“ Although a slave, O master, none the less  
Is he a man, if he but be a man.”

Menander, the masterly observer of human nature, the loss of whose works is the greatest loss that ancient literature has sustained, says :

“ The slave in all things learns to be a slave,  
And so a rogue ; but give him liberty,  
'T is that shall make him better than all else.”

And again :

“ Serve like a freeman, — thou shalt be no slave.”

### LECTURE III.

#### PLATO AND ARISTOTLE ON SLAVERY.—SLAVERY AND CHRISTIANITY.

I HAVE given a rapid sketch of the institution of slavery among the Greeks, and of the way in which it was regarded by the people and represented by the poets. I should leave this part of my subject quite too imperfectly handled, if I did not trace, at least briefly, the speculative views expressed with regard to it by the leading Greek writers on political science. I shall limit myself to two, — Plato and Aristotle, — though the subject is touched upon, in a fragmentary manner or incidentally, by many others.

There are two works of Plato that have a special interest in this regard, — the “Republic” and the “Laws,” — both belonging to the later period of his life. Of their general character I shall elsewhere speak; I refer to them now only in connection with this one subject. Plato was descended from the most illustrious families in Athens. Not only had his great natural genius been improved by the usual education of an Athenian gentleman, but he had travelled largely, and had enjoyed the benefits of an extensive acquaintance with the most eminent personages — political and literary — in other countries. I have already alluded to one of the incidents of his years of travel which was not altogether agreeable. Returning to Athens, he began to teach about B. C. 389, and remained there, with the exception of the time spent in two visits to Sicily, until his death, B. C. 347, — more than forty years. In his teachings, as was customary with the Greek philosophers, he connected theology, philosophy, ethics, and

politics, regarding these sciences as having the most intimate mutual relations.

Plato did not approve of the Athenian democracy. The instability and violence which occasionally disturbed his philosophic serenity, the imperfections in the administration of justice, and, especially, the judicial murder of his friend and master, — the purest and wisest man of the ancient world, whose name has acquired a saintly character in the best judgment of succeeding ages, — thrust themselves upon his attention, and made him look elsewhere for a model commonwealth. I think that his experience with Dionysius could not have made him in love with despotism. Indeed, the searching exposure of the wickedness and misery belonging to the condition of the tyrant, which we find in that admirable dialogue, the *Gorgias*, perhaps owes some of its point and power to personal recollections. Tyranny and democracy were, therefore, out of the question. There remained the Spartan form of government and the institutions of *Lycurgus*, for which it is evident that Plato had a theoretical preference. The characteristics of those institutions which attracted his interest were the apparent order and system with which every class in the state performed its functions, and every individual filled his allotted place. What he would have thought of them had he lived near Sparta, — had the Academy been on the banks of the *Eurotas*, instead of the *Cephissus*, — it is not easy to conjecture; but it is one thing to admire the working of a machine at a safe distance, and quite another to have an arm or a leg caught in a band or crushed between the wheels. The evils of the Athenian democracy were near at hand, and real; the evils of the Spartan Constitution were at a distance; while the discipline and regularity were obvious to every beholder, and made themselves felt in every martial enterprise. At all events, the polity delineated in Plato's ideal commonwealth has much more of the Spartan than of the Athenian spirit in it. Did the illustrious author incorporate in it either the *Helot* system of Sparta, or the milder system of Athenian



bondage? Of the general merits of the work I have nothing to say now; I wish only to show how the sage of the Academy disposed of an institution universal in the Grecian world, when, framing a purely ideal republic, — such a one as he conceived to be the best organization of society, could society be made over again, — he had everything in his own way.

For some reason, he does not introduce slavery here under its own name; but he founds his scheme upon the analogy between the individual man and the state, — the perfect man and the perfect state. The parts of the ideal republic are, first, the *βουλευτικόν*, the *counselling* order; secondly, the *ἐπικουρικόν*, the *supporting* order; and, thirdly, the *χρηματιστικόν*, or the *order devoted to gain*; — that is, the three orders constituting the state are to be counsellors, whose business it is to meditate and decide on what is for the good of the whole; guards, or defenders, whose function it is to maintain and protect the state with military power; and workers, whose duty it is to furnish by their labors the means of living to all. The first class — the men of intellect — are to govern the state; the second, the men of courage, are to defend it; of the third, those who have neither intellect nor courage, but only the lowest qualities, — the mere multitude, the men fit for nothing but physical labor, — are to cultivate the earth and to practise the handicrafts; those whose physical powers are least adequate to these tasks are to sit in the market-place, and carry on the system of trade; while another division are to engage in commerce of a larger kind by land and by sea. From the products of these branches of labor, the governors and protectors are to be supported. It is for the good of the state that these classes should be perpetually distinct, and that their several functions should become a part of their nature, transmissible by descent. Especially are the members of the lowest class to be forever separated from the governing and protecting classes. Yet the possession of the qualities that fit men for these several positions is an indispensable requisite to their continuing to hold them; but he supposed that in most cases the

means employed would secure the permanent possession of them. Sometimes it might happen otherwise. In the course of generations, one of the governing order might fall below the qualifications for his condition, or one of the order of laborers might rise above the level of his. Then, what is to be done? "You, who are members of the state," says Plato, in the person of Socrates, "are all brethren, but the god who made you mingled gold at their birth in the composition of those who were to govern, and for this reason they are the most honorable; silver in those who are to protect and defend; iron and brass in the tillers of the earth, and other hand-laborers. As you are all of the same kith and kin, you will, for the most part, have offspring who will resemble yourselves. But sometimes silver may be born of gold, and gold of silver, and so of the other metals. God then commands the rulers first and foremost that they show themselves good guardians in nothing so much as in the care of offspring, and in observing what has been mingled in their souls. If their own children have a portion of brass or iron, they must by no means be moved by pity, but, assigning to them the rank belonging to their nature, thrust them out among the artisans or farmers; and if, on the other hand, one of these be born with gold or silver in his soul, they must duly honor him by raising him to the rank of warrior or ruler; since there is an oracle that the state shall perish when brass or iron shall govern or protect it."

There is something quite noticeable in this passage. 1. All the orders of the state are supposed to work harmoniously together. 2. Each member of every order is supposed to have his just rights meted out to him, — duties and rights being correlative. 3. All the members of all the orders of the state are addressed *as brethren*, — a remarkable expression. 4. The name and the system of slavery, as they existed in every Greek commonwealth, are excluded from this ideal state. From this circumstance it is fair to infer, as Wallon does, that Plato meant to say, that, if he could organize human society according to his views of a perfect commonwealth, he would exclude

slaves as property, but would accomplish the industrial objects secured to actual societies through that institution by the labor of a rigidly organized body of freemen, not fitted to take part in the functions of government, and possessing only the faculty of labor; yet not so absolutely fixed that any member of this order, showing natural aptitudes above his rank, might not ascend to the more elevated classes. But we cannot infer, I think, that Plato positively disapproved of the existing institution, or that he saw any really practicable mode of dispensing with it in existing Hellenic societies. I do not speak here of objections, both theoretical and practical, which would be fatal to Plato's republic, if looked upon as a serious plan for reforming political institutions. I am only drawing out from the philosopher his idea of what would be desirable, on this particular head, in a state of society which he could conceive of, but might never hope to realize.

In a striking passage of Book Fifth, one of the interlocutors in the dialogue says, in speaking of war and its ordinary results: "First, concerning enslavement, does it appear to you just that Greeks should enslave Greek cities? or that they should do their best even to prevent others from doing so, and accustom them to spare the Greek race, guarding it against being enslaved by the barbarians?" "Absolutely and entirely, it is best to spare them." "And not to possess Greek slaves themselves, and to advise the other Greeks so too?" "Certainly they would then turn more to the barbarians, and abstain from one another." Here the non-enslavement of Greeks is recommended, but rather from motives of prudence than from any fundamental objection to slavery as such. Wallon is mistaken in saying that Plato recognizes the natural injustice of this destiny.

We shall come nearer to Plato's views of the then existing state of things by examining his "Laws." In this work a system of institutions, conceivable as introduced into an actual state, which was to be reorganized after having been depopulated, is carefully unfolded. In speaking about household



arrangements, after some very admirable instructions for the formation of families, handing down the lamp of life to successive generations, and serving the gods according to the laws, the author takes up the subject of slavery at some length. "As to other matters," says he, "they are difficult neither to understand nor to procure; but the subject of slaves is wholly perplexing. . . . The Helotism of the Lacedæmonians gives occasion to the greatest question and doubt, some maintaining that it is a good thing, and others that it is a very bad one. In other forms of slavery, the embarrassment is less. Now, looking at all this, what are we to do with regard to the possession of slaves? We should all agree that it is necessary to have slaves as kindly disposed and as good as possible; for many slaves have proved better than sons and brothers, and have saved the lives, property, and families of their masters. These things are told, as we know, of slaves. And, on the other hand, it is sometimes said that there is nothing healthy in the slavish soul, and that a man of sense must never trust one of the race. As the wisest of our poets has said, —

‘Of half his mind far-seeing Zeus deprives

The man on whom the day of slavery falls.’

With such different views, some place no trust in the race of slaves, and render their souls, not threefold, but many times more slavish, by scourging them with goads and lashes, as if they were wild beasts; and others treat them in just the opposite manner. Man is a creature not easily adapted to these distinctions of slave and freeman and master. The slave is indeed a troublesome possession, as has been proved many a time by facts, as in the frequent, even customary, revolts of the Messenians, and all the evils that happen in the case of cities possessing many slaves speaking one language. . . . Considering all these facts, a man might well doubt what course it were best for him to take. Two devices alone remain,—to see that those who are expected to submit easily to servitude should as far as possible not be of the same country nor of the same

language; and next, to treat them well, and hold them in respect, not merely for their own sake, but for the good of the masters themselves. And the proper treatment of such persons is not to behave with insolence towards them, but to be more careful not to wrong them than not to wrong one's equals. For he shows strikingly that he truly and not fictitiously reverences justice, and really hates injustice, who commits no wrong upon those whom he can easily injure. He, then, who has no stain of injustice and unholiness with respect to the manners and conduct of slaves, will be the fittest to sow the seeds of virtue. And the same may be said of the despot, or the tyrant, or any one who exercises irresponsible power over those weaker than himself. Yet it is necessary to chastise slaves, and not to make them put on airs by admonishing them as if they were freemen. Every address to a slave should be almost a command. There should be no jesting with slaves, male or female,—a habit which some persons very foolishly like to indulge in, thus making it more difficult for their slaves to be governed, and for themselves to govern.”

From this passage it is evident, first, that Plato accepted slavery as inevitable, very much on the principle of Metrodorus,—that it is an indispensably necessary institution, though a disagreeable necessity; secondly, that he, in common with his countrymen in general, felt the dangers of the institution in some of its forms; and thirdly, that he saw no practicable method of averting those dangers, except by devising measures to prevent an easy combination among the slaves, and training them by kindness and respect to identify their interests with those of their masters, and thus willingly to submit to the conditions of their lot. I find in Plato no traces of the idea that a general abolition of the system as established from the earliest times would be possible or desirable.

Aristotle was the disciple of Plato; but he differed from him in many respects, both as to philosophical and political views. He subjected existing facts to a searching scrutiny, and drew his principles from large inductions. He examined constitu-

tions, epic poems, and tragedies, as he did the soul of man, or the structure of a fish or a quadruped. His aim was to ascertain the central fact or principle, to lay out in order the constituent elements, and to determine the exact nature of things. Like Plato, he connected politics with ethics; but he maintained with more distinctness than Plato did, that it is the duty of the legislator to make the whole state happy, by combining the greatest possible number of advantages, whether external or intellectual. The best state is that in which the citizen can secure to himself the largest amount of happiness by the practice of virtue. He wrote two works, which deal with the subject before us;—the *Politeiai*, in which he examined the existing constitutions, and which is lost; and the *Politica*, in which he gives his own ideas of what a state should be, founding them, however, not, like Plato, upon an ideal conception, but upon the facts of political life, as developed in human societies. There is a third work, the *Œconomica*, which bears upon some parts of the general subject. One of the conclusions he draws is, that, in the best regulated state, the citizens who are to be just men, that is, men performing all the duties belonging to citizenship, must be free from all the cares of handicraft and trade, for a life devoted to such pursuits is unfavorable to virtue; nor should they be farmers, for leisure is an indispensable condition to the generation of virtue and to political activity. How is this leisure to be secured to the favored citizens? The state is founded upon the family; and the constituent elements of the family are man, woman, and slave. Without either element, social and political man ceases to exist, at least in his perfection. Here, then, is the germ of the system; and this germ is furnished by nature. The relation of the slave to the master is like the relation of the body to the soul, whence the slave is called a *body*, *σῶμα*; he is his master's body, but detached from him; the master is the master only of the slave, but is not his; the slave is not only the slave of his master, but is wholly his. The natural ruler and the natural subject must be united for their common



safety. That which can foresee by the intellect is the natural ruler and master ; that which can render bodily service is the natural subject and slave ; and man is by nature a political animal. There are some, he admits, who affirm that to be a master is against nature, — that the slave and the freeman exist by law, but differ in no respect by nature ; wherefore the relation is not just, because it comes of violence. He merely states this opinion as a fact, without attempting a direct answer. In the economy of a family, instruments or organs are required ; and of these there are two kinds, the inanimate and the animate, as to the pilot the rudder is the inanimate organ, and the man on the look-out the animate. The slave is an animate organ, and indeed the first of organs. But if every organ, either commanded or foreknowing, could perform its proper office, — as did the works of Dædalus, and the tripods of Hephæstus which the poet describes as moving of themselves into the assembly of the gods, — if the shuttle could thus weave and the quill could thus play the lyre, the architect would want no servants, the master would need no slaves. Thus we see the nature of the slave and his capacity. He who by nature is not his own, but another's, and is yet a man, — he is by nature a slave ; and that man is another's, who is a piece of property, being a man. But whether there really is such a person by nature or not, whether it is better, whether it is just, that one should be slave of another, or whether all slavery is contrary to nature, admits of question.

To Aristotle slavery appears necessary, expedient, and founded on a principle of subordination running through all the orders of nature, so that some, from the hour of birth, are marked out for ruling, some for obeying. Those who are inferior to others, as the body is inferior to the soul, are slaves by nature, and it is for their good to be thus governed. Such persons are those whose function is the use of the body, and this is the best thing to be had of them. Nature intends to make the bodies of slaves and freemen different from each other ; — the former strong, for necessary use ; the latter erect,

useless for menial labors, but useful for civil life. Sometimes, however, the contrary happens. . . . If this be true of the body, it is still more just to draw the distinction with respect to the soul, although it is not so easy to see the beauty of the soul as to see that of the body. Yet it is clear that some men are freemen by nature, and others are slaves, and to the latter slavery is beneficial and just.

Again, it is asked whether a slave can possess any virtues except the instrumental and servile, — any traits nobler than these, — such as temperance, fortitude, justice, and the like. This question brings the inquirer into difficulties which are very fairly stated by Aristotle. If they possess these virtues, wherein will they differ from freemen? Yet, as they are men, and participate in reason, it is absurd to suppose that they may not possess them.

Another puzzling question is, how far might makes right. Victory seems to imply some superior ability. Does it prove the justice of the cause? No one will say that the man who is undeservedly enslaved is a slave, (and he might have illustrated this proposition by the case of Plato). Men of the noblest families might happen to be slaves, and the descendants of slaves, if they or their ancestors have been taken prisoners of war and sold. But they are not slaves, — this name must be limited to those who are slaves by nature. Men of noble descent are not only so regarded in their own country, but everywhere. Thus Helen, in Theodectes, says: —

“ Who dares reproach me with the name of slave,  
When from immortal gods, on either side,  
I draw my lineage ? ”

Again, Aristotle concludes that some persons are slaves and others freemen by the ordinance of nature; and that there may exist a mutual utility and friendship between the master and the slave, when they are placed by nature in that relation to each other; while the contrary is the case with those who are reduced to slavery by custom or by conquest.

Our author then treats of the knowledge which a slave

ought to possess, inasmuch as one kind is suitable to the master and another to the slave. At Syracuse, he states, there was a person who, for a stipulated fee, instructed the boys in the routine of a household slave. The knowledge of the master is how properly to employ his slaves. Not that this knowledge contains anything great or lofty; but what a slave ought to know how to do, the master should know how to order. Those who have it in their power to be free from such toilsome matters employ a steward for this business, and apply themselves to public affairs or philosophy.

I must close this sketch of Aristotle's views on slavery by the substance of a passage in the *Œconomica*, — a brief treatise which contains much excellent matter upon the domestic relations. Here, as in the *Politica*, the necessity of having slaves is assumed. The conduct of the master towards them, it is said, should be such as not to render them insolent or negligent. He should make distinctions among them, according to their capacities and qualities, since, as other men grow worse when they gain nothing by being better, so is it with slaves. . . . It is likewise requisite that to all things an end should be set; it is therefore both right and expedient that freedom should be held up to them as a reward; for they will be willing to labor when a prize and a definite time are proposed. It is right also to bind them as hostages by their families; and to appoint holidays and festivals more for their sake than for the free, since the free possess so much larger means of daily enjoyment.

I have thus endeavored to present to you, chiefly in his own language, the opinions of the most sagacious and learned writer of antiquity on the institution of slavery among the Greeks. The sum of the matter, according to him, is: — 1. Slavery is founded on natural distinctions; and it is necessary and useful for both master and slave. Yet practically it exists where no such distinction can be found; and how this contradiction between fact and theory is to be dealt with, he does not explain. 2. The slave, though an article of property, and



wholly his master's, is yet a man, and is to be treated with justice and kindness. 3. He is influenced by the same motives as affect other men, and therefore the highest excellence of character and conduct can be produced only by the highest motive. And what, according to Aristotle, is the highest motive that can be held up before him? Why, FREEDOM. But, if there be the sharp division between those who are naturally slaves and those who are naturally masters, which his theory implies, and which is the justification of slavery, how can the prospect of freedom be a legitimate motive to set before the man who was born to be a slave, and whose interests are bound up with the very existence of the relation? The truth is, that the institution was there as a long-established fact, to be examined like any other fact; but it had elements of perplexity which the acute, honest, and humane genius of Aristotle could not reconcile with many of the phenomena of human nature that he witnessed in Hellenic society, and he was obliged to leave the theory vitiated by contradictions, while he gave practical rules conformable to his own sense of justice, and inspired by his calm wisdom and serene humanity.

I expressed the opinion, in the first Lecture, that there is a coincidence between the spirit of Christianity and the best teachings of Greek philosophy. In my judgment, St. Paul on the Hill of Mars is the complement to Socrates in his prison, to Plato in the Academy, and to Aristotle in the Lyceum. The wisdom of the Hellenic sages is carried out and perfected, its shortcomings are made good, its partial truth is rounded and completed, by the deeper wisdom, the holier inspiration, the broader views of the great Christian masters, — the Apostles and early Fathers of the Church. The humane tendencies of Grecian philosophy became fundamental principles in the philosophy of the Son of God. The errors of the Academy and the Lyceum were corrected under the heavenly light of the Church. Plato maintained that God had made all the members of his ideal commonwealth brethren; Paul declared

that God had made the whole human race of one blood. Plato and Aristotle taught that the master should treat his slaves kindly; Paul taught Philemon, and through him every other Greek master, that he must receive the returning fugitive, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," — receive him as he would Paul himself; promising at the same time, — a very significant fact, — that, if Philemon had suffered any loss through Onesimus, it was to be put to his Paul's, account, and he, Paul, would repay it.

On one most important point bearing upon the relation of master and servant, Christianity corrected an error of Greek philosophy. The Greeks regarded certain kinds of work as servile, requiring a servile class for their performance; yet more, as disgraceful, requiring therefore a dishonored, a contemptible class. But the Son of God took upon himself the humblest form, the lowliest offices, and thereby exalted all labor to a divine significance. "Come unto me," said he, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The influence of the Beatitudes and of St. Paul's expositions of the Christian spirit on the tone of feeling in Greece, doubtless coincided with the national sentiment, and carried it forward in the same general direction which had been imparted to it by philosophy. It did not attack institutions in their outward forms; but it strengthened the noble and generous attributes of humanity within those forms. It assailed no established rights, and broke no laws; but it transmuted the violence with which those rights were sometimes enforced into gentleness and love. It recognized duties on both sides in legal relations; it sanctioned and justified no outrages on person or property, no encroachment even, no withholding of legal dues.

It cannot be said that these men adopted so mild a course because they feared the personal consequences of stronger measures. Champions of Divine truth, taking their lives in their hands, counting tortures and death as naught in the service of

their great Master, they made no compromise with principle, they sacrificed nothing to the world; but they dealt with all the relations of man to man in the way which they knew to be wise, and right, and in accordance with the law of God. The glimpses and intimations of truth which the Hellenic sages saw, on the subject we have been discussing, they brightened into the perfect day. They struck at the root of war, and of all other systems of violence; they overthrew the pretexts for international prejudice and wrong; they made all honest labor honorable; they thus dried up the sources from which the bitter stream of bondage flowed. They established principles which, in proportion as they were carried out in the ancient world, removed the evils which the philosophers saw and felt, and could only abate.

It is not in the nature of social life to undergo radical changes in a moment. Christianity had a struggle of centuries, before its outward triumphs raised it to high places in the world; and its struggle to gain an inward triumph over the evil passions of man will probably last as long as the earth shall endure. But the seed was sown; the plant grew and ripened here and there; and human life was refreshed by the Divine fruit. The Fathers of the Church faithfully proclaimed the doctrines of Christ and the Apostles upon the essential equality of man. Justin declared that the sons of freemen and the sons of slaves are *ὁμότιμοι*, — of equal honor. St. Basil, while admitting that the inferior should be under the guidance of the superior, yet maintains that there is no such thing among men as a slave by nature. St. Chrysostom is equally emphatic. All these teachers inculcate, indeed, the duties of order, obedience, and fidelity, on the slaves; but equally those of kindness, gentleness, respect for natural rights, and sympathy as for brethren in Christ, on the masters. Gregory of Nazianzus expressed himself in gnomic verse to the effect that tyranny, not nature, had divided the race of men; that every bad man is a slave, every good man is free. Gregory of Nyssa said, that the Divine seal set upon the brow of



our first parent was perpetuated down to his latest descendant as an ineffaceable mark, since man is in all ages the same being to that Supreme Power which has neither past nor future. These views the Fathers of the Church maintained under all circumstances; but they did not find it their duty to attack outward forms. The revolution they sought to effect was in the heart of man. Where the heart was right, all that it was desirable to have would soon follow. They held slaves themselves, because the ordinary service of a household could hardly be otherwise supplied. But while accepting the external relation, universal in those times, the Church acknowledged no real distinctions save in the qualities of the soul.

But human nature is not easily changed. The treatment of slaves was the frequent subject of the faithful rebukes of Chrysostom. "When you go to the theatre or the bath," says he, "you take with you a train of servants; but you make no such effort to bring them to the church, where they may hear the word. And how shall the slave hear, when the master is attended by him in another place?" The characters of the slaves, too, as drawn by the Christian Fathers, are much like the pictures given by the ancient poets; but the Christian father boldly states the causes, while the old poet or philosopher only hinted at them. Says St. Chrysostom: "It is a thing generally acknowledged, that slaves are lazy, rebellious, unmanageable, unfit to receive instruction in virtue, not by the vice of nature,—God forbid!—but by the negligence and misconduct of their masters in regard to them. . . . As their masters require only service at their hands, they tolerate their disorders on this condition, and thus the slave falls into the depths of vice. If in spite of the active oversight of a father, a mother, a teacher, in spite of the influence of equals and of the sentiment of birth, we have such difficulty in avoiding the company of the wicked, how must it be with those who, deprived of all these supports, mingle with criminals, or with whom they please, no one caring what friendships they form? This is the reason why it is so hard for slaves to be good.

They receive no instruction abroad or at home ; they have no intercourse with educated freemen, who attach a high value to public opinion. How then should not it be a wonderful thing to find a slave a good man ? ”

Once more, in a remarkable passage, touching upon the conclusion to which the doctrines of the Church were tending, the eloquent preacher says : “ What need of so many slaves ? As in other things, you should limit yourself to the necessary. And what is the necessity here ? I do not see it. A master should content himself with a single slave ; or rather, one slave should be enough for two or three masters. If this appears hard, think of those who have none, and are better served ; for God has created us with the power to serve ourselves and others. If you doubt, listen to St. Paul : ‘ Mine own hands are sufficient to serve myself and others. ’ Thus this teacher of the world, worthy of heaven, was not ashamed to serve so many thousand men ; and you would think yourself disgraced, unless you were followed by a train of slaves, ignorant that it is this which disgraces you. . . . It is not necessity which has created the race of slaves ; if it were, a slave would have been created with Adam, ”—and much more to the same effect. I think that among the early Greek Fathers,—the able and eloquent men who preached the Gospel in Constantinople, Antioch, Ephesus, Alexandria, and Tarsus,—there was but one voice upon this subject.

As the Church became more thoroughly organized under the decrees of œcumenical councils, the subjects of human slavery, and the treatment of the enslaved, were constantly forced upon its attention ; and everywhere the equality of men in Christ, and the brotherhood of the whole human race, were the central ideas embodied in decrees and ordinances whose object was to restrain the wanton excesses of irresponsible power, and to protect the bondsman. Down through the Middle Ages, during the long decline of the Greek race under the Byzantine empire, the relation still existed ; and now again, as in the earlier classic ages, it was often the fate of the best-born and

most accomplished to be seized by freebooters, pirates, or roving adventurers on the Grecian seas, and carried into hopeless captivity. How often the shores of Greece were desolated by barbarians engaged in this merciless traffic, the terrible history of those centuries of gloom and darkness may tell us. The Church still spoke in the same voice, although ecclesiastics and monks were often the owners of bondsmen.

About the beginning of the ninth century, there died at Constantinople Theodorus Studita, abbot of the monastery of Studium in that city, who left, in the form of a testament for his successor, his confession of faith, and a series of practical directions, one of which thus reads: "Thou shalt not possess a slave, neither for thine own use, nor for the monastery, nor for the field, since he is a man made in the image of God. This, like marriage, is allowed only to the people of the world." I need not dwell upon these times; the picture is essentially the same through the ages of decline.

At length the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, and the extension of their conquest over Greece in the three following years, reduced all alike to a barbarous servitude, some of the forms of which were more painful than any ancient bondage of the barbarian to the Greek. This general enslavement of the Hellenic race lasted almost four hundred years, — a long, bitter, and degrading lesson for those whose ancestors had been the teachers of the world. The yoke was heavy, the agonies of servitude entered their souls, and it seemed as if no hope could send its light into their prison-house. I need not recount the circumstances of their great deliverance, — the heroic deeds and dreadful sufferings through which they passed. It is enough to state one fact which has a bearing upon my subject, and is surely not discreditable to the Hellenic race. When the war of national liberty commenced in Greece, an assembly was called at Epidaurus, to draw up a declaration of independence, and to frame a provisional government. Among the earliest articles of the Constitution were one for the universal education of the people, and another



abolishing slavery forever. And when, in 1843, the deputies at Athens, ten years after the beginning of the reign of Otho, framed a new Constitution, they embodied in it both these principles, declaring that slavery shall never be allowed in the kingdom, and that the bondsman, of whatever race or nationality, becomes free the moment he sets his foot upon the soil of Greece. "In Greece, man is neither sold nor bought. The bondsman or slave, of every race and every religion, is free the moment he treads on Grecian soil." Thus this institution, which outdates Homer and the heroic age, — which occupied the thoughts of poets, philosophers, legislators, saints, and martyrs, from the beginning of political society and the dawn of speculative science, — under which the Greeks were sometimes masters, and sometimes slaves, — closed its melancholy but tenacious existence only in our day, after the most wonderful diversity of national experience, and with the direct influence of Christianity acting upon it for eighteen centuries.

## LECTURE IV.

### THE EARLY TYRANNIES.—THE SPARTAN CONSTITUTION.

IN the heroic constitutions we trace the germs of the free and varied political forms in which the Grecian states abounded through the historical ages. Besides the head of the state, we uniformly find a body of counsellors and a popular assembly; and through all the forms of government, which gave Aristotle so large a field of investigation and such a copious collection of facts from which to draw his inductions, we find, in one shape or another, under one name or another, magistrates or counsellors and members of the popular body concurrently working to carry out, by legal enactment, the collective will of the people. In the colonies which were established in the period following the Trojan war, and for centuries afterward, the institutions of the mother cities — the *μητροπόλεις* — were copied, but with modifications to adapt them to the varied wants of colonial society. These colonies extended along the western and southern coasts of Asia Minor, and to the shores of the Euxine Sea; along the coasts of Thrace and Macedonia; over the *Ægean* Islands; to the west as far as Sicily; and over a large portion of Southern Italy, called from this circumstance *Magna Græcia*, — *Great Greece*, — as being more extensive than the mother country. The colonies on the coast of Asia Minor arranged themselves in geographical order, — the *Æolian* in the north, the *Ionian* in the centre, and the *Dorian* in the south, — each race maintaining its peculiarities of language and of political forms, though on this latter point our information is scanty. The colonies of Sicily were mostly *Dorian*; those of Italy, *Dorian* and *Æolian*. The *Ionians* of

Asia Minor were the first to excel in poetry and art. To them belongs the imperishable glory of Homer and epic poetry. The Æolians followed, and the lyrical school of Lesbos, and the impassioned strains of Sappho's muse, constituted their especial renown. The Dorians, as was to be expected of their peculiar genius, came last into the field of letters, though from early times they possessed a vigorous martial minstrelsy.

In some of the colonies the descendants of the old heroic families were leaders and founders. In others, new men came up from the people. In general there were many changes, and a new order of things arose. The states of which we have the best information are Sparta and Athens, — Sparta, the most conspicuous representative of the Dorian, and Athens, the crowning flower of the Ionian race. It is probable that the other Dorian and Ionian states framed their institutions generally upon the metropolitan models.

Among the most remarkable changes that succeeded the downfall of the heroic monarchies were the rise and establishment of what the Greeks called tyrannies. This word did not originally refer to the manner of exercising power, but to the nature of the office and the mode of gaining it. To the Greek mind, the source of power was the popular will; and the object of its exercise was the benefit of the body politic. From what has been said in previous Lectures, it will of course be understood that the servile classes enjoyed the benefit of these principles but imperfectly, if at all; and when we speak of the freedom which the constitutions of Greece generally developed, and the admirable results of the Greek polity, a large reservation on this head must always be made. We say, then, that the popular will was the source and the people's good was the aim of government in the Hellenic conception of civil society, whether under the Dorian or the Ionian system. Any government that established itself without the co-operation of these principles, and refused to acknowledge its accountability to the people, was, in the Greek



sense of the word, a tyranny, no matter how wisely or humanely it might be administered. When the old hereditary rule lost its hold upon men's minds, either by the disappearance of the royal families, by violent revolutions, or by progress in political ideas, a free opportunity was thrown open for bold and aspiring men, who could command the support of powerful parties by their wealth, or ingratiate themselves by an insinuating address, to usurp the places once held by the champions of the Trojan war or their descendants. These men often found, in the confusion of changing institutions, no great difficulty in accomplishing their purposes; and sometimes they secured their families in power for several generations. Their period commences in the seventh century before Christ, and continues about two hundred years. They were, therefore, contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the great legislators, who stand as the impersonations of the legal, as contrasted with the tyrannical principle.

The oldest tyranny was that established at Sicyon, by Orthagoras, said to have been originally a cook. His descendants — the Orthagoridæ — governed the city for about a hundred years; and their rule is praised by Aristotle for its mildness. It ended with Cleisthenes, whose daughter, Agariste, married Megacles the Athenian, and became the mother of the Cleisthenes so distinguished as a popular leader in Athens. In the third century before Christ, Sicyon became again subject to a tyranny. In the seventh century B. C., the ancient house of the Bacchiadæ — the kings of Corinth — was overthrown by Cypselus. This prince belonged, by his mother's side only, to the old Doric nobility of Corinth. An oracle had declared that he would be dangerous to the reigning family; and his life being threatened, he was saved by being concealed in a chest, from which circumstance he received his name. This chest was a splendid work of art, and an heirloom in the family, who afterwards consecrated it at Olympia. Pausanias saw it there eight hundred years later, and has given a minute description of it. Cypselus was succeeded by his son Periander, an able

ruler and a patron of literature. The family of the Cypselidæ remained in power about eighty years. Similar tyrannies were established in Epidaurus, Megara, Pisa, Phlius, Chalcis, also in some of the cities of Asia Minor, and in Samos, of whose tyrants Polycrates was the most renowned. At Athens, a tyranny, under Peisistratus, followed the legislation of Solon, and lasted, with intervals, until the expulsion of Hippias. The tyranny in Sicily was the longest and the most successful, beginning with Phalaris of Agrigentum, and continuing through the reigns of the Syracusan kings.

The tyrants sometimes rose to power by the aid of the people, who preferred one ruler to the oppressions of the nobles. Sometimes they gathered around themselves a body of foreign mercenaries, and seized the power by force. The nature of their government depended in both cases on the personal character of the tyrant. Many of them were enlightened men, who collected poets and philosophers at their courts, and swayed the sceptre with mildness and clemency. But arbitrary and irresponsible power was not in harmony with the genius of the Hellenic people, and the dignity and splendor of the courts of most of these princes were short-lived. They fill, however, a remarkable chapter in the history of Greece.

The earliest legislation appears to have been that of Crete; but in the mass of fable and the embellishments of poetry, of which that beautiful island was from the oldest times the centre, it is impossible to make out a clear and intelligible account of the Cretan system. There probably was a king named Minos. He was the first, according to Thucydides, to establish an important naval power, and to clear the Eastern seas of pirates. The tradition which traces Cretan institutions back to Minos may be accepted as historically true; and the Cretans would seem to have been of Dorian origin, by the resemblance of their laws to those of Lycurgus. Minos was so renowned for his justice, that he became, with Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the lower world. The early kings of Crete were succeeded by boards of ten magistrates,

called Cosmioi, — chosen from certain families, — who, along with other functions, bore the chief command in war. A council or senate of thirty (*γερονσία*) held the supreme executive and judicial power, without written laws and free from accountability. The members of this body were taken from those Cosmioi who had honorably discharged the duties of their office. There was, according to Aristotle, an ecclesia or general assembly, in which all were allowed to participate; but this assembly had no other power than to sanction, without discussion, the decrees of the senators and Cosmioi. In the arrangements of private life, there was also a resemblance to those of Sparta. Agriculture and the industrial arts were despised, and left wholly to the servile classes. Youths and men lived at public tables, the expense of which was defrayed partly by the payment of one tenth of his income by each citizen, and partly by contributions from the government; and these contributions were drawn in part from the public lands, and in part from the revenues derived from the serfs. But the land was not equally divided among the citizens, as it ostensibly was in Sparta, nor was it inalienable. I suppose that these faint outlines are tolerably correct. The rhetoricians were fond of delineating the primitive felicity of the Cretans, and of contrasting the degeneracy of their own times with the purer morality of the Saturnian age; but, like all other primitive felicities, the Cretan pretensions on this score will hardly stand the scrutiny of investigation. At all events, in the later ages, the Cretans enjoyed no enviable reputation for personal morality or regard to truth. Their lying spirit became a by-word and their licentiousness a scoff among the Greeks. St. Paul quotes a proverbial expression, which troubles the Cretans at the present day. “The Cretans are always liars,” was said of them by a Greek poet, Callimachus of Cyrene, because they affirmed that the tomb of Zeus was in their island. I have heard an accomplished Cretan lady maintain that her ancestors were right; that Zeus was a man, raised by the ancient superstition to the rank of a god, and



that he really died and was buried in Crete, so that there was no lying — not even a mistake — about it.

The Spartans were the quintessence of the Dorians. Spartan institutions exhibit the Dorian political genius in all its strength and in all its weakness. The Spartan man was the Dorian man raised to the highest power. He had all the virtues of his race in their brightest form; and the faults of his race, that is, the faults generated by their training, in the fullest development.

Sparta stood on the right bank of the Eurotas, just below the ranges of Taygetus and Parnon, in a situation of great natural beauty. It was not surrounded with walls until the Macedonian age; it was however built, like most other ancient cities, round an acropolis. The plain of Sparta forms the heart of Laconia. It was originally inhabited by the Leleges; then it fell under the power of Achaian princes; and in the heroic age it was the capital of Menelaus, brother to Agamemnon, and of Helen, the most beautiful of women. Two generations later, the Dorian invasion dispossessed the Achaian kings, and the city became the portion of Eurysthenes and Procles, who claimed to be descended from Hercules. The names of thirty-one descendants of the former and twenty-seven of the latter are given, from the foundation of the Dorian government down to the last quarter of the third century before Christ, that is, till after the epoch of the Macedonian supremacy. The Dorian conquerors supplanted the old Achaian institutions by introducing the Dorian usages, under which they had been trained in their mountain homes; and it was upon this established order that the constitution of Lycurgus, or the system of rules and ordinances which passes under his name, was built up. It is very clear that Lycurgus did not construct *de novo* the institutions of Sparta. They existed long before his time, as Dorian institutions; and all that he did was to reform and reorganize them.

So much uncertainty exists, in the midst of the contradictory statements of the ancients, as to the personal history of

Lycurgus, that some sceptical investigators have rejected it altogether, and reduced him to a myth. This view, however, must be considered untenable; we must admit the actual existence of the lawgiver; we must admit the outlines of his character, and his claims as the reorganizer of the Spartan commonwealth; but at the same time we must accept it as at least a probable conclusion, that he was only a reformer, and not the creator of a new system. It is hardly necessary to say, that to impose on a people a constitution and forms of private life materially different from those to which they have been accustomed, is an impossible task. Institutions grow up as naturally as plants and animals. They may be modified under fitting influences, and by legislative skill; but they cannot be forced into existence without a radical connection with the ancient usages, laws, customs, and establishments of the people.

The period at which Lycurgus lived is wholly uncertain. Aristotle placed him in the age of Iphitus, which is in the ninth century before Christ; Xenophon, still earlier. He is said to have been the brother of Polydectes the king, and afterwards the guardian of that king's posthumous son. He is said also to have visited Crete, Asia Minor, Egypt, Libya, and even the more distant countries of Iberia and India. Of his having travelled in other countries we need not doubt; as to the particulars of his travels, we are not bound to believe much. At all events, on his return he was welcomed by all parties as the only man capable of curing the evils under which the state was laboring from the dissensions of the orders. According to the custom of the times, he began by securing the sanction of the oracle at Delphi, — a political engine of no mean importance even in those early days, and often employed in accomplishing the far-reaching purposes of warriors and statesmen. He also had from the beginning the support of a large party of citizens. Thus fortified, he set about his task. Having finished the work, he called the people together, and required of them a promise that they would make no change

in his laws until his return from a distant journey, which he was about to take. According to Plutarch, he went to Delphi, and, having sacrificed to Apollo, received from the oracle the assurance that, while the people of Sparta observed his laws, the state should enjoy the height of renown. He determined, therefore, so far as lay in his power, to make it immortal, and to hand it unchangeable down to posterity. "He therefore," adds Plutarch, "put an end to himself by a total abstinence from food; thinking it a statesman's duty to make his very death, if possible, an act of service to the state, and even in the end of his life to give some example of virtue, and effect some useful purpose." The general principle here laid down is very just; while the particular exemplification of it is characteristic of the uniform sentiment of antiquity on suicide.

A slight sketch of the Spartan Constitution is all that time will allow. Lycurgus found two kings, representing two branches of the royal family, and he left them as he found them. He proceeded to ordain a council, or senate, called *γερουσία*, — that is, a body of elders, — which, including the kings who acted as presidents, consisted of thirty members, the members representing the *obæ*, or subordinate divisions of the people. No man could be elected to the senate before the age of sixty. The election was decided by the body of citizens in a very peculiar manner, thus described by Plutarch. The competitors presented themselves on their own motion to the electors, who testified their respective preferences by acclamations, the intensity of which was noted by a committee of judges in a neighboring building, so placed that they could not see the proceedings; and the successful candidate was the one who, in their opinion, received the most applause. The office was for life and irresponsible; and the duties attached to it were partly legislative, partly judicial, and partly executive. This body had the initiative of all legislative acts; as a criminal court, it could punish with death and degradation; and it exercised a general supervision over the conduct of the people.



Such a senate was no innovation, but belonged to the ancient institutions of the Hellenic race. Next came the ἐκκλησία, —the assembly of the Spartan people. This consisted of all free citizens of the age of thirty and upward, and had supreme authority over all matters that concerned the highest interests of the state. The meetings of the assembly were held every full moon, and on emergencies oftener. This body alone had the war-making power, concluded treaties, made truces for longer or shorter periods, chose to the higher offices, decided disputed successions, and confirmed or rejected changes in the Constitution. This looks like the possession of almost unlimited power; but, on the other hand, the assembly could not initiate a measure of any description, could not even amend a measure proposed to them, could only reject or approve an act just as it came down from the senate, could not even discuss a measure,—none except the ephors, kings, and some of the higher magistrates possessing this right. In theory, the popular assembly was all-powerful; in practice, it was almost entirely under the control of the senate. The power of the kings was exceedingly limited. They presided over the senate, but exercised no more influence than other senators, except that the representative of the elder house had a casting vote. They held a court, in which they decided certain classes of cases. They had the right of speech in the popular assembly. They were commanders in war, at first jointly, but afterwards only one at a time. As such, their power beyond the borders of Laconia was absolute. Domain-lands were assigned to them; their tables were supported at the public expense; they had numerous perquisites, — allotments from the public sacrifices, a pig from every litter, and a double portion at every public entertainment. Their body-guard consisted of a hundred men, and they had many subordinate functionaries to relieve them of the labors of their office. Aristotle, in his usual terse style, says: “Some declare that the best form of government is one mixed of all the forms; wherefore they praise that of the Lacedæmonians, for some say that it is com-

posed of oligarchy, monarchy, and democracy; that the kingly power is monarchy, the office of the senators is oligarchy, and by reason of the ephors, who are taken from the people, it is a democracy. There are others, however, who say that the ephoralty is a tyranny, but that the democratic element is found in the public tables and the arrangements of daily life."

The ephors, to whom Aristotle alludes, were officers common to most of the Dorian states. They were five in number, elected by the people every year, having jurisdiction in civil suits, a censorial authority over the manners and morals of the people, a superintendence over the execution of the laws, and the right of making scrutiny into the conduct of the magistrates, including even the kings, whom they could bring to trial on capital charges. They became the agents and representatives of the popular assembly, and by this means gradually made themselves supreme in the state, completely reducing the kings to their control. On one occasion, at least, they went so far as to arrest and imprison a king, — Pausanias. They could temporarily suspend the royal authority. They alone remained seated in the presence of the kings, while in their presence the kings were expected to rise. The only limit to their power was that of time. "The ephoralty," says Müller, "was the moving element, the principle of change in the Constitution, and in the end the cause of its dissolution."

It is evident that this power was excessive, and could not fail to lead to deplorable abuses; but there were deeper causes for the overthrow of the Constitution, and for the disappearance of Sparta without leaving a single lesson, except by way of warning, for mankind. The three orders of the population were Spartans, Periœci, and Helots. The Spartans were the fully qualified citizens, who lived in Sparta, and were alone eligible to offices of state. The Periœci were freemen, and citizens of the townships in Laconia, with no influence or control in public affairs, but having certain rights of local administration. They were, therefore, in a position greatly inferior to that of the Spartans, with whom they were united in the same political

body, forming with them the free community of Lacedæmon. The Pericæci were Dorians, or Dorians intermingled to some extent with the primitive inhabitants of Laconia. The Helots, as I have already stated, were the slave population, attached to the soil and paying rent to their masters. As they were generally the descendants of the original rustic inhabitants, — consequently of Greek origin, — and as they lived more by themselves in their country hamlets, — they appear to have had higher personal qualities than the body of slaves elsewhere, and were consequently the objects of greater dread to their masters. This may partly account for the cruel devices to get rid of them which were mentioned in a former lecture, as well as for such special acts of treachery as Thucydides mentions in connection with the events of the eight years of the Peloponnesian war. At that time the ephors were under great apprehension of a revolt. They accordingly issued a proclamation, that every Helot who had rendered military services to the state — and many had done so — should come forward, and the most deserving should be rewarded with liberty. They appeared in large numbers. Two thousand were selected, and formally manumitted. Garlands were placed on their heads; they were led in solemn procession round the temples of the gods; but, says Thucydides, “not long afterward they all disappeared, and no one knew in what manner any one of them perished.” “We see here a fact,” says Grote, “which demonstrates unequivocally the impenetrable mystery in which the proceedings of the Spartan government were wrapped, — the absence, not only of public discussion, but of public curiosity, — and the perfection with which the ephors reigned over the will, the hands, and the tongues of their Spartan subjects. The Venetian Council of Ten, with all the facilities for nocturnal drowning which their city presented, could hardly have accomplished so vast a *coup d’état* with such invisible means.”

Lycurgus is said to have remedied the inequality of property by redistributing the land, both that belonging to Sparta and



the territory of Laconia, — the former having been divided into nine thousand equal lots, one for each Spartan, and the latter into thirty thousand, one for each Perioecus; but this statement has no early authority in its favor, and the strongest arguments against it. The language of the most trustworthy authors in their allusions to Sparta constantly implies an inequality of wealth among the citizens, and contains no reference whatever to any such equal division; and among these authors are Herodotus, who gives an account of Lysurgus, and Plato, Aristotle, and Xenophon, who made a special study of the Spartan Constitution. The idea is evidently one of later origin than the lifetime of either of these great writers; and Plutarch, who in his *Life of Lysurgus* has given the most circumstantial description of his polity, took up this view without sufficiently examining its foundation. In truth, it is one of the numerous fictions which accumulated around the name of Lysurgus. It was founded on a vision of reform cherished in the third century before Christ by King Agis IV., who endeavored to restore the Constitution to its ancient purity, and lost his life in the attempt. But Plutarch says, that this equality of property, with nine thousand Spartans, and thirty thousand Perioeci, lasted down to the time of Epitadeus, — an ephor who, having quarrelled with his son, and wishing to cut him off from the inheritance, caused a law to be passed that every father of a family might dispose of his estate as he pleased; and this malignant act was the overthrow of the system of equality established by Lysurgus. From Lysurgus to Epitadeus was a period of nearly five centuries. The statement implies, then, that for five hundred years each of the Spartans and each of the Perioeci had one son, and no more, who lived to man's estate, and succeeded his father in the possession of the old Lysurgean homestead!

The political arrangements of the Spartans were not so remarkable as the social or private organization, with which, however, they were vitally connected. The Dorians were, from the beginning, warlike, nearly as much so as the North

American savages. When they established themselves in Peloponnesus, they were a small, united body of warriors, in heavy armor, surrounded by native populations which they had subdued, and by slaves outnumbering them many to one. Life itself could be maintained only at the price of perpetual vigilance. These circumstances exercised a controlling influence over their institutions. Martial virtues — that is, courage and endurance — took the lead of all others ; and when disorders broke out in the state, the aim of the reformer was to restore the declining qualities of character to their real or fancied pristine condition, or to develop the still remaining germs into a larger growth than they had ever before attained. Some such idea we may suppose to have been in the mind of Lycurgus when he took in hand the task of reconstructing the shattered state. His aim was to educate to their highest efficiency the qualities in man which fit him for a state of war, — to make him a fighting animal in the broadest sense, inspiring him at the same time with absolute devotion to his country. He must therefore train him by the most rigid rules. He must not even commence with his birth, but must direct and control the circumstances under which he shall be born. Education does everything ; and that must not be left to the caprice or ignorance or carelessness of the individual. Fathers, mothers, children, must alike be under the rigid watchfulness of the state or its representative, must alike be trained by constant drill to the highest efficiency in their several duties. The infant, as I have said, was submitted to the judgment of public triers, who decided whether he should live at all. If the decision was in the affirmative, he was immediately put under discipline. He was bathed in wine, and not in water, it being supposed that a feeble child would faint in a wine bath ; he was not allowed to be put into swathing-bands ; he could not be whimsical about his food ; he was not permitted to be afraid in the dark, or to give way to ill-humor or crying. At the age of seven he was enrolled in a company or class, playing, exercising, and undergoing dis-

cipline with his fellows. The boldest and hardiest of the troop was made captain; the rest obeyed his orders, and submitted to the punishments he decreed. Sometimes the elderly Spartans, coming to their quarters, got up quarrels, and pitted the little fellows against one another to try their pluck. They were taught a little reading and writing; but the discipline chiefly aimed to make them hardy. Their heads were close shaven, they went barefoot, and played naked. Bathing and anointing were occasionally indulged in, after the age of twelve. They slept on rushes, which they plucked, without a knife, on the banks of the Eurotas. At twelve years old, a citizen of honorable character was placed in charge of them, who appointed their leaders from among those a little older. The youths were then employed in various offices; — sent on stealing expeditions, and whipped if they were found out. One of the reasons assigned by Plutarch for their hard fare was, “that they might grow taller; for the vital spirits, not being overburdened and oppressed by too great a quantity of nourishment, which necessarily runs into thickness and breadth, do by their natural lightness rise; and the body, giving and yielding because it is pliant, grows in height. The same thing seems also to conduce to beauty of shape; a dry and lean habit is a better subject for nature’s configuration, which the stout and overfed are too heavy to submit to properly.” Plutarch relates the well-known anecdote, that a youth, having stolen a fox, hid it under his cloak, and let it tear his vitals rather than be detected; and he adds, that he had himself “seen several youths endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Artemis.”

The public tables — *syssitia* — were under the direction of the Polemarchs, or ministers of war. Each citizen was required to contribute his quota of provisions, — barley-meal, wine, cheese, and figs, and a small sum of money for condiments. Here every man, without distinction, was obliged to take his meals. The citizen’s days were spent in gymnastic exercises and military drill; for the lawgiver had forbidden him every



species of industrious or money-making occupation, including agriculture. His nights were passed in a species of barracks; for, through the period of youth at least, the Spartan, though married, had no domestic life, and associated with his family only by stealth.

Lycurgus was of opinion that to sit at home and spin and weave was well enough for female slaves, but was no fitting occupation for the future wives and mothers of Spartans. The Spartan maidens, therefore, were carried through a system of training like that to which the youths were inured. They were exercised daily in running, wrestling, and boxing, in the presence of the young men, the kings, and the body of the citizens; they marched in the religious processions, and sang and danced in public; and, in their turn, they were spectators of the exercises of the young men.

Xenophon is enthusiastic upon the beauty of the Spartan women. That their pre-eminence in this respect was acknowledged in Athens may be inferred from a passage in the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes. It is a play in which the women of Greece are represented as holding a general convention, to devise measures for the establishment of peace. On the arrival of Lampito, the delegate from Lacedæmon, she is saluted by Lysistrata, the leader of the movement, and welcomed by the assembled womanhood of Greece in admiring terms:—

"Hail!

Lampito, dearest of Laconian women,  
How shines thy beauty, O my sweetest friend!  
How fair thy color, full of life thy frame!  
Why, thou couldst choke a bull.

LAMPITO.

Yes, by the Twain  
For daily I the art gymnastic practise,  
And leaping strike my backbone with my heels.

LYSISTRATA.

In sooth, thy charms are lovely to behold."

Aristotle gives a rather unfavorable view of the Spartan women. They were not, in all respects, as hardly treated as

the men. They were spared the public tables and the black broth; and the consequence was, as Plato and Aristotle intimate, that they grew luxurious at home; and this difference of treatment Aristotle says was owing to the fact that Lycurgus did his best to bring the women under the same system of discipline with the men, but found them more than a match for him, and had to give up the attempt. It is very possible that the Athenian philosopher, who did not greatly admire, on general principles, the kind of strong-bodied women which the Spartan gymnastics tended to produce, may have met with some unpleasant specimens of the sex, and that he analyzed their characters as he would have dissected some strange fish. A curious fact mentioned by him is, that two fifths of the landed property of Sparta in his time belonged to women. At all events, women exercised a more controlling power in Sparta than elsewhere in Greece; and their applause was sought by the young men, at their military exercises, with an enthusiasm that reminds us of the knights in the Middle Ages. Their praise was the warrior's dearest crown, their contempt more intolerable than death. Marriage was an indispensable condition of respectability to the Spartan.

His peculiar training made the Spartan an obstinate conservative. Charondas, the lawgiver of a Dorian colony in Italy, after preparing his code, enacted that, if any man proposed a new law, he should enter the assembly with a halter round his neck, and that, if the proposition was not accepted, the proposer should be immediately hanged, — a very good method of preventing excessive legislation. As the laws of Lycurgus were not written, and written laws were even forbidden, there was no need of a safeguard like that of Charondas. The interpretation of each statute rested in the bosom of the judge. But the Spartan, like his brother Dorians elsewhere, hated change. He refused a new seasoning to his broth, and would not allow a new string to be added to the old four-chorded lyre. It was a praiseworthy point in his manners, that he respected old age, and regarded slander upon the memory of the dead with abhorrence, as the worst of crimes.

The literary education of the Spartan was very limited. The literature of the Doric dialect was mostly produced by writers other than Spartan. Pindar's odes are in the Doric dialect, but Pindar was a Theban. Alcman was an Asiatic; Tyrtæus was an Ionian of Attica; Telesilla, famous for her odes, was an Argive woman. Her poems were admired; but she was much more renowned for having on one occasion armed herself with helmet and shield, and led an army of women to drive back a besieging enemy from the walls.

With such a people there could be no popular eloquence. Indeed, as we have seen, at the meetings of the people no one was allowed to say anything except the kings and some of the higher magistrates. Kings have never been distinguished, as a class, for their eloquence. A man who has the power to order has no need to persuade; and a people that can say only "yes" or "no" is not very likely to produce a race of orators. Long debates were, therefore, unknown in Sparta. I suppose that the most important question ever brought before a Spartan assembly might have been despatched in a minute and a half, allowing one minute for the royal speech, and half a minute for the popular vote,—a vast saving of time, doubtless.

Thus we see that the whole tendency of the institutions of Lycurgus was to train up a limited number of men and women, forming a compact community, living on the labor of slaves, with powerfully developed frames, terrible in war, silent in peace; but in doing this, the sentiments of humanity, the affections of family, the delights of literature, the charms of art, and the exhilaration of varied social intercourse, were sacrificed. In short, the objects of the private and public training of the Spartan were such as are approved neither by reason, philosophy, nor common sense; they imply no enlightened view of human life on earth, or of the destiny of man hereafter.

There are two striking pictures presented to us by the Spartan commonwealth. A Dorian army marching to battle was doubtless a splendid and imposing spectacle, and exhibited the



image of war in its highest perfection. The soldiers with garlands on their heads, the king leading the pæan, — all moving without disorder in their ranks, with minds composed and countenances serene, advancing with measured step and the music of flutes to the deadly onset, — fill us with a certain admiration. Then, again, when tidings of disaster arrive at Sparta, — of the defeat at Leuctra, for example, — the Spartan demeanor is equally characteristic. A festival is going forward, — the news circulates that thousands of the best and bravest have perished; but the festival still proceeds. The friends of those who have fallen on the field appear in public, rejoicing as if in some piece of good fortune. The friends of the survivors, on the other hand, are overwhelmed with grief and shame. A calamity has overtaken them; for their sons, brothers, husbands, have *not* been slain. Here is a wonderful result, certainly, of the power of training, — more wonderful than the army on the battle-field.

In these two scenes we have the culmination of Spartan institutions, the supreme excellence of the Spartan character. Was this, even judged by the standard of ancient philosophy, the highest attainable end, worthy to be held forth by the founder of a state, and proposed to the citizen as the noblest object to which his aspirations should be directed? And did this training prepare the Dorians for a long national existence? I think not. Its success depended upon the limitations of numbers and space, — upon rigid non-intercourse with other nations, politically, financially, socially, and in every relation save that of war. The iron currency, and the *xenelasia*, or exclusion of strangers, were designed to perpetuate the commercial and social isolation; and all the other institutions had the same general tendency. It is surprising that the Spartan commonwealth retained its distinctive characteristics, even externally, as long as it did. It began, in fact, to decay inwardly very early. The iron currency created an intense thirst for gold; the black broth, an irresistible longing for the luxuries of the table; the rigid life prepared for licen-

tious indulgences; the war-poetry made amatory and bacchanalian songs peculiarly welcome; the love of fighting roused a passion for foreign conquest; and when Agis IV. attempted, in his generous but visionary schemes of reform, to carry back the degenerate community to the vigor of the ancient life, he fell under the murderous stroke of the ephors. No men were so easily bribed in the later times as the kings and generals of Sparta. None of the Greeks fell so readily and completely under the temptations of Oriental pomp and luxury, as the Spartan commanders in Asia Minor. The story of Pausanias, so vividly related by Thucydides, illustrates this in a most instructive manner. Charged with the command of the Spartan army, he surrounded himself with the guards of Asiatic despotism, wore the Asiatic dress, assumed the Asiatic haughtiness of demeanor, and offered to subject all Greece to the Great King on condition of having that monarch's daughter for his wife. True, he was recalled, and perished miserably; but the attempt shows the natural effect of such a system upon the character of man. You cannot outrage Nature, without suffering the penalty. If you insist on cramping her under the repressions and restraints of an artificial system, be sure she will break the bounds when opportunity and temptation come, as they will come sooner or later.

## LECTURE V.

### ATHENIAN KINGS. — SOLON AND HIS LAWS.

THE song of Athenian exiles in another land had for its refrain the words, *Ἰωμεν εἰς Ἀθήνας*, — “Let us go to Athens.” Others besides Athenian exiles have fondly repeated the refrain, *Ἰωμεν εἰς Ἀθήνας*. Let us go to Athens to-night. We leave the banks of the Eurotas, the Taygetus, the military brotherhood of the Spartans, and, passing over the Saronic Gulf, greet the hills of Attica, the Plain of Athens, the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Pheidian Minerva, the Cephissus and Academy, the Ilissus and Lyceum. Like the ancient Erechtheidæ, “we walk in the most brilliant air”; we call up the mighty names of the past, whose memorials dwell eternally in the hearts of men. Of all the cities in the world, — next to Jerusalem, the Holy City, which stands apart in the sacred thoughts of the human race, — Athens is peerless and alone. In her contributions to the progress of humanity, in legislation, in poetry, in philosophy, in statesmanship, in art, in the administration of justice, in every species of eloquence, in the urbanities of social life, in the multitude of great names that adorn her history, in commerce, in the mechanic arts, so despised at Sparta, in political economy, Athens was without an equal, without a second; — the school of the ancient world, so long as taste and culture endured; the school of art in the modern world, from the moment her glorious ruins were discovered by the early traveller; at this day the school of letters, education, liberty to the Hellenic race, revived, disenthralled, destined before many years have passed to replace the cross on the domes of St. Sophia, and to chase the crescent across the Bosphorus, and into Central Asia, whence it came.



The origin of Athens is lost in the mists of the most remote antiquity. There is a curious passage in the *Timæus* of Plato, in which Critias, one of the persons of the dialogue, relates that he had heard from his grandfather Critias — then ninety years old — a story which he, the grandfather, had heard in his youth from Solon. According to this tradition, when Solon was in Egypt, he held a conversation with a priest of Sais on the antiquity of their respective countries. The priest called the Greeks mere children, and said they knew nothing about their own ancestors. But in point of fact, Sais and Athens were both founded by the same goddess, called Neith by the Egyptians, and Athene by the Greeks. Sais was founded eight thousand years ago, and Athens nine thousand. The site of Athens was selected by the goddess, because she thought that the temperature of the seasons would produce the most intellectual men. She therefore, being a lover of war and a lover of wisdom, chose the spot which would bear men most like herself, and peopled it. The ancient inhabitants of Athens, thus founded, in excellence of laws and in every virtue surpassed all mankind, as was to be expected of the children and pupils of the gods. Their great deeds, lost from the memory of the Athenians in Solon's age, were recorded in Sais; as was one exploit of theirs which exceeded all the others. In those old, antediluvian times, there came from the Atlantic sea, from beyond the pillars of Hercules, a mighty force, from the island there. This island was larger than Libya and Asia, and communicated with other islands and a continent in the Atlantic sea. In this island, called the Atlantis, there existed a mighty host, which, having assembled, came to enslave the countries occupied by the Athenians and the Saitans. Then the power of the Athenians distinguished itself in the eyes of all mankind; for, taking the lead of all the Greeks in arts and arms, Athens conquered the invaders, freed those who had been enslaved, and saved the free from threatened bondage. Some time after these events, dreadful earthquakes and deluges occurred; the martial hosts of Athens were swallowed up in

the earth; the Atlantic Island vanished from sight beneath the sea; and from that time the ocean has been inaccessible and inscrutable. These events, according to the Egyptian legend, or the fiction of Plato, took place nine thousand years before Solon. This is the tradition which has been supposed to show that the ancients had some notion of the American continent. Several of the expressions apply with extraordinary accuracy to the New World; and whether the legend came from the priests of Sais or was the invention of the philosopher himself, it is equally curious. No doubt it was very acceptable to the Athenians, falling in, as it did, with their pride of autochthonous descent.

Thucydides states that Attica, in the early ages, was less disturbed by immigrations and revolutions than other parts of Greece, on account of the lightness of the soil, which offered but slight temptation to the roving tribes of those unsettled times. The city of Athens was built round a rocky elevation, rising from the plain about six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and three hundred above the average level of the town. This height, about a thousand feet in length from east to west, and five hundred feet wide at the widest place, was a convenient eminence for the stronghold of some chieftain, whose retainers occupied the grounds just below it; and thus a military or predatory community was formed. This, or something like it, I suppose to have been the germ of the illustrious city of Athens. One of the Attic legends represents Cecrops—according to some an Egyptian immigrant, according to others an old Pelasgian hero—as the first occupant of the Acropolis, which was called from him Cecropia. Sixteen kings followed him, the line ending with Codrus, who sacrificed his life for his country. In this line were Theseus and Menestheus. Erechtheus is said to have built a temple to Athene, on the Acropolis; and from him the Erechtheum of Pericles received its name. The house of Erechtheus and the rich temple of Athene are mentioned by Homer.

Theseus is the favorite hero among the legendary kings.

Before his time Attica was divided into several independent communities, like the other states of Greece. Theseus united these — twelve in number — into one commonwealth, and laid the foundation of the political institutions which Solon afterwards reformed. His exploits were favorite subjects of poetry and art, and his name and deeds were commemorated, in the time of Cimon, by the beautiful temple, which still stands in better preservation than any other structure of ancient Athens. The bones of the hero, who was slain in the distant island of Scyros, were brought to Athens, received with every mark of honor, and buried on the spot where the temple stands; and on the frieze were sculptured, by the best Athenian artists, beautiful groups, representing his brave deeds, together with those of his friend and associate Hercules. Menestheus led the Athenian contingent in the Trojan war, and was ranked by Homer as, in warlike deeds, second only to Nestor.

After the death of Codrus, as the legend says, no one was allowed to bear the name of king; but his son Medon succeeded him, as archon or ruler by hereditary right. The succession of life-archons lasted through twelve reigns, and ended with Alcmaeon, a little later than the re-establishment of the Olympic games, — B. C. 776, — the earliest authentic date in Grecian history. The archonship was then changed to an office of ten years' duration; and seven decennial archons carried on the government till B. C. 683. At this time several very important changes took place in the supreme magistracy of the Athenian commonwealth. The office of archon was made annual, and its various functions were distributed among a board of nine colleagues, who were to be taken from the class of the *Eupatridæ*, or descendants of the ancient noble families. One of these magistrates was considered the head of the board. He was called the *eponymus*, or the magistrate who gave his name to the year, and who was always mentioned in records and documents.

There was an ancient division of the people of Attica, attributed to Theseus, into three classes, — the *Eupatridæ*, or old



Ionian nobility; the Geomori, or tillers of the soil; and the Demiurgi, or artisans, — all political power belonging to the first class. There was a still older distribution into four tribes, said by some to have been derived from the four sons of Ion, the mythical progenitor of the Ionian race. The names, however, seem to point to four classes, distinguished, according to their occupations, as tillers of the soil, warriors, herdsmen, and artisans; but the names are doubtful and their meanings still more so, and it is impossible to say with any certainty what was the original principle of the division. Somewhat later, a local division arose, on which political parties and civil dissensions were founded. The parties were that of the mountain, that of the plain, and that of the sea-coast. At the time of the appointment of life-archons, there existed the council or senate of the Areopagus, which seems to have represented the ancient *Boulé* of Homer's time.

Until the age of Draco and Solon, the government was in the hands of the Archons and the Areopagus, that is, it was carefully limited to the noble class. But abuses early manifested themselves; the common people groaned in poverty under this oligarchical system; the rich had everything in their own way; and the poor became poorer, until many of them were sold into slavery to pay the debts they owed to their Eupatrid landlords, or were reduced to the rank of slaves at home. This state of things at length became intolerable; and Draco, a distinguished citizen, was appointed, under what precise circumstances we do not know, to draw up a code of written laws, inasmuch as, up to this time, the laws at Athens had been traditional, and the interpretation and application of them had been left to the discretion of the nobles. Draco seems to have been a hard man, having no sympathy with the weaknesses of human nature from which crimes proceed. There is ancient testimony that some of his laws were excellent, and that they continued unrepealed down to the end of the Peloponnesian war. But his penal code was simple and severe. For the smallest theft or larceny the penalty was death; so that

Democles the orator said that his laws were written in blood. Such a system could not be long enforced against the outraged sentiments of the human heart. The principle assumed by Draco, that the smallest crime deserves death and the greatest can receive no more, is a fallacy which every man instinctively rejects, and every society will instinctively refuse to recognize. I doubt if a single condemnation ever took place under this extreme principle; and the wonder is, how any man could ever have dreamed of the possibility of enforcing such a system. But an enthusiast pays little heed to human nature, when organizing his plan of operations. If men refuse compliance, the fault is not in the system, but in human nature, which obstinately resists the proposed reform. Draco had counted without his host. On a visit to the theatre in Ægina, the people, pretending to honor him, threw so many cloaks upon him that he was smothered to death.

The confusion incident to this unsuccessful attempt at legislation was thought by Cylon, one of the Eupatrids, a favorable opportunity to establish a tyranny. Supported by a strong body of armed retainers, he seized the Acropolis, misled by an ambiguous oracle which he had received from Delphi. The people had no fancy for a tyranny, and they besieged him closely. He contrived to escape; but his associates, who had taken refuge at the altar of Athene, were induced to quit the asylum by the promise that they should be spared, and as they came away were immediately put to death. The family of the Alcmaeonidæ, to which the archon Megacles, the author of this sacrilege, belonged, were looked upon as polluted; their presence was deemed dangerous to the state, and some years afterward they were expelled from Athens. A pestilence breaking out at this time, the superstitious fears of the people connected it with the pollution of the Alcmaeonidæ; and the managers of the oracle at Delphi, glad of every opportunity to extend their influence over the minds of men through their religious terrors, advised them to call in the aid of Epimenides of Crete, a famous impostor, who made the world believe that,

in a trance of fifty-seven years' duration, he had been favored with supernatural intercourse with the gods. This crafty old classic trance-medium was accordingly sent for; was received with the most distinguished honors; performed sacrifices and other ceremonies, which were supposed to have stayed the plague; and, unlike the modern mediums, when the people offered him money for his services, refused it, and would receive nothing but a spray of the sacred olive on the Acropolis.

During these transactions there rose to notice a young man, destined to exercise an influence so long as legislation continues in political society. Solon was born about 638 B. C., of one of the most illustrious families in Athens. By his father's side he was descended from Codrus; and by his mother he was connected with the family of Peisistratus. The hereditary estate possessed by the family had been reduced, partly by the prodigality of his father, Execestides. Solon perhaps inherited his father's love of pleasure. He had a bright, genial temperament, and, in the gayety of youth, he sang the praises of love and wine. But he had, beyond this, a genius for practical life, and a shrewd common sense, which made success certain in whatever enterprise he might undertake. The liberal spirit of the Ionians opened to him various roads to the retrieving of his dilapidated fortunes. He chose commerce. The city of Athens was adapted to foreign trade, not only by the lively genius of her inhabitants, but by the advantages of her natural situation. With the beautiful harbors of Peiræus and Munychia and the Bay of Phalerum only four miles off, the products of the world could be easily and safely brought to her door. Solon engaged in foreign commerce, travelled to distant lands, and sought not only pecuniary gain, but the acquaintance of the wise and good wherever he went. It is probable that the pleasant manners and instructive conversation of the Athenian merchant made him everywhere a welcome guest; but I am afraid we must reject, on chronological grounds, the beautiful tale so spiritedly told by Herodotus, and repeated by subse-



quent historians, of his interview with Croesus and its dramatic issue.

At all events, we must suppose that Solon was successful in his business enterprises, and that he returned to Athens with at least a competent fortune. He had the temperament and genius, I do not say of a politician, but of a statesman. With a capacious mind, which united sound knowledge, unerring judgment, a calm and cheerful temper, to a brilliant imagination, a ready eloquence, and high poetical ability, he gained, without the need of demagogic arts, the affections of the people as well as the confidence of the Eupatrids. On one occasion only did he resort to a trick. The Athenians had often unsuccessfully attempted to wrest Salamis from Megara, and in a moment of disgust they made it a capital crime to propose a renewal of the attempt. They soon repented of this hasty piece of legislation, but no one dared to hazard his life by moving to set it aside. Solon caused a rumor to be circulated that he was insane; and having written a war-poem, of which six or eight lines are preserved, he rushed like a madman into the Agora, collected a crowd of by-standers around him, and recited the verses with the enthusiasm of a rhapsodist, rebuking the Athenians for their cowardice, and declaring that he would rather be a citizen of the most contemptible town in Greece, than be pointed at as one of those Athenian dastards who had abandoned their right to Salamis. The people made all haste to rescind the law, and appointed Solon commander of the expedition. He drove the Megarians from Salamis, which from that time onward continued to be an integral part of the Attic territory.

He was, soon afterward, sent as a deputy from Athens to the Amphictyonic Council held at Delphi, where he took part with the Delphian priesthood against the Amphissians, who had been guilty of some encroachments on the sacred territory, the details of which we have from Æschines, in the Oration against Ctesiphon. This transaction, I fancy, combined both policy and a sense of justice, — policy, in securing the good will of so

powerful an institution as the priesthood of Apollo at Delphi, and justice, in repelling an invasion of their property by a rude and semi-barbarous neighboring tribe. What he really thought of the supernatural pretensions of the institution does not appear.

In the following year, B. C. 594, he was chosen Archon, and, on account of the troubles in the state, was clothed with unlimited powers to make such reforms in the Constitution as might appear to him for the public advantage, all orders unanimously consenting. He devoted himself to the noble task — one well worthy of his vast capacity — in a spirit of disinterested devotion to his country, which contributed largely to make that country the illustrious power she became, and which is daily felt in the enactment of laws and the administration of justice all over the civilized world. If Athens was fortunate in possessing such a citizen in such a crisis, Solon was no less fortunate in having so magnificent an opportunity to advance the welfare of his country and to confer immortal benefits on the world. His first measures were to relieve the people from the pressure of the burdens that weighed them down. This he did by recalling from slavery all Athenians whom debt had sent into domestic or foreign bondage, and by prohibiting forever the practice of selling or being sold into slavery in satisfaction for debt. Next, he framed an enactment called *σεισάχθεια*,—or shaking off of burdens,—by which he relieved the debtors either of the interest due on their obligations or of a portion of the debts themselves,—a measure founded upon the same principle and to be justified by the same reasoning as a modern bankrupt act. Finally, he lowered the standard of the coinage by dividing the mina into a hundred instead of seventy-three drachmas; so that, the drachma being the unit of the currency, seventy-three old drachmas would pay a debt of a hundred. This measure was more objectionable than either of the others; and it has been imitated too often since Solon's day. It led in his case, as it has since in similar cases, to speculation in advance of the coming measure. Certain

persons, who were aware of what was to be done, bought estates, and paid for them afterwards in the new currency,—a transaction of such a nature that the character of Solon might have been damaged by it, had he not lost, fortunately for himself and for all future ages, a large amount on the money he had himself lent, which was repaid at the new rate. Solon next repealed most of the laws of Draco, except those relating to murder.

The old Constitution was an oligarchy, the powers of government being confined to the class of Eupatridæ. Solon laid the foundation of the new government on a different principle. For birth he substituted property; for an *oligarchy* a *timocracy*. He divided the citizens into four classes, according to their income reckoned in measures of corn. The first class were called the *Pentacosimedimni*, consisting of those whose income was five hundred medimni and upward,—a medimnus being about a bushel and a half. The second class consisted of those whose income ranged between five hundred and three hundred, called *Hippeis*, or horsemen, (*Knights*,) since they were expected to furnish each a war-horse. The third class were those whose income ranged from three hundred to two hundred medimni, and were called *Zeugitæ*, because they were able to keep a ζεύγος, a yoke of oxen for the plough. The fourth, or lowest class, consisted of all those whose income fell below two hundred medimni. They were called *Thetes*, a word which ordinarily signified *hirelings*. The first three classes were taxed according to the amount of their property; the fourth was wholly exempt from taxation. The archonship and the higher offices of state were open only to the first class. The inferior offices might be attained by members of the second and third classes. The members of the fourth class, as an offset for their exemption from taxation, were excluded from public offices; and they were required to serve in war only as light-armed troops.

Solon instituted, or remodelled, a public assembly, in which all the four classes took part, and allowed the lowest class the



right to vote, thus imparting a substantial political power to all Athenian freemen. They had the right of voting, not only on ordinary matters of legislation, but in the elections of the archons, who were also accountable to them at the close of their year of office. As a counterpoise to this popular body, Solon created a Council of Four Hundred, who were to be elected by the assembly, one hundred from each of the old Ionic tribes, which were left unchanged. The senators held their office for a year, and were accountable to the people at its close. This ancient Senate, or Council of the Areopagus, had the general supervision of the laws, and exercised a censorial power over the morals and occupations of the citizens.

Under this general organization, Solon made numerous laws regulating the public and private life of the Athenians; but though they were carefully preserved, inscribed on wooden rollers and tablets, only a few fragments here and there quoted by the ancient writers have come down to us. There were several for the encouragement of trade and manufactures, and for establishing the rights of foreign residents. There was one requiring the father to teach his son some trade or profession; and if this duty was neglected, the son was not obliged to support his father in old age or misfortune. Another law disfranchised the citizen who refused to take sides in civil discord. The laws relating to marriages were designed to prevent matches from being made from any other motive than affection. Another law forbade the speaking evil of the dead; for it is pious to think the deceased sacred, just not to meddle with those who are gone, and politic to prevent the perpetuity of discord. By the law regulating wills, the childless citizen was allowed to bequeath his estate away from his family to whomsoever he pleased, the law having previously made the estate of the deceased absolutely the property of his family.

Solon committed the mistake common to all the ancient and most of the modern lawgivers, of attempting a too minute regulation of domestic life. He undertook to prescribe the walks, feasts, drives, and — most difficult of all things for a

legislator of the ruder sex to comprehend — the dresses of the women. When they walked abroad they were to appear in only three articles of dress, and neither of these was a crinoline. They were to take at once only an obol's (two cents) worth of meat and drink; they were never to carry a basket more than a cubit high; and at night they were not allowed to appear in the streets, except in a chariot with a torch before them. These enactments were probably ineffectual. It is not surprising that he fell into this error. Legislation interfering with private usages, fashions, food, drink, and expenditure in general has not even now, with all the experience of the world, passed out of the dreams of reformers. Solon's laws were as unobjectionable as any that were ever enacted on this class of subjects. If they were not enforced, no great harm was done to manners or morals.

In general, his legislation was of the most practical description, and admirably adapted to the actual state of things. The relief afforded to the commonwealth was instantaneous and effectual; but the carrying out of a new code is always a matter of some difficulty. It takes time, patience, and good sense to bring about the necessary adjustments between the old and the new, and, by a series of authoritative interpretations, to make the practice and the theory fixed and permanent. Solon had his troubles. He was worried with constant applications to know what this or that proviso in this or that law could possibly mean. Disputes were referred to him; complaints and criticisms were brought to him. In short, he found himself in a more uncomfortable position than a committee for the revision of the statutes, with a legislature at their heels. It became intolerable. He hired a ship, and again set out on his travels for ten years, having first secured the adoption of his laws for a hundred years. He went to Cyprus, next to Asia, and then to Egypt, where he became acquainted with the priests of Sais, and learned the curious legend about the Atlantic Island. He had hardly turned his back on Athens, when the discords between the mountain, the plain, and

the sea-shore broke out afresh, each party, under an able and ambitious chieftain, struggling for supremacy. We may remark that the Constitution of Solon created no single executive head; but the powers which belong to this department of government were distributed among the great bodies and the higher magistrates of the state. This circumstance opened the way for an individual to exercise a controlling, if not a sovereign influence, without exposing himself to the direct charge of treason, or of an attempt to overthrow the existing government.

Of the three leaders who came prominently forward in the absence of Solon, Peisistratus was the ablest and the most aspiring. He claimed to be descended from no less a personage than the Pylian Nestor, the aged counsellor of Agamemnon, and he was distantly related to Solon, whom he had aided in the attack on Salamis. He was remarkable for personal beauty, intellectual endowments, eloquence, and military talent. The party of the mountain was the most democratic and the most numerous. Peisistratus put himself forward as its leader, and became the professed friend and patron of the poor. He opened his gardens to the people, and scattered money in the streets. He had a pleasant word and a cordial salutation for every hard-handed laborer whom he met in his daily walks; so early do the arts of popularity spring up in a free country. The quarrels between the factions had not come to a head when Solon returned, B. C. 562, and attempted, by personal influence, to reconcile the leaders and restore harmony among the divided orders of the state. He was respectfully listened to, especially by his kinsman and old friend Peisistratus; but that was all. Solon, convinced that Peisistratus was determined to execute his design of placing himself at the head of the state, endeavored, by speech and song, to put the people on their guard; but in vain. When the time was ripe, the scheming demagogue appeared in the Agora, drawn in his chariot by mules, and covered with wounds, pretending he had received them from the hands of



assassins as he was driving into the country. The multitude, indignant at this attempt on the life of the friend of the people, granted him a body-guard of fifty club-men, against the remonstrances of Solon, who saw through the trick, and was the only man who had courage to expose and denounce it. This, too, was all in vain. The friend of the people had everything in his own way, and increased the number of his body-guard without opposition. Solon's verses, vigorous and prophetic as they were, fell on unheeding ears, and some said he was mad. In the year 560 B. C., Peisistratus seized the Acropolis, and was master of the city, and the leaders of the other parties fled. But he was soon compelled to quit Athens by a combination of the opposite factions; nor did he return until six years later, when an arrangement was made with Megacles, the leader of the aristocratic party, for his restoration to power.

Herodotus relates, and the story was often repeated, that the following device was resorted to by the conspirators. They found in a village, a few miles outside of the city, a young peasant woman named Phya, of extraordinary stateliness and beauty, who supported herself by selling garlands. They persuaded this damsel to personate the goddess Athene; they armed her with a splendid panoply, including shield, helmet, and spear, and, placing her in the chariot side by side with Peisistratus, conducted them, in the midst of loud applauses from the deluded multitude and the proclamation of heralds, into the city, — the people accepting the man for their master, and worshipping the woman as a goddess. Herodotus considers this affair as a proof of the simplicity or folly of the Athenians. I used to regard it in that light myself, and even doubted the truth of the story; but of late years I have seen so many persons, who pass for persons of sense, imposed upon by tricks so much less ingenious than that of Peisistratus, that I rather wonder he did not call up or down all the gods and goddesses of Olympus to aid him in his imposture.

Driven a second time into exile, Peisistratus withdrew to Eubœa. Ten years were spent in collecting the means of a

second restoration. When all was in readiness, he crossed over to Marathon, and, marching round the southern spur of Pentelicus, entered the Mesogæa, or Midland region. Here he was encountered by an armed force from the city, which he defeated, and then entered Athens without opposition, becoming tyrant for the third time. The power descended, at his death, to his two sons, Hipparchus and Hippias, the former of whom was assassinated in the year 514 B. C.; and the latter, who had become a jealous and cruel tyrant since his brother's death, was driven from Athens four years later.

This closed the period of the Peisistratidæ. The founder of the house used his power thus lawlessly obtained with discretion and wisdom. He favored the arts and literature. He surrounded himself with distinguished poets from every part of Greece. He caused the poems of Homer to be carefully revised and rearranged, and ordained that they should be publicly read at stated times, so that the Athenian people from that period were generally quite familiar with those marvellous works of genius, — a fact which exercised a most important influence on their literary culture. He commenced the great Temple of Olympian Zeus, which was not finished until Hadrian's reign, six hundred years later. Fifteen magnificent Corinthian columns, standing on the ancient platform, still attest the grandeur of the design. Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Solon to this usurpation of Peisistratus, he always treated the great lawgiver with the most profound respect; sought his counsel on the most important occasions; even gained his approbation for many of his measures. He indeed carried on the government through the instrumentality of the institutes of Solon; and had the place he filled been one provided for by the Constitution, and won by legal means, he would have been the object of reverence and gratitude to all succeeding ages of his countrymen. And we may say that his career as an unconstitutional ruler shows a defect in the Constitution itself; and it would have been well if, in the changes it underwent in the hands of subsequent reformers, it had oc-

curred to any one of them to add an article providing for the election of an executive chief-magistrate, with all the powers which naturally belong to that office.

Solon did not long survive the usurpation of Peisistratus. He died a year or two afterwards, at the age of eighty. I do not think the Athenian estimate of this great man at all exaggerated. Few men in history have shown such disinterestedness, such consummate ability, such knowledge of human nature. When he was clothed with absolute power, some of his friends urged him to make himself permanently a despot,—a step he might easily have taken, with the consent and applause of all classes in the commonwealth. To most men the temptation would have been irresistible; and the standard of political virtue, which caused the rejection of the advice, was wonderfully high in that age, and would be high in any age. When the proposal was made to him, he replied in his kindly way, “Tyranny is a pleasant country, no doubt; but there is no road out of it,”—showing how well he understood its attractions and its dangers. He was fond of leisure, and had a temperate love of the delights of social life; but when the occasion required it, he showed a fearless and adamant firmness. He rebuked the people for their follies; he withstood the usurper, though his own kinsman and former friend, face to face, at the hazard of his own life. Of his genius and accomplishments, the ancients always spoke with admiration. He would have been superior to Homer, said Plato, if he had finished his poem on the lost Atlantis. Æschines calls him a man well skilled in philosophy and poetry. His Salaminian Ode, of which only a small fragment is preserved, was thought equal to the lyrics of Tyrtaeus. The other fragments of his verse are nervous and pointed, and abound in admirable poetical images. They give us an idea of what he might and would have done had he dedicated his life to poetry. The following passage, from one of his warning appeals against the usurpations of his kinsman, is, I think, beautiful for justness of sentiment and elegance of illustration.



• Out of the clouds the snow-flakes are poured, and fury of hailstorm ;  
 After the lightning's flash follows the thunderous bolt ;  
 Tossed by the winds is the sea, though now so calmly reposing,  
 Hushed in a motionless rest, image of justice and peace.  
 So is the state by its great men ruined, and under the tyrant  
 Sinks the people unwise, yielding to slavery's thrall ;  
 Nor is it easy to humble the ruler too highly exalted,  
 After the hour is passed. Now is the time to foresee."

"I grow old, ever learning many things," was Solon's expression, and it might be taken as the formula of his experience. The moderation of his temper and his cheerful views of life, notwithstanding the severity of the trials through which he passed, and to which he was by no means insensible, are truly admirable. He prays the gods to grant him prosperity and the good opinion of men. He desires wealth, but not to gain it unjustly. Thus genial, temperate, enjoying ; thus kind, beneficent, patriotic ; ready to serve friends and country ; prompt to check the wrong-doer, and to cheer on the brave and the good ; taking the gifts of the gods thankfully, and using them as they were meant to be used ; finally, praying that death might overtake him at eighty years, and his prayer literally answered, — I must apply to Solon the standard of felicity he applied to others. I must pronounce him happy who closed such a life without suffering calamity.

In the principal features of his character, Solon was a good specimen of the Ionian Greek, as Lycurgus well represented the Dorian Greek ; and his institutions embodied the Ionian legislative genius, as those of Lycurgus embodied the legislative genius of the Dorians. The laws of Solon were founded on human nature, and their principles are therefore suited for all times. Those of Lycurgus were fitted to the Dorian distortion of nature, and their principles vanished when the Dorian fanaticism was over. The orators of Athens were fond of appealing to Solon as the founder of the democracy. Perhaps they carried this practice a little too far, making him appear to be responsible for developments of the democratic principle which he never dreamed of. That Solon placed the govern-

ment to a great degree in the hands of the people, by giving them the elective franchise, and by making all the high officers of the state accountable to them, is most true; and it is true that this admission of the will of the people as the source of power, and the judgment of the people as the tribunal before which the exercise of power is to be passed upon, logically and historically involves all the extensions of the popular principle that ensued in the succeeding stages of the Athenian republic. But Solon was not insensible to the danger of giving unrestrained scope to the popular will. In the restriction which he laid upon the assembly, by requiring that every measure should be initiated by the more select body of the senate before the assembly could consider it, and in the general powers of supervision with which he clothed the court of the Areopagus, he thought he had provided two anchors, as he expressed it, to steady the ship of state. He had combined the element of popular will with a wise barrier against its excesses, — a conception of the functions of a free government which does the greatest honor to his comprehensive statesmanship. In some of the details of his legislation he was induced, as I have already shown, by the desirableness of certain personal virtues, to attempt too minute an interference with private life. Again, if it be true that he forbade the exportation of all the products of the country except oil, his political economy was at fault; nor do I understand how he could have expected commerce, which is exchange, to flourish at Athens, without exports as well as imports. Perhaps, in this matter, our information is too imperfect to enable us to form a trustworthy opinion. On another point he showed consummate wisdom. He knew that the soil of Attica was light, and its agricultural capabilities not remarkable; and yet the power of the commonwealth consisted in its men, — in a dense body of citizens, living not in a kind of close corporation, like the nine thousand Spartans of Lysurgus, who spent their time in idleness or in gymnastic and warlike exercises, but dispersed, and employed in varied occupations. He saw that, to support such a population, a life of

industry was absolutely essential; and he therefore encouraged manufactures, trades, arts, ornamental and useful. In this respect, starting from his wise legislation, Attica subsequently became not only the school of the fine arts and literature, but the workshop of Greece; and in nothing was her pre-eminence more marked than in the trades, handicrafts, and domestic manufactures, of which she set the example and furnished the models to all Greece.

The administration of justice was not so thoroughly organized in Solon's Constitution as it afterwards became. It was distributed among the archons, the Areopagus, and perhaps the court of the Ephetæ, which some believe to have been organized by him, though others refer it to a later period. We have not many details which can be fully trusted on this part of the Constitution; but we may believe that a fair trial, the right of defence, and exemption from arbitrary and individual caprice, were established principles of the judiciary system. The relations of domestic life were well guarded, and the marriage-bond was treated as sacred and inviolable.

As contrasted with the legislation of Lycurgus, I see everywhere among the fragments of Solon's system marks of a superior wisdom and a loftier humanity. They had different materials to work with; they both intended to adapt their institutions to the practical wants of the people; and they both had a ground-work of usages, customs, traditions, and establishments to build upon. But Solon comprehended the entire nature of man, — the forces and appetites of his body, the faculties of his mind, the wants of his social nature. He had nothing of what we call *isms* about him. In no one thing was he an extremist. In his character, more than most even of the Athenians, he embodied the admirable maxim, — so rarely practised upon in these later days, but wherever it is, wonderful in its results, — *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, — “nothing to excess”; and the same rule of just proportion runs through his legislation. When asked if he thought his laws the best possible, he answered modestly, but with the highest wisdom: “Not the best possible, but the



best the people will bear." So utterly free was he from the mischievous dreaming of the mere speculative reformer.

These institutions were the making of the Athenian Demos, — that brilliant personification of the poets, — that object of respect and terror, of admiration sometimes and sometimes of hatred, to those with whom it came in contact or conflict. Of the popular eloquence in Solon's time, nothing has reached us; but there were eloquent and brave men, doubtless, who made their words felt in the debates of the assembly and the senate, yet who never thought of recording them for the study of after ages. There were wise statesmen who knew how to guide the storm of popular passions, and to sway the agitated multitude; but they did it as a matter of course, which could be of no possible concern after the occasion had passed by. Yet a system of public life was set in motion in the old Athenian Agora and the Pnyx, which was to determine forever the principles of statesmanship and the forms of political eloquence. Solon could not have imagined the consequences that were to flow from the work he accomplished in the midst of the discords of Athens. In all the ages, in the minds of all men who believe in the reign of law, and not disorder; of humanity, and not barbarism; of culture, and not brutality; of cheerful and ingenious industry, and not insolent idleness; of progress, and not obstinate and unreasoning adherence to what was established in days of darkness, but cannot bear the light; of intelligent popular freedom, restrained, by the sober judgment of age and experience, from rushing into the perilous paths of license, — to all such, in all times, the name of Solon, the lawgiver of Athens, will remain dear and venerable, crowned with the imperishable glory of transcendent wisdom and the noblest virtue. In his institutions we find the germs of the Roman law and the common law; and — more surprising still — we find there the principles of parliamentary legislation, which are now incorporated into the constitution of legislative bodies in all free states. I doubt whether any other man has exercised so wide and beneficent an influence on the fortunes of civilized nations as Solon the Athenian.

## LECTURE VI.

### THE CONSTITUTION OF CLEISTHENES.

IN the last Lecture I endeavored to give a sketch of the Constitution of Solon the Athenian, and of the personal character of the man. On both these points we have the authority of ancient writers, and to some extent documentary evidence. We can, therefore, form a tolerably distinct conception of the general drift of his legislation; we can discern at least the principles on which it was organized, and the tendencies which they must have taken in their historical development. The notices and anecdotes handed down by the ancients, and the fragments of his writings, give us, I think, a fair picture of his personal manners, his principles, and his habits; and few characters compare with his in attractiveness. As I walk the streets of Athens, I fancy I see his cheerful countenance and manly form, as he moves about the Agora, with kind and courteous salutations for the citizens, to whom his presence is like sunlight,—to many of whom he is the Saviour Apollo, who has rescued them from the horrors of bondage, and restored them to their humble, but now happy homes. He watches with ceaseless interest the busy mart, which his beneficent labors have reopened to commerce with its attendant train of public and private blessings; he pauses to watch the artisan at work, and cheers him on with friendly words, as he makes his way through the regenerated city. Quitting the narrow streets, he ascends the hill of Ares, and listens to the pleadings before the venerable court whose powers he has confirmed and enlarged. Wherever he goes, his approach is welcomed with smiles; and after strolling an hour or two about the city, and

gazing, with the pleasure a poet must always feel, upon the sunlit heights and shores of his beloved Attica, he returns to his modest house, no more costly than the dwellings of his neighbors, and resumes the studies in which his morning has been passed. As nightfall approaches, friends drop in, the triclinium is spread, a pleasant supper is served by prompt and willing servants, and the evening is spent in animated talk, with now and then a song, written by the statesman himself in the poetical fervor of his youth. It would not be surprising if temperate libations to Dionysus blamelessly gladdened the social hour. I wish we had his early poems, — the wine I should not care for, unless it was much better than the resinous potations in which his modern countrymen indulge.

The vision passes, and we go back to Hippias and the democracy of Athens. After the final downfall of the house of Peisistratus, two very able men came forward as competitors for the leadership in the commonwealth, Cleisthenes and Isagoras; — the former descended from one of the tyrants of Sicyon, of the same name, by the intermarriage of his daughter with Megacles; the latter also a man of noble descent, closely allied with Hippias, and with his Spartan supporters. Cleisthenes became the leader of the popular, and Isagoras of the oligarchical party. Cleisthenes was a friend and adherent of the Solonian Constitution; but with the increased tendency to more enlarged principles of popular government, he found that it needed to be remodelled in several important particulars. As the basis of the reconstructed commonwealth, he substituted for the old Ionian division into four tribes, which was not well suited to a growing people, a distribution of the citizens into ten tribes, which he named after ten of the ancient heroes, Erechtheis, Ægeis, Pandionis, Leontis, Acamantis, Ceneis, Cecropis, Hippothoöntis, Æantis, and Antiochis. Very wisely, these tribes were not purely geographical. They were subdivided, each into ten districts or boroughs, called *δημοι*, — *demes*, — but singularly combined, so that the demes constituting a tribe were not contiguous to one another. The number of demes



was afterwards increased from one hundred to between a hundred and seventy and eighty, occupying the whole territory of Attica. In public documents the citizen's name was given, generally with the name of both the deme and the tribe to which he belonged, as well as the name of his father. The demes and tribes had their special organizations, — their deme officers and tribe officers, their feasts, sacred rites, public property, and the like; and every free and qualified citizen was entered on the lists, and could transfer the relations thus contracted, and relieve himself from the duties thus imposed, only by certain public ceremonies, by which he left the old society and was adopted into the new. The system of tribes regulated the new organization of the state, and carried out the democratic principle much more completely than the old order of things, inasmuch as it determined the number and the modes of election of most of the great political and executive bodies.

The nine archons were still retained. The duties of the archons were partly judicial. The Archon Eponymus had charge of orphans and heiresses; all the cases which arose in relation to their affairs came before him in the first instance; and if they were finally referred for decision to one of the courts, he presided. He received various informations and complaints against individuals, and prepared them for trial; and, finally, he superintended the Greater Dionysiac Festival, and the Thargelia in honor of Apollo and Artemis. The Archon Basileus, or king archon, was chiefly occupied in religious affairs, in which he represented the ancient kings in their function of high-priest. The Polemarch, as the name indicates, was originally the commander-in-chief of the army, and he served on the field as late as the battle of Marathon; afterwards, his duties were restricted to the home administration, and were especially connected with the resident aliens, to whom he stood in the same relation which the other archons bore to the citizens. The remaining six, the Thesmothetæ, were required to make an annual scrutiny of the laws, and, if any were found inconsistent with others, or redundant, to propose amendments.

They were also extensively concerned in the general administration of justice, and had charge of the preliminary proceedings in a great variety of cases. These magistrates were all elected from the highest-property class of Solon ; but the office was afterwards thrown open to all the Athenian citizens.

There were two legislative bodies. 1. The *Ecclesia*, or popular assembly. The right to a membership of this body was carefully restricted to the citizens ; and citizenship depended on birth from parents both Athenian, or on adoption. The adopted, however, though possessing the right of voting, could not become archons or priests. All citizens of full standing, whose names had been registered in the books of the demes, and who had been guilty of no infamous crime, were members of the *Ecclesia* from and after the age of twenty, and all had the right of speaking upon every question laid before them. The usual practice was for the herald, or public crier, to ask who of the citizens, more than fifty years of age, desired to address the people ; and then to call upon any other citizen who had anything to say.

2. The *Boulé*, or senate. Solon's senate consisted, you will remember, of four hundred, taken from the four Ionic tribes. This arrangement was now changed ; the number was raised to five hundred, fifty being drawn annually from each tribe. A substitute for every senator was drawn by lot, to take his place in case of the illness, inability, or degradation of the principal. All citizens, in full standing, of thirty years of age and upward, were capable of being drawn into the senate. The business of this body was to prepare the questions that were to come before the assembly. They also controlled the finances, and received foreign ministers. A bill might be proposed by a private citizen, he having first obtained, on petition, the privilege of appearing before the senate, with whose approval he could lay his proposition before the people. In fact, no law or decree could come before the assembly without having first been approved by the senate. The *Boulé* was divided into ten sections of fifty each, the members of which

were called *Prytaneis*, — or presidents, — because a member of them acted as presiding officer of the senate or assembly, the members from each tribe holding the office for thirty-five or thirty-six days, thus dividing the year into ten periods called *Prytanies*. The tribes exercised these functions in succession, the order being determined by lot. Every prytan body of fifty was divided into five committees of ten each; and its period of office into five of seven days each; so that ten prytans — called *πρόεδροι* (*proedroi*) — divided between them the presidency for seven days. The president of the day was called the *Epistates*, and during his day he kept the public records and the seal of the city. In some cases of small importance, the senate could act definitively without the concurrence of the Ecclesia.

The business of legislation was therefore carried on by two bodies, each of which acted separately upon the matter in hand. The more select body originated the bill, while the Ecclesia could adopt the senate's measure in whole or in part, or could throw it out altogether, — both bodies exercising the largest freedom of discussion. It does not appear that it was necessary to send an amended bill back to the senate for their concurrence. This may perhaps be considered as an offset for the absence of the power of originating measures in the popular assembly. The principle established by this arrangement is the important one, that every legislative act must pass before two bodies differently constituted. There was no executive head endowed with the power of vetoing the enactments of the legislature. Sometimes the people instructed the senate to act finally on specific subjects, without bringing them before the Ecclesia. The senate also received *eisangeliai*, or informations of extraordinary crimes against the state, for which no provision had been made by the laws. These cases — corresponding to the modern impeachment — might be dismissed by the senate, or referred for trial to one of the courts. It has been mentioned that the senate had the charge of the finances, in the administration of this department representing the exec-



utive power, while the legislative authority, regulating the amount of expenditure and determining the sources of the revenue, was vested in the popular assembly. The senate, says Boeckh, arranged the appropriation of the public money, even in trifling matters. The determination of the salary of the poets, the superintendence of the state cavalry, and the examination of the infirm maintained at the cost of the state, are specially mentioned among its duties. The public debts were also paid under its direction. The prytans met daily at the Prytaneum, or city-hall, where they dined together, and remained in readiness to receive any communication on public affairs. The senate-house was called the *Bouleuterion*, in which were chapels to *Zeus Boulaïos*, the god of counsel, and to *Athene Boulaia*, the goddess of counsel,—in both of which prayers were offered before the business of the meeting was opened.

The meetings of these bodies were of two kinds, ordinary and extraordinary;—the former held on stated days, apparently four times in every prytany, those of the senate almost daily; the latter summoned on the occurrence of extraordinary or alarming events, requiring the immediate action of the government. On holidays,—and these were pretty frequent,—as on the saints' days of the Greek Church,—no business could be transacted, whether legislative or judicial. The popular assembly was held at first in the Agora, afterwards it was transferred to the Pnyx, and in later times it sometimes met in the great Dionysiac theatre. Extraordinary assemblies were occasionally convened at other places, even as far out of the city as the Peiræus. Meetings could be called by the prytans, or by the generals with the consent of the prytans or of the senate.

The pay of the senators was a drachma for every day on which they sat; of the ecclesiasts, at first an obol (between two and three cents), afterwards a three-obol piece. It seems probable that the richer class attended gratuitously, and that the fee was intended to enable the poorer citizens to perform their public duties without too much interruption and damage to their private affairs.

For the administration of justice, very careful provision was made in the amended Constitution. In early times there were five places where courts were held; and under the new Constitution the number was increased. A large amount of business was transacted by the courts of *Dicætaæ*, or arbitrators, of whom there were two classes, public and private;—the former appointed by the people, probably four from each tribe, forty in all, taken by lot from the citizens over fifty years of age; the latter selected for each case by the parties concerned. The Areopagus exercised judicial functions in charges of murder, murderous assault, and other specified crimes of a heinous character; and as their powers were somewhat vague, under the general authority to exercise a censorial oversight, or to act as guardians of the laws and as superintendents of public order and decency, they could, especially in cases of great emergency, bring almost any subject or person within their official cognizance; so that it is not at all surprising that Pericles was anxious to limit the jurisdiction of this body.

The most important tribunal, however, and the one in which the citizens were most deeply concerned, was the *Heliæa*, or the Heliastic court. The word is an old one, in use among the Dorians, and by them applied to the public assembly. At Athens it was always used, at least after the time of Cleisthenes, for the great popular tribunal. The members of this court were drawn by lot, from the qualified citizens of the ten tribes over thirty years of age. They were chosen under the superintendence of the nine archons and their secretary, each of whom drew from the tribe assigned to him six hundred persons. The whole body amounted to six thousand, who were liable to be called upon as dicasts, or jurymen, during the year. They were divided, according to the tribes, into ten sections of five hundred each, leaving a thousand supernumeraries to fill vacancies or to attend to any unusual cases. All the members of each section belonged to the same tribe. The sections were designated by the first ten letters of the alphabet, from *A* to *K* inclusive. They sat in eight

or ten places, including some of the five places of the ancient courts. The *dicasteria*, or court-rooms, were painted of different colors, and each had a letter of the alphabet inscribed over the entrance. The portion of the court occupied by the members—that is, the dicasts, the parties in litigation, the advocates, and the presiding officer—was surrounded by a railing, outside of which there was room for spectators; and on opposite sides were stands—*bemata*—for the antagonist speakers. In ordinary matters, one section was considered sufficient for the adjudication of the cause; in extraordinary cases, sometimes two sections, sometimes three, were united. The judicial business was distributed among the courts, when there was more than one of them could attend to in a single day; and the arrangement of the sections was determined by lot. The first ten letters of the alphabet, representing the ten sections, were thrown into one urn; and the letters of the several *dicasteria*, with their distinctive colors, into another. A ticket, or letter, was then drawn from the first, which would designate the section, and one from the second, which would designate the court. For example, suppose that a number of cases were to be tried, and the letter  $\Gamma$  was drawn from the first urn, and a yellow  $\Delta$  from the second, it determined that the  $\Gamma$ , or third section, was to sit in that one of the *dicasteria* which was marked with  $\Delta$ , and painted yellow. If two sections were to be united, two letters, for instance  $\Gamma$  and  $K$ , were drawn from the first urn, and one from the second, —  $B$ , red, it may be, — signifying that the third and tenth sections were to sit together in the *dicastery* marked with  $B$  and painted red. Each individual received on his election a tablet with the letter of his section and his name, as a certificate of his appointment; and as he entered the court, a staff was presented to him as the emblem of his office, and a symbol, or ticket, which, on being presented at the proper place, entitled him to his Heliastic fee. This was a three-obol piece (a little over eight cents) for each cause he tried. The court was opened with religious ceremonies and the administration of a judicial oath.



Let me in this place remind you that the tribes and demes had their several boards of public functionaries, their local usages and associations, and their funds to be administered for local purposes. I must also explain a point of considerable importance, which should always be borne in mind in speaking of the Athenian institutions; and that is the peculiar relation that existed between Athens and Attica, between the capital and the country. While, of course, there was the usual difference between the permanent inhabitants of the city and the permanent inhabitants of the country, in manners, education, social usages, and the like, yet, politically speaking, every Attic was an Athenian. In other words, Athens, as the centre of political life, belonged as much to the free-born farmer beyond the Ilissus and the Cephissus, as to the city-bred gentleman who lounged daily in the Agora. The people in the country had as much right to attend the meetings of the assembly, and were as likely to be drawn into the senate and the dicasteries, as the people who were crowded in the narrow streets of the town. And when a great crisis arrived, it was customary to send notice among the rustic demes, so as to have as large a meeting as possible. Athens was the political homestead of all Attica. The magistrates appointed, whether by ballot or by lot, were as likely to come from the country as from the city. The fire was constantly kept burning in the Prytaneum, and the hearth of the Prytaneum was politically the hearth of the residents in Acharnæ and Sunium, no less than of the club-men of the Diomeian gate. The father of Demosthenes belonged to the deme of Pæania, of the tribe Pandionis, and the great statesman was born in Pæania, just at the entrance into the Mesogæa, where an old grim lion, without any hind legs, looks gravely upon the surrounding solitude; yet he was none the less entitled to his share in the associations and privileges of the civic fireside. The number of these local divisions, it has already been said, was finally not less than a hundred and seventy or eighty; the names of a hundred

and sixty-one of which were found by Dr. Ludwig Ross in inscriptions.

To return to the state boards of officers or magistrates, who were appointed by one of the two modes already indicated, — the basis of the election was generally the division into tribes, one magistrate representing each tribe. Next to the archons in the administration of the state were the ten generals, who were chosen by public vote, that is, by hand-vote. For this office certain special qualifications were required, which seem at first sight to have but little to do with military science. The candidates must be men living in honorable matrimony; they must possess landed property; like all the other magistrates, they were subjected to a rigid scrutiny, under which they must show that they possessed these qualifications in addition to common citizenship; and at the termination of the official period an equally rigid system of accountability, in closing the affairs of their administration, was enforced.

The archons were at first elected by hand-vote, but afterwards, and it would appear from the time of Cleisthenes, by lot. They, too, were subjected to the same law of scrutiny before entering upon office, and of accountability at the close. Many other offices were distributed by lot among those legally qualified; but the scrutiny and accountability diminished the objections that might be theoretically urged against this system, and the public was still further secured against the mischiefs that might have been anticipated from it by an additional provision that, at the commencement of each prytany, an incompetent or unfaithful officer might be referred to a public vote, and, if the charge were proved against him, might be degraded from his office.

The general principles of the new Constitution may be briefly stated as follows:—1. The authority of the state was effectively lodged in the body of the people, by the extensive powers conferred on the popular assembly, especially in the later periods of the republic, when almost every subject, both of peace and war, came before it for final consideration.

2. The first check upon this power was found in the annual senate, which alone exercised the right of originating measures of government; but that check was again counterchecked by the right of the assembly to amend a proposition sent down by the senate, to reject it, or to substitute another on the same subject, without referring it again to the senate.

3. The second check, as in the Constitution of Solon, was found in the court of the Areopagus, which still consisted of those archons who had faithfully discharged the duties of their year of office, and who held their seats in this court for life. Aristotle calls this an oligarchical body, but not in a bad sense; though its power might be easily abused, and it would not have been easy to bring any member of it under the common laws of the state for a breach or abuse of trust.

4. The influence of the people was very profoundly felt in the courts of law, especially in the Heliastic courts, of which the members were so numerous that Plato classes them with other mobs. This mode of trial anticipated in part the principle of the jury trial. The dicasts, however, were judges and jurymen combined. They were called *Enomotoi* (*jurors*), sworn triers of the case before them; but they were not in theory the peers of the prisoner, standing to defend him from the government considered as the contending party; they were his peers, but at the same time they were a popular assembly, representing the sovereign people and exercising a function of government. The parties appeared before them, and argued their own cases to the best of their ability, often aided by the written arguments of others. They made their own statements, produced their own witnesses, hunted up the laws, had such passages as they thought applicable to their cases read by the secretary of the court, and the presiding officer never interfered. When the vote was to be taken, or, as we should say, the verdict rendered, the herald called upon those who thought the accused guilty to hold up their hands, which were counted; then those who thought him innocent did the same; and the votes of the majority decided the case.



Sometimes a ballot was taken, and black and white beans were cast into two urns,—the black for condemnation, the white for acquittal,—here, again, the major vote deciding the case. It is easy to see in this arrangement a sway of the popular will too open to the inroads of passion and prejudice to be always safe for the citizen or conducive to the ends of justice; yet the impartial student of history will acknowledge that the cases of gross wrong were few and at long intervals. Some there were which are terrible illustrations of the deadly force of popular prejudice and unreasoning fury, unchecked by the strong barrier of a learned and independent judiciary.

5. The power of the people was preserved by the principle of choice by lot, rather than by ballot, because this operated as a hindrance to the formation of parties in the state. There could be no organization to promote the election of such or such a man as Archon Eponymus, because he represented the principles of this or that party; there could be no caucus nominations,—no platform of principles—so called *per anti-phrasin*, as the grammarians say—to be pulled down like other show-platforms when the exhibition is over. The Fortune which decided the question and placed the citizen in office was rigidly impartial, and no combination, coalition, compromise, bargain, corruption, promise, threat, availability, or other mysterious source of political influence, could swerve the goddess from her course. This was, perhaps, an advantage on the whole; and we find few complaints of the incompetency or unfaithfulness of the magistrates so elected. I know of no instance of an archon's having been displaced or degraded, and we have lists of several hundred of them. It was worth something to save the people from their friends, who do all their political thinking for them. Fortune was quite as good as a caucus, and a lot was as good as a platform; for Fortune and the lot always chose from among those who were legally and theoretically qualified, while the caucus and the platform are in the frequent habit of pitching upon those who are not qualified at all.

It is probable that the business transacted in the courts was of moderate extent at first; but with the rapidly unfolding power of the commonwealth, the number of cases of litigation was proportionally increased. The commercial relations of the Athenians were extended and complicated; the mechanic arts were numerous; while enlarged political power, from various circumstances, led to numerous entanglements with foreign cities and kingdoms. The Peiræus became the emporium of the world. A financial system of the most refined character was gradually formed with the increasing wants of the state. An extensive mercantile marine came into active operation. Questions on loans, securities, interest, contracts, guardianships; a complex system of port-duties; disputes as to temple-property, and the rights of temple-corporations therein; controversies between citizens of the allied states and citizens of Athens, which were carried up to the courts of Athens,—all these caused a rapid accumulation of business, which finally employed a large part of the citizens in daily attendance upon the dicasteries. The fees they received made it for their personal interest to multiply the cases as far and as fast as possible, and generated a love of litigation which, while it sharpened the intellect, was a dangerous enemy to regular industry, and undermined the moral character. The detestable race of public informers, making a business of getting up accusations—mostly false—against the citizens, especially those of the highest respectability, was bred by the public corruption into a miserable, mischievous, and contemptible existence. Sometimes the love of the law led to a kind of insanity, like that described by Sir Walter Scott in the character of Peter Peebles; and Aristophanes, with his customary skill, seized upon this frenzy for the subject of one of his most amusing comedies, “The Wasps,” to which I made a cursory reference in a former course of Lectures.

The characters in this piece are drawn from the life, but are not individuals actually living, like the persons in “The Knights” and some other of the author’s plays. The prin-

cipal *dramatis personæ* are Philocleon, an old dicast, and, as his name indicates, a friend of Cleon; his son, Bdelycleon, a hater of the demagogue; two servants, Sosias and Xanthias; a chorus of old dicasts, masquerading as gigantic wasps, with tails and stings significant of their vocation; three children, sons of Carcinus, represented by a practical pun on their father's name as young crabs; a dog, and a door-keeper. Philocleon has the dicastic disease in the most virulent form. The son, wiser than the father, and wearied out with his extravagances, tries to cure him. Finding argument of no avail, he shuts him up at home, and places sentinels to keep guard over him, and restrain him from attendance in the courts. Medicines are administered to him in vain; Corybantian rites are resorted to, with no better result. He tries to crawl out through the drain; to bore the wall; to ascend the chimney, where he is stopped only by clapping a lid over the top of it. Then he pretends that he desires to sell a donkey, and fastens himself under the ass's belly. He is discovered, torn away from his hiding-place, carried back into the house, and shut in with bolts and bars stronger than before. Something falls from the roof on the head of Sosias. It is a tile loosened from the roof by the old juryman, who has worked his way between the rafters. A troop of dicasts passing by to court, early in the morning, the old man is driven to madness, gnaws through the net they have spread over the house, and attempts to descend by a rope; but he is again caught, and the chorus of wasps are beaten off. They turn upon the young man, with a charge of tyranny. The old man declares that nothing but death shall separate him from the courts; and his son, discouraged by the hopelessly incurable character of the disease, surrenders, and promises to convert the house into a court of law for the administration of justice among the inmates. This idea is eagerly laid hold of by the old man, and is at once carried into execution. A little difficulty occurs at first in finding a case; but Xanthias is heard swearing at

“A graceless cur, a most atrocious cur,”



who has broken into the kitchen and eaten up a whole Sicilian cheese. The dog is Labes, — a name intended for Laches, a general who had been tried on a charge of peculation in Sicily. He — the dog — is immediately arrested, and the trial proceeds with all the forms of an Athenian court. Xanthias is accuser, and Bdelycleon is counsel for the prisoner at the bar, for whom he makes an eloquent speech, and resorts to the usual method of exciting pity by producing the wife and children of the accused. The puppies behave much like puppies, and are dismissed from the stand. The dog is acquitted, to the great distress of the dicast. Other modes of cure are resorted to. The old juryman is with difficulty persuaded to exchange his tattered cloak for a new one. He is taught how to eat and walk, to sing songs and take attitudes, like a gentleman. But he only rushes from one madness to another. He becomes intoxicated, and beats his slave; falls to leaping, dancing, and shouting; and, as one of the servants says, performs “all the antics of an ass over-stuffed with roasted barley.” He abuses his son; gets into a quarrel with a baker-woman, beating her and overturning her bread-basket into the street; fights a man he encounters in one of his mad freaks, and is threatened with a suit for damages. At length he is dragged into the house by main force, where, hearing a flute, he is seized with a passion for dancing, and challenges every one to a trial. The challenge is accepted by the sons of Carcinus, who appear in the form of young crabs. The dance commences, the old crab (Carcinus) joins the madness of the hour, and the piece closes with a wild travesty of tragic and comic choral movements.

The moral and mental distemper which furnishes the groundwork of this fantastic piece has its type in human nature, under such circumstances as existed at Athens, and as exist wherever the spirit of litigation is fostered. Each of us, probably, can recall examples of it; but I have nowhere seen it so powerfully exhibited in literature as in this comedy. Philocleon is past cure; the only diversion to his madness is to turn it into other channels. In this consist the consummate art of

the poet, and the affecting moral — affecting in the midst of the most grotesque extravagances — which the comedy teaches and illustrates.

I have preferred to set forth the unhappy consequences which, in individual cases, followed from the extension of the judicial system of Cleisthenes, by citing the picture drawn by the Greek satirist, who was a keen observer of human nature, and thoroughly familiar with the working of the institutions of his country and the tendencies of his age. It must be remembered, however, that he was a satirist, and not a philosopher; and as such it was his business to exhibit, not the whole truth, but only such aspects of the truth as were capable of producing a comic effect by ludicrous exaggeration. There was a morbid state of the Attic mind, — the disease springing from an original weakness of character, but developed and made intense by the action of institutions, — but the mind was in the main good. We must not take caricature as history, but only as a vivid illustration of side-views of history. There were dangers in the judicial system of Athens; and the dicastic disease was one of them. Another and more serious danger was the risk of sacrificing the object of popular dislike to the passions of the hour, as was done in the case of Socrates. But with all these perils and morbid tendencies, the Attic process was open and above-board. There was no stealthy arrest; no hurrying to prison without remedy, or keeping in prison without end; no secret questioning; no hopeless concealment from the public eye. The arrest was in the broad day; the trial was in open court; fellow-citizens pronounced the verdict, after a defence in which all freedom of speech was allowed, and the accuser was confronted with the accused. In a long course of administration of private and public justice, the cases are very few in the history of the Attic courts where wrong was done or right was not done. That any occurred is lamentable; but the same may be said of courts of justice elsewhere. I think I may venture to affirm, that, in the variety of questions discussed, in the general soundness and

equity of the decisions, and in the ability with which the cases were argued, the history of the popular courts in Athens is honorable to the demos, and will compare favorably with that of any modern nation.

This leads me to a special ordinance in the Constitution of Cleisthenes, which I must utterly condemn, while I think I see the reasons that wrought on the legislator's mind in enacting it. I refer here to *ostracism*. It was a process known in principle to other states as well as to Athens. The purpose was to remove temporarily any citizen who, by wealth, ability, general influence, or aspiring character, might be thought by a considerable number of the people to be dangerous to the commonwealth. The words of Aristotle are: "Democratic states were accustomed to ostracize and remove from the city for a definite time those who appeared to be superior to their fellow-citizens, by reason of their wealth, the number of their friends, or any other means of influence." It is clear that it was meant to be applied to cases where no crime had been committed; and at Athens it worked no forfeiture of property and no personal disgrace. The experience of the Greek republics taught them the danger of usurpation, under a popular constitution. The true protection against the danger was to have a strong executive head,—a unit,—instead of scattering executive powers and responsibilities among many boards and individuals. But the law-makers, in their dread of concentrating powers in one person, were deterred from this course, thinking, perhaps, that such a magistrate might easily become a despot,—a view curiously illustrated by the present Constitution of the Swiss Republic, in which the members of the council of state hold in succession the office of President. The explanation given me by a statesman of that country was, that the makers of the Constitution were afraid that a President with a long tenure of office and full executive powers would soon be converted by the neighboring monarchies into a despot. Cleisthenes had witnessed the apparent ease with which the house of Peisistratus had risen



to power, and the difficulty with which that power had been overthrown. He probably thought, in the existing state of things, that danger to the government was still lurking in the unconstitutional desires of adherents of the tyrannical house, or of other ambitious members of the Eupatrid order; and reasoning upon past experience, he came to the conclusion that it would be easier and better to get rid of the dangerous individual before he should surround himself with the muniments of usurped power than afterwards, which, as he might have remembered, was the suggestion in Solon's warning verses. He probably thought, also, that he had sufficiently guarded ostracism from abuse; for he provided that the senate and assembly should first inquire whether such a step was necessary. If they decided in the affirmative, then the people were summoned to a general meeting in the Agora, — each bringing a bit of tile, — *ostrakon*, — on which he wrote the name of the person whose banishment he desired. The nine archons and the presiding officers superintended the proceeding; and the citizen against whom six thousand bits of tile were deposited was ostracized. He was required to leave the city in ten days.

Mr. Grote, from whose judgment I do not think it ordinarily safe to differ on a question of Greek history or polity, approves of ostracism. To be banished for ten years without even the allegation of a crime could inflict no personal dishonor. It was a great hardship, no doubt, both to the victim and to his family. But he could return at the expiration of the time, resume his place as a citizen, take charge of his property, and all might go on as before. Yet ten years is a long time to be in exile, anywhere; for an Athenian to be away from Athens, on compulsion, for ten years, and all for no crime, was certainly a hard measure for being a well-born, wealthy, or otherwise distinguished or ambitious man, or for being, as was the case with Aristides, universally called the *Just*. It might well be objected, also, that, where political rivalries were vehement and the passions ran high, such a mode

of removing a competitor offered too great a temptation to slander and all the base arts of secretly undermining the reputation. No doubt in practice this was the case. I question if there was ever an instance of a successful resort to this measure in any other way or for any other purpose. As might have been expected, the best men were in almost all cases the victims,—Themistocles, Aristides, Cimon. It never was of any benefit to the state, and it generally did nothing but mischief. It would be enough to say, that it was unjust, and that injustice is always inexpedient, if the principle of justice were always recognized as the controlling and guiding rule in the formation of political institutions. The experience of the world, taken collectively, shows the evil and deadly consequences that inevitably flow from the incorporation of wrong into the fundamental law of a state. There is an Eternal Power which sends its retributions sooner or later, and re-establishes often on the ruins of ancient thrones and long-descended dynasties, and often on ground drenched with the blood of the innocent descendants of the original authors of the wrong, the immortal principle of justice. Ostracism, however, was not strong enough to maintain itself, and to require so solemn a catastrophe to end it. Two Athenian statesmen, Nicias and Alcibiades, united to ostracize Hyperbolus, a lamp-maker, a coarse and vulgar demagogue; and by ostracizing him they ostracized ostracism itself. From that time forth it was vulgar; it smelt of the lamp of Hyperbolus; it was unfit for a gentleman. If I had been an Athenian, I should have preferred to have had it abolished because it was wrong, rather than discontinued because it had grown vulgar; but I should have been glad to get rid of it in any way.

I have endeavored to point out the defects as well as the excellences of the Athenian Constitution. The latter greatly predominate over the former in number and weight. It was a marvellous piece of wisdom. It contains all the principles of free government, to which modern times have added only new applications and combinations. Legislation and the ad-

ministration of justice by the people or their representatives; legislation by two distinct bodies, insuring careful consideration before the enactment of laws; the administration of justice, through fair trial by equals, and in the open day, — these grand securities of liberty are the fundamental principles of the Constitution of Athens. Under that Constitution, she rose to power; she made for herself immortal renown in the world's history; she confronted the multitudinous hosts of Persia; she survived the Peloponnesian war; she survived the Macedonian conquest; she maintained herself as an integral part of the Roman Empire. Even through the Dark Ages, parts of her ancient Constitution — her magistrates and tribunals — still remained. Under the Turkish oppression, Athens still had her archons; and under the Constitution of 1843 she has her court of the Ephetæ, and her Areopagus before which, only a few years ago, an over-zealous classicist of the Athenian bar moved a reversal of the sentence of Socrates.

Thus vital and durable are human institutions, when founded on natural right, and animated by the spirit of liberty and of justice.



## LECTURE VII.

### THE PERSIAN WARS.—ORIGIN OF ATTIC ELOQUENCE.— PERICLES.

LYCURGUS intended to make his people a brotherhood of warriors. His object was to keep them apart from other nations; of course, to repress the passions which lead to foreign conquest. But even his stringent *rhetræ* could not utterly subdue the nature of man. He did not count upon the effect of jealousy excited by the spectacle of others, living under different systems, and rising to power by different means. Athens is only a hundred and fifty miles from Sparta; and it was impossible for the Spartans to be indifferent to what was going forward in Athens. Sparta was the natural ally of despots and oligarchs everywhere. She was the natural ally of Peisistratus and Hippias and Hipparchus; and she sought every opportunity of interfering with the growth of a power like that of Athens, founded upon principles so alien from her own. Isagoras invoked the aid of Sparta against Cleisthenes. Through her influence, Cleisthenes was compelled to quit Athens, as one of the accursed family of the Alcæonidæ. Cleomenes, the Spartan king, being despatched with a military force, entered Athens without resistance, and, having expelled seven hundred families, attempted to dissolve the Senate of Five Hundred, and to place the government under the control of three hundred adherents of Sparta. This was carrying matters with too high a hand. The people flew to arms. Cleomenes and Isagoras fled to the Acropolis, but were obliged to surrender in two days. They were allowed to withdraw; but their followers were slain. The exiles were

at once restored, and two results immediately followed:—1. A feeling of hostility was created between the two states, never afterwards completely removed. 2. The free Constitution was more deeply rooted in the affection of the people by this unsuccessful attempt of domestic treason and foreign violence to overturn it.

Another attempt was made by sending a Peloponnesian army, under the command of both kings, into Attica. But the Corinthian allies, ascertaining the object of the expedition, denounced the enterprise; and Demaratus, the second Spartan king, agreeing with the Corinthians, the army broke up.

Not content with this, the Spartans called a congress of their allies to consult on the restoration of Hippias, whom they invited to be present. Again they found the proposition to restore the tyrant not well received. The Corinthian deputies expressed the general sense of the congress. "Surely," said they, "heaven and earth are about to change places, when you Spartans propose to set up in the cities that wicked and bloody thing called a tyrant. First try what it is for yourselves, at Sparta, and then force it upon others. If you persist in a scheme so wicked, know that the Corinthians will not second you." The Spartans were forced to abandon their unprincipled scheme; and Hippias went back to Sigeum in Asia to wait for better times, and to see what he could do by intriguing with the Persians. The Constitution, having weathered the storms that broke upon its early days, rapidly became the object of the devotion of the citizens; and in the short period—about eighteen years—which elapsed between these attempts of Sparta and the breaking out of the Persian war, all ranks of men, from the highest to the lowest, became ardently attached to the country and to its wise and beneficent institutions.

The Greek colonies in Asia Minor had been subjected to the Persian Empire. About 500 B. C., movements of revolt began to take place, especially among the Ionians, who naturally applied to their kinsmen, the Athenians, for support.

A fleet was despatched across the *Ægean*, and the troops, uniting with a strong Ionian force, marched upon Sardis, one of the principal cities of the Empire, to which they set fire; but being obliged to retreat before a superior army, they were overtaken on the way to Ephesus, and severely beaten. On hearing of this insult to his royal authority, Darius, the Persian king, fell into a paroxysm of rage, and made immediate preparations to put down the revolt, which had rapidly extended. Miletus was closely besieged, the Ionian fleet was defeated near Lade, the city was taken by storm, the men were mostly slain, and the women and children were carried into captivity in the interior of Asia. The downfall of Miletus, and the fate of its inhabitants, furnished the subject for a tragedy brought out at Athens in the following year by Phrynichus, which threw the audience into such convulsions of grief, that they fined the author a thousand drachmæ "for having recalled to them their own misfortunes." These events happened B. C. 495, and led to the complete subjugation of the Ionians to Persia.

Darius was not forgetful of what he regarded as the insolence of the Athenians in the burning of Sardis. He sent an army, B. C. 492, under the command of his son-in-law Mardonius, with orders to bring to Susa the Athenians who had insulted the authority of the great king. But the fleet was wrecked on the rocky coast of Athos, the land-troops were exhausted by fighting the Thracians, and he was obliged to lead back the shattered remnants of the host across the Hellespont. The king made preparations on a larger scale, and two years later sent a vast army under Datis and Artaphernes, who were commanded to burn Athens and Eretria to the ground, and to carry away the inhabitants into slavery. The Persians had seen enough of Mount Athos, and they now sailed across the *Ægean* and made for Eubœa. Eretria was soon reduced; and then, crossing over the narrow strip of sea, they landed on the immortal plain of Marathon. At Athens were three men, educated by her free institutions, who



were fully equal to the emergency, — Miltiades, Themistocles, and Aristeides, all of whom were chosen on the board of ten generals for that year, the people doubtless making this most judicious selection with reference to the threatened invasion. A courier was sent to Sparta to solicit assistance; but no assistance came in season. On religious grounds the Spartans were unwilling to march before the full moon, now some days off. But the Athenians immediately hurried over to Marathon. I need not recount the history of the memorable day which, under the auspices of the great Miltiades, made the name of that beautiful plain a rallying-cry for freedom and patriotism forever. The mound raised over the Athenians who fell there still stands on the field, and speaks to the soul with its eloquent associations in the midst of silence and solitude.

This decisive victory released the Greeks from fears of Persia for ten years. Athens went steadily forward as a free state, not without warm debates, and even discords, among her great men. Themistocles and Aristeides, after the death of Miltiades, were the most distinguished leaders. The peril of the Persian invasion had brought them to act harmoniously in the common cause of the country; but after the storm had swept by, they often differed, sometimes acrimoniously. Aristeides was a man of the most incorruptible virtue, so that he was popularly called the Just. Not only was it impossible to bend him from the straightest course of honor by any prospect of personal advantage, but even the interest of his country could not swerve him in the least. With these admirable qualities, he was at the same time, if one may venture to judge of a public man of two-and-twenty centuries ago, a little too rigid in his adherence to the old. He was averse to innovation, and did not sufficiently appreciate the universal fact that changes in manners, customs, occupations, and social usages are inevitable in every free people. His wish was to prevent the Athenians from rushing into such movements. He tried to hold them back. He preferred the simplicity of the earlier times, and dreaded the consequences of the love of novelty

under the stimulus of growing power at home and abroad. No doubt Young Athens soon began to regard him as an old conservative, though without losing confidence in his integrity. Themistocles, on the other hand, was a much more brilliant and versatile genius. He was for striking out new paths of honor and glory. In intuitive sagacity, unfailing invention, boldness in executing his plans, insight into the purposes of his enemies, and skill in thwarting them, he was one of the ablest statesmen of the ancient world. But he failed to make the same impression of honesty as his great rival. He could be wily, artful, perhaps a little tricky, upon occasion. He was not always open in his management. He had no objection to a bit of intrigue. He was an advocate of progress. He urged the Athenians to develop their maritime resources and to build fleets, — all against the advice of Aristeides. Looking back from this distance of time, we cannot but see that the counsel of Themistocles was the best, and that the Athenians were wise in following his leading rather than that of Aristeides.

These contrasts of character brought them into frequent collisions, and to some extent led to the formation of parties in the state. We have seen that the peculiar distribution of powers, administrative, political, and judicial, almost precluded the possibility of parties, in the modern sense of the word. The archons, the senators, and many other high officers, were chosen by lot from among the qualified citizens; there could therefore be no factions headed by any of these functionaries, and struggling for victory in the elections. Still, in every free country there will be certain general differences of opinion and tendency, which will bring like-thinking citizens together, and into opposition to other bodies similarly united in opinion. There will be in the community, for example, a class of men who will take their stand upon experience, and hold by what is established, — composed in great part of the sober, elderly, wealthy, well-born citizens; and there will be another class of restless, ardent, hopeful, ambitious men, or of those who have

their career to make or their fortunes to win, who will be eager for change, — for reform, or for what they call reform, — who will endeavor to overturn what is established, and to reconstruct institutions upon principles and theories hitherto untried. At Athens there was much of this; and the leaders of the more popular tendency were quite as often from the high-born and proud old families as from any other. The battles were fought on single questions in the senate and before the popular assembly. It was utterly impossible beforehand to count upon a majority, or to form anything more than a conjectural opinion before the vote was actually taken; and it would often happen that antagonists on one question would be found voting together on another. It may be added, that questions so discussed were less likely to be wrongly settled than in countries where the party lines are so drawn through the community, that the people look more to their political combinations and relations than to the absolute merits of the arguments addressed to them.

Such was the state of parties under the Constitution of Cleisthenes, when the next Persian invasion under Xerxes took place. His mighty preparations, continuing those which his father had commenced, excited a great commotion in Greece. Even Sparta laid aside her ancient exclusiveness, and united with Athens, in a congress at Corinth, in an attempt to bring about a union of the Greek states. But the formidable hosts of the invader paralyzed many of the states with terror, so hopeless did it seem to make any resistance. By far the larger number submitted to the first demand of the enemy, who insolently required of them to send him earth and water. Left almost alone, Sparta and Athens resolved to make a stand. At first they fixed on the Vale of Tempe; but Thermopylæ, farther south, was finally determined upon. I need not recapitulate the circumstances of the battle in which Leonidas and his three hundred fell. Their memory haunts the spot, as if they had trodden the narrow passage but yesterday. Never before nor afterwards did Dorian courage show so gloriously. In the



fragment of an Ode by Simonides the deeds of Leonidas are nobly celebrated:—

“Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,  
Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot;  
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain,  
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.  
Such sepulchre, nor drear decay  
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.  
Within their grave the home-bred glory  
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives  
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story  
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.”

The sea-fight of Artemisium, about the same time, left both fleets disabled, and furnished the prelude to the great defeat of Salamis, whither the Greeks retired and the Persians followed. And now again the selfish policy of the Dorians showed itself. Leaving the barbarians to pursue their way by land, they began to fortify the Corinthian Isthmus. The Athenians were obliged to transport their families to Salamis, Trœzen, and Ægina. Themistocles called in the aid of the Delphian oracle, which he caused to respond, “The divine Salamis will make women childless; but when all is lost, a wooden wall shall shelter the Athenians.” The Persian army approached the city. The patriotic zeal of the inhabitants mounted with the occasion. The banished were recalled,—Aristeides on the proposition of his rival Themistocles. The members of the Areopagus contributed individually, and used their authority to procure funds, for the public service. The Persian host took possession of the city, desecrated and burned the temples, and put the few defenders who remained there to the sword. The barbarian fleet arrived at Phalerum, while the confederated fleets of Athens and Sparta were lying in the harbor of Salamis. The commanders of the Spartan and Corinthian contingents were on the point of deserting their position. In an angry debate, Themistocles warmly remonstrated against so unworthy a course; and, the Spartan Eurybiades being incensed at his words, and lifting his staff to strike him, Themistocles gave

the famous answer, "Strike, but hear." After all, the narrow and unpatriotic views of the Dorians were counteracted only by an artifice of Themistocles; and the battle of Salamis, which again crowned the Grecian arms with glory, was due to the skilful management of the Athenian general much more than to the bravery of the Dorians with whom he was associated. *Æschylus*, who was present in the conflict, gives in his play of "The Persians" a most animated description of it. The battle of Plataea, in which the Dorian states contributed an effective force, finished the Persian campaign in Greece; and the victory of Mycale, in Asia Minor, closed the war. In these momentous events we plainly see the working of the two sets of political institutions. The Spartans, brave on the field, were narrow and selfish in policy. When the first terror of the Persian invasion came over the country, and a majority of the states sent earth and water to the insolent barbarian, the spirit of Sparta was roused. She placed herself in the front rank. She covered herself with imperishable renown. But it was only the Athenian statesmen who discerned the true nature of the conflict, and understood the vital importance of a general resistance by the Hellenic race. Thermopylæ belongs to Sparta doubtless; but the great deliverance is the undying honor of Athens. It is due to her that the nascent civilization of Europe was not crushed under the conquering despotism of the Orientals.

The position which Athens so nobly maintained gave her a foremost rank after the storm had swept by. The city was rebuilt. Literature and art took a sudden spring forward. The tragedies of *Æschylus*, animated by the great thoughts which the Persian wars had aroused, taught, in the sublimest poetry, the noble lessons of justice, righteousness, and retribution for overbearing human pride. Athens was looked up to by the other states as their deliverer. She was the acknowledged head of a great confederacy, extending round the *Ægean* Sea and over the islands. She contracted to protect her allies with her naval power against any future attacks of the Persians,

and they agreed to furnish the pecuniary means, by a contribution which they left to the judgment of Aristides the Just to apportion among them. Her prosperity advanced with rapid strides; and her institutions were imitated wherever the rights of men were decided by reason and not by force, as Isocrates truly claimed. A congress of deputies was organized, which met at Delos, where the common treasury of the confederacy was established; but from the beginning, although these deputies had in theory the disposal of the funds, Athens, the protecting city, really controlled the application of them. The union was called at first the Confederacy of Delos; the assessment was fixed at four hundred and sixty talents (\$460,000), and was placed under the care of certain officers called *Hellenotamice*.

Though the old hostility between Themistocles and Aristides had been temporarily suspended during the dangers of the Persian wars, and Aristides had surrendered many of his former prejudices, — yielding perhaps to the necessity imposed on him by the democratic tendencies of the times, — it was revived when Themistocles, who had withstood the temptations of the hard times of war, fell before those of peace and prosperity. He was ostracized in his turn; but the fact of his being subjected to this punishment is in his favor, as showing that his enemies could not prove against him a strong case of criminality, though he was commonly accused of corruption and fraud in dealing with the confederated cities. It was in some measure due to the influence of Sparta, who bore a special grudge against the Athenian statesman, that he was driven into exile. He retired to Asia, where he was received with distinguished honors by the Persian king, who assigned to him the town of Magnesia for his residence. He died there at the age of sixty-five. His remains were said to have been secretly brought to Attica, and a tomb, the ruins of which still form a striking object on the right of the entrance into the harbor of Peiræus, was supposed to cover his body, — a most picturesque and fitting spot for him who founded the navy of Athens, and who, more than any other man, was entitled to the honor of the victory of



Salamis ; for the monument overlooks the blue waters and the island where that great event took place. An ancient inscription commemorated the illustrious Athenian : —

“ By the sea’s margin, on the watery strand,  
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand ;  
By this direction, to thy native shore  
The merchant shall convey his freighted store ;  
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,  
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.”

During the period which I have rapidly sketched, the statesmen of Athens guided the public counsels by the personal influence they wielded in the senate and the popular assembly. Open debate on every question of domestic or foreign policy, whether in peace or war, universally preceded legislation ; and the great men, Cimon, Miltiades, Themistocles, were all obliged to maintain their ground by public speech. It was not necessary to the statesman to hold any office, in order to guide the policy of the state. Membership of the Ecclesia was to him what a seat in the House of Commons is in England, or a seat in the House of Representatives in the United States ; there he made himself felt, and from the Bema his voice was heard controlling and directing the sovereign people. The statesman was often elected to offices ; but these offices had nothing to do with his position as a statesman, except so far as the duties belonging to them took him off from the political deliberations in the assembly. The office of general was often filled even by poets, as Sophocles was once appointed commander in the Samian expedition, in which Pericles was his colleague. We do not hear that he performed any very brilliant martial exploits ; but he made himself a pleasant companion to the officers and citizens, and doubtless took the opportunity of visiting the coast of Asia Minor and the plain of Troy ; for about this time he brought out the splendid tragedy of “ Ajax,” the scene of which is laid on the Hellespontine shore.

I do not think it would be in the least degree correct to ascribe the origin of Attic eloquence to the development of the

Constitution, or to the growth of political and judicial business consequent on the extension of the confederacy. The Ionian had from the beginning the temperament of eloquence; and he established forms of life and of social intercourse eminently favorable to the arts of speech. His language was a marvellous instrument for every possible effect. Rich, sweet, flowing, flexible, and at the same time exact and precise in discrimination; sometimes soft and gentle as a summer breeze, again strong, grand, and mighty as the winter storm; reflecting every aspect of the most beautiful and lovely scenes in nature, and expressing every mood of the intellect, every affection of the heart, every relation of thought, with equal facility and completeness, — it adapted itself to the quick and varied movements of the Ionian mind, whether they manifested themselves in the sportive sallies of a bright imagination, or the rapid and vehement outbreaks of resentment, or the ardor of love, or the severest logic of the understanding. Doubtless there has never been such an instrument of thought — such an organ for every species of literary record, or for immediate impression by uttered speech — as the Ionian and Attic Greek. It is no exaggeration to say that Homer showed himself a consummate master of every species of eloquence. The ancient rhetoricians recognized this fact, and acknowledged him as their undisputed master. In the councils of the leaders at Troy; in the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles; in the visit of the chiefs to the tent of the angry hero; in the interview of Hector and Andromache; in the lamentations over the dead body of Hector; in the appeals to the courage of the soldiers on the eve of battle, — Homer undoubtedly proved himself to be not only the greatest poet of the world, but possessed of all the qualities and all the genius of the greatest orator. Every speech is suitable to the person who makes it, and fitted to the occasion on which it is made and to the audience to which it is addressed. Whether it be indignant denunciation or pathetic appeal, whether it be reasoning or exhortation, he is alike master of all the topics of persuasion, of all the arguments that can con-

vince, of all the words and thoughts that can touch the heart or satisfy the understanding. From the time of Solon, if not earlier, this treasury of eloquence was open to the Athenian youth. The poems of Homer were recited in public and studied in private; many an Athenian knew them by heart; and every Athenian regarded them as a kind of sacred scripture. By nature, by example, by the influence of political institutions, the Athenian was moulded into an orator. But during the growing period of Athenian power, the leading men thought more of action than of eloquence. Placed as they were, they had to spend their time and exercise their genius in devising plans for the public defence, in executing the decrees of the people, and in leading the troops to battle. The gift of speech was an instrument to effect the purpose of the moment, — not a means of securing fame for itself alone. Even *Æschylus* — the sublimest of tragic poets — thought more of Marathon and Salamis, than he did of the Prometheus or the Agamemnon.

The arts of eloquence, however, came much into request with the multiplication of causes in the courts, and with the enlargement of the political relations of Athens. Diplomatic intercourse with the other states was maintained by the living voice of the orators, sent on special missions to address the governments of those states. There were no diplomatic notes exchanged by resident ministers; there was the senate, or the assembly, or some similar body, to be met face to face in argument. It would not answer to send on such a mission any sensible man who might offer himself. He must be master of all the resources of reasoning and all the forms of speech, as well as familiar with the matter to be dealt with. The meetings of the deputies at the Amphictyonic assemblies also furnished occasions which demanded ready eloquence; and we accordingly find that the persons chosen to represent Athens, at least in the Amphictyonic Assembly at Delphi and Thermopylæ, were among the ablest debaters. The congresses of the confederates made similar demands upon the faculty of speech.



These congresses were held at Athens, at Delos, at Corinth, at Sparta; and the subjects discussed called out animated harangues from all the leading members. Even the Spartans could not well insist upon the universal adoption of their Laconic style. Once, when an Athenian ambassador had finished his oration to the assembly there, a Spartan rose and said, "I have forgotten the beginning of your speech, and I do not understand the end." But before the Peloponnesian war broke out, when it was necessary for the proud old Dorian city to take counsel with her allies, she had to submit to regular speeches, as we know from Thucydides, who records the substance of their debates. The conservative Spartans, no doubt, denounced the innovation, and groaned terribly over the flood of words and of new ideas that threatened to drown the Constitution of Lycurgus. But it was of no avail; the force of circumstances was stronger than even Spartan prejudices, and words carried the day.

The increased complication of the laws, and the variety of cases which came before the Attic courts, in the course of time required a class of men like the modern advocates. Properly speaking, there was no bar in Athens. The plaintiff and the defendant, the prosecutor and the accused, were compelled to appear personally and to argue the cases themselves. But it is evident that this could not always be done; and the parties in a suit or prosecution would resort for advice and aid to persons who were known or supposed to be familiar with the laws and skilful in preparing an argument. Thus a class of lawyers was called into existence by the wants of the public, which could not dispense with their aid. The counsellor sometimes prepared the speech, and his client delivered it in court. This method enabled the lawyer, if he chose, to get a double fee by writing on both sides, though it is to be presumed that this was seldom done. By degrees, the custom naturally arose for the party in the case to open his defence or his accusation in a brief speech, and then to ask permission of the court for his friend, who stood by him, to finish the argument. Many of

the extant speeches of the Attic orators were either not delivered at all by their authors, or were uttered only in continuation of an argument opened by the litigant. Demosthenes commenced his career by writing speeches for others,—a practice with which Æschines reproaches him, adding that he was guilty of betraying the arguments of his client to the opposite party, though of this there is not a particle of proof. The people sometimes appointed advocates to manage causes in which important public interests were at stake, or when a question in any way involving the city was to be argued before an Amphictyonic meeting. On one occasion Æschines was thus appointed; but the court of the Areopagus cancelled the appointment, on the ground of his being an unsuitable person to represent the city, and selected Hyperides to perform the duty. If the accused or the defendant was disabled from any cause, the court allowed the advocate to speak in his stead. Thus Miltiades, after his expedition to the island Paros, was impeached for treason; but having received a severe wound in the thigh, which made it necessary to bring him into court on a litter, his brother Tisagoras addressed the court in his behalf.

These few notices will, perhaps, be sufficient to give an idea of the position and functions of advocates at Athens, but not of their fees. The theory at the outset was, that the lawyer appearing for his friend should not take a fee; but so transcendental a doctrine probably never gained an extensive assent among the practical members of the profession. In point of fact, we know that large incomes were made by the able men—such as Isæus, Lysias, and Isocrates—who occupied themselves with this as the business of their lives. The public advocates received a drachma each for every case they managed; so that the honor of the appointment must have constituted the principal part of their fee.

In this state of things the art of rhetoric naturally began to enter into the education of a young man who aspired to become a leader in Athenian politics; and this was a career

which had resistless attractions for a large part of the Athenian youth. A class of public professors, or teachers, called Sophists, as being teachers of wisdom, had already appeared in Greece. The name includes men of the most opposite characters; and in judging of them, great injustice is sometimes done by not considering this fact. Some of them were philosophical teachers of the highest worth and accomplishments; while others, degenerate professors of wisdom, sought only to impart the false and glittering craft of tickling the fancy by a show of knowledge, without real knowledge, and of corrupting the heart by confounding good and evil, or teaching that pleasure is good and might is right. No doubt many young Athenians were led astray by the seductive arts of these men, — cheated by them into the belief that success in Athenian politics could be secured without the profound and life-long study which alone can make the true statesman. But we do not find such among the real leaders of the Athenian Demos.

Closely connected with the Sophists, and sharing their virtues as well as their vices, were the Rhetoricians. It is singular that the earliest scientific expositions of the principles of rhetoric should have been made by Sicilian Greeks. Corax and Tisias are named as the inventors — that is, the first authors of technical systems — of rhetoric; Gorgias of Leontini — known to the Athenians by his mission to the city and by subsequent visits there, known to fame by the noble Dialogue of Plato which bears his name — made improvements in the art; but it was in Athens, where practice preceded theory, and where theory was restrained by practice, that rhetoric, as a science, was completed and perfected. The Rhetoric of Aristotle is still the most profound and masterly rhetorical treatise extant.

The intellectual condition of the Athenians having reached this point, there appeared a young man who was destined, as statesman, orator, and ruler, to set his native city on the highest pinnacle of fame. In the Vatican there are several marble busts of a man of singular beauty of countenance.



united with a manly dignity, and an expression of power, which would arrest the spectator's gaze were no name inscribed upon the plinth. The head is always helmeted; but, though a skilful general, the eminent person whose features we look upon was most distinguished for his philosophical studies, his literary tastes, his majestic eloquence, his love and appreciation of art, his elegant manners, his profound conception of the duties of a statesman, and the unbending firmness with which he carried his patriotic plans into execution. We read the name, — it is Pericles, son of Xanthippus, the Athenian. We recall then the single weakness of the great man, who, on account of a slight disproportion in the height of his otherwise magnificent head, chose to go helmeted down to posterity, rather than to have it said, "What a pity the head of Pericles had that one little fault!" It is said that every man has his foibles. That of Pericles was harmless enough; but I have often wished to pull the helmet off, and see the princely man as he was seen by the friends who frequented the saloon of Aspasia. The helmet did not conceal the defect. The comic poets, eager for any topic of ridicule, did not spare the Olympian, as, in the midst of their sarcasms, they could not help calling him. By birth Pericles was among the noblest Athenians; his mother being a niece of Cleisthenes, and so connected with the princes of Sicyon. His fortune was ample, without being excessive. His youth was passed in careful preparation for the career of statesmanship, by a much wider range of literary and philosophical study than had before been customary. The ablest men of the age, in every department of culture, were employed, and all his hours were occupied in the most regular and intense devotion to the most elevating pursuits. Pythocleides instructed him in music, Damon in political science, Zeno of Elea in logic; but the great teacher who exercised the profoundest influence in moulding his character was Anaxagoras, — his guide, philosopher, and friend. Anaxagoras was the first speculative thinker who clearly announced the doctrine that the system of the universe

is the combination and arrangement of an intelligent First Cause; and his life and teachings were in harmony with this sublime conception.

By birth and association Pericles belonged to the popular party, although connected with so many of the Eupatrid families. He first appeared in public life in the year B. C. 469; and, carrying the industrious habits he had formed in the course of his education into his new pursuits, he devoted himself to them with the greatest assiduity. He was never seen lounging in the streets; he was never present at a convivial meeting but once, and that was on the occasion of the marriage of his nephew. He had but few intimate friends, and those among the best and most accomplished persons. He was constant in his attendance at the assembly, but was not over eager to mingle in every debate. Even the measures he desired to carry were often proposed by one or another of his adherents, while he reserved his own eloquence for great occasions. He never spoke without the most careful preparation; and in this respect he must be considered chronologically as the earliest of the Attic orators. Suidas states that he was the first man who ever spoke a written speech in the court, all before his time having extemporized. In the management of his fortune he was liberal, yet economical; for he would not have his integrity suspected, and he therefore would not attempt, with his moderate means, to rival the lavish expenditure of Cimon.

Pericles carried many measures which were denounced by the aristocratic party. He procured the passage of a law that the poorer citizens might receive two obols apiece for admittance to the dramatic exhibitions, in order that the whole people might share in the benefit of the representations which were connected with one of the oldest of their religious rites. I think that it is an injustice to Pericles to suppose that he merely desired to ingratiate himself with the people by promoting their amusements. It was no amusement to listen to a tragedy of Æschylus or Sophocles, — it was a great de-

light doubtless; but you might as well call it an amusement to hear the grandest sermon that Jeremy Taylor ever delivered, as to call it an amusement to go at five o'clock in the morning and hear the Agamemnon of Æschylus performed in the great Dionysiac Theatre at Athens. The people that could relish such a representation were not the coarse, illiterate, vulgar mob they are sometimes supposed to have been. It was Pericles, also, who procured laws for the payment of the Heliastic jurors and of other public servants, — measures whose obvious justice should have saved their author from the censures unthinkingly cast upon him. It was right that men should be paid for the work they did for the public. It was right that poor men should hear the grand teachings of Æschylus, as it is right that the poor should have the Gospel preached to them. That all these privileges were afterwards abused is true. The abuses are to be condemned, and the men who, perverting good things to evil uses, led the people astray, are to be condemned. Pericles, I think, was right. He carried out his principles steadily and consistently, from the beginning to the end.

He was not permitted, however, to go on without the usual political conflicts. Cimon was the leader opposed to him, as a defender of the more aristocratic system; but Pericles, though ordered to conduct an impeachment of his adversary, abstained from putting forth his power, and his opponent was acquitted. Next, he limited the somewhat indefinite jurisdiction of the Areopagus. For this attempt he was severely denounced, and even the austere genius of Æschylus came to the rescue of that ancient and venerable court. It was a bold thing to attempt; but the restriction of its irresponsible authority seems, so far as we can judge at this distance of time, to have been founded on wise policy. The ostracism of Cimon, which soon followed, was less justifiable, or rather was wholly unjustifiable; but Pericles repaired the wrong of a pernicious institution by soon afterwards proposing the decree for his recall.



Among the noblest conceptions of this great statesman was the plan he formed for uniting all the Greek states in a single powerful confederation. He moved a decree, inviting all the Greeks of Europe and Asia to send representatives to a congress to be held at Athens, for the discussion of a project for lasting peace and union among the Grecian states, together with the subordinate topics of rebuilding the temples left in ruins by the Persian invasion, and of securing freedom of navigation in the Grecian seas. Twenty men, selected from the most discreet citizens over fifty years of age, were sent among the states to urge the adoption of this plan. It is one of the sins for which the Dorian obstinacy and jealousy must answer at the bar of history, that they intrigued successfully to prevent the success of a scheme at once far-reaching, wise, and absolutely necessary, not only to the future welfare, but to the very safety of Greece. It was as if, when our fathers proposed to make a durable union, under a constitution which might forever secure internal peace and external prosperity, one half of the States, whose institutions were different from ours, had set themselves in opposition, and prevented the wisest and most fortunate scheme of government ever conceived by sage or enjoyed by freemen from being successfully carried into operation. Pericles must have learned the result of his nobly patriotic attempt with a foreboding soul. No one understood better than he the Spartan character and institutions, both of which he had profoundly studied and vigilantly watched. He saw that the only hope of averting a deadly war was by bringing Ionians and Dorians into a strong union, founded on common interests, and perpetuated by some central authority that could govern both and keep them from flying at each other's throats. It seems to me that Pericles has never had the honor he deserves for this most statesmanlike scheme, and for the deep insight which led him to comprehend all its importance; and I will add, that our own national experience offers the first thoroughly satisfactory commentary on the wisdom of the Athenian statesman.

Having failed in the project of a general union of the Greeks, he resolved to make Athens the most illustrious city in the world; and he fulfilled his resolution. He crowned the Acropolis with wonders of architecture which no other city has approached; he filled the temples and public squares with sculptures, whose fragments are the teachers of modern artists, as they gaze upon them with delight, wonder, and despair; he caused the masterpieces of tragedy and comedy to crowd the Dionysiac Theatre at the great festivals; and he connected his own name with the most important and brilliant period in the history of culture and civilization. He was moderate in his counsels, and always opposed extravagant schemes of foreign conquest. Had he lived longer, no Sicilian expedition would have decimated the youth of Athens, and sent the miserable survivors of a defeated army to die in the quarries of Syracuse.

His eloquence was always, not only stately, but effective. We have none of his speeches entire. Though written, and carefully polished, they have disappeared. Plutarch preserves a few passages, and Thucydides gives us three orations, at some length. "Ægina," said he in one of his harangues, "is the eye-sore of the Peiræus"; in another, "I see war advancing from the Peloponnesus." After the Samian expedition, in which he had led the Athenian arms to victory, he was appointed to deliver the eulogy on those who had fallen in battle. Of this Stesimbrotus has preserved the following sentences. "They have become immortal like the gods. We do not behold the gods in the body; but we know by the honors they receive, and the blessings they bestow, that they are immortal; and such is the condition of those who die for their country."

Aristophanes, in "The Acharnians," says: "Pericles the Olympian lightened, thundered, roused up all Greece." He was at the height of his influence when the war which he had seen advancing from the Peloponnesus burst upon Attica. The weight of his character and the grandeur of his eloquence

controlled the policy of the Athenians. Thucydides, as I have already mentioned, reports the substance of three of his addresses;—first, a masterly exposition of the necessity of resisting the Spartans, and of the resources of the Athenians; secondly, the funeral oration which he pronounced by public appointment over those who fell in the first year of the war, B. C. 431; and thirdly, his defence of himself before the people after the second invasion of Attica by the Peloponnesians. Of these the funeral oration has the greatest general interest. It is not only an elaborate eulogy upon the heroic dead, but a most able exhibition of the merits of the Constitution of Athens, her social life, and her claims, as tacitly contrasted with Sparta, to the leadership among the Hellenic commonwealths. Such a country, so liberal, so generous, so free, is entitled to the love of her children, and must be defended at the hazard of life itself. “We enjoy,” said he, “a form of government which needs not to imitate the laws of neighboring states; for we are ourselves their model.” He shows in what manner the Athenian institutions secured, not only equality of rights before the law, but a generous mutual confidence in the intercourse of private life, cherishing obedience to the magistrate, and a refined sense of honor which submitted to the unwritten laws of noble conduct, both from the self-respect of gentlemen and from a feeling of the shame justly attached to their violation by public opinion. He appeals to their patriotic pride in the great achievements of their ancestors and in their own deeds of valor.

Unhappily for Athens, in the second year of the war, the pestilence struck the city, sweeping off multitudes of the crowded population, and demoralizing the survivors. Pericles was bereaved of two of his sons, and of many relatives and friends; and a lingering fever, perhaps a broken heart, sent him to the tomb just at the moment when his great abilities and his unbending integrity were most needed by his country, overwhelmed by the calamities of war and pestilence. Thucydides draws his character in a few brief and pregnant



sentences, with which I close this Lecture. "During the whole time that he stood at the head of the state in peace, he governed it with moderation and watched over its safety. Under him it rose to the highest pitch of greatness. After the war broke out, it was seen that he had a true conception of its magnitude. After his death his foresight in relation to the war was still more clearly recognized. The cause of his influence was, that, powerful in dignity of character and wisdom, and having conspicuously shown himself the most incorruptible of men, he curbed the people freely, and led them, instead of being led by them. For he did not speak to gain their present favor, endeavoring to win power by unbecoming means; but he dared to brave their anger, while holding fast to his own dignity and honor. The Constitution was a democracy in name; but in fact it was the government of the most distinguished citizen."

## LECTURE VIII.

### GENIUS AND SERVICES OF PERICLES.—ATHENS IN THE TIMES OF PERICLES.

THE life of Pericles offered tragical contrasts. Nobly born, splendidly endowed with intellectual gifts, educated in the most liberal manner in all the learning and accomplishments of the age, coming into public life in the early vigor of the Constitution which Cleisthenes had amended, with the favoring gales of popular applause, it seemed as if a fortunate and happy career lay open before him. By his wisdom and transcendent genius he governed Athens forty years. The ends he aimed at were his country's; his motives were noble; and the means by which he sought to carry out his plans were, for the most part, just and generous. He rose to distinction by the most legitimate means, — by the influence of genius, prudence, and integrity. Unlike Peisistratus, he had no armed retinue. He had resorted to no legerdemain to build his power on the basis of popular superstition. His political principles were liberal, but not radical; his political action was clear, decided, sagacious, but considerate and magnanimous. In the antagonism of public life he was never violent nor vindictive.

The treasury of Delos was removed to Athens in 461 B. C.; the contributions were raised from four hundred and sixty to six hundred talents, perhaps by adding new members to the confederacy; and Athens, by the force of circumstances, was placed in the position of an imperial or despot city. That she did not always exercise her power discreetly or generously is very certain. The Demos, like other despots, sometimes showed himself a tyrant, and made the subject cities, as he was

fond of regarding them, groan under his oppressions and exactions. Pericles restrained his excesses with a strong hand; and it was not until after that statesman's death that the worst of them were committed. But Pericles favored a system of public expenditure, the object of which was to make the city of Athens the most superb of capitals. The end was worthy of his profound genius and cultivated taste; but his political opponents censured the means to which he resorted. They opposed the removal of the treasure, which they said belonged to the confederacy, and not to Athens alone. It was answered, that, if Athens performed her part of the contract, and defended the states with her fleets, she had a right to do what she would with the treasure. They attacked his expenditures. Pericles offered to pay for the public works from his own fortune, if the people would allow his name to be inscribed upon them; but the people said, No: they were not going to be deprived of the glory of connecting their own fame with such magnificent works. They had been trained to appreciate the refinements of art; and they could not think of saving money at the cost of their artistical reputation. The treasury was running over. Gold in ingots, gold in coin, silver, — the income of the customs, and the contributions of the confederates, — solid metal, and not bank-notes, — fell upon the city like Danaë's golden shower. And so they voted all that Pericles asked; and the Propylæa and the Parthenon and the Erechtheium went up, and the bronze Athene took her station, spear in hand, looking down on the city she protected.

Pericles had heavy trials to bear, besides the bitterness of political opposition. He married the divorced wife of Hipponicus, and the marriage was not fortunate. His oldest son, Xanthippus, was a graceless reprobate, and died of the pestilence. Paralus, his second son, was soon afterwards swept away by the same dread disease. Only one son was left, the son of Aspasia, whom Pericles had married after divorcing his first wife; but by the laws of Athens, this son — his mother being a foreigner — was not a legal citizen. The people, how-



ever, pitying the solitary condition of the illustrious statesman, voted the rights of citizenship to his son, and authorized him to take his father's name. Aspasia herself was brought before the courts on a criminal charge by one of his enemies; but the eloquence of Pericles successfully defended her. Anaxagoras, his noble friend and teacher, was prosecuted, and had to leave the city, to which he never returned. Pheidias, the sculptor, to whom Pericles was warmly attached, was charged with pilfering a part of the gold furnished to adorn the statue of the goddess. The ornaments were taken off and weighed; and the accusation was triumphantly refuted. The attack was renewed, on the frivolous accusation that he had introduced portraits of himself and Pericles in the sculptures on the shield of Athene, and he was thrown into prison. In all these encounters with adverse fortune and with enemies, the brilliant Athenian lost his self-possession but twice, — once when he was obliged to defend his wife before a court of his countrymen, and again when the pestilence struck down his second and favorite son. On his death-bed, while his friends standing about him were extolling his great achievements, he simply remarked, that he considered it his greatest glory that no Athenian citizen "had worn mourning on his account." It was not the memory of achievements on the field, or of his triumphs in the popular assembly, it was not even the Propylæa and the Parthenon, that came with consolation to his last hours; it was no earthly glory, no title to fame, on which his calm and clear mind dwelt in that supreme moment: it was the simple thought — a thought which few public men of the ancient world could truly entertain — that, in his long course of public administration, he had not shed a drop of human blood; and with this sublime tribute on his lips to the superior nobleness of the gentler virtues, the most illustrious Athenian of his age expired.

The prosperity which his great works brought to Athens in the encouragement of genius and in the demands for mechanical skill is vividly described in a passage of Plutarch. The

purchase and transportation of so many materials, whether from other parts of Attica or from more distant regions of Greece; the quarrying of the marbles of Pentelicus, Paros, Eleusis, and of the ruder material called the Peiraic stone, used often for floors and basements; the gold, silver, ivory, and brass; the different kinds of timber, much of which must have been brought from distant forests,—employed great numbers of contractors, and whole armies of artisans, who, working under the stimulus of good pay, and with an order and system which must have been admirably conceived and carried out in order to accomplish so much in so short a time, diffused an activity, contentment, and universal industry which Athens never saw before, and perhaps will never see again. If we judge by the results, and their permanent influence on the course of civilization, these few years, between the commencement of the public works of Pericles and the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war, must be considered as constituting one of the most important periods.

It was fortunate for Athens and for the world, that a man like Pheidias was found to co-operate with Pericles in carrying his plans into execution. The genius of this great artist,—at once various and sublime,—practical as if his whole life had been passed as a master workman, but with a fiery imagination that could reproduce the Homeric conception of the father of gods and men,—uniting rapidity of execution with exquisite finish,—this unrivalled genius for plastic art, unrivalled in all the ages that have passed since his day, was wonderfully, one may say providentially, adapted to the work for which Pericles summoned him. It was the union of these two extraordinary men that made the wonderful creations of that age possible. He was a little younger than Pericles, who had been in public life eight or nine years when Pheidias, having studied under Ageladas and Hegesias, began to be known. From this time, B. C. 460, to B. C. 432, every year was signalized by the production of works which are pronounced, by the unanimous consent of artists, the highest achievements of

the genius of man in sculpture and in every department of sculpture. One year before the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war this illustrious ornament of human nature died. He was spared the sight of the calamities which were impending over the city he had so adorned and honored. He heard the distant threatenings of the war, but saw not its approach; he witnessed not the dreadful scenes of the pestilence; and, above all, he did not live to mourn the death of the noblest of his friends, and to behold the desolation of that friend's household hearth. He died at the culminating moment of the glory of Athens, in the meridian light of his genius and the highest splendor of his fame.

What is there of the creations of Pheidias? What of the Athens of Pericles? To find the Athens of Pericles you must go to Rome, to Florence, to Munich, to Berlin, to Paris, to London. Especially, would you study the genius of Pheidias, you must give days and weeks and months to the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. There you will find colossal figures from the divine assemblies on the pediments of the Parthenon, — from the metopes, groups of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, exploits of Theseus, and a large part of the Panathenaic procession, — all constituting the very flower of the Periclean age and of the genius of Pheidias. But Athens still stands; the Parthenon — venerable and touching in its ruins — still surmounts the Acropolis; the Propylæa still admit the traveller into the sacred enclosure, which contains myriads of fragments, each marked with some memorial phrase or some token of departed greatness. Epaminondas, in the assembly of the Thebans, said, as if he could by no other expression so strongly embody his patriotic hopes: "We must transport the Propylæa of the Acropolis of Athens, and place them in front of the Cadmeia." Demosthenes, in the following century, testified, in a fine passage in one of his orations: "The people were never inspired by the desire of wealth; but by the love of glory, as by nothing else. The proof is, that, having come into possession of greater treasures than all the rest of the Greeks,



they expended everything for honor. Contributing from their private resources, they shrank from no danger in the cause of glory. Therefore they have left us immortal possessions, — the memory of illustrious deeds, and the beauty of the works consecrated to them, — yonder Propylæa, the Parthenon, the porticos, the ship-houses." As he spoke, he pointed to the temples, porticos, and statues in the Agora around him; and above, on the ascent to the Acropolis, to the Propylæa, the flight of marble steps, the Doric front, the marble wall with five entrances, and the magnificent bronze gates, to the temple of Wingless Victory on the right, and, within, to the Athene Promachos, the Parthenon, the Erechtheium, and a city of heroes, demigods, and gods. Five centuries later, Plutarch, who was a frequent visitor in Athens, wrote: "These works appear, at the present moment, fresh and newly wrought; they seem to wear the bloom of perpetual youth, their glow untouched by time, as if they breathed the breath of immortality." Later still, Philostratus said: "The Propylæa and the Parthenon suffice to gratify the aspirations of Pericles." And well they might have filled even his aspirations.

As so large a portion of these Lectures relates to Athens, — indeed, it is surprising how large a part of all our associations with Greece belong to Athens exclusively, — and as the scene of the remainder of the course, on the Orators of Greece, must necessarily be laid in Athens, I have thought it would not be unacceptable to take a walk round the present city, and see how much of the ancient Athens is still in Athens. The maps and diagrams before you will, I trust, give you as good an idea as you can have without going thither.

The visitor enters the Peiræus, where the foundations, and, in places, four or five courses of the ancient walls, may be traced round the harbor, which was closed by a chain thrown across it from opposite towers. The wall then continues round the Munychian hill, and encloses the beautiful little circular harbor of Munychia, where are the foundations of the ancient *νεώσολοι*, — ship-houses, — with portions of the walls.

Passing through the Peiræus, just as we leave the town we find considerable portions of the *Long Walls*; but, on the way to Athens, not another trace.

[Most of the residue of this Lecture was given extemporaneously, from the author's fresh and vivid recollections of Athens. His manuscript from this point contains merely the names of the sites and ruins which he successively described, and the following paragraphs, which we print without attempting to supply the intervening blanks.

— EDITOR.]

The Theseium is used as a museum of ancient sculptures. Many monumental *stelæ* of the most interesting character, with beautiful groups in low relief, and touching funereal inscriptions, are collected there. But the most curious and important marbles are a series of slabs, found (in 1834) in the Peiræus, containing records of the Athenian navy; lists of ships, with their names; inventories of rigging and furniture; names of ship-builders; names of statesmen, such as Demades and Demosthenes, who were connected with the naval service; and numerous other interesting and valuable particulars. These inscriptions are very clearly cut, and, except where the marble has been broken, are easily read; and they cover a considerable portion of the public life of Demosthenes. The temple of Theseus, as we have already stated, is one of the best preserved buildings in Greece. It is of the Doric order, 104 feet in length by 45 in breadth. It has six columns at each end, and thirteen on each side, of 3 feet 4 inches in diameter, and 19 feet high. From the stylobate to the upper angle of the pediment, the height is 31 feet. The sculptures on the pediments are all lost. Those on the metopes are supposed to relate to the labors of Hercules and Theseus.

Of the vast temple of Olympian Zeus, the platform on which it stood, and sixteen Corinthian columns, one of which was overthrown in 1852 by a hurricane, are all that remain. The peribolus of the temple was 680 feet long and 463 broad; the temple itself, 354 feet by 171. It had ten columns on each

front, and probably twenty on each side; the height from the pavement to the top of the capitals, 55 feet 3 inches; the diameter at the base, 6 feet 4 inches. The statue of the god was of ivory and gold.

Near the theatre of Bacchus still stands the choragic monument of Lysicrates, erected on the Street of Tripods in 335 B. C., to commemorate a musical victory. It is a circular structure, eight feet in diameter, standing on a square base, its whole height being about thirty-four feet. It is the earliest specimen of Corinthian architecture. This exquisite little monument was saved from destruction by having been built into the walls of a monastery. The monastery is now in ruins; but the monument of Lysicrates stands almost complete. The tripod by which it was surmounted is gone, but the inscription on the architrave is still legible.

But the noblest works of the Athenian architects were on the Acropolis. The ascent is at the western end. The chief buildings of the Periclean age on this citadel were the Propylæa, the Erechtheium, and the Parthenon. The Propylæa served at once as an architectural embellishment and a military defence of the Acropolis. Among the ancients they were more admired than even the Parthenon, for the skill with which the difficulties of the ground were overcome, and for the grandeur of the general effect. The approach was a flight of sixty marble steps, and was seventy feet broad. At the top of the steps was a portico of six fluted Doric columns, 5 feet in diameter, 29 feet high. Each of the side wings, on platforms 78 feet apart, had three Doric columns, fronting upon the grand staircase. The north wing contained the Pinacotheca, a hall 35 feet by 30; the hall of the south wing was 27 feet by 16. Behind the Doric hexastyle was a magnificent hall 60 feet broad, 44 feet deep, and 39 feet high, with a marble ceiling resting on enormous beams, supported by three Ionic columns on each side of the passage. At the east end of this hall was



the wall, through which there were five entrances, with doors or gates. The central opening, through which the Panathenaic procession passed, was 13 feet wide, 24 feet high; those next the central were, on each side,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and the smallest 5 feet, the height varying in proportion. These gates were the only public entrances into the Acropolis. Within the wall, on the eastern side, was another hall 19 feet deep, its floor elevated about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet above the western side, and terminated by another Doric portico, of six columns. The pediments and ceilings of this admirable structure have been destroyed. Most of the columns remain, some of them entire, and others more or less broken, with heavy fragments of the architraves. Passing through the Propylæa, we come to the Erechtheium, on the left or northern side of the Acropolis, and the Parthenon on the right, near the southern or Cimonian wall. The form of the singular structure first mentioned was oblong, with a portico of six Ionic columns at the east end, a kind of transept at the west, a portico of four columns on the north, and the portico of the Caryatides, standing on a basement eight feet high, on the south. At the western end there is a basement, on which are four Ionic columns, only half detached from the wall, and supporting a pediment. The eastern and western divisions of the temple are on different levels, the eastern being eight feet higher than the western. Enough remains of this extraordinary and beautiful edifice to give a perfectly correct idea of its outward form; but the interior is in so ruinous a condition that the distribution and arrangement of the apartments are subject to the greatest doubt. The numerous antiquarian questions which suggest themselves here cannot be discussed in this place.

. . . . .

We come now to the Parthenon, the noblest monument in Athens and in the world. The contrast between this temple and the Erechtheium is strikingly beautiful. We have already incidentally alluded to the principal points in its history, and the various fortunes in which it has shared. It was built of

Pentelic marble, under the superintendence of Pheidias, by Ictinus and Callicrates. It stands on a base approached by three steps, each 1 foot 9 inches high, and about 2 feet 4 inches wide. Its breadth, on the upper step, is 101.33 feet; its length, 228 feet; the height to the top of the pediment from the upper step of the stylobate is 59 feet, and with the stylobate, 64 feet. The temple is Doric, octostyle, or with eight columns at each end, and peripteral, or colonnaded all round, there being fifteen columns on each side, not counting those at the corners, — 46 in all. The length of the *sekos*, or body of the temple, is 193 feet, and its breadth 71 feet, omitting fractions. The space between the peristyle and the wall is nine feet at the sides, and eleven feet at the fronts. The interior is divided by a transverse wall into two unequal portions; the eastern being the *naos* proper, an apartment for the statue of the goddess, 98 feet in length; the western, the *opisthodomos*, having been commonly used as the treasury of the city, 43 feet long. Within the peristyle, at each end, were eight columns, 33 feet high, on a stylobate of two steps. Within the *naos* was a range of ten Doric columns on each side, and three at the west end, forming three sides of a quadrangle; above them, an architrave supported an upper range of columns, which Wheeler, at the time of whose visit they were still standing, calls a kind of gallery. Fourteen feet distant from the western columns is the pavement of Peiraic stone, on which the great chryselephantine statue of Athene was placed. Besides the internal decorations, the outside of the temple was ornamented with three classes of sculptures. 1. The sculptures of the pediments were independent statues resting upon the deep cornice. The subject of those on the eastern pediment was the birth of Athene; of those on the western, the contest between Poseidon and Athene, for the possession of Attica. 2. The groups on the metopes, ninety-two in number, represented combats of Hercules and Theseus, of the Centaurs and Amazons, and perhaps some figures of the Persian war. These groups were executed in high relief. 3. The frieze round the upper

border of the *cella* of the Parthenon contained a representation of the Panathenaic procession in low relief. All these sculptures were in the highest style of the art, executed either by Pheidias himself, or under his immediate direction. Most of them were in place when Wheeler visited Athens, in 1676; and drawings of the figures on the pediments were made, in 1674, by Carrey, a French architect in the suite of the Marquis de Nointel, Minister of France at the Porte. The interior of the temple was thrown down, in 1687, by the explosion of a bomb in the Turkish powder-magazine. The front columns of the peristyle escaped, but eight of the columns on the north side, and six of those on the south, were overthrown. Morosini, in endeavoring to remove some of the figures on the pediments, broke them, and otherwise did great mischief. At the beginning of the present century, Lord Elgin dismantled a considerable part of the Parthenon of the remaining sculptures, which form the most precious treasures of the British Museum at the present moment. A question has been much discussed, as to whether any portion of the exterior of the temple was decorated with painting. It is hardly possible to doubt the fact, after a personal examination. Many of the mouldings have traces of beautifully drawn patterns. Under the cornices, there are delicate tints of blue and red, and in the triglyphs, of blue. The architraves and broader surfaces were tinged with ochre. All these figures were executed so delicately and exquisitely, that it is impossible to accept the theory sometimes advanced, of their being the work of subsequent barbarous ages. There are other traces of colors on the inner surface of the portion of the walls still standing, which evidently belong to a period after the stone-cutters Eulogius and Apollos had converted the Parthenon into a church. Among the inscriptions there is one, found in 1836, containing a record of money paid for polychromatic decorations. The Parthenon was built in the best period of architecture, and under the inspiration of the highest genius in art; and the best results of science were united in producing its exquisite perfection. The



pathetic beauty of its decay is indescribable. The impression it makes is that of a solemn and wondrous harmony. Its aspect is simple ; but scientific investigation has not yet exhausted its beauties and refinements. The combination of the most delicate architectural proportions with the sculptural compositions, of which enough of each class remains, after all the ruin wrought by time, and war, and barbarism, to give us a vivid idea of their admirable execution, — and the variety of these compositions, differing in character and size according to their position and subjects, but all relating to a central idea which harmonizes them, — must have been magnificent beyond description, when the temple first stood in its fresh glory under the sky of Attica. But delicacies of construction have not ceased to be discovered in this wonderful building. In 1837, Pennethorne, an English traveller, noticed the inclination of the columns. Hofer, Schaubart, and others, have examined the subject, and published their observations upon the inclination of the columns and the curved lines of the stylobate and architraves. Mr. Penrose, an English scholar and architect, visited Athens in 1845, and was afterward sent by the Society of Dilettanti to complete the investigations he had already commenced. The results were published in a splendid folio, in 1851. They may be briefly summed up thus. The lines which in ordinary architecture are straight, in the Doric temples at Athens are delicate curves. The edges of the steps and the lines of the entablatures are convex curves, lying in vertical planes, and nearly parallel, and the curves are conic sections, the middle of the stylobate rising several inches above the extremities. The external lines of the columns are curved also, forming a hyperbolic entasis. The axes of the columns incline inward, so that opposite pairs, if produced sufficiently far, would meet. The spaces of the inter-columniations, and the size of the capitals, vary slightly, according to their position. From the usual points of view, these variations and curves are not perceptible, but they produce by their combination the effect of perfect harmony and regularity, and the absence of these re-

finements is the cause of the universal failure of buildings constructed in modern times according to what have been supposed to be the principles of Hellenic architecture. This subject is treated by Mr. Penrose in detail, with remarkable precision; also by M. Beulé, in a learned work entitled *L'Acropole d'Athènes*, Paris, 1853-1855.

I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to reproduce for you Athens as she was in the days of her ancient glory. If I have but partially succeeded, it is not my fault, but the fault of Pericles. I have had considerable experience in conversing with the spirits of the departed, through those favored individuals called mediums. I have even been honored with a written communication from a distinguished Athenian dramatist, in English doggerel, the genuineness of which some sceptics had the hardihood to call in question. However that may be, in one of the spiritual circles I invoked the ghost of Pericles, and he was good enough to take possession of the organism of the medium. I put to him a series of questions about Athens in his time; but he had not only lost the knowledge of all that he had ever done during the forty years of his administration, but had even forgotten his mother tongue. I could only exclaim with Hamlet, "Alas! poor ghost!"—and turn again to my books.

## LECTURE IX.

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR. — THE DEMOS. — ANTIPHON. —  
ANDOCIDES.

PERICLES died in the midst of public calamities and private bereavements. He had striven in vain to establish a union among the Greeks, which would have secured them from foreign invasion and domestic war. Dorian obstinacy and narrow-mindedness were too much for his wise policy and far-reaching views. Spartan education and the institutions of Lycurgus were unsuited to participate in his enlightened scheme, and the consequences were inevitable. War advanced from the Peloponnesus, and arrested the public works of the great statesman and the prosperity of the Athenian empire. He had foreseen it; he was prepared to meet it; he laid his plans before the people, and they adopted them. He let the Spartans ravage the plain of Athens unopposed; he called in the people to the city, every foot of which was thronged; and when the Spartan invader spared his own estate, he sent out and burned his villa to the ground, to thwart the treacherous purpose of the enemy, who hoped to excite the suspicions of the citizens against him. He sent a fleet to ravage the coast of Peloponnesus, to show the invaders that the Athenian power was in their wooden walls, and that the laying waste of the plain, the cutting down of the trees, the destruction of the harvest, without a battle, did no harm that might not be easily repaired; while the seas were swept by Athenian ships, and the whole Peloponnesus lay undefended and helpless. It was a losing game for the Spartans, and Pericles was resolved to play it out. He resisted the popular discontent, and refused to call a meeting, well knowing that the citizens would vote to hurry forth tumultuously and



attack the invaders; for the Athenians were fond of country life, and were indignant to see from the walls their pleasant fields trampled by the rude soldiery and their houses reduced to smoking ruins. When the clamor became too great, Pericles addressed a public meeting, and calmly and ably defended his policy. But one thing he could not avert,—the pestilence. That dreadful visitor stalked through the streets, and the dead and dying were everywhere. The house of Pericles was desolate, and all his plans were overthrown. There was no great man to take his place. There were able men in Athens; but there was none who, by pre-eminent ability and weight of character, could keep the ship with strong hand on the course that Pericles had laid down. Party passions broke fiercely out; party leaders,—known as demagogues,—each with selfish aims, came into light when there was no Pericles to hold them in check. The popular assembly was the scene of their struggles; the courts were agitated by their pernicious influence. “Those who came after Pericles,” says Thucydides, “being more on an equality with one another, and each eager to stand foremost, turned to the gratification of the people, and sacrificed to this the public interest.” A lower and lower tone of public feeling among the best of the popular leaders became prevalent, and a lower style of address was adopted. Of demagogism, in the bad sense of the word, little had been seen before; but now a succession of low-bred, vulgar, and violent men had the opportunity of making themselves felt. The war became more and more savage. It was marked by the twofold horrors of civil strife and hatred of race;—civil strife, because, first, it was a war between different branches of the Hellenic stock; and secondly, because it gave rise to seditions and dissensions in the cities themselves which were gradually drawn into it;—hatred of race, because the contrasted institutions of the Spartans and Athenians made them almost two different races.

Thucydides says that he wrote his history, not for the purpose of present entertainment, but that it might be an eternal

acquisition. It was no boast on the part of that great writer. The profound exposition of the causes and consequences of that mortal strife, the clearness of the narrative, and the powerful historical painting, make his work the still unsurpassed production of the historic Muse. History is philosophy teaching by example. The example of the Peloponnesian war is one of terrible significance; and the philosophy of it is conveyed in a passage, a part of which I shall quote because it illustrates the inevitable effects of the war of angry and jealous commonwealths, clashing together, with no common government to hold them in check. It was only a few years after the struggle commenced, when the dreadful condition of things here described presented itself to the eye of the great historian, who was himself clothed with a military command in the early stages of the conflict.

“Afterwards,” says the grave and profound writer, having first detailed the bloody feuds at Corcyra, “the whole Hellenic world was thrown into commotion. The leaders of the popular party called in the Athenians, those of the oligarchical party, the Lacedæmonians, feuds existing everywhere, . . . each party forming alliances for the damage of its antagonists and its own security. Pretexts for summoning foreign aid were easily furnished to those who aimed to effect political changes. Many heavy calamities befell the states through these feuds, which happen, and always will happen, so long as the nature of man remains the same; greater or milder, and varying in their aspects, as variations of circumstances in each case arise. For in peace and prosperity both communities and individuals are better disposed, because they are not driven to intolerable necessities. But war, withdrawing the supplies of daily life, is a hard teacher, and subdues the passions of the many to the quality of present circumstances. Discord then reigned throughout the states. . . . And they changed the customary meaning of words applied to things, according to the caprice of the moment; for reckless audacity was considered manly fidelity to party; prudent delay, fair-seeming cowardice;

moderation, the screen for feebleness. Headlong frenzy was set down to the account of manhood. The unrelenting man was trusted; whoever argued against him was suspected. He who plotted, if successful, was thought sagacious; he who counter-plotted, still more so. He who used forethought that he might not need these resorts was charged with ruining his party and fearing its opponents. In a word, he was applauded who got the start of another, intending to do an injury, or who tempted one to do a wrong when he had no thought of doing it himself. And what was worse, kindred became less regarded than party, because party was readier for any deed of unscrupulous daring. For such combinations aim not at the benefit of the established institutions, but in their grasping spirit run counter to the lawful authorities. Their pledges to one another were sanctioned, not by the Divine law, but by their having together violated law. The cause of this state of things was the lust of power for purposes of rapacity and ambition, and the hot temper of those who were engaged in the conflict. Thus neither party held to sacred honor; but those were more highly spoken of who, under cover of plausible pretences, succeeded in effecting some purpose of hatred. The citizens who stood between the extremes, and belonged to neither, both parties endeavored to destroy. So every species of wickedness became established by these feuds all over the Hellenic world. Simplicity of character, wherein nobleness of nature most largely shares, being scoffed at, disappeared; and mutual opposition of feeling, with universal distrust, prevailed. For there were neither binding words nor solemn oaths to compose the strife. And for the most part, those who were meanest in understanding were the most successful; for, fearing their own deficiency and the ability of their adversaries, apprehensive lest they should be worsted in argument and eloquence, and outwitted by the intellectual superiority on the other side, they went audaciously on to deeds of violence; but their opponents, contemptuous in the presumption of foreknowledge, and not feeling the need of securing by action



what could be compassed by genius, the more easily perished undefended."

• This state of things, this profound demoralization, was brought about by the discords in the several states consequent on the war. The dissensions in Corcyra began the dreadful strife; but it spread with the rapidity and the fatal effects of a pestilence. It was not only war between the Dorian and the Ionian, war between Sparta and Athens; it was a more pernicious war in the very vitals of every city that was drawn into the hurrying, headlong stream, — war which struck at the roots of patriotism and of civilization itself. • And herein is to be found the ominous lesson, the warning voice, which will prove a prophet's voice so long as the nature of man remains the same. The chief events in the conflict were the brief peace of Nicias, eleven years after its commencement, 421 B. C.; the Sicilian expedition in 415 B. C., and its disastrous termination in 413 B. C.; the intrigues of Alcibiades; the oligarchical conspiracy at Athens, by which the Constitution was overthrown, and the government of the Four Hundred established with irresponsible power, in 411 B. C.; the overthrow of this oligarchy four months afterwards, and the restoration of the old Constitution, with the limitation of the franchise to five thousand; the death of Archeptolemus and of Antiphon the orator, leaders of the extreme wing of the oligarchical party; the appointment of Lysander as commander of the Lacedæmonian fleet; the battle of Arginusæ, in 406 B. C., and the deplorable event of the execution of the generals, one of whom was Pericles, the son of the great statesman; and finally, the battle of Ægospotami, in 405 B. C., in which the Athenians were utterly defeated, and four thousand prisoners, with the generals, put to death, by order of Lysander. This was the finishing blow. Athens was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to submit herself to the odious government of the Thirty Tyrants, whose short reign of six or seven months reads in history like one of the worst chapters of the French Revolution. The lists of the proscribed; the denun-

ciation of those who attempted to check the shedding of blood, and to inspire moderate counsels; the impeachment and leading away to death of accused persons, with only a mockery of the forms of justice, and sometimes not even that, — all these were only a prophecy of the reign of terror.

But the day of retribution swiftly came. Thrasybulus, an exile, with a few supporters, seized the pass of Phyle, where the old Hellenic fortress still stands in a most picturesque position, looking down on the plain of Athens and the distant Acropolis. Here assembled a body of brave men, resolved to rescue their unhappy country from the odious tyranny under which it was groaning. They were attacked in their strong hold by the troops of the Thirty, and repelled them. They marched down to the Peiræus, and took possession of the hill of Munychia. Again the oligarchy sent a force, with one of their own number, Critias, in command, to dislodge them. Again they were defeated, and Critias was slain. The oligarchy of the Thirty was changed to a government of Ten, who called on Sparta for aid; but the jealousies of the Spartans against their great commander, Lysander, paralyzed the operations at Athens. Thrasybulus and the exiles entered the city; a general amnesty was passed; the oligarchy was overthrown, the people restored, and the old Constitution, with all its forms, securities, and immunities, re-established.

Notwithstanding the exhaustion of this almost continuous war for eight and twenty years, complicated with internal dissensions, with all their demoralizing consequences, the free principles of the government of Athens, the genius of the race, and the elasticity of mind produced by the habit of parliamentary debate, by the open administration of justice, and by the general education of the people, were so conservative in their effects, that, after each internal revolution, the city rallied and returned to her old institutions. Pausanias, the Greek traveller of the second century, says, bearing witness to the general wisdom of the Athenian government: "We know of no other people who have elevated democracy. By it the

Athenians advanced to great prosperity ; for they surpassed the other Hellenic races in native power of understanding, and were most obedient to the established laws."

• But the period of the Peloponnesian war was intensely trying, both to the character and to the permanence of the institutions of the states generally,—of those of Athens, of course, in a peculiar degree ; but Athens, though overthrown for the moment, rose again, and in the following age bore a brilliant part in the great struggle with Philip and Alexander.) Even in the midst of the war, literature, to which the genius of Pericles had given so strong an impulse, continued to be cultivated. *Æschylus* died twenty-four years before the war broke out ; but *Sophocles* was at the height of his splendid renown ; *Euripides*, a little younger, shared with him the mastery of the tragic stage ; *Aristophanes* began his brilliant dramatic career four years after the war commenced ; and other men, of genius only inferior to theirs, in tragedy and comedy, appeared annually in competition for the honors of the dramatic victory and an inscription on a monument in the Street of the Tripods. *Euripides* died two years, and *Sophocles* one, before the surrender of Athens ; but *Aristophanes* survived it, and continued his dramatic labors under the restored democracy. The most brilliant period of dramatic literature was therefore just in the midst of the Peloponnesian war.

• But there is also another side to the picture. I have already alluded to the rise of the demagogues, after the death of Pericles. With all its excellent features, the Athenian Constitution opened to this pernicious class of men an unusually free career, especially at times when there were no statesmen of such undeniable superiority that these pestilent fellows, these disturbers of the state, could be kept in their proper place by wholesome fears, like dogs scourged into their kennels by their masters. At Athens a succession of such men, whose names have been immortalized by history and the comic Muse, made their appearance. There was *Eucrates*, a seller of flax ; there was *Lysicles*, a sheep-dealer ; and, most renowned of all,



there was Cleon, the leather-dresser. It was not that these men practised handicraft trades; but it was their ignorance, coarseness, and brutality that made them nuisances to the commonwealth. (A man may be a leather-dresser, — as we all know by a beautiful example, — and yet be endowed with refined tastes, liberal culture, and the most delicate virtues. But Cleon was a cruel and vindictive man, a loud-voiced brawler and braggart, impudent and fearless. Even before the death of Pericles his influence began to be felt. The people were attracted by his ready speech, his rude wit, his adroit reasoning, and, most of all, by his power of vituperation. It was a new sensation to them to hear the characters of the ablest and best men traduced by this open-mouthed slanderer; and they applauded him for the entertainment. Beginning with applause, they ended with bringing themselves under his power. When a question was before them for decision, Cleon always clamored for blood, if blood was to be had. When the Mytilenæans, after their revolt, B. C. 427, had been subdued, in the debate on what disposition was to be made of them, he proposed to put all the men to death and to sell the women and children into slavery, — the innocent as well as the guilty. He carried the vote; and under the influence of this base demagogue, the Athenians came near committing a crime which would have been a blot on their history forever. A trireme was despatched with the bloody order to Paches, the commander of the fleet. But with the silence of night remorse entered the hearts of the people. Early in the morning another assembly was called, and the vote reversed. A second trireme was sent, and the rowers were promised large rewards if they arrived in season. By the most strenuous exertions, they reached the harbor of Mytilene just as Paches was preparing reluctantly to carry the previous orders into effect, and the bloody purpose of Cleon was thwarted.

This ought to have overthrown Cleon's influence forever. Thucydides describes him as at this time the most trusted by the people of all the public men. A whimsical turn of fortune,

a year or two later, gave this coward the reputation of a gallant warrior and a skilful general, as fortune sometimes seems to delight in favoring the most undeserving. During the siege of Sphacteria, which had been so long protracted that the people began to show ominous signs of dissatisfaction with their generals, Cleon was boastful and violent as usual in the assembly. "If I were general, I would have the Spartans here as prisoners in twenty days." Nicias, one of the generals, was present; and when some one said to the demagogue, "Why do you not go?" he offered to resign his office. It was the weakness of the Athenian people, that they could never resist a good joke. The idea of making a general out of the bragging and boisterous leather-dresser set the assembly into a roar. Cleon tried in vain to retract. He was a mere bully, and did not relish going to the scene of danger. He could talk and bluster on the bema; he could put the people up to any deed of blood; but as to risking his own precious person within reach of the Spartan sword and spear, it had never entered his thoughts, and he was most horribly frightened at the unpleasant prospect opened before him. The more blank he looked, the more determined the people became to thrust the unwelcome honor upon him. Go he must. Meantime Demosthenes, the general on the spot, had been vigorously pushing the siege; and when the new general arrived, everything was done, except actually taking the place. The assault was at once made; the place was carried; the flower of the Spartans were taken prisoners. Cleon immediately returned to Athens, and within twenty days, as he had boasted, he exhibited his captives to the gaping populace. His reputation as an irresistible warrior was now established; and three years later, he was thought the only man in all Athens competent to cope with Brasidas, the ablest and best of the Spartan generals, who was then manœuvring in the north. He was despatched; and the moment he came into the presence of his really distinguished antagonist, his utter unfitness for the command manifested itself. He was easily defeated and slain.

I have recapitulated these facts, partly to exhibit one aspect of Athenian demagogism, and partly to introduce the Attic Demos, and to illustrate the working of the free Constitution under the peculiar circumstances of the Peloponnesian war. It is no uncommon thing, in a free country, for the spirit of wit and fun to embody the leading characteristics of the nation in the person of an individual, with the ludicrous features greatly exaggerated for comic effect. Thus, the American nation figures under the name of Brother Jonathan, in the form of a lantern-jawed person, with long, straight hair, lank figure, and trousers half-way up to his knees. The British nation is personified as John Bull, a person quite the opposite of Brother Jonathan in all these particulars. But a personification much more striking in its verisimilitude is Demos, the representative of the people of Athens. In the histories and orations of Athenian writers, this conception was carried so far, that, in speaking of the overthrow of the popular government, a common phrase was, "Demos was overthrown"; in speaking of its restoration, "Demos was restored." Demos, — the people, — holding the assembly, and through that controlling nearly all the affairs of peace and war, appointing the numerous courts by detailing large bodies from his own number, and so administering justice, extending his conquests in every direction, and constituting himself the head of a mighty empire, — Demos made himself felt in so many ways in his collective capacity, that the personification was inevitable. Parrhasius, the painter, made a picture of this character, which, according to Pliny, embodied the expressions of fickleness, anger, injustice, inconstancy, placability, clemency, pity, boastfulness, haughtiness, humility, ferocity, fugacity, and several others; but how he managed in one picture to convey so much, Pliny does not inform us. This picture was painted about the time of which we are now speaking, soon after the close of the Peloponnesian war, or at all events within the period that includes the life of Aristophanes.

The plays of this great writer are of special value, as illus-



trations of the political side of Athenian life, if we always bear in mind, as I have intimated before in speaking of his representation of the dicastic passion, that he was a brilliant caricaturist, no more historical, but infinitely more witty, than Punch. I repeat the remark here, because I am going to give a brief sketch of a play of his, which handles Demos, and the demagogues, whether high or low. It is called the "Hippeis," or "Knights," and was brought out in 424 B. C., eight years after the commencement of the war. The chief personages of the drama are Demos, — a crusty old fellow living in the Pnyx, and so called Demos Pynites, as if the Pnyx were a borough to which the man belonged, — irritable, jealous, easily cajoled, ready to believe the most enormous lies, and constantly having his pockets picked; Nicias and Demosthenes, two of the generals, one of whom caused Cleon to be sent in command to Sphacteria, and the other helped him take it, — here introduced in the character of servants or slaves to Demos, and shockingly ill-treated by the old gentleman; and Cleon, the leather-dresser, another slave lately bought from Paphlagonia, who, by his lying, coarseness, impudence, and boundless vulgarity, has secured the good graces of his master, and become the tyrant and terror of all his fellow-slaves. There is a chorus of knights, who sympathize with the condition of Nicias and Demosthenes, — the upper servants, representing the more aristocratic party in the state. Nicias, Demosthenes, and the knights, having been unsuccessful in maintaining their position by adhering to the men of their own rank in society, resolve to employ the tactics of their opponents, and to address themselves to the lowest passions, by pampering the vanity, flattering the ignorance, and adopting the prejudices of Demos, — in short, by dealing in slander and slang, until they have outlandered and outslanged the natural masters of these vulgar arts. Unable to manage Demos, and to counteract the designs of the leather-dresser, they form a conspiracy, and select from the market a coarser, more ignorant, more vulgar fellow than Cleon, — Agoracritus, the Sausage-

Seller, — of whom Mr. Frere remarks: "His breeding and education are described as having been similar to that of the younger Mr. Weller, in that admirable and most unvulgar exhibition of vulgar life, the *Pickwick Papers*." The piece is occupied with the struggles of these parties, in the kitchen of Demos, to gain the favor of the master of the house. When the Sausage-Seller is first saluted with profound respect by those who intend to make political use of him, he conducts himself very much as did Christopher Sly when told that he was a nobleman.

DEMOSTHENES.

We must seek him out.

NICIAS.

But see there, where he comes!

Sent hither providentially as it were!

DEMOSTHENES.

O happy man! celestial sausage-seller!

Friend, guardian, and protector of us all!

Come forward; save your friends, and save the country.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Do you call me?

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, we called to you, to announce

The high and happy destiny that awaits you.

NICIAS.

Come, now you should set him free from the encumbrance

Of his table and basket, and explain to him

The tenor and the purport of the oracle,

While I go back to watch the Paphlagonian. *[Exit NICIAS]*

DEMOSTHENES *(to the Sausage-Seller, gravely)*.

Set these poor wares aside; and now — bow down

To the ground, and adore the powers of earth and heaven.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Heyday! Why, what do you mean?

DEMOSTHENES.

O happy man!

Unconscious of your glorious destiny, —

Now mean and unregarded, but to-morrow  
The mightiest of the mighty, lord of Athens.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Come, master, what 's the use of making game?  
Why can't you let me wash the guts and tripe,  
And sell my sausages in peace and quiet?

DEMOSTHENES.

O simple mortal, cast those thoughts aside  
Bid guts and tripe farewell! — Look there! — Behold  
[*Pointing to the audience.*]  
The mighty assembled multitude before you!

SAUSAGE-SELLER (*with a grumble of indifference*).

I see them.

DEMOSTHENES.

You shall be their lord and master,  
The sovereign and the ruler of them all,  
Of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies;  
You shall trample down the senate under foot,  
Confound and crush the generals and commanders,  
Arrest, imprison, and confine in irons.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

What! I?

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes, you yourself; there 's more to come,  
Mount here; and from the trestles of your stall  
Survey the subject islands circling round.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I see them.

DEMOSTHENES.

And all their ports and merchant-vessels?

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Yes, all.

DEMOSTHENES.

Then are n't you a fortunate, happy man?  
Are n't you content? — Come then for a further prospect.  
Turn your right eye to Caria, and your left  
To Chalcedon, and view them both together.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Will it do me good, d' you think, to learn to squint?



## DEMOSTHENES.

Not so ; but everything you see before you  
Must be disposed of at your high discretion,  
By sale or otherwise ; for the oracle  
Predestines you to sovereign power and greatness.

## SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Are there any means of making a great man  
Of a sausage-selling fellow such as I ?

## DEMOSTHENES.

The very means you have must make you so, —  
Low breeding, vulgar birth, and impudence, —  
These, these must make you what you 're meant to be.

## SAUSAGE-SELLER.

I can't imagine that I 'm good for much.

## DEMOSTHENES.

Alas ! But why do you say so ? — What 's the meaning  
Of these migivings ? — I discern within you  
A promise and an inward consciousness  
Of greatness. Tell me truly ; are you allied  
To the families of gentry ?

## SAUSAGE-SELLER.

No, not I ;

I 'm come from a common, ordinary kindred,  
Of the lower order.

## DEMOSTHENES.

What a happiness !

What a footing will it give you ! What a groundwork  
For confidence and favor at your outset !

## SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But bless you ! only consider my education !  
I can but barely read — in a kind of a way.

## DEMOSTHENES.

That makes against you, — the only thing against you, —  
The being able to read, in any way ;  
For now no lead nor influence is allowed  
To liberal arts or learned education,  
But to the brutal, base, and under-bred.  
Embrace then and hold fast the promises  
Which the oracles of the gods announce to you."

After a little more encouragement, the Sausage-Seller gives up his apprehensions, enters the lists as a candidate for a place in the household of Demos, — for the kitchen cabinet is not an exclusively modern idea, — and, by a series of well-applied flatteries, makes rapid progress. He steals a hare-pie and offers it: —

“Here’s a hare-pie, my dear own little Demos,  
A nice hare-pie I’ve brought you! see, look here!”

Cleon, who is standing by, exclaims:

“By Jove, the wretch has stolen it from me.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Just as you stole the prisoners at Pylos.

DEMOS.

How did you steal it? I beseech you, tell me.

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

The scheme and the suggestion were divine,  
The theft and the execution simply mine.

CLEON.

I took the trouble —

SAUSAGE-SELLER.

But I served it up.

DEMOS.

Well, he that brings the thing must get the thanks.”

The competition goes on briskly. Demos is perplexed; but upon searching the chest of Cleon, and finding it full of all sorts of dainties filched from his own kitchen, while the Sausage-Seller’s is wholly empty, — all this backed up by an oracle that points clearly to the Paphlagonian as the fated victim, — notwithstanding Cleon’s declaration that he stole only for the public service, he turns him out. The Sausage-Seller, being asked what is to be done with the Leather-Dresser, says: —

“He shall have my trade;

With an exclusive sausage-selling patent  
To traffic openly at the city gates,  
To extend his wares with dogs’ and asses’ flesh,

With a privilege moreover to get drunk,  
And bully among the rabble of the suburbs  
And the ragamuffin waiters at the baths."

And Demos says to his new minister:—

"You 'll fill the seat  
Which that unhappy villain held before.  
Take this new robe, wear it, and follow me."

If we look at this representation in its proper light,—considering it as what it was meant to be, a caricature founded on truth, a bodily presentation and lively exaggeration of facts likely to come to the surface of political life in every free community,—we must pronounce it admirable; and we cannot help commending the genial good-humor of the Demos, who not only could bear to have his faults and foibles so unsparingly exposed, but had the sense to crown the brilliant author with a dramatic first prize,—a strong testimonial to the excellence of the piece. And it is excellent for the vigor of its impersonation, the impartial severity with which the lash is applied to the high as well as to the low, and the admirable wit with which the pretences of the Attic demagogue are exposed, and his utter selfishness held up to ridicule and reprobation.

In several other comedies the witty Athenian has touched upon the political relations of his times. The Peloponnesian war furnished the themes of "The Acharnians" and "Lysistrata," in both of which, with some coarseness in the former and a great deal in the latter, the men who were concerned in its civil and military transactions, and the transactions themselves, are handled with a masculine vigor and with infinite drollery.

To turn now to the culture of oratory in this period, I have no doubt that, besides the debates reported by Thucydides, several of which are of commanding interest, many occurred in the Ecclesia in Athens, and at the great crises of the war, in which high qualities of popular eloquence were exhibited, but of which we have no report at all. Alcibiades, though injured by an affected drawl and lisp, was a skilful intriguer, and upon



occasion an eloquent debater. Had his principles been equal to his genius, his name might have been set high among the highest; but he was a contemptible profligate, and his public conduct was as despicable as were his private morals. By turns general, traitor, popular favorite, and flying for his life, he had but one good impulse, — his affection for Socrates.

The Alexandrian critics established a canon of oratory, as of poetry; and the earliest name on their list of ten is Antiphon. This distinguished person was born at Rhamnus, a deme on the eastern side of Attica, B. C. 479. Educated by his father, who was a Sophist, he devoted himself to politics and the rhetorical art. He was involved in the intrigues of Alcibiades, and had much to do with establishing the oligarchy of the Four Hundred. Indeed, Thucydides affirms that it was he who drew up the plan of that short-lived government. His personal character was free from blemish, and he was a man of courage and resolute will. Thucydides seems to have formed a high opinion of him. "He was a man," says he, "inferior to none of his contemporaries in virtue, and distinguished above all others in forming plans, and recommending his views by his oratory." He made no public speeches, indeed, nor did he ever of his own accord engage in the litigation of the courts; but though he was suspected by the people on account of his high reputation, there was no one in Athens who was better able to assist by his counsels those who had any contest to wage, whether in the law courts or before the popular assemblies. When, after the downfall of the Four Hundred, he was tried for his life as having been a party to the establishment of the oligarchy, it is acknowledged that the speech which he made in his own defence was the best that had ever been made up to that time. The decree of the Senate is preserved, ordering the arrest and trial of Antiphon and several associates for treason, on the charge of having visited Sparta for purposes hostile to the Demos, and directing certain persons to act as accusers. This is followed by the record of the sentence, that they be handed over to the Eleven, their property confis-

cated, their houses razed to the ground, their descendants divested of the rights of citizenship, and their bodies deprived of burial at Athens. The terms of the sentence show clearly enough the influence of popular passion, which had not yet subsided after the overthrow of the Four Hundred. There is but little doubt of his technical guilt; but to punish as treason all participation in a revolutionary movement at such a time looks more like the fierceness of private revenge than the calm administration of justice. I regret much that we have not the speech, which excited the admiration of so good a judge as Thucydides. I have no doubt it was far superior to any of his speeches that have come down to us. These show ability, subtilty, and great command of the language of argument; but, being composed for others, they have not the passionate earnestness inspired by personal danger. An able man, long practised in the arts of rhetoric and argument, speaking for his life, and conscious of no moral guilt, is quite a different person from the same man putting together ingenious arguments in the case of a client, especially if he is not to deliver them himself.

The proper business of his life was the writing of speeches, which with him first became an important business; though indeed it had been practised before, and always remained a necessary avocation, as I have already explained. He also established a school of rhetoric, in which the arts of composition and of speaking were systematically taught. Like the older Sophists, he took up general subjects as practical exercises. There are fifteen of his speeches remaining, and of these twelve belong to the species of rhetorical exercises. They are in the form of tetralogies, each tetralogy containing a speech and a reply of the plaintiff and the defendant. The first tetralogy is on the supposed case of a citizen returning with his slave from a supper party, and slain by assassins. The slave, though mortally wounded, lives long enough to inform the family that he recognized among the murderers a man who was at enmity with his master, and who was about losing an important case pending between him and the murdered person.

The man is indicted, and the speeches, of course, turn on the probabilities of the case. An element in the estimation of the evidence is the Greek notion, that the testimony of a slave is of no value unless he is first put to the torture. The arguments on both sides are extremely acute, and show the subtilty and skill of the writer in a remarkable manner.

The second tetralogy is upon a question of involuntary or accidental homicide. Two boys were throwing javelins in a gymnasium. It happened that, just as one had hurled his weapon, the other ran within the range of the missile, and was killed. The father of the deceased prosecutes the one who threw the missile as a homicide; the other transfers the blame to him who put himself in the way of being hit. The issue is joined upon the question which is the guilty party. The case is a little like that so ably argued by the grave-digger in Hamlet; but it is not without its interest, especially in illustrating the power of the Greek language in drawing nice distinctions. The arguments are short, and the exercise is a very good one.

The third tetralogy puts this case. A young man and an old man fight together. The young man hits harder than the old one, and the latter dies. The young man is accused of murder. He defends himself by turning the charge of having commenced the wrong upon his antagonist. The plea is technically called an *ἀντέγκλημα*, or *counter-charge*, the accused arguing that he slew his antagonist in self-defence. Moreover, he did not kill him at all; for the man did not die immediately, but many days afterward. He died because of the blundering of an unskilful surgeon whom he had called in, not on account of the blows. Yet more, he died by his own rashness, having been forewarned by other physicians, that, if he submitted to such a treatment, though curable, he would die. But if any man supposes that the death resulted from the blows, and that he who inflicted them is the murderer, let him consider that the blows first inflicted by the beginner of the wrong constitute him, and not the striker of the blows that



proved fatal, the cause of the death. The accusers are really guilty of the crimes they charge upon the accused; "for," he argues, "they have plotted my death, when I am innocent; endeavoring to take away my life, which is the gift of God. They are impious towards God; and unjustly plotting my death, they confound the principles of the laws, and become my murderers; and by trying to persuade you (the dicasts) to take my life, they become the murderers of your reputation for piety."

In addition to these exercises there are three of this orator's speeches, written upon real cases, and delivered in court. One is the accusation of a step-mother for poisoning her husband. This contains, in the statement of the case, an excellent specimen of simple and perspicuous narrative. The story of the poisoning is extremely well told; and the argument upon the circumstances is subtle and acute. It was delivered by the son of the murdered man. The issue is technically called *στοχασμός*, — or *conjecture*, — that is, probability from circumstantial evidence. One of the arguments against the accused is that she had refused to give her slaves up to the torture.

The second of these speeches is the defence of a man from Mytilene, named Elos, who made a voyage with Herodes to Ænos. When they reached Methymna, in Lesbos, they took passage in another vessel. Herodes went ashore in the evening, and never appeared again. On the return of Elos alone, the relatives of Herodes indicted him for murder. The defence begins by excepting to the indictment, alleging that robbers and thieves are malefactors, and that the prosecutor has not shown that Elos had been guilty of any act that would bring him under this category. He then proceeds to a general defence. He gives a very lucid statement of the facts of the case, puts in the testimony of witnesses, and founds his defence upon a careful induction from these facts. It is remarkable that, in reply to the testimony of a slave against him, he argues exactly as we should argue now against the value of this kind of evidence. "Before he was placed upon the wheel, and

until he was reduced to the last necessity, the man persisted in declaring my innocence; when he could bear it no longer, he gave false witness against me, in order to be released from the torture; and when he rested from the torture, he again declared that I was not guilty, and bemoaned me and himself as the victims of injustice, — not through any desire to favor me, — how could that be, when he had borne false witness against me? — but because he was compelled by the facts to confirm the truth of his first statements.” One would suppose that such an incident and so conclusive an argument would have abolished the barbarous practice of torturing slaves.

The last speech is the defence of a choregus on a charge of murder, under the following circumstances. The choregus was the person who was called upon to train a chorus, — one of the expensive public duties, or *liturgies*. The person in question had at his own house the young men who were in training for the festival. One of them swallowed some kind of poison, to make his voice clearer, and lost his life by it. The father of the boy prosecutes the choregus on a charge of murder. The accused denies the charge. The evidence is only circumstantial. The statement of facts here also is in excellent style. It has a special interest as illustrating incidentally many points connected with the Athenian system of *liturgies*, and especially the training for the musical and dramatic contests.

It is said that Thucydides the historian was taught in the school of Antiphon. This is likely to have been the case. The general manner of the speeches in the historian resembles that of the speeches of the orator. There is the same vigor and subtilty of thought, with some lack of ease and fluency in diction, but at the same time with great accuracy of expression, as shown in nice distinctions often drawn between words apparently synonymous. In arrangement of ideas Antiphon shows wonderful skill; yet it must be confessed that the artifices of style are sometimes carried too far for the best effects of practical oratory. The balancing of clauses, the recurrence of similar sounds and like endings, the antitheses, and other figures

of diction, show that the rhetorical style was not yet equally adapted to the highest literary standard, and to direct influence on living men upon questions that came home to their business and bosoms.

The next orator in the canon is Andocides, the son of Leogoras, born of a noble Athenian family, and destined from his youth to a public career. He was early employed as a commander, then as ambassador on several missions. His public career was unfortunately arrested by his being involved in the trials for mutilating the Hermæ—a transaction which excited in the highest degree the superstitious fears of the Athenians—in 415 B. C. He narrowly escaped death, partly by taking an active lead in denouncing others,—not a very honorable mode of escape,—and partly by exiling himself to avoid the probable *atimia*, or degradation, which would have been perhaps the smallest penalty to be expected in the fanatical terror which filled the community. He left Athens, and engaged in foreign commerce. When the oligarchy of the Four Hundred was established, he returned; but the sudden fall of that government again drove him from the city. He repaired again to Athens, but could not safely remain. He withdrew to Elis, and did not venture another return until the overthrow of the Thirty, when he came back under the protection of the general amnesty. He rose again to important political influence; but his former enemies, resolved on his ruin, revived an old charge that he had profaned the Mysteries of Eleusis. Against this charge he defended himself successfully. Some years later he was sent on an embassy to Sparta, B. C. 394, but the results of his mission were so unsatisfactory that the Athenians banished him, and he died in exile. Such were the vicissitudes of a public life at Athens in those troublous times. There are only three of his speeches remaining;—one on his return from exile; the second, his defence on the accusation of having profaned the Mysteries; and the third, delivered in 392 B. C., on the peace with Sparta. There is another speech—that against Alcibiades—usually printed under his



name, but which the critics have pronounced spurious. The oration on the Peace was also questioned by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

It seems to me, notwithstanding what some of the critics have said in depreciation of Andocides as compared with Antiphon, that he was, if not as subtle, at least as able. His narrative is as clear and precise; his arguments, standing on broader grounds, are more readily comprehended; his style has fewer mere rhetorical figures; he understands better how to make an appeal to his judges in a natural and effective manner; and he is, in all respects, a more pleasing writer. I will read a few sentences from his defence on the charge of profaning the Mysteries. In answer to the suggestion that he ought not to have returned from Cyprus, where he was leading a prosperous and happy life, to take the hazards of his unpopularity at Athens, he says, I think, with a skilful appreciation of the feelings of an Attic court:—“I hold, gentlemen, an opinion very different from theirs. A life elsewhere, enjoying every blessing, but deprived of my country, I would not accept, even were the city as hostile to me as my enemies assert. I should greatly prefer to be a citizen of Athens rather than of other cities, which seem to me, perhaps, at the present moment, to be very fortunate. Thinking thus, I have committed my life to your hands. I pray you, gentlemen, to grant to me, the defendant, a more favoring mind than to my accusers, knowing that, although you listen impartially, the defendant is necessarily at a disadvantage. They, having long conspired, and organized their attack, themselves out of the reach of danger, make the accusation. I make my defence with fear and peril, and under the heaviest calumny. It is reasonable, therefore, that you should accord to me a more favoring mind than to my accusers.” In my judgment, this passage, as well as many others, shows uncommon skill in dealing with a jury.

In the speech vindicating the peace with Sparta, the topics appear to me to be admirably arranged and powerfully urged. Some one had argued that peace with Sparta would work the

overthrow of the people. He replies by recapitulating the blessings which had come to the Athenian people, in former times, from peace. "It is your duty, men of Athens, to use the past as evidence of the future. When we were at war in Eubœa, and possessed Megara and Pegæ and Trœzen, we desired peace. We recalled the ostracized Miltiades, the son of Cimon, then in Chersonesus, for no other reason than, as he was a friend of the Spartans, that we might send him to them to offer terms of peace. And then we had peace; and in that peace were the people of the Athenians overthrown? No man can say so; but I will tell you what benefits flowed from that peace. First, we enclosed the Peiræus with defences, and built the northern long wall. Next, in place of the old and unseaworthy ships, with which we defeated the King and his barbarians, and gave freedom to Greece, we built a hundred war-triremes. These and other benefits, with a great increase of power, accrued to the people of Athens from that peace with Sparta. Again, we had a war on account of the Æginetans; and after having suffered and inflicted many injuries, again we desired peace. Ten ambassadors selected from all of the Athenians (one of whom was Andocides, my grandfather) were sent, with full powers, to Sparta, to conclude a peace. They concluded a peace for thirty years. And in this long time, were the people of Athens overthrown? Were any persons detected in working their overthrow? Quite the contrary. That very peace raised the people of Athens so high, and made them so strong, that we deposited in the Acropolis, in those years of peace, a thousand talents, and assigned them by law to the exclusive use of the people; and in the next place, we built a hundred more ships of war, constructed docks, increased our police, and built the southern long wall. These benefits and this increase of power accrued to the people of Athens from the peace with Sparta. Again going to war on account of the Megareans, leaving our country to be ravaged, and suffering many privations, again we made peace, through the agency of Nicias, the son of Niceratus; and I am

sure you all know that through that peace we deposited in the Acropolis seven thousand talents in coin; that we built more than four hundred ships of war; that a revenue of more than twelve hundred talents came in; that we gained possession of Chersonesus and Naxos and more than two thirds of Eubœa. . . . And while enjoying these benefits, again we became involved in war with Sparta, at the call of the Argives. Now, men of Athens, remember the proposition which I laid down at the beginning of the argument. Was it not that the Athenian people have never been overthrown by peace? That proposition is certainly proved."

It appears to me that the historical argument in this passage is well put; the cases are apposite, and the facts striking. It was not the orator's purpose to undervalue the glory of martial achievements. That would not have been a welcome topic to an Athenian assembly, who could never hear an allusion to Marathon or Salamis without going off in a patriotic frenzy. On the contrary, the manner in which he brings in the old, disabled war-galleys that fought the Persians at Salamis, — just glancing at that memorable day, — was well suited to stir the blood of the hearers as with the sound of a trumpet. He wished to remind them, however, that, in every case in which peace had been made, the dignity and power of the Demos had received lasting increase; and by inference, those who negotiated peace on these several occasions were public benefactors. The argument is, of course, a vindication of the treaty which he had himself assisted in negotiating.

These two orators belong especially to the period of the Peloponnesian war, and to the years of agitation which followed it. It is singular that so much study and care, in such a time, could be expended on art by men whose personal fortunes and whose very lives were so involved in the vicissitudes of war and the revolutions of the state. They are two highly significant figures, illustrating by their characters and works the Attic genius in an important and trying period.



## LECTURE X.

THE SPARTAN ASCENDENCY.—EPOCH OF THEBAN GLORY.  
—LYSIAS.—ISOCRATES.—ISÆUS.—LYSIAS AND ISÆUS  
COMPARED.

IN the last Lecture I endeavored to present an outline of public events, as they affected Athens and her institutions, during the Peloponnesian war. The internal revolutions were briefly indicated, and the general demoralization, as described by Thucydides, was noticed. I also cited the testimony of the Comedies of Aristophanes, as illustrative of the rapid deterioration of public life after the death of Pericles. The play of "The Knights" was briefly analyzed, in illustration of the intrigues of the demagogues to win the favor and control the affairs of the Athenian Demos. The downfall of Athens, at the close of that fierce and protracted encounter of grasping and vindictive passions, gave the Spartans unquestioned pre-eminence in the affairs of Greece. The islands and cities which had previously acknowledged the leadership of Athens now fell under the sway of Sparta, who proceeded to exercise her power by displacing the democracies and substituting oligarchies. These were mostly bodies of ten, constituting a kind of council of state, and exercising the functions of government despotically. In some places, however, they set up a governor under the title of Harmost, or Regulator, who was a petty tyrant, responsible only to Sparta, and quite certain to find ample support at home for any amount of oppression he might see fit to exercise. At Athens, the Demos was restored, it is true, but shorn of its power and splendor. Lysander took away all her fleet but twelve triremes, de-

stroyed the arsenals, and burned the unfinished ships on the stocks. The walls and bulwarks of the city were demolished, while flute-players and dancing girls were insolently employed to give to the work of destruction the aspect of a festival.

But, fortunately, the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias — the Acropolis with its Propylæa and Parthenon, its bronze and marble statues — yet remained. Athens was still, as before, the most illustrious centre of art, the consecrated home of all that was most precious and delightful in the works of genius and the refinements of social life. Her confederates soon began to groan under the Spartan bondage, and to look back regretfully to the milder rule of the city of Athene; and hardly had the supremacy of Sparta been established, when the incurable vices of Laconian institutions began to threaten their dissolution. Greece and Asia Minor were overrun by military adventurers, thrown out of employment by the cessation of arms. A large body, known in history as the Ten Thousand, enlisted in the service of Cyrus the Younger, in his rebellious attempt to dethrone his elder brother, and, after the defeat and death of Cyrus, performed that wonderful march of fifteen hundred miles through a hostile country, under the able leadership of Xenophon the Athenian, who has immortalized the retreat in the most interesting of his books. Asia Minor became the scene of hostilities between the Spartans and Persians, interrupted only by hostilities at home between the tyrant city of the Peloponnesus and her discontented allies. The destruction of the Lacedæmonian fleet by Conon, in the battle of Cnidos, crippled the power of Sparta by destroying her naval supremacy. The peace of Antalcidas, B. C. 387, negotiated by that diplomatist, but really dictated by the Persian king, and recognizing him as the arbitrator of the destinies of Greece, completed the odium under which Sparta justly fell. Other troubles in Central and Northern Greece — aggressions of the Spartans in Bœotia, and the seizure of the Cadmeia of Thebes — tended to keep alive a hostile spirit very disastrous to the prosperity of the cities. The Athenians took the alarm, and

allied themselves with Thebes. Gradually the Athenian confederacy was reorganized, and preparations were made for a new war.

Unfortunately for Sparta, a man of the highest military genius now appeared at Thebes, — Epaminondas, as much distinguished for probity as for bravery, — thought by some to be the greatest general Greece had yet produced. He was a man, too, of high intellectual accomplishments and endowments, familiar with the literature and philosophy of his times, and eloquent beyond all his countrymen. Pelopidas also was beginning to be known as an able statesman and commander; and these two eminent persons were united in the bonds of intimate and cordial friendship. Under the guidance of these great leaders the power of Thebes increased so rapidly as to excite the jealousy of Athens, who offered terms to Sparta; but the cessation of hostilities was only momentary. Antalcidas was sent to Persia, B. C. 372, to solicit the intervention of that power; but a general desire for peace led to a renewed negotiation, and a congress of deputies was held at Sparta, B. C. 371. The terms of a general peace were agreed upon by all except Epaminondas, who represented Thebes. This is known in history as the Peace of Callias, as Callias, one of the representatives of Athens, was very active in bringing it about. The refusal of Thebes caused the greatest irritation among the Spartans, and Bœotia was immediately invaded. The decisive battle of Leuctra, fought only three weeks after the conclusion of the Peace of Callias, sent a thrill through all Greece, and set up a new power over the ruins of the defeated leadership of Sparta. Thebes now assumed the position which Sparta held before; and Sparta sank so low that she sent ambassadors to solicit the aid of Athens. The battle of Mantinea, B. C. 362, again gave the Thebans a victory, dearly bought by the death of Epaminondas; and this brings us down to the period when the power of Macedon began to be ominously seen in the affairs of Greece. The Spartan supremacy had continued from the downfall of Athens, only for a few years unresisted, and



then maintained with costly struggles till the battle of Leuctra, B. C. 371. The supremacy of Thebes was bound up in the lives of two men, Epaminondas and Pelopidas, and disappeared when the shadows of an approaching conflict began to fall upon the face of the land from the north, about B. C. 361.

✓ Within this period are included the closing years and the judicial murder of Socrates, the latter part of the life of Aristophanes, and the exhibition of three or four of his Comedies. Plato was a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five at its commencement, and survived it fourteen years; Aristotle was a youth of three-and-twenty at its close, and had been for about three years a student of philosophy in Athens; and Demosthenes just about the same time was prosecuting his unfaithful guardians for squandering his estate, and giving the first proofs of that intellectual superiority which afterwards carried him to the highest pinnacle of fame. Philip was still a hostage in Thebes, studying the characters of the leading men of Greece, the relations of parties, and the struggling passions in the states, and acquiring that knowledge of the Greek language and literature of which he made such masterly use in his subsequent reign. The grouping of these important personages in this period presents a striking picture,—a wonderful variety of intellectual forces, each destined to make its mark in history, and to tell upon the condition of the world.

The three orators whose lives and labors fall within this period are Lysias, Isocrates, and Isæus. The first was born in 458 B. C.; the second, in 436 B. C.; and the last, some years later. Lysias died in 378 B. C.; Isocrates lived till 338 B. C.; and Isæus died ten years earlier, 348 B. C.

The family of Lysias was Syracusan by origin. His father, Cephalus, was invited by Pericles to settle in Athens. He is introduced in Plato's Republic as a venerable old man, greatly beloved by all who knew him. Lysias joined the colonists who emigrated to Thurii in 444 B. C., though then but fifteen years old. There he studied rhetoric under the Sicilian masters,

Tisias and Nicias. In 412 he returned to Athens, and, though only a resident alien, not having therefore the full rights of citizenship, he established a school. He and his family were ardent supporters of the democracy; and when the *Thirty* came into power, his brother Polemarchus was put to death, while he saved his life only by fleeing to Megara. He gave his support to Thrasybulus, raised a body of men for the enterprise, and returned to Athens with the triumphant liberator. When Eratosthenes, one of the *Thirty*, ventured to return to Athens under the general amnesty, Lysias appeared as his prosecutor; for it had so happened that Eratosthenes was the man who had arrested the brother of the orator. The oration delivered on this occasion was the first spoken by him in open court; and it marks an important epoch in his life; for up to this time his labors had been limited to teaching, and writing speeches as school exercises. Eratosthenes denied that he had voted in the senate-house for the death of Polemarchus, and he claimed that he belonged to the more moderate party of the *Thirty*: but there was the undeniable fact that he had carried out the decree of the *Thirty*, and had put Polemarchus to death without any form of law; nay, more, that the dead body of the murdered man had been treated with gross indignity,—an outrage on Hellenic feelings worse than death itself. No wonder, then, that a strong feeling of personal animosity pervades the oration. The temper of the speaker is shown in the very first paragraph.

“It is not difficult for me, judges, to begin this accusation, but it is difficult to leave off speaking. Crimes so great in magnitude and so many in number have been perpetrated by these men, that he who might be willing to falsify could not exaggerate their enormity, nor, if he adhered to the truth, could he tell the whole truth; but, of necessity, either the accuser must give out, or the time would fail him. Formerly it was necessary for accusers to explain the ground of their hostility to the accused; but now it becomes our duty to inquire of the accused what was their enmity to the city, and why

they dared to commit such crimes against it. I speak thus, not because I have no private wrongs and griefs; for all the citizens have more cause of resentment for their personal sufferings than for the offences committed against the state. But, judges, having never before appeared for myself or others, I am now compelled by what has taken place to come forward as this man's accuser; and I have often despaired lest, on account of my inexperience, I should conduct the prosecution in behalf of my murdered brother and myself in a feeble and unworthy manner. Nevertheless, I will endeavor to lay the whole case before you in the fewest possible words."

He then recounts, in the most animated manner, the history of his family, their emigration to Athens, the establishment of the Thirty, the denunciation of himself and his brother, and his own arrest and escape. Melobius and Mnesitheides, he says, arrested him. He was carried to the house of Damnippus, where Theognis was holding others in custody. Damnippus thought it best to speak with Theognis, who would do anything for money. While the conversation was going on, Lysias, who was familiar with the house and remembered that it had entrances on both sides, resolved to attempt an escape, considering that, if he could get away unseen, his life would be saved, and if he were caught, Theognis was open to bribery, and would take the money just as readily; or, if not, he (Lysias) would die as if nothing had happened. On this calculation, he made the attempt, the guard being placed at the front door. Luckily he found all three of the doors through which he had to pass open. He took refuge in the house of Archeneos, a well-known ship-owner, and, sending him to inquire what had become of his brother, and learning that Eratosthenes had arrested him in the street and dragged him to prison, he went by sea the following night to Megara. The Thirty sentenced Polemarchus to suffer the customary death by drinking hemlock, without even informing him of the reason why he was to die; so far were they from affording him a fair trial with an opportunity of defence. "They plundered his property, insulted his corpse,



and, in their shameless eagerness to rob, even tore the golden ear-rings from the ears of his wife." After a few more statements urged in a like vehement manner, he says: "I thought the charges already made were enough; for I am of opinion that the accusation should be so far pushed that the accused shall be proved to have committed crimes deserving death. Death is the extreme penalty which we can exact from them. And I do not know that there is any occasion to carry the accusation further against men who could not satisfy justice by dying twice for every one of their deeds." Yet, after this strong description of the nature of the case, he goes on through many more pages of narrative, invective, argument, and passionate calls for justice on the offender; and closes with the pithy sentence, "You have heard, you have seen, you have suffered; you have him, — judge."

Another speech of similar import, and much in the same style, is that against Agoratus. This man appears to have been a miserable tool in the employ of the oligarchical party, and an informer in the pay of the Thirty Tyrants. One of the victims of his infamous trade was Dionysiodorus, a near relative of Lysias. He was prosecuted by Lysias for murder. Here again we meet with the same vehemence of personal feeling, and the same clearness and vigor of narrative, in a recital which extends over the period of the downfall of Athens and the establishment of the Thirty, containing therefore many facts of deep historical interest. Bringing the story down to the time when the victims had been condemned to death, in a few simple words he paints a scene in prison, which must have been very impressive before a body of citizens who had so recently escaped from the horrors of so lawless a tyranny. "Judges, when sentence of death had been passed upon these men, and they were doomed to die, they sent for their friends to the prison, — one for a sister, one for a mother, one for his wife, each for the person nearest to him, — in order that they might embrace them for the last time before they died. And Dionysiodorus sent for my sister, his wife, to

the prison. Immediately on receiving the message she went, — clothed in mourning, as was becoming, her own husband being involved in such a calamity. In the presence of my sister, Dionysiodorus disposed of his property as he thought right, and then spoke of this Agoratus, declaring him to be the author of his death, and charging me, and his own brother Dionysius, and all his friends, to avenge him upon Agoratus; and he enjoined upon his wife to tell, when the time should come, her then unborn child, should it be a son, that Agoratus had killed his father, and to bid him pursue him as his father's murderer."

At the opening of the speech he had represented Agoratus as the common enemy of himself and the dicasts. Now, having brought to their imaginations the scene in prison, he proceeds at once to charge upon the accused a participation in the other crimes of the Thirty. "I grieve, men of Athens, to remind you of the calamities that have befallen the city; but it is necessary, judges, on the present occasion, in order that you may see how little Agoratus deserves your pity. You know the citizens brought over from Salamis, who they were and how many, and what a death they died at the hands of the Thirty; you know the victims from Eleusis, how many shared the same fate; and you remember those who, through private enmities here, were dragged to prison, — men who had done no wrong to the city, but were doomed to perish by a most shameful and ignominious death, some leaving behind them aged parents, who hoped to be cherished in old age by their sons, and to be laid by their hands in the tomb, when they had closed their life; others leaving sisters unmarried; others, little children, needing their tender care. What think you, judges, would be their feelings towards this man, or what verdict would they render, if they had a verdict to give, — they who were robbed by him of their nearest and dearest?"

In another passage he says: "I desire to show you, judges, what sort of men you have been deprived of by Agoratus.

Some of them, having commanded your armies, transmitted the city greater to their successors; others, having held various high magistracies, and having performed faithfully all their public duties, never had their characters impeached. Some were preserved, whom he would gladly have slain, and against whom he procured a sentence of death; but by the favor of fortune and of God they escaped, and, returning with Thrasybulus from Phyle, are honored by you as noble men. Of such men as these, some Agoratus slew, others he drove into exile. And who is he? You must know that he is a slave,—the offspring of slaves. Such is the wretch who has done all this wickedness.”

In another place he says: “I hear that he is prepared to assert, in his defence, that he fled to Phyle, and returned with the exiles; and that this is what he chiefly relies upon. It was so; he did go to Phyle,—and how could he show himself a greater villain, than, knowing that men were there who had been driven to banishment by himself, by daring to go where they were? Well, the moment they saw him they took him out to kill him, to the spot where they were wont to slay thieves and malefactors when they caught them. But Anytus, the commander, said it was inexpedient at that moment to take vengeance on their enemies; but if they should ever be restored to their country, then they could punish the guilty.”

I have dwelt at some length upon these two orations, because they belong to a period of agitation, before the passions of men had entirely subsided from the stirring events of the war, the tyranny of the Thirty, their expulsion, and the first days of the restored democracy.

Lysias was somewhat under the influence of the Sicilian school, which delighted in artifices of style; but he had more terseness and vigor of expression than his models. His early works, that is, his school exercises, have not been preserved. The speeches that remain belong to the maturity of his genius and taste. In the fiftieth year of his age he commenced the



business of writing arguments for others. In doing this, he proceeded upon a somewhat original plan, and studied to adapt his compositions to the character, education, age, and circumstances of the persons who were to deliver them. He scrutinized the ordinary language of men in common life, employed figures but sparingly, and aimed to furnish his client with the greatest amount of arguments compatible with the nature of the case and the time allowed to the speaker. He always begins by endeavoring to conciliate the good will of the court; the narrative is always lively and interesting, and has the air of entire truthfulness and sincerity; and the reasoning is clear, coherent, forcible, and, if the case admits of such a possibility, conclusive. With these qualities, one is not surprised to learn that he very often gained his causes,—in short, that he was a most successful jury-lawyer. Add to this, that he was one of the most prolific of the Attic logographers. Four hundred and twenty-five orations once passed under his name, and two hundred and fifty were acknowledged by the ancients as genuine. Thirty-five have come down to us; and among them are several which are the best and most interesting authorities for the period between 401 and 387 B. C.

The next eminent rhetorician of this period is Isocrates, of whom, according to Plato, Socrates predicted: “He not only in oratory will leave all others behind him, like children, but a divine instinct will lead him on to still greater things, for there is an earnest love of wisdom in the heart of the man.”

The father of Isocrates was a wealthy and respectable citizen of Athens, named Theodorus, who carried on the manufacture of flutes,—a circumstance that gave occasion to many satirical allusions by the comic poets of the time. Isocrates was born in the first year of the 86th Olympiad, or B. C. 436, in the archonship of Lysimachus, a little less than half a century before the birth of Demosthenes, and five years before the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war. He was, therefore, about seven years older than Plato. Theodorus had two other sons, Teleippus and Diomnestus, and a daughter. His father's fortune

enabled Isocrates to secure the ablest teachers of the age, and he listened to the lessons of Tisias, Gorgias, Prodicus, and even of Socrates; but the natural timidity of the young man, and some physical disadvantages under which he labored, prevented him from engaging personally in the career of public life, which had such transcendent attractions for ambitious spirits in Athens.

He accordingly devoted himself to the study of the theory of eloquence, and to the training of pupils, by teaching and writing, for the assembly and the courts. It appears that his patrimony was diminished, like so many other estates of Athenian citizens, by the calamities of the Peloponnesian war; and one object which he had in view was to repair these losses by the income derived from his business as a teacher of rhetoric. He first opened a school in Chios, where he had but nine pupils; though he is said to have assisted in the formation of a republican constitution for that state, on the model of that of Athens. After this unsuccessful attempt, he returned to his native city, where the number of his pupils soon increased to one hundred, and his instructions gained him a large fortune and an extraordinary reputation. Besides teaching, he was employed, like many Greek rhetoricians, in writing discourses for others, for one of which he is said to have received the enormous sum of twenty talents.

The wealth of Isocrates exposed him to the usual burdensome offices to which the possessors of property at Athens were liable. He served in the expensive liturgy of a trierarchy, B. C. 352, with great magnificence.

When somewhat advanced in life, he married Plathane, the widow of Hippias the Sophist, and adopted her youngest son, Aphareus. Having spent many years in the laborious profession of a teacher of eloquence, he died a voluntary death immediately after the disastrous result of the battle of Chæroneia, B. C. 338

“That dishonest victory

At Chæroneia, fatal to liberty,

Killed with report that old man eloquent”

The life of Isocrates extended over a period that embraced the most important events in the history of Athens. His youth and early manhood were passed amidst the scenes of the Peloponnesian war. He witnessed the establishment of the tyranny of the Thirty, and the triumphant restoration of the democracy by Thrasybulus. The romantic expedition of Cyrus the Younger, and the immortal retreat of the Ten Thousand, took place in the flower of his age. The death of his teacher, Socrates, by the atrocious sentence of a popular court, saddened his reflecting mind. With patriotic jealousy he watched the progress of the Spartan arms in Asia under Agesilaus, and shared in the hopes and the disappointments of the Corinthian war. He submitted impatiently to the Spartan supremacy, and doubtless witnessed the sudden glory of Thebes, the brilliant exploits of Epaminondas, and the downfall of the ancient rival of Athens, without regret. When Philip became a prominent personage in Grecian politics, Isocrates was one of those who looked to him as the saviour of the country. He felt that Philip had the power, and he gave him credit for the disposition, to unite the discordant and warring elements that disturbed the peace of the Grecian states, and to bend their concentrated forces upon the great enterprise of conquering the barbarian world. These hopes and this confidence were overthrown by the battle of Chæroneia, and the aged teacher refused to survive an event so disastrous to the liberties of Greece.

Thus, from the quiet scene of his labors and studies, Isocrates saw passing before him, with startling rapidity and dramatic effect, the shifting scenes of the Athenian fortunes. Perhaps these events of more than tragic interest turned his mind from the sophistic subtilties in the midst of which he had been educated, to the serious, earnest, and ethical views of life, and of eloquence in its influence upon life, which are so profusely scattered through his works; for he was the first to apply the art of eloquence to public questions and the affairs of state. In his school were trained the most eminent statesmen, orators,



and philosophers of his age. It was the resort of persons distinguished for birth and talents from every country where the civilization of Greece was known and honored. Even foreign princes corresponded with Isocrates on terms of equality.

His manner of composition was precise and technical. We see in it the habits of the careful student, nicely adjusting and rounding off his periods; not neglecting the matter, yet over-scrupulous in respect to the manner. His Panegyric Discourse is said by some to have been for ten years, by others for fifteen, under his hand; and none can read it without discerning the traces of a scrupulous finish, which contrasts strikingly with the practical vigor and overpowering vehemence of Demosthenes. Demosthenes was as careful as Isocrates in the preparatory labor which he expended on his orations; but the necessity of addressing a living multitude forced him to mould his speech into those forms of pointed cogency, crystal clearness, and adamant strength which no orator of modern times, perhaps, has approached so nearly as the great American Senator whose statue now guards the portals of our State-House. Isocrates, on the other hand, intent upon the rhythm of his sentences and the balancing antithesis of his clauses, sometimes draws out his constructions to such a length, that it would have been equally difficult for the speaker to deliver them without breaking down, and for an audience to hear them without losing part of the sense. Nowhere is the difference between the practical statesman and orator and the philosophical rhetorician more instructively exhibited.

But the language of Isocrates is the purest Attic; and his composition is an exquisite specimen of the artificial and elaborate type. "His diction," says Dionysius, "is no less pure than that of Lysias, and it employs no word carelessly; . . . it avoids the bad taste of antiquated and far-fetched phrases." However unsuited to public delivery, to the reader it is clear, elegant, and delightful. It is select, carefully framed, polished to a high degree, and, though at times richly ornamented, it is also at times beautifully simple; but it is rarely concise and

forcible. His merits were discerned by the principal critics of ancient times. The most formal examination of them is that by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to which may be added the observations in the sketch of his life and character by Plutarch. Cicero, Quintilian, Lucian, Pausanias, Ælian, Philostratus, Photius, Suidas, and even Eustathius, have touched upon his works with more or less minuteness. His moral sentiments are generally elevated, and, however mistaken he may have been in some of his opinions, the patriotic spirit of his writings is unquestionable.

Sixty orations were formerly extant that bore the name of Isocrates; but only twenty-eight of them were recognized as genuine by Cæcilius, a critic in the age of Augustus. Twenty-one have been preserved. Besides these, we have the titles and some fragments of twenty-seven more. There are also ten letters, written to his friends on political subjects, one of which, the tenth, is pronounced spurious. The title and a few fragments of a Theory of Eloquence (*Τέχνη Πητορική*) have been preserved.

The twenty-one orations now extant may be thus classified:—

1. Three Parænetic Orationes, or discourses written for the purpose of giving advice, resembling moral epistles. They are addressed, one to Demonicus, and two to Nicocles, the son of Evagoras, king of Cyprus.

2. Five Deliberative Orationes (*συμβουλευτικοί*): the Panegyricus, those addressed to Philip and to Archidamus, the Areopagiticus, and that on the Peace.

3. Four Encomia: on Evagoras, Helen, Busiris, and the Panathenæicus.

4. Eight Judicial Discourses: the Plataicus; on Exchange of Estates; a pleading for the son of Alcibiades; the Trapeziticus, against Pasio the banker, on a question of deposit; the Paragraphicus; the Ægineticus; against Lochites; and the Defence of Nicias.

5. A discourse against the Sophists.

These are all of great interest, as illustrating the age of Isocrates and his personal character. A few extracts from two or three of them, touching upon the latter point, may be allowed, to complete my biographical notice of the rhetorician.

In the Oration to Philip he says: "I was by nature the least fitted of all the citizens to take part in public affairs; for I had not sufficient power of voice nor boldness enough to encounter a multitude, and to wrangle with the orators storming from the bema. But I claim the honor of intellectual ability and of a liberal education; wherefore I take it upon myself to advise, in the way that suits my nature and my talent, the city, and the other Greeks, and the most illustrious men."

In the Panathenaicus he says: "I have had my share of the greatest blessings that all men would pray to receive. In the first place, I have had health of body and of mind in no common measure, but to such a degree as to rival those who have been most fortunate in each of these respects. In the next place, I have had an affluence of the means of living, so as never to be deprived of any reasonable gratification that a man of sense would desire. Then I have never been overlooked or neglected, but have always ranked among those of whom the most accomplished Greeks thought and spoke as persons of character and influence. All these blessings have been mine, some superabundantly, others sufficiently." He then proceeds to point out circumstances in his lot which make him sometimes querulous and peevish.

Near the beginning of the oration he states that, when he began it, he was ninety-four years old; and towards the close he says that, when the composition was about half done, he was seized with a violent illness, which he "passed three years in combating"; that he was then persuaded by the urgency of friends, to whom he had read portions of it, to attempt its completion. He resumed the work, as he says, when he wanted but three years of a hundred, and in such a state of health as would have prevented any one else not only from attempting to write a discourse, but even from listening willingly to the discourse of another.



The oration on the Antidosis, or Exchange of Estates, contains valuable personal notices. The antidosis was a technical proceeding, by which the Attic law allowed a person on whom a costly liturgy had been imposed to call upon another citizen, whose estate he believed to be greater than his own, either to assume the office or to exchange estates with him. On one occasion, a person, Lysimachus probably, tendered to Isocrates the antidosis, and he, as the least evil, served the liturgy, and appears to have done it in a magnificent style. The discourse was composed many years afterward, in the form of a defence in a fictitious trial. Schöll commits an error when he says that Isocrates pronounced it in defending himself against Lysimachus.

He begins by stating that he had been exposed to many calumnies from the Sophists, which he had disregarded; but when he was far advanced in life, an exchange of estates had been tendered to him upon the trierarchy; and his opponent had made such statements with regard to his wealth, that he was compelled to take the burden upon himself. He was then led to reflect on the best method of refuting these injurious misrepresentations, and of setting his character, life, and pursuits in a true light before his contemporaries and future generations. "Upon mature consideration," he says, "I found I could effect this purpose in no other manner than by writing a discourse which should be, as it were, an image of my mind and life; for I hoped that by this means my character and actions would be best understood, and that the discourse itself would remain a much more honorable memorial than tablets of brass. . . . With these views I set about the composition of the present discourse, not in the full vigor of my powers, but at the age of eighty-two." He says of himself: "I have so lived during the time that is past, that no one, either in the oligarchy or the democracy, has charged upon me any insolence or wrong, and no arbitrator or dicast has ever been called to sit in judgment upon my conduct."

He then describes himself as keeping aloof from political

affairs, from courts of law, from assemblies, from the arbitrators, and contrasts his own habits with those of his enemies, who haunted every place of public resort, and intermeddled with suits and prosecutions of every kind. He states that he has written, not upon the common business of man with man, but upon subjects of general importance, —“Hellenic, political, and panegyrical discourses,” — which rank, as works of art, with those compositions which are embellished with music and rhythm; and that many have desired to become his disciples, thinking that thus they might make themselves wiser and better men. He then reviews his principal compositions, giving passages from the *Panegyricus*, the discourse on Peace, and one of the addresses to Nicocles. “These,” says he, “having been written and published, I acquired great reputation and received many pupils, not one of whom would have remained with me, had they not found me to be such as they had supposed. And now, when there have been so many, some of whom have lived with me three years, not one will be seen to have found any fault with me; but at the end of the time, when they were about to sail home to their parents and friends, they were so attached to their residence, that they took their departure with a heavy heart and with tears.” He then enumerates his pupils and friends who had received golden crowns from the city on account of their public merits; and, in fact, all the important circumstances of his life are so minutely described, that the discourse answers the purpose he intended, of conveying an image of himself to posterity.

The *Panegyricus* I shall notice at greater length, partly because it is an excellent specimen of the best manner of Isocrates, and partly because, by its plan, it presents a review of the history of Athens from the mythical ages down to the period following the treaty of Antalcidas.

The date of the *Panegyricus* has been much discussed, and differently settled by different scholars. The events alluded to in the discourse itself furnish the means of deciding this point approximately, but not exactly. The number of years

during which Isocrates kept the work in his hands makes it uncertain whether these allusions to historical facts of his time have reference to the moment of writing the respective passages, or to the time of publication. Setting this element of uncertainty aside from the calculation, we may assume that the *Panegyricus* appeared about 381 B. C.; since the author speaks of the Cyprian war "being already in its sixth year," and that began in 386 B. C. Of course it must have been published before the end of the war, B. C. 376, and the death of Evagoras; since there is no hint in the discourse of either of these events. This is the latest date. If this be assumed as correct, Isocrates finished the oration at the age of fifty-five. It was published in the time of the Spartan supremacy—which lasted from the peace of Antalcidas, B. C. 387, to the battle of Leuctra, B. C. 371—and about twenty years before the name of Philip of Macedon began to be heard of in Greece.

The object of the *Panegyricus* is the vindication of the Athenian claim to supremacy, and the reconciliation of the Greeks, particularly Sparta and Athens, for the purpose of assailing the Persians with their united forces.

After introductory remarks upon the nature of the subject, — upon its having been often handled before, and the orator's own ideas as to the proper manner of treating it, — he proceeds to maintain the claims of Athens to the supremacy, on the ground of the antiquity of the city, and the purity of the origin of the Athenians; then, on the score of what Athens has done towards adorning, cultivating, and embellishing life; her services in founding colonies; her laws and institutions; her hospitality, and the liberal manner in which she has conducted herself towards other states; her elegant festivities and shows, in which genius has been cultivated and honored; and her pursuit of literature, especially of eloquence and philosophy.

He then passes on to her history, beginning with the mythical times, Adrastus, the Heracleidæ, the wars with the Scythians, Thracians, Amazons, Persians. He touches lightly upon



the Trojan story, but is especially emphatic on the wars with Darius and Xerxes, in which the Spartans and Athenians were rivals. The pre-eminence of the latter was acknowledged then, and this fact is an argument in support of their present claim to the hegemony.

In the next place, he considers the conduct of the Athenians in administering their power; their leniency, and their care for the safety of their allies, as contrasted with the oppression and cruelty of the Lacedæmonians, which have led to great disorders and disasters among the Grecian states.

He then points out the folly of the Greeks in contending among themselves, when they might gain such advantages by uniting against the Persians; describes the weakness of the Persians, and the proofs and sources of it; speaks of the natural hostility of the Greeks against the barbarians, the reasons that encourage the Greeks to war, — especially the favorable circumstances of the times and the state of Persia, — and the necessity of a federal union among the Greeks, in order to compose their own discords.

Finally, he argues that the Greeks should set their minds upon the prosperity they may transfer from Asia, and that they who have the power should study to reconcile the Spartans and the Athenians. The orators are exhorted to renounce the petty subjects which now occupy them, and to expend their rivalries on this, which is by far the most important interest to which their attention can be directed.

I think we can hardly assign to Isocrates the position or glory of a great statesman, or a man of profound convictions, or of very earnest character; but his influence was important in a literary and rhetorical point of view, especially as he directed the studies of his pupils into the channel of popular speaking, as distinguished from the oratory of the courts.

The eloquence of his style was captivating to the Athenians, who were always sensitive to beauty of form. In this respect he was undoubtedly much superior to all his predecessors; but he was quite deficient in what the ancient critics call

δεινότης, that union of passion and vigor, which made Demosthenes the sovereign ruler of the bema. He wrote a few speeches to be delivered by others; but preferred to discuss subjects of general interest to the Hellenic world, in a form suited rather to private reading than to popular assemblies or the courts of law.

The third and last orator whom I have placed in this period is Isæus. Very little is known of his life, and even as to his birthplace there is a question between Chalcis and Athens. His father's name was Diagoras; and he flourished between the Peloponnesian war and the Macedonian age. He went to Athens early, if not born there, and there passed the greater part of his life; he studied under Lysias and Isocrates; wrote orations for others to deliver in the courts; and finally established a rhetorical school, which was resorted to by many men who afterwards became eminent. But the great glory of his school, that which makes it illustrious forever, is the memorable fact that here Demosthenes received a portion of his early instruction, and hence derived the knowledge of some branches of the law, especially the law of inheritance, and the plain, practical mode of dealing with practical subjects which we admire so much in his earliest speeches, namely, those which he delivered in the suit against his guardians.

Of the orations of Isæus only eleven have been preserved; and these are all on questions arising out of disputed inheritance. Their chief value consists in the illustrations they afford us of the Attic law on this important head. Among modern critics, Sir William Jones thought Isæus of sufficient importance to translate his orations and to comment upon them. That his works were regarded by the ancients as worthy of profound study is shown by the admirable treatise of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, devoted to an elaborate comparison between Lysias and Isæus. This striking essay, which would have made in modern times a capital article for a quarterly review, abounds in elegant and acute criticism, and felicitous comparisons. The writer considers Isæus as so far a successful student

and imitator of the style of Lysias in many particulars, that a superficial reader would not be able easily to decide, between the two, the authorship of some of the extant discourses. But with this general resemblance, he discriminates between them thus. The style of Lysias is more clear, more *ethical*, that is, expressive of character, more naturally composed and more simply formed, more attractive and graceful. The style of Isæus is more artistical and accurate than that of Lysias, more curious in its composition, and distinguished by a greater variety of figures. As much as it is inferior in grace, it is superior in power and in weight of phrase, and served as a model for the forceful style of Demosthenes. In the arrangement of the subject-matter, Dionysius also finds Isæus more subtle than Lysias, and accuses him of sometimes dealing unfairly with his adversary, attempting to manœuvre with the judges, and resorting to every means to support the cause he is advocating. In another place the critic says: "In reading the narratives of Lysias, one would suppose, not that they were artfully constructed, but that everything was told according to nature and truth,—not reflecting that the highest excellence of art is to imitate nature. In the narratives of Isæus, he would have the opposite feeling, not supposing that anything is told spontaneously and without elaboration; and if anything chance to be related in an off-hand style, he would fancy that it was done with a design, and for some purpose of deception. He would believe the one, even when he told a falsehood; but would not listen to the other, even when he told the truth, without suspicion."

This is a curious criticism, a part of which only can be founded on the existing works of Isæus; the rest must have been drawn from some of his pleadings which have perished. There is another illustration of the difference between these two orators, which has been much admired. "There are," says the ingenious critic, "certain ancient pictures, very simple in their coloring, and having no variety in the blending of the tints; but they are exact in drawing, and have much that is



pleasing in this respect. There are others, more modern, less accurately drawn, but more finished in the details, more varied with light and shade, and more forcible in coloring. Lysias, in simplicity and grace, resembles the ancient pictures; Isæus, in elaboration and art, the modern." The writer then proceeds to illustrate this difference by quoting the opening passage of an oration of each of them.

The passage from Isæus belongs to a lost oration; and as it is on a curious subject, illustrative of Attic life, I will read it. It is the commencement of an argument in defence of Eumathes, a *metic*, or resident alien, who was a banker at Athens. He had been a slave, but was emancipated. The heir of his former master attempted to recover him as a part of the estate of the deceased. He was defended by a citizen, for whom Isæus composed the argument, which is thus introduced:—"Judges, on a former occasion I was of no little service to Eumathes, the defendant, and with justice; and now, if it is in me, I shall endeavor to rescue him from ruin with your help. I beg you to hear me briefly, that no one may suppose I have engaged in the affairs of Eumathes from forwardness or from any wrong motive. In the archonship of Cephisodorus I was called upon to serve in the fleet, and the report came home to my friends that I had fallen in a sea-fight. I had a deposit of money with Eumathes, the defendant. Sending for my family, he disclosed to them the funds which I had on deposit with him, and paid over the whole amount, honestly and justly. For this reason, when I returned in safety, I became more intimate with him than before, and when he established his bank, I joined with others in furnishing him a capital. Afterwards, when he was claimed by Dionysius, I determined to vindicate his freedom, knowing that he had been manumitted in open court by Epigenes. But on these points I will say no more."

The case in which the critic quotes from an oration of Lysias was in principle similar to one that had occurred many years before. A man bearing the relation of guest to a citizen

of Athens was claimed as a slave, belonging to the estate of one Androcleides, who, it was asserted, had given him his freedom. His Athenian friend undertook his defence, and applied to Lysias for a speech, stating to him the facts of the case. The opening, as quoted by Dionysius, is as follows:—"I think it my duty, Judges, to speak to you first of the friendship subsisting between me and Pherenicus, the defendant, that no one may be surprised that I, who never before have spoken in behalf of any of you, now undertake this man's defence. Cèphisodotus, his father, was my friend and host; and, Judges, when we were at Thebes in exile, I was constantly made welcome at his house, as was every other Athenian who desired it. After having received many kindnesses from him, both in public and in private, we were restored to our native land. When, therefore, these men, falling into like misfortunes, became exiles, and fled for refuge to Athens, feeling that I owed them the greatest possible debt of gratitude, I received them into my house on so intimate a footing that no visitor who was not previously aware of the fact could have told to which of us the house belonged. Pherenicus knows well, Judges, that there are in this city many speakers abler than I am, and more experienced in such affairs; but he believes that my friendship is the most to be trusted. It seems to me, therefore, that it would be shameful, when he implores me to render him the help which he can justly demand, if I should allow him, without such effort as I am able to make, to be deprived of the boon of freedom he received from Androcleides."

Dionysius compares these passages, sentence by sentence, and points out their characteristic peculiarities of phraseology with admirable precision. The substance of the discussion is, that the opening of Lysias is more easy, natural, and affecting; that of Isæus more highly wrought and more artificial. The critic should, however, have added, that the facts in the two cases are quite different. In the one, the motive for interference was a previous instance of honesty on the part of the

defendant, in a pecuniary transaction ; in the other, it was the sacred tie of hospitality, coming down from a past generation, and connecting itself by generous services with the sad recollections of public and private suffering and the bitterness of exile.

We have now passed through the periods of the growth of the Athenian power ; the magnificent exhibition of Attic genius in literature, philosophy, and art ; the origin and progress of the arts of speech, applied to the affairs of life as involved in questions of right and wrong, to be decided by the united judgments of impartial men. The eloquence of debate called into active operation by great public crises, national dangers, or struggling parties, had not yet taken a literary form, or at least had not been made a matter of permanent record. Great questions were discussed from the bema ; passionate appeals were made to living men, and responded to by thronging and excited multitudes ; all the highest effects of popular eloquence had been produced again and again ; but the pen had not preserved them for after ages. They were wrought out under the pressure of the moment ; the excitement of conflict ; the fiery impulses of eager multitudes swayed with mighty internal forces, and kindling with tumultuous sympathy. The flashing eye, the tremulous nerve, the sudden word that opens the floodgate of feeling, the moment of inspiration carrying the soul of the speaker out of himself and compelling the souls of his audience to go with him in his daring flight, — all these had been witnessed in the assemblies of the Pnyx ; but the fleeting exaltation and its effects had not yet been arrested and bound to the written word. In the courts, on the other hand, the subtilties of argument, the precision of analysis and logical reasoning, had, as we have seen, long been made the subject of art, reduced to system, and taught in the rhetorical schools. But as the courts were numerously constituted, topics of popular appeal were wrought into the most abstruse discussions, and passionate utterances interrupted the severest chain of logical deduction. Here personal feeling often found vent, and love,



hatred, and vengeance poured themselves out in the most vehement expression. We find in the written pleas of those old lawyers all the eager pursuit of victory — sometimes regardless of means — that shows itself in the competitions of the modern bar. We see all the passions of advocacy, in their fullest vigor, entering into and possessing the pleaders. It is an impressive and solemn thing to recall from the dead silence of the past these tones of human feeling that died away so long ago, and yet speak to us in the recorded page. Those busy brains, those subtile intellects, those hearts throbbing with the tender or fierce emotions of a crowded life, still breathe in the living present, still teach us their lessons of human strength and weakness, still appeal to us as men of like minds and passions with themselves.

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LECTURE XI.

TRIAL OF SOCRATES.—PLATO'S REPUBLIC.—AGE OF PHILIP  
AND ALEXANDER.—LYCURGUS.—ÆSCHINES.—HYPERIDES.

THE trial and death of Socrates, early in the period which was the subject of the last Lecture, showed the workings of the passions brought into play by the Peloponnesian war, and the dangers to which the object of momentary popular dislike was exposed, when he came before an Athenian court on a criminal charge. Mr. Grote has examined this case with his usual amplitude of learning and acuteness of reasoning; and while we may not agree wholly with his conclusion, palliating to some extent the atrocity of the verdict, we must admit that the result of the trial of that great man is not at all inexplicable. He had often censured the popular excesses, and exposed the hollow pretensions of the popular leaders. Just, magnanimous, pure beyond his age as he was, and his character more in accordance with the Christian than the heathen type, his society had yet been sought by the profligate Alcibiades and the oligarchical Critias. The natures of both were too far perverted even for his controlling personal influence, except while they were in his presence. In the Symposium of Plato, Alcibiades is made to speak the praises of Socrates with earnest and affectionate eloquence. He compares Socrates to those figures of Silenus, which conceal under an unseemly exterior the most exquisite images of the gods.

Such was Socrates to those who knew him best, in his comic exterior and in his grand and noble soul. He kept aloof from politics, because he would not bend himself to the base compliances by which he saw the demagogues yield to the lowest

and fiercest passions of the mob; and he freely censured the defective principles and the corrupting influences of that description of public life. But he discharged the duties which his country's laws laid upon him, in war and in peace, bravely and magnanimously. He served in the army, and excited the wonder of the common soldiers by his power of hardy endurance. He served in the assembly, and with a still braver spirit faced the roaring multitude who clamored unjustly for blood. After the battle of Arginusæ, a complaint was made against the generals, that they had neglected to collect the bodies of the dead that were floating on the stormy sea. Such a neglect touched the Hellenic sentiment to the quick; the friends of the fallen called for vengeance; and the generals were brought to trial before the assembled people. Though their guilt was not clear, the passions of the moment were roused to fury and demanded their sacrifice. Socrates happened to be the presiding officer on that day; and seeing that a judicial murder would be perpetrated, if the question were decided, he refused, in spite of the menaces of the mob, to put the vote. The meeting was adjourned till the next day, when a more pliant president occupied the place, and the generals were yielded to the still unabated storm of popular fury.

His opposition to the Sophists was equally uncompromising, and probably excited a still deeper and more dangerous resentment against him. It is true he had been held up by Aristophanes, many years before, as the chief of a school of Sophists, and represented in the most ludicrous situations. He had, however, regarded it as a piece of amusing caricature; and such was his imperturbable good humor, that he went to the theatre to see the mimic Socrates, and when the actor appeared, disguised in a portrait-mask, according to the custom of the comic stage, the real Socrates stood up that the audience might judge how well the artist had succeeded in making a faithful likeness. The subsequent friendly intercourse between the philosopher and the poet shows that he harbored no more resentment against the witty caricaturist than Lord Brougham



may be supposed to feel against the writers in *Punch*, who for so many years made a standing joke of his Lordship's protuberant nose.

I think Socrates must have foreseen that such a course of opposition as his to the tendencies and passions of his times — especially in a period so revolutionary and dangerous — would sooner or later bring him into personal peril. When, therefore, the blow was struck, — four years after the tyranny of the Thirty, before the passions of that bloody period had cooled down or the wounds they inflicted had had time to heal, while its bitter memories were still fresh, — it caused him no surprise, nor did it for a moment ruffle the serenity of his spirit. (He was prosecuted before the Heliastic court, on the charge of impiety and of corrupting the youth. He refused to resort to the common arts of defence, and declined to make use of an elaborate speech prepared for him by Lysias, as being unsuited to his character; but he answered his accusers point by point, with calmness and ability, and with the unshaken spirit of one conscious of innocence and fearless of death.

Here I must explain one of the peculiarities in the administration of the laws of Athens. Besides many other distinctions and classifications, there was a general division of criminal causes into two classes, called *ἀγῶνες τιμητοί* and *ἀγῶνες ἀτίμητοι*, that is, *causes to be estimated* and *causes not to be estimated* by the court. The latter class embraced those cases in which the law fixed the penalty, and the only point to be decided was the question of guilt or innocence. In the former class, the dicasts had first to decide this question; and if they brought in a verdict of guilty, there remained for them the still further question of the kind of penalty and its extent. It was to this class that the case of Socrates belonged. It will be remembered that a Heliastic court consisted of at least five hundred dicasts, and sometimes many more, presided over by a magistrate who exercised none of the functions of a judge. The question of guilt or innocence was decided by vote, and a majority of votes was conclusive. This was a simple matter;

but when a major vote had been declared against the prisoner, how in the cases to be estimated by the court could a body of five hundred or a thousand men ever come to an agreement? If such agreement is often found difficult to be attained, as it is, with us, where only twelve men have to decide, how could it be supposed that so numerous a jury would ever come to a determination? It was obviously impossible. The Attic law, therefore, required the prosecutor to affix his own estimate of the penalty which in his opinion ought to be exacted, if the prisoner should be found guilty; the prisoner also, if found guilty, was required to fix *his* estimate of the penalty; the jury decided between these two estimates, and this again was settled by the vote of a majority.

The defence of Socrates, as reported by Plato, is divided into three parts. In the first, he answers the charges directly, alluding to misrepresentations of his character and doctrines as one of the elements of the case. Having finished this part of the defence, the dicasts voted on the preliminary question. The verdict or vote was Guilty, but by a majority of only sixty votes; so that if thirty votes out of the five hundred had been changed, Socrates might have been acquitted; for a tie-vote was counted in favor of the prisoner. The second question, or the *estimate*, was next to be determined. The prosecutors had affixed the penalty of death to the indictment; and Socrates is now found guilty. Had he taken the usual course, or that which the desire to save his life would have dictated,—had he proposed a long imprisonment or exile, or a heavy pecuniary fine,—the smallness of the majority in the preliminary vote affords a presumption that the jury would have adopted his estimate and spared his life. But Socrates thought, and thought justly, that, after the services he had rendered to the cause of truth and righteousness, it hardly became him, a man of seventy, to confess himself guilty, for the sake of adding a few short years to his existence, shut out from the light of heaven and the converse of men, or suffering the miseries of exile. He had passed his days in the exercise of the highest

virtues; and it was not in accordance with his conception of true dignity of character to stand up before his countrymen and give even a formal and legal assent to the vote of the court, admitting that he, one of the most pious of men, had been guilty of impiety, and, one of the purest teachers and examples, had been guilty of corrupting the youth. When the question was put to him, therefore, he replied: "What do I deserve to suffer or to pay, because, neglecting the objects which most men aim at in life, — politics and fortune and honors and office, — I have striven to render to each of you the greatest service by persuading you to deem nothing of more importance than the attainment of the highest degree of intelligence and goodness, and not to think more of the possessions of the city than of the city itself? Some good, if I am to fix the estimate according to the truth and my deservings. And what is a suitable reward for a poor man to desire for consecrating his time to your instruction? What is more suitable for such a man than to be supported in the Prytaneium? . . . . If, therefore, I must render my estimate according to the merits of the case, I propose for myself a public support in the Prytaneium. . . . . However, if I had money, I should have fixed an estimate of money, as high as I thought proper to pay; for the loss of money would have been no harm. But I have none, — unless, perchance, you might be willing to take a mina. I might, perhaps, pay a mina. I accordingly fix the estimate at that sum. But Plato here, and Criton, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, bid me offer thirty minæ, and they will be my sureties. Well, I adopt that estimate; and these men will be responsible as sureties."

Now the court are to vote on the second question. Shall they adopt the sentence of death, or a fine of thirty minæ, (about five hundred dollars)? The dicasts, it must be confessed, have placed themselves in an embarrassing position. They have pronounced Socrates guilty of impiety and of corrupting the youth. Socrates has not suggested exile or imprisonment; on the contrary, he claims, if justice is to be done,



one of the highest rewards ever conferred on public merit, and, merely to conform outwardly to the law, offers to pay one mina, — only on the suggestion of friends raising the sum to thirty minæ, with Plato and others for security. Now, will the dicasts convict themselves of absurdity by accepting the fine, sparing the life of their great teacher, and saving themselves from ignominy? Better had it been for them to stultify themselves, better to drink the hemlock a thousand times, than to vote the fatal sentence, — to doom themselves to eternal ignominy, and the best and wisest citizen of Athens to death. The illustrious victim addresses a few words of warning to his countrymen: “Men will reproach you for my death. Had you waited a little longer, it would have come in the course of nature; for you see how far advanced in age I am, and how near to death. Perhaps you suppose that my life is lost by want of skill in the arts of speech. Not so. I have failed through want of skill, not, however, in speech, but in audacity and shamelessness; and because I would not say to you such things as you would have liked best to hear, — weeping, and lamenting, and uttering things unworthy of myself, and such as you are accustomed to hear from others. I did not think it my duty then to do any mean thing to escape danger, nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself; I would much rather die with this defence than live with that. . . . It is not difficult to escape from death; it is much more difficult to escape from wickedness: for it runs swifter than death. I am old and slow, and have been overtaken by the slower; but my accusers are strong and able, and *they* have been overtaken by the swifter, — wickedness. I retire under sentence of death; they under sentence, from the truth, of wickedness and injustice. I abide by my penalty, — they must abide by theirs.” In this lofty tone of conscious innocence he discoursed to his murderers, as if he were sentencing them, not they him. Then, saying a few kind words to those who had voted for his acquittal, he argued that probably this sentence would result in good. To die is one of two things. Either the dead have

no perception of anything, or death is the migration of the soul to another place. If there is no consciousness, but death is like a dreamless sleep, then must it be a wondrous gain. But if to die is to migrate to another place, and the tale is true that all who have died are there, how transcending must be the happiness of conversing with the great and good of past ages, — with Orpheus, Musæus, Hesiod, Homer, and others! And at the conclusion he says, impressively: “But it is now time to depart, — I, to die, and you, to live, — which to a better issue is unknown to all, save to God.”

The noble manner in which he spent the intervening time, his magnanimous refusal to seize the opportunity of escape procured for him by his friends, his great argument on the immortality of the soul in conversation with his disciples on the last day of his life, and the tranquil, saintly spirit in which he took the fatal potion and lay down to die, — things that make the little chamber in the rock at Athens a holy spot, — these belong to the history of Socrates, and not to the subject I have now undertaken.

On examining this case, I think it will be pretty obvious that, with an independent judge to explain the law and sift the evidence, and a jury of twelve men to render a unanimous verdict, — even in those days of excitement and still lingering terror, — Socrates would have been unanimously acquitted; but I do not think it certain that among us even so good a man as Socrates — if he had been long exposed to the malignant slanders of enemies, if he had censured the demagogues, thwarted the popular passions, stood in the way of men ambitious to rule the multitude, and exposed the sophists and impostors to ridicule and contempt — would have escaped with his life, in case he had been brought to trial on a vague accusation, before five hundred jurors drawn by lot from the citizens among whom all these offences were committed, with only a presiding officer to regulate the proceedings, his fate to be decided by the vote of a majority.

As this case illustrates the defects in the Athenian process

of trial, and is part of the history of the times, I have thought that a rapid sketch of its leading points belonged properly to the treatment of the Constitution of Athens.

To the same period belongs also the completion, if not the first conception, of Plato's Republic. I have already spoken of this work of the great philosopher, in connection with the general subject of Grecian opinions on slavery. The revolutions in Athenian politics, during the youth of Plato, no doubt impressed him with a dread of unbridled democratic rule; and gave him that bias towards the principles of the Spartan Constitution which he shared with other eminent Athenians. The death of Socrates, under the circumstances I have recapitulated, doubtless deepened the impression, so that, when he came to write out his own conceptions of the best possible republic, his near observation and experience of democracy naturally enough excluded it wholly as an element in the regenerated state. I mentioned his division of classes according to the faculties of the soul, taking the individual man as the type of the commonwealth. This would answer very well, if any class of men were all intellect, any other class all passion, any other class all bodily strength. But as every man has all these constituent elements of humanity, while only the proportions vary, it would prove logically absurd and practically impossible to organize a state upon any theory of this kind. But the most objectionable and monstrous part of the scheme is the utter abolition of the family tie and the education of all the children as children of the state. The most radical socialism of modern times hardly goes farther, — nay, most of the extravagances of modern reformers may be traced (in their germ at least) in this famous work. There are many noble suggestions on education, admirable moral reflections, profound observations on the nature of man, and criticisms on political institutions; but the Republic, as the representation of a possible state, is infinitely absurd; and when we regard it as the picture of a happy state, — of a state wherein a human being could possibly enjoy a fair share of rational contentment, to



say nothing of the delights of intellectual culture, — the only wonder is that a man of Plato's "large discourse, looking before and after," could have brought himself even to conceive of it. I wish we could reject it from his works; but the searching criticism of it in Aristotle's *Polity*, while it shows the superior practical sense of the Stageirite on this class of subjects, unfortunately proves it to be without doubt the work of the illustrious master of the Academy.

Macedonia, on the North, was now rising into influence. In the hands of ambitious men, she was ceasing to be the barbarous power the Southern Greeks had hitherto considered her. The body of the Macedonian people were not Greeks; they were an assemblage of half-savage tribes, with a few aristocratic families, which claimed to be of Hellenic descent, and at length, forcing a recognition of this claim, were admitted to the Olympic games and other festivals of Pan-Hellenic character. Perdiccas was the founder of the monarchy. It made no figure until the reign of Archelaus (B. C. 413), who did much towards improving the condition of his country by building roads and introducing a taste for letters and art. He employed Zeuxis to adorn his palace at Pella; and invited Agathon and Euripides to his court. The latter died and was buried there. Archelaus was the cousin of Amyntas II., the father of Philip, who, as has been already mentioned, resided in his youth for some time at Thebes as a hostage. There he had the best opportunities to learn the condition of Greece, exhausted by so many years of war and divided by such contrariety of political sentiments and wishes. He became acquainted with the military improvements introduced by Epaminondas; and it is said that he acquired some knowledge of Greek philosophy by a personal acquaintance with Plato. At all events, he seems to have gained an exact cognizance of the condition of Greece, and to have seen what a tempting career was opened to an unscrupulous prince, with abundant pecuniary means and military resources, to aggrandize himself and his country. At the age of twenty-three he became king of Macedonia, B. C. 359.

He was almost exactly of the same age with Demosthenes, who at this moment was preparing himself, by assiduous study, for the struggle which he did not yet foresee. Having established his power, he began to extend his dominions, and perhaps, even at the beginning of his reign, had already conceived the plan of reducing all Greece under his sway, and then leading a Pan-Hellenic army against the ancient empire of Persia.

The execution of his schemes first brought him into conflict with the Athenians, who had formerly held valuable colonial possessions on the Chalcidic peninsula, east of his hereditary dominions. Amphipolis and Potidæa fell successively before his arms or his intrigues. The war of Athens with her allies, — called the Social War, — which occurred in 358 B. C., absorbed the resources of Athens and the energies of her generals, Chares, Chabrias, Timotheus, Iphicrates, and others, and helped to facilitate the progress of Philip to universal supremacy. Still more, the Sacred War between Thebes and Phocis, commencing in the following year, soon gave the wily prince an opportunity to interfere in the affairs of central Greece. In 350 B. C., Olynthus applied to Athens for aid. Some of the Athenian statesmen — among whom Demosthenes was rapidly rising to the first place — had already begun to suspect Philip's designs, and to set themselves in opposition to him; and strenuous efforts were made to sustain the Olynthians in the unequal struggle. After three years Olynthus fell, and the whole Chalcidic peninsula lay at the mercy of Philip. The Sacred War ended in 346 B. C.; Philip gained the seat in the Amphictyonic Assembly forfeited by the defeated Phocians; and the peace of Philocrates — in consequence of overtures made to Athens by Philip — gave him an opportunity of intriguing at his leisure with the states of the Peloponnesus. He found Demosthenes constantly in his way. A few years later, B. C. 342, he began to menace the Athenian settlements in the Chersonesus, and thence he pushed his hostile expeditions still farther north. A state of things that could be termed neither war nor peace — a constant series of encroach-

ments on the part of Philip, of remonstrances on the part of the Athenians, with vehement appeals from the patriotic orators — marked the following three years.

In 339 B. C. the Amphiſſian war, caused by some encroachments of the Amphiſſian Locrians upon the sacred lands of the Delphian oracle, broke out. *Æschines*, even according to his own account, was deeply implicated in this most insane proceeding. It led, in the following year, to the appointment of Philip as commander of the Amphiſtyonic forces, and thus gave him the best possible opportunity to dictate his own wishes, in the supreme affairs of Greece, at the head of a resistless army. Through the energy of *Demosthenes*, a league against him was concluded between Athens and Thebes, and the confederated soldiery, marching northward, met him on the plain of *Chæroneia*. Their defeat and overthrow were disastrous to the independence of Greece, and made Philip the undisputed master of her destinies. He used his power with politic clemency, as he had ulterior designs to accomplish, and it was for his interest to bring the Greeks into a disposition to unite with him in carrying his project of Eastern conquest into execution. In a congress of the Grecian states, held at Corinth, war was declared against Persia, and Philip was appointed commander-in-chief. He made his preparations; but just as he was on the point of completing them, his assassination closed his reign of twenty-four years, B. C. 336, and for the time broke up the plan of Oriental conquest.

Alexander, now twenty years old, ascended the throne. The Greek states made an attempt to throw off the Macedonian yoke, but to no purpose. An Amphiſtyonic Assembly, held at *Thermopylæ*, appointed him to the place of commander-in-chief against Persia, left vacant by his father's death. Before setting out, however, he made an expedition among the barbarians of the North, whom he rapidly subdued. A report of his death, circulated in Greece during this absence in the neighborhood of the Danube, caused another rising, for which Thebes paid dearly, when the youthful conqueror, by rapid



marches, showed himself at Onchestus, in sight of the city, before the insurgents had learned that the rumor of his death was false. The destruction of the rebellious city, the slaughter of six thousand citizens, the sale of the survivors into slavery, and the occupation of the Cadmeia by a Macedonian garrison, struck terror through all Greece, and taught them what a master they might expect in this young but unrelenting despot. Having regulated the affairs of Greece, Alexander commenced his Eastern expedition in the spring of 334 B. C., leaving Antipater as regent of Macedonia. I need not trace the career of Alexander even in outline, because, with the exception of the excitement caused by the arrival at Athens (B. C. 325) of Harpalus, whom he had made satrap of Babylon, none of the events connected with it bear upon my subject. Alexander died in Babylon of a drunken excess in the summer of 323 B. C.

The news of this event animated the anti-Macedonian party to make another effort for the liberties of Greece. Athens, under the guidance of Hyperides, who was joined by Demosthenes, though in exile, took the lead in the patriotic movement. The most animated appeals were made to the other states; and a formidable force was assembled in the neighborhood of Thermopylæ. Antipater, marching from Macedonia, threw himself into the strong hold of Lamia. Leosthenes, the brave commander of the Athenian forces, laid close siege to the fortress, and Antipater was forced to sue for peace. The Athenians refused any terms short of unconditional surrender; and indeed they had every reason to hope for a complete victory in a few days. But unfortunately Leosthenes, their general, was wounded by a missile from the wall, and died on the second day. Macedonian forces began to arrive in support of Antipater, and Antipater, the successor of Leosthenes, marching to meet them, was completely defeated in the battle of Crannon in Thessaly, B. C. 322.

The scales were now turned, and the allies were compelled to sue for peace. Antipater craftily refused to treat except with

the single states. The result of this policy was that they submitted, one after another; and Athens, who had been the author and leader in the movement, lay defenceless at the feet of the conqueror. She was spared under rigorous conditions. The Athenians were required to deliver up their principal orators, including Hyperides and Demosthenes; the political franchise was limited by a property qualification; a Macedonian garrison was to be received into Munychia; and the expenses of the war were to be paid. The tragic scenes that immediately followed the Lamian war fill the saddest chapter in the history of Greece, and close the independent existence of the most illustrious of cities.

This rapid sketch will serve to bring the parties to the last conflicts in arms and eloquence into each other's presence. On the one side we have a despotic power, in the vigor of its early youth, governed by an accomplished and crafty prince, who is perfectly familiar with all the weak points in the condition of his adversary; on the other, the states of Greece, exhausted by the Peloponnesian war and the incessant struggles with one another that followed it. And this was not the only source of weakness. Each state was at discord within itself, rent by internal factions, thus exposing its dearest interests an easy prey to any foreign foe who had the skill to intrigue or the money to bribe. Philip had both; and he had no scruple in using them for the corruption of the needy politicians and base adventurers with whom the states swarmed. The patriots at Athens—for Athens was always the mainspring of every movement for the glory and honor of Greece—had to struggle, not only with the wiles, the money, and the arms of Philip, but with the traitorous opposition of a strong party in the Macedonian pay at home.

As Athens was the leading spirit in Greece, so Demosthenes was the leading spirit of the patriotic party at Athens. He was the soul and centre of that remarkable group of statesmen who adorned the last days of Athenian independence. I shall, therefore, reserve him for the conclusion of the present

course, and occupy the remainder of this Lecture with a brief account of some of the most eminent of his contemporaries. These were Lycurgus, born in 395 B. C.; Æschines, in 389 B. C.; and Hyperides, about 390 B. C. Deinarchus and Demades also belong to this period; but neither in character nor in ability do they rank with those I have mentioned, though both exercised an evil influence on the fortunes of their unhappy country. Lycurgus and Hyperides, each a host, were warm friends and supporters of the anti-Macedonian policy of Demosthenes; Æschines and Deinarchus were his vehement opponents.

Lycurgus belonged to one of the oldest and best families of Athens, which traced its origin back to the national hero Erechtheus. He passed a virtuous youth in the appropriate studies of an Athenian gentleman. He was a hearer of the lectures of Plato, and received instruction in rhetoric from Isocrates. He served as ambassador, with Demosthenes and Polyeuctus, in Peloponnesus, B. C. 343. His name is important in the history of Greek dramatic literature, from the fact that he caused a law to be enacted that authenticated copies of the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides should be deposited in the public archives, and that the actors should follow this text in their representations. Ptolemy Euergetes borrowed these copies on a pledge of fifteen talents, and, forfeiting the money, added the scrolls to the literary treasures of Egypt. The same law decreed the erection of bronze statues of these famed poets, which were seen in the great Dionysiac Theatre, five centuries afterward, by Pausanias the traveller. They were probably the originals from which the marble statues and busts now in the Vatican were copied. Another law of his proposing is mentioned, prohibiting women from driving to the Eleusinian festival in a chariot and pair, under a penalty of six thousand drachmæ, or about a thousand dollars; and it is stated that, Callisto, his wife, having violated the law, Lycurgus paid the fine.

The chief public services of Lycurgus were in the depart-



ment of finance. He was chosen treasurer of the public revenue, — an office which by law could be held only four years ; but he administered the department with so much integrity and success, that it was continued in his hands, under the names of other persons, for two additional *penteterides*, — amounting in all to twelve years. At the close of each period, his accounts were subjected to rigid scrutiny. He caused them to be engraved on marble slabs as a perpetual record, and a part of one of them remains to the present day. During his administration he constructed four hundred ships of war and a magazine for arms, finished the great theatre, and built a gymnasium, a palæstra, and a stadium. He held, also, a magistracy connected with the police, which he exercised with such effect, says Plutarch, that he drove all the rascals out of the city ; and the orators used to say that, when he drew up warrants, he dipped his pen, not in ink, but in death.

This eminent statesman sometimes appeared in the courts as a public accuser. He was not a fluent speaker, and required much preparation, as is quite evident in the only speech of his which remains out of the twenty whose titles are preserved. That speech was delivered on the following occasion. Immediately after the battle of Chæroneia, when Philip was expected to march upon the city, an order was passed, forbidding the citizens to quit Athens under penalty of death. Leocrates, a rich and distinguished citizen, setting a pernicious example of cowardice and disobedience, stole on board a ship about to sail for Rhodes, and fled to that island. Shortly afterward he returned to Greece ; but, not daring to show his face in Athens, established himself in Megara, where he resided six years. Probably supposing that by this time his desertion of his country in her hour of need had been forgotten, he ventured to return. But the vigilance of Lycurgus noticed the fact, and the recreant citizen, in spite of powerful friends, found himself suddenly prosecuted on a capital charge, with the incorruptible minister and austere magistrate for his accuser. The speech is drawn up with great care ; and the facts are

stated with much precision, presenting a lively picture of the condition of Athens at the time. The charge is supported by testimony, from which it appears that, on arriving at Rhodes, Leocrates circulated a story that Athens had been captured, and the Piræus besieged, so that the Rhodian corn-merchants, whose ships were all ready to sail for Athens, unloaded their cargoes and gave up the voyage, to the great injury of the Athenian people. Then the facts pertaining to the residence in Megara are narrated. This is followed by the argument on the facts, and a reply to the defence, point by point; and the speech closes in a strain of pathetic eloquence, which, coming from that grave old man,—himself the soul of honor and the object of profound reverence with the people, who saw in him the model citizen, his life crowded with the noblest public services,—could not fail to produce the strongest effect upon the verdict of an Athenian jury. Some of the sentences are very forcible, and have impressed themselves on the mind of the world. “Crimes,” said he, “as long as they are untried, rest upon those who have committed them; but after the trial has taken place, they rest upon those who have not pursued them according to justice. Know well, judges, that each of you now voting secretly will have to show his vote to the gods.”

In one respect this oration of the grave old financier is quite different from those of other Attic orators, namely, in the extent of poetical quotations. They are generally very sparing of this kind of ornament, adhering more closely to the subject, and the lines of argument which it directly suggests, than is the fashion with most modern orators; but Lycurgus, perhaps because the preparation of a discourse cost him so much labor, helped himself out with these aids, and they are introduced with a little formality, and as if with intention and premeditation. His style is clear and strong, expressive of his upright and honest character. It is to be regretted that more of his works have not been preserved. During his life he was often honored with crowns and statues. The privilege of dining in

the Prytaneium was bestowed upon him, and made hereditary. After his death, which took place about 327 B. C., or according to some in 323, a statue was decreed to him, to be placed near the Eponymic heroes in the Agora. He was buried, with public honors, on the road to the Academy. Never for a moment did the popular opinion wrong this just and good man. So happily tempered were the virtues of his character and the powers of his understanding, that he always did the right thing in the best manner; and he was never misunderstood, and never suffered at the hands of his countrymen.

The most eminent among the opponents of Demosthenes was Æschines, born in 389 B. C. In each of the three orations of his which are preserved, he is pitted against his antagonist. Constantly compared with him, he is judged perhaps at a disadvantage; he is brought to a test which no man could stand. Of his early life, he has left us an account. Demosthenes, too, gives us a picture of it, and a very different one, as was perhaps to be expected. It seems probable that his father, Atrometus, was one of those whose fortunes were ruined by the Peloponnesian war. In his youth he assisted his father in the management of a small school. At the suitable age he performed the military duties of frontier service, required of young citizens. At a later period he was engaged in several foreign expeditions, and distinguished himself in several battles. At Tamynæ, B. C. 349, he exhibited such brilliant courage that Phocion crowned him on the field, and conferred on him the honor of bearing the news of the victory to Athens. His fortunes were still humble, and he supported himself for a time by assisting in the exercises of the gymnasia. Then, as he had a clear and powerful voice, he went upon the stage and tried his powers in tragic acting. But his success was not great. He was buffeted by the spectators, and was more than once hissed off the stage. Demosthenes, in retorting some of the personalities with which Æschines had assailed him, says that he was himself among the hissers. From the theatre he passed into one of the public offices, and became an inferior clerk or



secretary. This brought him into connection with two of the leading politicians, — Aristophon first, and afterwards Eubulus, whose party he joined. In 347 B. C., he was sent ambassador to Peloponnesus, and addressed the Megalopolitans in opposition to the envoys of Philip. In the same year he was sent on the embassy to negotiate with Philip; and during his residence in Macedonia he changed his political views, as was generally believed, under the personal influence of Philip and bribed by Philip's gold. From this moment the hostility between Æschines and Demosthenes was unceasing and bitter.

In 347 B. C. he delivered his speech against Timarchus. Timarchus and Demosthenes prosecuted Æschines for misconduct on the embassy. Æschines turned upon Timarchus, who appears to have been a man of profligate morals, and prosecuted him under a law which excluded from public life persons who had been guilty of certain vices. The oration is a most thorough and able, as well as vindictive, piece of personal attack, and Æschines gained his point in diverting the prosecution from himself for the moment. But two years afterward, B. C. 343, Demosthenes renewed the assault, and Æschines defended himself in the masterly reply, "On the Embassy," barely saving himself from condemnation. This event, of course, inflamed his enmity still more towards the great leader of the anti-Macedonian faction. — He continued to labor against the patriotic party and in the interest of Philip; whether from corrupt motives and in the pay of the king, or because, like Phocion, he thought resistance to Macedonia useless and desperate, may perhaps admit of a doubt. The probability is, judging from the looseness of his character in general, and the temptation which Philip held out to men in his circumstances, that, while receiving the royal gold, he tried to flatter himself that it was all for the good of his country.

In 339 B. C., Æschines was sent to the Amphictyonic Council at Delphi, and there made a motion which led to an Amphictyonic war against the Locrians, and the appointment of Philip to the command of the Amphictyonic forces in the

succeeding year. This was followed by the seizure of Elateia; the alarm at Athens, when Philip's real designs were unmasked; and the disastrous battle of Chæroneia, B. C. 338 which struck the blow most fatal to the liberty of Greece. The spirit of party was high and violent at Athens. Demosthenes, who had been the soul of the confederacy, and had fought in the ranks, on his return to Athens was assailed by every form of legal annoyance and personal abuse; and when his political and personal friend, Ctesiphon, in order to bring the popular feeling to a test, proposed to confer on Demosthenes a golden crown, Æschines instantly stepped forward and arrested the proceeding by impeaching Ctesiphon under a process which I shall explain in the next Lecture. The oration which he delivered, when after several years the trial was held, was the last and the greatest effort of his genius. But able and eloquent as it was, the attack was unsuccessful. Æschines, feeling that his career was over, retired from Athens, wandered for a time among the cities of Asia Minor as a lecturer on rhetoric, established a school in Rhodes, and finally removed to Samos, where he died in 314 B. C.

The circumstances of his life were not very favorable to the formation of a lofty and patriotic character. It required more firmness than he possessed to resist the influences that surrounded him, — to bear the pressure of poverty with disdain for the temptations of wealth. No man ever doubted the integrity of Phocion, though impartial history must pronounce him perverse and ill-judging; but Æschines, agreeing with him as a political partisan, fell most justly under the general suspicion of having allowed himself to be tampered with by Philip and Alexander. Yet he was man of undoubted genius and of unimpeached courage. In personal advantages, in robust health, in strength and clearness of voice, in external qualifications for the career of an orator, he was altogether superior to Demosthenes. His style is perspicuous, fluent, lively, and rhythmical; but the fatal facility of extemporaneous speaking deprived it of the compactness and nervous energy which dis-

tinguish the style of the master. What he chiefly wanted was integrity of soul and devotion to his country, — the great sources of the political eloquence which is to live forever in the hearts of men.

Before closing, I must say a few words of Hyperides, a political friend, and, with a single exception, an ardent supporter of Demosthenes. He was some years older than his leader; but the year of his birth is not known. He belonged to a wealthy family. In his youth he received the instructions of Plato and Isocrates, and in all other customary ways had the best education Athens could give him. From his own resources he contributed munificently to the public service. In 358 B. C. he procured a private subscription for forty triremes, in the war against Philip in Eubœa. In one year he served the trierarchic liturgy personally at Byzantium, and bore the expenses of a chorus at Athens. He was sent on an embassy to Rhodes in 351 B. C. In 346 he prosecuted Philocrates, one of the leading politicians in the interest of Philip. When Philip seized Elateia he was ambassador with Demosthenes to Thebes, and after the battle of Chæroneia he proposed a decree to give the rights of citizenship to resident aliens, to restore the ἀτίμοι, or degraded, to their former rank, and to send the women, children, and sacred objects down to Peiræus, preparatory to making a final stand against Philip. When prosecuted on a *paranomōn graphé*, that is, an indictment for proposing illegal measures, he said: "The Macedonian arms darkened my vision; it was not I who wrote the decree, but the battle of Chæroneia." He was one of the orators demanded by Alexander after the capture of Thebes. In the affair of Harpalus he separated from Demosthenes, having been previously his fast friend; but the ground of the difference was excessive zeal in opposition to Macedonia. Hyperides urged the Athenians to receive Harpalus, and to employ his treasures against the Macedonians; Demosthenes thought this imprudent, and, believing that it would bring down on Athens the irresistible vengeance of Alexander, — true patriot as he was, —



opposed it. In the litigations that grew out of this affair Hyperides was appointed one of the public prosecutors of Demosthenes and others, who were implicated in the report of the Areopagus. He discharged his duty with some degree of vehemence, and Demosthenes was compelled to go into exile. But these illustrious men were found side by side, after the death of Alexander, in the Lamian war, and were never separated again, except by death. Hyperides fled from Athens after the battle of Crannon, and took refuge in the temple of Æacus in Ægina, from which he was torn by Archias, the hunter of fugitives, sent a prisoner to Antipater, and put to a barbarous death.

All the ancient critics praise the acuteness, subtilty, and elegance of Hyperides, and delight in eulogizing his suavity, his wit, his urbanity, his irony, his gentlemanly humor; but we were obliged to take their word for it. Until 1850, all that was known of the sixty or more orations of which the titles remain was a few brief fragments, the largest of which was a short passage quoted by Stobæus from his funeral discourse. But there have been found among old papyri brought to England by Mr. Harris and Mr. Arden, first, a considerable portion of the oration on the case of Harpalus; secondly, nearly the whole of a judicial plea for Lycophron; thirdly, the whole of a speech for Euxenippus, — all curious and important in their illustrations of points in Attic law; and finally, the greater part of the funeral oration, pronounced in the Cerameicus at Athens, in honor of Leosthenes and the soldiers who fell in the Lamian war, — the last act of Grecian independence, B. C. 322. This oration was thought by the ancients one of his best; and, wholly apart from the singular interest that attaches to its recent discovery, it is certainly one of the most instructive documents of ancient literature. The topics are the praises of the city, of Leosthenes the commander, and of his fallen soldiers. He eulogizes their bravery, and the noble motives and character of Leosthenes; and brings in very happy allusions to Thermopylæ, which was in sight from the walls of Lamia.

I received a copy of this discourse a short time since ; and I close by reading a few sentences from it, — the first time they have ever been heard by a modern audience.

“Our city deserves to be honored for having chosen a line of conduct more august and noble than any of her former deeds ; the soldiers deserve our eulogy for their valor in war, and because they have done no discredit to the virtues of our ancestors ; and Leosthenes, the general, for both : he was the author of the policy, and then became the commander of his countrymen in the war.”

Speaking of the city, he says : “For as the sun passes over the whole earth, dividing the hours in his course, and clothing all things with beauty —” Here the envious hand of Time has torn away a piece from the manuscript, and the rest of this fine comparison is lost.

In speaking of the general, he says : “Leosthenes, seeing all Greece humiliated, and her ancient glory stained by those who had accepted bribes from Philip and Alexander to the ruin of their own countries, — seeing that our city wanted a man, and that all Greece wanted a city that should be able to assume the leadership, — consecrated himself to the liberty of Athens, and Athens to the liberty of the Greeks.”

Again : “Who could not justly eulogize the citizens slain in this war, who gave their lives for the liberty of the Greeks, deeming it the most conspicuous proof of their devotion to the freedom of Hellas, that they were willing to die in battle for her defence ? . . . . With Leosthenes, then, who strengthened his countrymen to dare such deeds unshrinkingly, and bravely to offer themselves as companions in arms to such a general, ought they not, on account of such a display of valor, to be rather pronounced happy, than unhappy in the loss of life, — they who have won for the mortal body immortal renown, and by their personal valor established the common liberty of the Greeks ? Their fathers have become illustrious, and their mothers the objects of admiration to the citizens ; their sisters have been, and will be, sought in distinguished marriages ;

their sons will find access to the people's favor, by the virtue of those who have died, — no, not died, — this word does not apply to those who have laid down their lives for honor, — but have exchanged this life for a better post."

And finally: "If they have not partaken of the old age of mortality, they have yet received a renown untouched by age, and have become happy in all respects. Of those who have died childless, the applauses of the Greeks shall be the immortal offspring. For those who leave children, the country's gratitude shall be their children's guardian. Besides, if death be the same as never to have been born, they are freed from sickness and sorrow, and all the other evils that befall the life of man. But if there is knowledge in the other world, and God's care, as we believe, then those who have sustained the failing honors of the gods will most assuredly enjoy the highest favor of Heaven."



## LECTURE XII.

### DEMOSTHENES.

ON the eastern side of Hymettus there lies a quiet and beautiful valley, still called by its ancient name of Mesogæa, or Midland. In the days of Athenian power this pleasant region was occupied by populous villages adorned with works of art, and the dwellings of citizens, who loved to retire from the tumults of the city, to breathe the country air and soothe their minds with rural employments. Just below the highest point of Hymettus lay the deme or district of Pæania, over which the shadows fell long before the sun went down behind the Arcadian hills or was hidden from the Acropolis. In this retired place, now marked by a few foundations of ancient houses, there lived in the first half of the fourth century B. C. the family of a wealthy and active citizen, not belonging to the ancient nobility of Athens, yet not without honorable distinction. The head of the family had a large establishment in the city for the manufacture of cutlery and furniture. By his honest and successful industry he had made a considerable fortune to add to the dower he received with his wife. He had married early in life the daughter of Gylon, an Athenian, who, placed in command of a military force, on a distant expedition, had incurred the popular displeasure by failure, and had established himself in the neighborhood of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, where he received from one of the Greek princes an estate called the Gardens. Living in exile, and married to the daughter of a wealthy Greek colonist, he could not forget his native Athens. He sent his two daughters thither, and in course of time they were married, — the one to Demochares,

the other, Cleobule, to Demosthenes of Pæania, the sword-maker and furniture-dealer, whose country-seat was at the eastern foot of Mount Hymettus.

A few years later, a sickly boy of seven, clad in mourning, might be seen shyly walking through the streets of Athens, under the care of a domestic, to one of the schools where the sons of the richer citizens received the elements of education. The boy was too feeble and nervous to join in the rough play of his companions; but he was assiduous in his studies, easily roused to enthusiasm by noble and generous thoughts, serious and meditative altogether beyond his years. If he lingered on the way, it was to gaze on the Parthenon and the Propylæa, the beauty and splendor of which, felt but not understood, filled his soul and overflowed his eyes. Sometimes he would be seen at evening strolling in the shadows of Hymettus with a fair young girl, two years younger than himself, his own orphan sister. The mother was still alive, and watched with tender care over these two children, whose education she managed with more than usual intelligence. As the boy grew up, his ardor for study increased, and the best teachers were employed to direct his pursuits. In the arts of composition he was trained in the school of Isæus, perhaps also in that of Isocrates. Plato was then at the head of the Academy, and to that source of noble philosophy and splendid eloquence the youth resorted; and here he must often have met the young Aristotle, who, two years older, had come from Stageira to study under the same great master. As he strolled thoughtfully past the theatre, or through the Agora, or below the Pnyx, on his way to and from the place of instruction, he saw the dicasts assembling to sit in judgment on the lives and fortunes of the citizens, and the people crowding to the theatre or the Pnyx to hear the reports of ambassadors, and to debate on public questions of peace or war. Probably he would venture at times to follow the multitude upon the slope of the Pnyx, and, lingering on the outskirts of the assembly, would catch the accents of the orators from the bema. No doubt his soul

was often stirred to its depths by the animating sights and thrilling sounds that met the eye and ear in that central scene of throbbing democratic life; and the excited boy went to his quiet home under the shadows of Hymettus, musing on what he had beheld and heard, and full of vague aspirations and dreamy hopes. But alas! nature had denied him the strength for the palæstra, and the sturdy boys of his age despised the slender and puny stripling, whose awkward manner, straggling motions, and lisping articulation made him a butt for their rude jests, and, as they thought, a proper subject of the barbarous wit which delights in giving insulting nicknames.

On one occasion, when he was still a youth of fifteen, he persuaded his attendant to accompany him to the court, where Callistratus, an orator, statesman, and general, was to be tried on the charge of having betrayed Oropos to the Thebans. The tutor, having some acquaintance, as Plutarch says, with the doorkeepers, secured a place where the boy might sit unseen and hear what was said. The speech of Callistratus appears to have been powerful and eloquent, and to have excited the enthusiasm of the youth to the highest pitch. From this moment his career was chosen, in spite of every obstacle. From this moment he devoted himself to the studies which should qualify him to be an advocate and an orator.

In the course of his reading he came upon the history of the Peloponnesian war, by Thucydides. There were in the style and sentiments of this immortal work just the qualities to seize upon the earnest spirit of the young man. In the clear and compact narrative, the profound philosophy, the nervous eloquence of the speeches, especially in the noble image of his country's glory presented in the great oration of Pericles over those who had fallen in the war, the student found a tone which made his heart-strings vibrate, and filled his soul with inexpressible delight. With his own hand he copied the work eight times, and thus made himself master of all its treasures of thought and style.

Such were the childhood and youth of Demosthenes, son of



Demosthenes the Pæanian, and of Cleobule, born at the Gardens in the Cimmerian Bosphorus. The year of his birth is disputed, the dates varying from B. C. 385 to 380; but the most probable date is B. C. 382. After the death of his father his affairs were managed by guardians appointed by the will of the elder Demosthenes, — Aphobus, Demophon, and Therippides. Under a very peculiar provision of the Attic law, the will directed that the widow should marry Aphobus, he receiving with her a dowry of eighty minæ (about fourteen hundred dollars); that Demophon should marry the daughter when she reached the proper age, with a dowry of two talents (two thousand dollars); and that Therippides should receive the interest of seventy minæ — which at twelve per cent, the legal rate of interest, would have been about one hundred and forty dollars annually — until the son should be of age. The whole estate was estimated at about fifteen talents. The unfaithful guardians took not only the money devised to them, but a great deal more; while in the matter of the marriages they failed to comply with the provisions of the will, to the great satisfaction, I have no doubt, both of the mother and the daughter. But when Demosthenes reached his majority, he found from the accounts of these dishonest men that he was to receive only seventy minæ, — not quite twelve hundred dollars. The training he had received under Isæus had given him a familiarity with the laws of inheritance, and without delay he commenced a suit against the guardians for the recovery of his property. The case was twice examined by the Diætetæ, or arbitrators, who decided in favor of the suitor. Finally it was carried before the Archon, in an action against Aphobus alone, and the court awarded to the claimant ten talents. He probably received some portion of the money; for we find that his position was always that of a man of sufficient means, and his studies were by no means abandoned or remitted at this time.

The pleas of the young orator have been preserved. They are models of the clear statement of facts, — giving an exact

inventory of the estate at the time of his father's death, and the value of each item of property,—of close logical argument, and of cogent application of the principles of the law. They show a sound head, good judgment, and the most practical mode of dealing with practical subjects; but the occasion required none of those peculiar and commanding powers which afterwards swayed the hearts and intellects of the people. They give us a very favorable opinion of the taste and sense of the young pleader, and of the calm, judicial character of the court. There is a difficulty in fixing the early dates in the career of Demosthenes, on account of the conflicting statements as to the year of his birth. These proceedings, however, appear to have commenced in 366 B. C., and the suit against Aphobus to have been decided in 364 B. C.

Demosthenes was no doubt encouraged by his success in this cause to continue to study the art of speaking, and to venture to address the people. But he found that it was one thing to argue a question of inheritance before a court of law, and quite another to stand upon the bema and address the multitude on a matter of public interest. Here his personal defects—his short breath, his indistinct utterance, his clumsily constructed sentences, and his awkward angular gestures—told terribly against him. His speech was worse than a failure; it was derided and hooted at. Again and again he hazarded himself on the bema; but the assembly refused to hear him, and the dream of his youth seemed on the point of vanishing forever. Yet there were persons present who had the sagacity to discern under this unpromising exterior the true value of the hidden germ. Eunomus, an old man, who in his boyhood had listened to Pericles, meeting Demosthenes one day, as he strolled disconsolately about the Peiræus, took him to task for giving up so easily, accused him of a mean and cowardly spirit, and ended by paying him the splendid compliment of comparing his diction to that of Pericles. We can easily imagine the thrill of delight which shot through the young man's frame when he heard this encouraging comment. On another occa-

sion, Satyrus, the player, his familiar friend, followed him as he slunk away from the assembly with his head muffled up, and, drawing him into conversation, listened kindly to his complaint, that, while sots and ignorant fellows were readily heard and carried away the applauses of the people, he, the most industrious and painstaking of the speakers, could find no acceptance. Satyrus begged him to recite some passage from Sophocles or Euripides. Demosthenes complied. Satyrus repeated the lines after him, with proper tone, action, and look, so that it appeared to Demosthenes a wholly different thing. He now gave himself up to the severest labors, resolved that he would remedy his own defects. He told Demetrius Phalereus, many years afterwards, that he overcame his inarticulate and stammering pronunciation by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; that he strengthened his voice by declaiming and reciting verses and speeches, when out of breath, while running, or walking up hill; and that in his house he had a large mirror, before which he stood and went through his exercises. We learn from other sources that he was accustomed to walk on the long beach of Phalerum, and declaim to the waves, that he might learn not to be disconcerted by the tumults of a stormy popular assembly. I have myself walked over the same long beach, — though not for the same purpose, — and, recalling Demosthenes, brought away some of the pebbles, hoping that they might be of use to some of my Demosthenean friends. The story of his shutting himself up and shaving one half of his head, that he might not dare to venture out for months at a time, is somewhat apocryphal. But he made every subject that came up in his common intercourse with the citizens subservient to his one great object, “taking from hence,” says Plutarch, “occasions and arguments to work upon.” After a conversation or discussion, he would retire from the company, go over again all the topics by himself, and reduce the subject-matter to writing, starting objections, rearranging the arguments, and changing the forms of expression in every possible way. Perseverance such as his deserved success, and he



gained it at no distant time. His first prosecution of Meidias took place in 361 B. C. The speech is lost, but the cause was gained.

To the year 355 B. C. belongs one of the most remarkable and interesting orations of Demosthenes, — one praised by Dionysius as being the most finished and graceful of all his works, and placed by Wolf next in excellence to the Oration on the Crown. It is the oration against the law of Leptines, delivered on the following occasion. The finances of Athens were in an embarrassed condition, and a citizen, Leptines by name, with the view of relieving the treasury of some of its burdens, proposed and carried a law that no citizen or resident alien should be exempt from the ordinary public burdens or the costly liturgies, except the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. One form of rewarding distinguished public services was to grant such exemption, under the name of *ἀτέλεια*, which was sometimes bestowed in perpetuity upon the family of a benefactor of the state. But it was argued by Leptines and those who supported his proposition, that this honor and privilege had been profusely and unwisely granted, and was now held by many unworthy persons, to the damage of the state. The proposer of a new law was liable, for one year after its passage, to prosecution for unconstitutional procedure. A person named Bathippus resorted to this process; but before the case came to trial he died, and no further proceedings were held until after the year had expired. This exempted Leptines from any further personal liability; but the law itself might still be made the object of a legitimate attack. Aphepsion, the son of Bathippus, and Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias, the latter of whom inherited the immunity from his father, renewed the prosecution, under the form of an impeachment of the law. According to legal precedents, the author of the law and four others were appointed advocates to defend it. The prosecutors engaged Phormion and Demosthenes as counsel. Phormion spoke for Aphepsion, and Demosthenes for Ctesippus. Of all the speeches made on this very interest-

ing trial, that of Demosthenes is the only one preserved. The arguments on the other side are to be inferred mainly from this speech. The reasons against the law are various; but the most important and interesting point, in a general view of political ethics, is the high ground assumed by the young advocate in support of the public faith. He presses other considerations with great force upon the minds of the jury,—such as the slight advantage it would be to the state, in a pecuniary point of view, to revoke these immunities, the inexpediency and danger of taking away or lessening the power of the people to encourage public virtue by the variety of public rewards, and the damage which this would cause to the interests of the state, in abating the good-will they had hitherto enjoyed on the part of foreign citizens and rulers. But the great point on which Demosthenes relies is the sacredness and inviolability of the public faith. On this point he early lays down the highest principle, and makes it the foundation of his whole argument. He says: “How is it otherwise than disgraceful, men of Athens, when a law has been passed requiring the truth to be spoken in the market-place, in cases where a falsehood works no harm to the community, that the same city which has enjoined this duty upon private citizens should not observe the truth in public affairs, but should defraud those who have rendered her services, and that too with the certainty of bringing on herself a heavy penalty? For you are to consider whether you are to love money alone, and not also an honorable fame, for which you are more anxious than for money; nor you alone, but your ancestors. The proof is, that, when they had acquired the most abundant wealth, they spent it all for honor, they shrank from no dangers for glory, and persevered to the end, lavishing their private fortunes besides in the same cause. Now, however, instead of an honorable name, this law attaches to the state a dishonored one, unworthy of your ancestors and yourselves; for it brings upon us three of the greatest reproaches,—the reputation of being envious, unfaithful, ungrateful.”

Such is the principle of public morality which Demosthenes presses on the people, as the chief inducement to repeal a law which they have inconsiderately passed,—a law which violated the public faith by impairing the obligation of a solemn contract. In its scope and substance the argument of Demosthenes may be compared with Mr. Webster's plea for Dartmouth College before the Supreme Court of the United States. Both of the great lawyers had the like success; both vindicated the public honor, and established, with an invincible force of reasoning, the sanctity of the faith of a state when once pledged by legislative enactment. It gives us a good opinion of our judicial institutions, when we find the supreme tribunal peacefully undoing the work of mischievous legislation, and the commonwealth thus overruled meekly submitting to the high mandate of justice;—does it not give us an equally good opinion of the people of Athens, when we see them quietly undoing their own ill-considered work, under the persuasion of the lofty words of truth and honor from the lips of that young man?

In 354 B. C., ten years after the successful pleading against Aphobus, Demosthenes, being now probably twenty-eight years old, delivered a most able and statesmanlike argument against the project, then much favored by the popular leaders, of making war against Persia. It had been years before a frequent topic in the political discourses of Isocrates; and the popular feeling was easily roused by the prospect of victories in the East. But Demosthenes, though young, and eager for popular applause, yet, foreseeing what many older and more experienced men either did not foresee or had not the courage to say, warned the Athenians that they had enemies enough at home without provoking hostilities abroad, and that their true policy was, not to exhaust themselves in a foreign war, but to introduce into their public administration such reforms as would enable them to meet successfully any foe from whatever quarter he might come. He therefore seized the opportunity of proposing certain changes in the naval department that would



render it more efficient. On the Persian question the young statesman carried the assembly with him ; no naval reform was adopted until several years afterward. The speech closes in this just and moderate tone : “ That I may not weary you, men of Athens, with long speaking, I will close after having repeated the heads of my advice. I advise you to prepare against the enemies you have ; to defend yourselves against the king and all others, if they attempt to injure you, with this same force ; but to begin no unjust word or deed, and to see to it that our actions, and not the speeches on the bema, be worthy of our ancestors. If you do this, you will do what is for your own interest, and for the interest of those who give you the opposite advice ; for you will not afterwards make them feel your anger for the errors into which they would have led you.”

When we consider the circumstances under which this oration was delivered, the orator’s former experience of the temper of the popular assembly, and his eager desire to win the ear of the people, we cannot but admire the independence and the moral courage required to resist the popular current, no less than the sagacity of the young statesman, who saw clearly what the true interests of his country demanded.

The speech on Megalopolis was delivered in the following year, urging the Athenians to protect that city against the Lacedæmonians. Here again the young orator takes a very sober and practical view of the interests of his country ; but they had not the wisdom to follow his counsels, and so alienated the Arcadian confederacy that, when they again needed aid against the designs of Sparta, they applied, not to Athens, but to Philip, and thus gave that wily prince an opportunity to interfere and intrigue in the affairs of the Peloponnesus.

In the course of the same year Demosthenes prosecuted Meidias for an outrage committed on his person during a sacred festival in which he had taken a leading part. His tribe — the Pandionian — had neglected for two years to make the usual preparations for the liturgy in the lyrical, musical, and dramatic

entertainments; and in 354 B. C., to save the honor of the tribe, Demosthenes had volunteered to bear the expenses of the Choregia. Meidias, who nursed some old resentments growing out of the prosecution of the guardians, showed his malignant disposition by every species of impertinent annoyance, and at length proceeded to open violence by entering the goldsmith's shop and endeavoring to destroy the golden crowns which the orator had provided for his chorus, and finally by inflicting blows upon Demosthenes, while performing his duties in the orchestra in the sacred character of Choregus. After the festival was over Demosthenes prosecuted him, first, under the process called a *probolé*, before the people, somewhat like the modern inquest before a grand-jury; and, they having decided that there was sufficient ground of action, the case was referred for adjudication to one of the courts. It is uncertain whether it ever came to trial; Plutarch asserts that it was compromised on the payment of thirty minæ (about five hundred dollars); and Æschines, in the Oration against Ctesiphon, accuses Demosthenes of having accepted money for blows. Mr. Grote, however, is of opinion that the cause came to trial, and some expressions in the existing speech imply that terms of settlement had been offered and rejected.

These speeches, taken in connection with the facts of his biography, suffice to show how firm and strong was the character enshrined in the slender form of Demosthenes, and how lofty were the principles of public and private morality which he had bravely adopted, before he brought them to the test of the life-long conflict for which Providence was preparing him.

Up to this time no mention has been made of Philip and Macedonian affairs. He had undoubtedly watched the course of that monarch with the closest scrutiny, and formed his own opinion both of his designs and of his ability to accomplish them. Among the topics of conversation at Athens in his youth, the residence of the prince in Thebes must have often occurred; and when he repaired to the Macedonian capital, assumed the government, and proceeded with such extraordinary vigor to

put down all opposition, I cannot doubt that the young statesman at Athens was vigilantly observing every event in his course. When the time came for him to take his ground, his mind was made up, and his knowledge of Philip was exact and thorough; and it may be added, that, though he was not the only opponent of the Macedonian policy, he was the one man in Athens who best comprehended it. Philip had been king seven years. He had organized a powerful army; he had taken Amphipolis, B. C. 358; he had reduced Pydna and Potidæa. He had begun to work the mines near Philippi, from which he derived a thousand talents a year. In 354 B. C. he attacked Methone, the only remaining possession of the Athenians on the Thermaic Gulf, and he now threatened their possessions in the Chersonesus, where several years before he had made some hostile demonstrations. He interfered in the Phocian war; took Pheræ, and laid siege to Pagasæ; and, though the Athenians had succeeded in preventing him from passing the strait of Thermopylæ by sending a fleet thither, yet, as Mr. Grote says, "the king of Macedon had become the ascendant soldier and potentate, hanging on the skirts of the Grecian world, exciting fears or hopes, or both at once, in every city throughout its limits." The attack of Philip on Heræon Teichos, a stronghold near the Athenian possessions, towards the end of 352 B. C., excited much alarm, and the question what was to be done was earnestly debated in the Pnyx. The older statesmen were Eubulus and Phocion. Demosthenes was a careful observer of what was going forward, and, thinking their counsels wholly unsuited to so grave an emergency, early in 351 B. C. he pronounced his first oration against Philip and his designs, he himself being about thirty-one years of age. At the assembly at which it was delivered he was the first to speak, for which, in the opening part of the address, he makes a modest apology. Young as he was, and important as was the crisis in public affairs, the oration shows not only the most commanding eloquence, but administrative talent of the highest character. He boldly points out the faults of the



people of Athens, their supineness, negligence, and treasonable and dangerous love of pleasure, and lays before them in detail a scheme of public policy which will remedy the past and give security for the future. Philip has gained all his advantages by his incessant activity; "for all are willing to support and give heed to those who are prepared and prompt to do their duty." Such is the key-note of this most animating address. "When, men of Athens, will you do what is required? When what shall have happened? Why, when it is necessary, to be sure. But now, what are we to think of the events taking place? I think the greatest necessity for freemen is shame for the condition of their affairs. Do you wish, tell me, to run about and inquire of each other, 'Is there any news?' Why, what greater news can there be than a Macedonian man subduing Athenians in war, and regulating the affairs of the Greeks? Is Philip dead? No, but he is sick. What difference does that make to you? None; for if anything should happen to him, you will quickly create another Philip, if you continue thus to give heed to your affairs. For he has grown in power not so much by his own strength as by your negligence."

In another place he illustrates the unmethodical and improvident way in which the Athenians have conducted the war with Philip by a plain but very apt comparison. "You, men of Athens, have the largest forces, — ships of war, infantry, cavalry, pecuniary supplies, — but down to the present day you have not used one of them to any good purpose. You carry on the war with Philip just as the barbarians box. Among them, he who is struck always clears to the blow; if you strike him in another place, there go his hands; to put himself on guard, to look you in the eye, he neither knows how nor desires to do so. And you, if you hear of Philip in the Chersonesus, vote to send a force there; if in Thermopylæ, there; if anywhere else, the same. You run up and down after his movements, and are led by him; you have formed no plan for the war; you foresee nothing before the events, before

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you have learned that something has happened or is happening."

After the most stirring appeals to the honorable pride of his fellow-citizens, he closes, kindly and modestly: "I have never before chosen to speak for your favor that which I have not been persuaded would be for your good; and now I have uttered all that I think, freely, honestly, and without disguise. I could wish that, as I know it will be for your interest to hear the best counsels, I equally knew it would be for the advantage of him who gives them. For I should then have spoken with much more satisfaction to myself. But now, quite uncertain of what will be the result to me personally, I nevertheless have determined to give this advice, in the thorough conviction that it will be for your good if you act according to it. And may that prevail which shall benefit you all!"

In 351 B. C., Demosthenes delivered a speech on the freedom of the Rhodians, advising the Athenians to support the popular party there. Here again he had to run counter to the passions of the moment, as the Athenians, irritated by injuries which they had received, were disinclined to aid the Rhodians in this emergency. Demosthenes was wise enough to see that conciliation was the best policy, and advised a generous course; but the people were not wise enough to adopt his counsel, and suffered for their folly, as they always did. He closes thus: "I think you ought to take hold of this business with vigor, and to adopt a line of conduct worthy of the city, remembering that you delight to hear the praises of your ancestors, the narrative of their exploits, and the enumeration of their trophies. Bear in mind, then, that your ancestors consecrated these trophies, not only that you might admire them as you gaze upon them, but that you might imitate the virtues of those who consecrated them."

In 349 B. C., when Philip attacked the Olynthians, they sent ambassadors to Athens to implore aid against him. Demosthenes delivered, in the course of that year, the three spirited and eloquent speeches bearing the title of the Olynthiacs, in support

of the requests of the Olynthian ambassadors. In their general tone they resemble the Philippics. Perhaps the attacks upon Philip are even bolder and more energetic. Thus, in speaking of the necessary insecurity of his power, on account of the wrongs he has committed in acquiring it, the orator bursts out: "It is not possible, it is not possible, men of Athens, that a man can acquire permanent power by injustice, perjury, and falsehood. Such things succeed for once, and last for a little while, and flourish mightily in promise, but they are detected in time, and fall in ruin upon themselves. For as the foundation of a house or ship or other such structure must be the strongest part, so the rules and principles of conduct must be true and just. And this is not the case with the actions of Philip." Notwithstanding the eloquence of Demosthenes and the efforts of the Athenians, the fate of Olynthus was at length sealed through the treachery of two of its citizens, — Lasthenes and Euthykrates, corrupted by Philip.

During the Olynthian war, Philip had given some hints of a desire to make peace with Athens. Philocrates moved the sending an embassy to open negotiations; and Æschines, Demosthenes, and others—ten in all—were joined with him. On their return they were soon followed by ministers from Philip. The terms of a treaty were discussed in two assemblies, and were agreed to by a committee appointed to represent the people, who in that capacity took the customary oath. The same persons were sent to Macedonia on a second embassy, with instructions to receive the oaths from Philip at the earliest possible moment. Against the remonstrances of Demosthenes, they lingered on the way; and when they arrived at Pella, and found that the king was absent on an expedition to the Bosphorus, instead of following him thither, and exchanging the ratifications at once, according to their instructions, they remained quiet for three months, awaiting his return, even then allowed him to complete his preparations for his meditated attack on the Phocians, and accompanied him on his march to Thessaly, where at length the ceremony was

universal terror pervaded the meeting. But Demosthenes, waiting to see if any of his opponents had anything to say, at length, as they were all speechless, took the bema, and in a powerful speech urged an immediate alliance with Thebes, as the only means of averting destruction. His advice was promptly taken. Hyperides and Demosthenes were put upon the mission. They hurried to Thebes, and found an eloquent and able representative of Philip already on the ground. Demosthenes answered him in detail, point by point, in the presence of the Theban people, and carried the day. The forces of the two cities were immediately united; and so formidable was their display of vigor that Philip was alarmed. Partial engagements followed, in which the confederates were successful, and all was joy and exultation at Athens. Philip sued for peace, and the Thebans were inclined to grant it; but Demosthenes, seeing that such a measure was all in Philip's favor, and that now or never was the time to strike a blow for national independence, resisted the proposition with such force of argument that it was wholly abandoned. The army marched to Chæroneia, and there was overthrown by that fatal defeat, with the loss of a thousand Athenian citizens — and of the liberty of Greece.

After the battle, Demosthenes returned to Athens, and was immediately charged with the duty of superintending the fortifications, as it was supposed that Philip would march directly upon the city and besiege it. As he did not take this course, a general system of repairs was adopted, and appropriations were made from the public treasury, Demosthenes adding largely from his own private resources. He was elected by the people to pronounce the eulogy on those who fell at Chæroneia, — a remarkable fact, when it is considered that this disastrous event was, in one sense, the result of his policy. His antagonists and personal enemies did not scruple to seize the opportunity of assailing him by every form which the laws of Athens allowed, and he was daily harassed by the attacks of such contemptible persons as Sosicles, Diondas, Melan-



thus, and other *sycophants*, in the interest, if not in the pay, of Macedonia, and then swarming in the city. Their object was to ruin him in the estimation of the country, by making the people believe that he had been a traitor, and a bad and profligate man in private, and that he deserved the execrations of his countrymen. To bring the matter to a point, Ctesiphon, a political friend of the illustrious statesman, moved in the Senate of the Five Hundred, that a golden crown be voted to Demosthenes, in token of the public approbation of the fidelity and ability with which he had served his country. This was one of the ancient forms of rewarding great civic merit. The motion was immediately carried in the Senate; but, before it could be executed, the law required that it should also pass the popular assembly. Another provision of Attic law permitted any citizen to arrest a legislative act, at the first stage, by prosecuting the author of it for *unconstitutional proceeding*. The question thus raised had to be decided by due course of law, before the proposed measure could be consummated. Availing himself of this provision, Æschines, the leader of the Macedonian party at Athens, prosecuted Ctesiphon on what was technically called a *paranomōn graphé*, alleging that the laws had been violated in three points; — first, by proposing to crown a still accountable officer; secondly, by unlawfully changing the prescribed place; and thirdly, the most important of all, by proposing to crown a man who was unworthy of public respect.

Ctesiphon was the ostensible object of the prosecution; but everybody knew that it was to be a violent attack on Demosthenes. Demosthenes, therefore, appeared in court, technically as of counsel for Ctesiphon, but in effect to defend his own public and private life. Ctesiphon opened the defence, probably in a brief speech *pro forma*, but this is not preserved. The great battle was fought by Demosthenes. The city of Athens was crowded by a concourse of visitors, assembled to witness such a display of forensic powers as never was seen before or since; for a long interval — seven or eight years —

had occurred between the entering of the complaint and the trial, and the points of the case had been generally discussed, on account of the eminence of the parties.

Of the oration delivered by Æschines I have already spoken as undoubtedly the ablest of all his productions; but it was far inferior to that of Demosthenes in force and cogency of argument, in severity of invective, and in loftiness of moral tone and patriotic spirit. Æschines not only failed to gain his point; he received not one fifth of the votes, nor enough to save him from the penalties of malicious prosecution. What became of him was related in the last Lecture.

Philip was assassinated in 336 B. C., two years after the battle of Chæroneia. The efforts of Demosthenes to form a new combination against Macedonia were defeated by the unexpected energy of Alexander; and the destruction of Thebes, B. C. 335, was the last warning the youthful monarch gave just before he set out on his Eastern campaign. During his absence Greece remained in quiet, though the leaders were watching the opportunity for another outbreak. The arrival, B. C. 325, of Harpalus, whom Alexander had left in Babylon in charge of his treasures, and who had proved faithless to his trust, gave, as some thought, the desired opportunity. He brought with him seven or eight hundred talents of the royal gold, and asked to be received into the city; and now, as I stated in speaking of Hyperides, occurred the first and only break in the political concord of Demosthenes and Hyperides. The latter ardently advocated the reception of Harpalus, and the employment of the money in stirring up a rebellion against Alexander; the former opposed it as rash, and dangerous to the city. No doubt he recalled the fate of Thebes, and anticipated a similar doom for his beloved Athens, foreseeing no possibility of resisting the terrible Macedonian, should he return fierce for blood and flushed with his Oriental conquests. He steadily opposed the petition of Harpalus, evidently on the best of grounds; but when, after his arrival, the money was placed in the city treasury, and the amount of it was found to

be much less than the sum Harpalus had mentioned on having been, at the suggestion of Demosthenes, questioned in the assembly, the inquiry was instantly started, Who could have taken it? The discrepancy amounted to the enormous sum of about three hundred talents; and every public man became at once an object of suspicion. On motion of Demosthenes the investigation of the subject was referred to the Areopagus. That body spent about six months in the inquiry, and finally made a most extraordinary report, in which they mentioned a number of names, and specified the sums the persons bearing them had taken, but gave no facts or proofs in confirmation of their statement. This report was made the basis of legal proceedings, and Hyperides was appointed one of the prosecutors of those who were implicated by the Areopagus. The case was tried, and Demosthenes was condemned. He made his escape from the prison to which he was first committed, with the connivance, it is thought, of the magistrates, and passed the time of his exile partly at Trœzen, and partly at Ægina, whence he could look over the sea to the shores of his native land. As I have mentioned, portions of the oration of Hyperides have lately been found, — evidently the main points of the accusation. Like the Areopagus, he furnishes no proof whatever. His great argument is simply the report of the Areopagus: "That you received the gold, I consider it a sufficient proof for the jury that the Areopagus condemned you." Again: "Permission was granted them to return the gold; they have not restored it, and what are we to do with them? Let them go unpunished? It were shameful, judges, thus to hazard the safety of the city."

Mr. Grote has carefully examined the case, and arrived at the conclusion that the report of the Areopagus and the verdict of the jury were both political. Both bodies dreaded the vengeance of Alexander; and to appease his formidable wrath, they selected the men who were most obnoxious to him, and condemned them without proof, as a kind of sacrifice to a supposed political necessity. It seems to me that this is the true view



of the case, not only from the incorruptible character of Demosthenes, the absence of every particle of evidence, and the very peculiar turn of the argument of Hyperides, but from the fact that, after the death of Alexander, the two orators were found in cordial co-operation; that the Athenians unanimously recalled Demosthenes from exile; that he was brought from Ægina in a public ship, and when he landed at the Peiræus was met by crowds of Athenian citizens of every age, with the magistrates of the city, and escorted, with every demonstration of joy and affection, to his home; and that he pronounced this the happiest day of his life, which he assuredly could not have done had he been conscious of guilt.

Alas! this joy was but transient. The defeat of the new confederates at Crannon, the march of Antipater and Craterus upon Athens, and the hard terms imposed upon the conquered city, drove the patriotic party again to despair. Demosthenes and his friends fled from Athens to such places of refuge as they thought might protect them from the wrath of the conquering barbarians. The temple of Neptune at Calauria, a little inland town near the western shore of the Saronic Gulf, was selected by Demosthenes; but the sacredness of the asylum did not shield him from the rage of Archias, the fugitive hunter, — the brutal officer of Antipater, who pursued him to his retreat. Demosthenes was the only one of the patriots who was not carried alive into the presence of the tyrant, and subjected to vindictive tortures by the enraged miscreant whom fortune had so capriciously favored. Finding himself wholly at the mercy of his enemies, and knowing what that mercy meant, he escaped their vengeance by swallowing poison, which he had long carried about his person; and when it began to take effect, he rose from the altar, staggered to the door in order not to pollute the temple by the presence of a corpse, and fell dead upon the earth.

The greatest of his orations, the greatest speech ever delivered, is doubtless his Oration on the Crown. To be understood fully it must of course be studied long, carefully, and in the in-

comparable original. It is a complete and most triumphant answer to each and all of the charges of Æschines; but, of course, he dwells the longest on the general impeachment of his character. Æschines had declaimed in the most vehement style, had accused him of all kinds of vices, especially of showing himself a coward at Chæroneia, and had assumed for the moment the tone of lofty virtue towards the object of his hatred. "And," says he, — "what is of the greatest importance, — if the young men ask you on what kind of model they must form their lives, what will you answer? For you know well, men of Athens, that neither the palæstræ, nor the schools, nor liberal education, can train the young, but the public proclamation far more. A man of unseemly and profligate life is proclaimed in the theatre as crowned for his virtue, noble conduct, and loyalty; the young, seeing this, are corrupted. A bad and infamous person, like Ctesiphon, has paid the penalty of his vices; the young are instructed. A man, having rendered a verdict contrary to what is noble and just, returning home, attempts to give his son a lesson; but the youth naturally pays no heed to him, and admonition under such circumstances is justly regarded as an annoyance. Cast your votes, then, not only as men sitting in judgment, but as being yourselves the objects of scrutiny, that you may have a defence to offer to those citizens who are not present, but who will question you upon your decision. For you know well, men of Athens, that the city will appear to be of such a character as is the man who is crowned."

On the charge of cowardice, what were the facts? It was originally the false charge of two political enemies; it was copied from them by the uncritical Plutarch. What were the facts? Demosthenes, after having by his able diplomacy brought about the alliance with Thebes, notwithstanding the artifices and the power of Philip, proceeded to organize the confederated army, which encountered the Macedonian phalanx on the fatal field of Chæroneia. In this army he — the statesman at the head of affairs — volunteered as a common soldier, when he might have remained at Athens without a

word of censure. Did that look like cowardice? He fought in the ranks, and he was *not* killed. Is that a proof that he fled like a poltroon? His escape was doubtless much to the chagrin of Æschines, who did *not* risk his own life against the foes of his country, but stayed at home and calumniated those who did. Demosthenes returned to Athens from that disastrous field; and how did the people of Athens receive him? What did they — the sufferers — do and say? They brought their general to trial, and condemned him. They appointed Demosthenes superintendent of the fortifications, against which they supposed Philip would bring his battering engines in a few days, and they requested him to deliver the funeral oration over the ashes of those who had fallen in the battle. Would they have placed a coward in charge of their defences? Would they have chosen a deserter of his post to give utterance to the common sorrow for the death of companions in arms whom he had left to perish? The questions answer themselves. This tribute, under circumstances which would have made, as Demosthenes himself remarked, some popular injustice towards their great leader not unnatural, is mentioned by him in reply to the cruel taunts of Æschines with a touching sensibility and a noble pride. And, in truth, it was not only an honor in which he might properly exult, but an act which sheds eternal lustre upon the Athenian people.

In answer to personal abuse of a more general kind, Demosthenes says: "With regard to his abuse and slander of my private life, see how simple and just is my reply. If you know me to be such as the prosecutor charged, (I have lived nowhere but among you,) do not listen to my voice, however excellent may have been my public measures, but rise up instantly and give your verdict against me."

Æschines described Demosthenes as a sort of evil demon, who had led the country to ruin, and ruined all who had anything to do with him. Demosthenes admits, what could not be denied, that the results were disastrous to the country; but standing up in his moral dignity, he appealed to the examples



of the past, of those illustrious heroes who had laid broad and deep, in brave deeds and generous sacrifices, the foundations of Athenian glory. Was he, the Athenian statesman, with these examples before him, and the immortal monuments of their renown meeting his eye in whatever direction it turned, the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the memorial statues that stood in every open space and on every consecrated height, — was he, Demosthenes, the man to give mean and cowardly counsels to such a city because struggles and perils were threatening? Was he to sit down patiently and see the glories of Athens tarnished by an ignoble surrender to the Macedonian king? And was he now — standing before his countrymen, impeached for advocating the course of honor — to vail his crest because disaster had fallen upon their arms? What says he? “Had the future been evident to all, had all foreseen it, had you, *Æschines*, foretold it and announced it with outcries and exclamations, — you, who never opened your lips, — not even then could the city have withdrawn from this course, if she felt any concern for glory, or for ancestors, or for the coming times. Now; indeed, she is regarded as having failed, which is the common lot of all mankind, whenever such is the will of God; but in the other case, claiming to stand at the head of Greece, and then deserting the post, she would have borne the reproach of having betrayed all to Philip. For had these honors been surrendered without a struggle, for which there was no peril our ancestors did not undergo, who would not have scorned — *you* — *Æschines*, not the city or me?” Again, in a similar strain of exalted morality, he says: “They were willing to expose themselves to perils for glory and honor, rightly and nobly deciding. For to all men death is the boundary of life, even if one should keep himself locked in a cell; but it is the duty of good men ever to aim at all honorable deeds, and, shielding themselves with hope, to bear nobly whatever God may send.”

In meeting the accusation that he had not been faithful to the interests of his country, what is his reply? “Neither when demands were made for my surrender, nor when my enemies

harassed me with Amphictyonic prosecutions, nor when they set upon me these wretches, like wild beasts, have I ever abandoned my loyal attachment to you. From the very outset, I chose this upright and faithful line of public conduct, to devote myself to the honor, the glory, the power of my country,—these to enlarge, with these to have my being.” And again: “Neither opportunities, nor flattering speeches, nor great promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor any other thing, ever tempted me or led me on to betray any one of what I judged to be the rights and interests of my country.” And his country knew that he spoke the truth.

Perhaps what I have said will be thought sufficient to give an idea of the mind and character of the man. There stands in the *Nuovo Braccio* of the Vatican a marble statue, the noblest portrait-statue in existence. It is the statue of Demosthenes, in the act of addressing a court or assembly. The nervous temperament, the spare figure, the exquisite proportions of the head, the concentrated fire and energy in the brow and lips, the earnest bending forward, seeming as if the very marble would speak,—embody the character of the great original with such wonderful truth, that I believe the visitor who had only read and understood the *Oration on the Crown* would exclaim before he saw the name, “There stands Demosthenes.” The nephew of the orator,—the son of that little sister who shared his orphanage,—a statesman too, possessing the patriotic virtues of his uncle, with a similar but unequal vein of eloquence, moved in the assembly to erect a bronze statue to the martyr patriot, and spoke his eulogy in tones that stirred the hearts of his countrymen. Cicero wrote frequently to his friend Atticus to procure statues and other works of art to decorate his *Tusculan villa*, to which he often retired from the noise and strife of Rome, to enjoy the society of his beloved books and friends. The Demosthenes of the Vatican was found at no great distance from *Tusculum*; and I have sometimes pleased myself with the fancy that this is a copy of the bronze statue in the *Agora*, sent to Cicero from Athens, and once adorning his tasteful villa.

Demosthenes was one of the greatest and most perfect characters of antiquity. In his private life he was a man of gentle feelings, but of the most austere virtue. In eating he was temperate; and in drinking he took nothing but water, for which Æschines, who did not follow his example, jeered at him. On the formation of his style he bestowed unwearied pains. From his earliest youth to the last oration he ever spoke, he never ceased to give the profoundest study both to matter and to form. He seldom addressed the assembly in extemporaneous speech, affirming that it was not respectful to the people to speak to them in the crude language of the moment; and Pytheas, one of his detractors, used to say that his orations smelt of the lamp. If by this remark the critic meant to say that the style of the great orator was too labored, or overloaded with ornament, or artificial and formal, nothing can be more unfounded. Demosthenes studied, first, to make his thoughts clear, coherent, and logical; and next, to mould his language into the most absolutely transparent medium of thought. In his manner of speaking, such as it became after he had conquered the awkwardness of his early attempts, he was like one inspired. When Æschines read to his pupils in Rhodes the Oration on the Crown, and they were filled with admiration, he said, "What would you do if you heard the beast deliver it himself?"

He begins in a moderate tone, and with undeniable propositions; he warms with the subject; he reasons with compact and irresistible force; a burst of impassioned eloquence electrifies the assembly; the forms of the mighty dead seem starting from their tombs in the Cereameicus, to stand before him in answer to his vehement apostrophe; the august image of his beloved country, while his memory recalls her glorious history and his eye wanders over the memorials of her great achievements, becomes a living presence to his excited imagination. The language grows more simple, while the meaning deepens, and the passion kindles into a fiercer flame. What can resist this reasoning, this power, this honesty, this enthusiasm, this



passion, this profound sagacity? Not the heart of man in Athens, not the heart of man in Boston, not the heart of man wherever genius is admired, patriotism cherished, virtue esteemed, or martyrdom held in honor.

Looking back on the history of Athens, three majestic figures stand before us; — Solon, the founder of her Constitution; Pericles, who stands on the pinnacle of her renown; Demosthenes, the last and greatest, who, like the sinking sun, sheds his glory upon her fall; — the beginning, the middle, and the end of the greatest historical tragedy ever enacted on the theatre of the world.

FOURTH COURSE.

MODERN GREECE.

It will be seen that a large part of this Course relates to events that fall within the conventional scope of *ancient* history. Yet we have preferred to retain the author's designation of *Modern* Greece; for to the Philhellene the Macedonian conquest, as obliterating "Greece of the Greeks," marks the only sharply dividing line in Grecian history, until the release of a portion of Hellas from foreign rule by the revolution of the present century.—EDITOR.



## LECTURE I.

### INTRODUCTION. — THE GREEK REVOLUTION. — CHARACTER OF THE MODERN GREEKS. — CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

A CORRESPONDENCE has recently taken place between the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Athens, on the one side, and Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, and the Reverend Jonas King, acting Consul of the United States, on the other. The subject of this correspondence is the transmission of a block of marble from the ruins of the Parthenon for the Washington Monument. The tone in which the Greek Minister expresses his own sentiments, and those of his government and country, towards the United States and the memory of our illustrious founder, is such as must stir the heart of this great nation, and re-establish the mutual respect and good-will which, for a moment interrupted by diplomatic difficulties, are too natural and too congenial with the character of both nations not to be carefully cherished. “Greece,” says the eloquent Pericles Argyropoulos, in a strain not unworthy the name he bears, “Greece has never forgotten the noble sympathy manifested towards her by the American nation at the time of her Revolution. Full of gratitude and of friendship, she has always watched with the deepest interest the wonderful progress which has been in every respect achieved by a people to which she feels attached by the most indissoluble ties. It is under the influence of these sentiments that his Majesty’s government, faithful interpreter of the national wish, being desirous to testify in a solemn manner its veneration for the memory of the illustrious Washington, has caused to be transmitted to Mr. King, acting Consul of the United States at Athens, a block of mar-

ble taken from the very ruins of the Parthenon, in order that it may serve to adorn, however humbly, the monument destined to perpetuate the remembrance of the great founder of American independence."

In his reply, Mr. Marcy writes: "The announcement of this noble present, accompanied as it is by tones of friendship so emphatic and acceptable, cannot fail to be highly appreciated by the President and people of the United States."

The King, in sanctioning the proposal of the Minister of the Interior and of Education, says: "As a proof of the gratitude of the nation towards the United States, we order that this stone, with the advice of the Superintendent of Antiquities, be taken from the ancient ruins of the Parthenon, and that on it be engraved a suitable inscription, which the Faculty of the University shall propose."

How singular the combination of ideas which this correspondence suggests! The Parthenon stands the crowning work of the architecture of all ages, decorated by the most perfect sculptures of Pheidias and his school,—the glory of the administration of Pericles,—the wonder of all Greece and of the ancient world,—having resisted the silent wear of three-and-twenty centuries, the active agencies of war and barbarism, and, worse than all the rest, of foreign amateurship,—at this day rising into the translucent air of Attica, venerable with the tints of antiquity, or shining with a golden light as the setting sun pours his level beams through the transfigured columns; the most harmonious, the most affecting monument of ancient civilization,—the most impressive in the pathos of its decaying beauty, and in the silent majesty of its dominion over the incomparable scenery which Nature in an ecstatic hour of her loveliness grouped around the Acropolis. These marble blocks were quarried from yonder mountain, whose unexhausted mines have furnished the materials for King Otho's palace. Along the original track, not yet obliterated, still lie fragments left there by the ancient workmen, some rough, and others hewn into form, apparently destined

for the temples on the Acropolis. The great statesman of the most glorious age of the Athenian Republic no doubt personally superintended the structure which his genius called into being. That Pericles took constant cognizance of the details of the industrial operations performed under his auspices is shown by the anecdote told by Plutarch, that, one of the builders having met with an accident by falling from a staging, Pericles was so concerned by what had happened, that it occupied his thoughts by night, and that the goddess Athene, appearing to him, suggested a cure, which on trial proved successful. Grateful for the restoration of the workman, Pericles caused a statue to be consecrated on the Acropolis to Athene as the goddess of the healing art. The basis of that same statue the traveller has the pleasure of seeing, on the spot designated by Plutarch, and he may read the inscription, still legible, though but recently disencumbered from the mass of rubbish which had hidden it for many centuries. It is not at all improbable that the keen eye of Pericles scanned the very block of marble which another Pericles has now sent four thousand miles to another hemisphere, then unknown except in the dream of the lost Atlantis, to decorate a monument to one more illustrious even than he who gave his name to his age.

There are many things which naturally tend to international sympathy between us and the Greeks. In the first place, the tie of a common civilization, which binds the educated minds of all countries to the mighty memories of ancient Greece as the parent of letters, science, and arts, includes the intellect of America in the general union. In the next place, the principles of civil liberty, constitutional government, and popular legislation were first developed by the genius—as remarkable for political wisdom as for adaptation to the fine arts—of that people. For, when we consider the legislation of Solon, the germs it contains, and the influence it had on government, first at Rome, and then, through Rome's organizing capacity, upon the principal nations of modern Europe, it must be admitted that, however much we have improved upon the ancient Greeks in



the practical adaptation of principles, we have added scarcely one to the principles of government they discovered. Perhaps some persons will think the better of the ancient Greeks when they hear that our political maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," is only a literal translation of a sentence in Xenophon. The Attic Constitution was built up on the foundation of popular sovereignty. In the course of time the original limitations were nearly all removed, and the Constitution became the embodiment of democratic rule, exercised through the established laws: for it was a noble thought, nobly uttered by one of the wisest of the ancient sages, that the magistrate is the servant of the law, and not of the people; and an early orator, in drawing the line between democracies on the one side, and oligarchies and monarchies on the other, says that the latter are governed according to the wills and characters of those who are placed at the head, while the former are ruled by established laws. The Attic Constitution recognized the principle of popular elections, and the responsibility of magistrates to the people. It guaranteed the right of trial by jury, and the freedom of the citizen from arrest except by due process of law. Again, the legislation by two bodies, one wholly popular and the other select, — the concurrent action of the two being necessary to the validity of a legislative measure, — so early established in Athens, marks a refinement of political wisdom not yet reached by some nations which consider themselves as standing at the head of modern civilization. The late French Republic, for instance, committed the error of adopting a single legislative chamber; and this, as much perhaps as any other single circumstance, led to the half-ludicrous, half-tragic catastrophe which terminated its brief career, and placed it in the power of the able but unscrupulous President to reconstruct on its ruins, and on the bodies of citizens slaughtered in the streets of Paris, the imperial throne. Again, our principle of autonomy, or local self-government, was the cardinal principle of the commonwealths of ancient Greece, though the glory of perfecting its development belongs to modern political science and to the founders of the American Republic.

The absorption of Greece into the Roman Empire has no parallel in the circumstances of a nation which has separated itself from the Roman Empire of the modern world. Nor have we anything in our history parallel to the Byzantine epoch, still less to the disastrous period of subjection to the Turks. The war of the Greek Revolution was of similar duration to our own; but how unlike the conditions! how unequal the sufferings! We were three thousand miles away from our antagonist; and received his armies into our extensive country, inhabited by a people trained in the discipline of liberty, and struggling for the inalienable rights of British subjects. They rose up from four centuries of slavery under the imbrutening despotism of a barbarous conqueror, of a religion totally at war with the fundamental principles of European civilization, of a race which, having possessed the fairest regions of the Eastern world, has reduced them to deserts, and added nothing to science and letters, nothing to culture or humanity; they fought through a war of unexampled cruelty on the part of the invader; they endured unheard-of extremities of fortune in captivity and under torture, or, in their own land, shelterless, without food, dwelling in caverns among the rocks, eating acorns, roots, leaves, grass, — bearing all these horrors without complaint, and fairly exhausting the ferocious courage of their assailants by the passive fortitude with which they breasted it. We had the support of a powerful constitutional party in England, represented by the most eloquent leaders in the Lords and Commons, and the alliance and active aid of one of the most civilized and powerful among the nations. They were frowned upon by the cabinets of Europe, though the people sympathized with them. Political interests were all against them, though many noble men hurried to their assistance, and cheered them on by fighting at their side and contributing supplies to meet their pressing wants. The battle of Navarino was lamented by the English government, and the Turk was affectionately alluded to as “our ancient ally.” The early attempts to readjust the affairs of the East by the Great Powers did not

contemplate the separation of any part of Greece from Turkey, but only an arrangement of pacification and qualified independence, acknowledging the Sultan as lord paramount, and fixing a large annual tribute to be paid into his treasury. When at length this system could not be made to work, and it was found necessary to establish an independent kingdom, the boundary lines were so drawn as to exclude some of the most fertile parts of Greece, and to include considerably less than a million of inhabitants; the object being to weaken Turkey as little as possible, and to prevent a new and powerful state from growing up in that part of Europe, which might tend to disturb the European balance. Thessaly, Epeirus, and Macedonia were left still under the Turkish yoke; and Crete, the most valuable of the islands in the Levant, after having borne her full share of the sufferings of the war, was surrendered to the tender mercies of the Pacha of Egypt, under certain guaranties, which, with Oriental perfidy, were remorselessly and bloodily violated almost before the ink was dry on the parchment which confirmed the power of the ruthless tyrant under whom the ancient land of the Pharaohs so long groaned.

It was not unnatural that, under these circumstances, the great heart of the American people should have throbbed with sympathy for the Hellenic race. That noble Philhellene, Dr. Howe, whose life has been consecrated to the service of the suffering and forlorn, spoke and acted the universal sentiment of the nation. The most eloquent voice ever heard in our land — that voice now hushed in death — gave expression to the strong feeling of the country in a speech which can never cease to charm by its generous spirit and admirable style; in these respects scarcely falling short of the masterly models handed down from the brilliant days of the Athenian Republic. The most classical pen of our age was devoted to the same stirring interest through the pages of the *North American Review*, in which all the resources of comprehensive and elegant scholarship, clothed in the rarest beauties of written eloquence, were addressed to the Christian philanthropy and the literary sym-  
pa-



thies of our citizens. Contributions of money, provisions, and clothing were hastened to those classic shores from our cities and towns, and saved thousands from the horrors of destitution and starvation. The ruins of the humble building on the Isthmus of Corinth, where Dr. Howe distributed these charities to the haggard multitudes that came down in their raggedness and misery from their mountain dens, were scarcely less interesting to me, in the solitude of the Isthmian forest, than the classic ruins which give a mournful beauty to the hills and plains of Hellas. Let me add, that, in the earliest attempts to form a provisional government for revolutionary Greece, the Constitution of the United States, translated into Greek, served as a copy and guide to the lawgivers. The battle of Navarino, which settled the fortunes of the contest in favor of Hellas at the moment when her cause seemed hopeless, and which was pronounced by the Duke of Wellington "an untoward event," shot an electric thrill through this country; and I well remember meeting a distinguished lawyer in a neighboring State, a man not usually carried away by enthusiastic feeling, just after he had read an account of the battle, and the first words he uttered were, "Hallelujah! hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." So different was the American sentiment from that of the Iron Duke, and of his master, that pattern of all princely virtues,—George the Fourth. On the other hand, the reciprocal feelings of the Greeks were strongly manifested. in 1825, by the proposal formally made to the United States to send a fleet into the Mediterranean, with one of our leading statesmen, who should assume the office of legislator or dictator on the summons of the Greek nation. And this proposal was made to us because—to use the words of the letter that contained it—they suspected the motives of the English, and shuddered at the despotic aims of the Holy Alliance, whose members had hoped that the insurrection would be suppressed by Ibrahim Pacha and his Egyptian hordes.

Now, was the cause of this self-emancipating nation worthy of hearty sympathy? Did the Greeks then, and do they now,

deserve the support of the civilized nations? Many accusations have been brought against this people, from ancient times to the present moment. They have been pronounced false, fickle, treacherous, cowardly, not to be relied upon either in word or deed; and the charges have been recently summed up by designating them as a nation of liars and bigots. The character of every nation that has ever existed upon the face of the earth is a mixed one. A single color, or several dark colors, will seldom produce a faithful likeness. I think there has always been an Oriental trait of intrigue in the Greek character; and yet what illustrious exceptions history records in Socrates, Plato, Aristides, Demosthenes, and, in our days, in Marco and Constantine Botzares, and in Mavrocordatos! The ingenious fibs which Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, has ever at command, are supposed to be characteristic of the Greeks in all ages; and the smiling approbation with which the very goddess of wisdom listens to his glibly spoken inventions is imagined to go even deeper into the essential nature of the Greek. Those who make so much out of this trait of the hero of Homer's immortal tale forget to remind us that the same poet has put into the mouth of Achilles, the favorite hero of the nation, the very energetic words:—

“Who dares think one thing and another tell,  
My soul abhors him as the gates of hell.”

Juvenal, the Roman satirist, in a passage often quoted says:—

“Creditur olim  
Velificatus Athos, et quicquid Græcia mendax  
Audet in historia,”—

“It is believed that Athos was once sailed through, and whatever *lying* Greece dares in history.” The epithet has often been repeated by those who were not aware that the statement cited by the poet is true; that traces of the canal cut by Xerxes across the peninsula still exist, and prove not only that Juvenal was mistaken, but that Xerxes was quite justified, on prudential grounds, for undertaking this work—no very difficult one—for the safety and convenience of his fleet. Indeed, one of

the greatest improvements to the navigation of that region — and it would not be a very costly operation — would be to clear this very canal from the earth and rubbish which in the course of ages have choked it up. But the Turks entertain constitutional objections against internal improvements.

The later Romans were fond of satirizing the Greeks as “*Græculi esurientes*,” and the like; but the best minds of Rome — Cicero, Atticus, Virgil, and Horace — cherished warm friendship for the Greek masters to whom they were indebted for their intellectual culture. For many centuries Athens was the university in which the noblest of the Roman youth completed their education. If we judge of a people by the spirit of their philosophy, I think the Greeks of old need fear a comparison with no other nation whatsoever. No doubt the character of the people degenerated under the domination of Roman Proconsuls; and they learned the arts of dissimulation and the trick of fawning practised by subjects towards a domineering race. The vices of Byzantium, after the Eastern and Western Empires were separated, reached and corrupted the heart of the nation. And when the Turks, having captured Constantinople, and overrun the provinces with their barbarous hordes, subjected them to their brutal sway, the Greeks were infected with the plague of slavery, and lost, no doubt, much of the integrity of their character. But the constancy with which they clung to the Christian Church during those four centuries of misery and political annihilation; their immovable faithfulness to their nationality under intolerable oppression; the intellectual superiority they never failed to exhibit over their tyrants; the love of humane letters, which they never, in all their sorrows, lost; and the wise preparation they made for the struggle by means of schools, and by the circulation of editions of their own ancient authors and translations of the most instructive works in modern literature, — show that the national character was sound at the core.

I have already spoken of the qualities they displayed during the conflict. I do not know, in the history of the human race,



a more illustrious chapter. The old renown of Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylæ is founded on no more glorious deeds than were achieved in repelling the armies of the Turks. As I wandered among the wild and noble scenery where still stands the mound of Leonidas and his immortal three hundred, on which the Spartan inscription long since disappeared from the vision to live eternally in the memory of mankind, the heroic form of another—a modern Leonidas—rose before me, side by side with the Spartan and his little band, as no less worthy of deathless fame than the three hundred. Among the first who fell for their country's independence was the gallant chief Diakos, who, with a few followers, stood against the infidel hosts of Omer Vriones, at the entrance of that same narrow pass. All were slain or taken prisoners. Diakos was among the latter. He was brought into the presence of the Turkish Bey, and questioned closely with regard to the insurrection. He replied, "All Greece is resolved to be free or to perish in the attempt." His life was offered him on condition of entering the Turkish service. Of course he refused. "I will put you to death," said the Pacha, "unless you join me." "Greece," answered the hero, "will lose but one; she has many a Diakos besides me." With characteristic cruelty the Turks resolved to impale him alive; and, with a refinement of torture which reminds us of the most awful tragedy ever enacted on this earth, they made him bear the instrument of his own death. As he walked thus shamefully burdened to the place of execution, he cast a look about him upon the face of nature, all smiling with the beauty of spring,—strange contrast to the bloody work of human hands,—and repeated, from one of the old ballads of the country,—

"Behold the time that Charon chose to take me from the living!

The boughs are blooming now with flowers, the earth puts forth its herbage,"—and then for three hours he bore with unshaken soul the agonizing death they inflicted on him.

The course of the Hellenic kingdom has, indeed, disappointed the expectations of many of the best friends of Greece; and it

is no uncommon thing to hear the same language of contempt and condemnation applied to it which was used by Byron and others who visited it while it was still a Turkish province. "They are all scoundrels," said a French agent at Galixidhi to me; "the best kind of government for them was the Turkish; they are fit only to be slaves, to receive the bastinado every day, and to have their heads chopped off if they resist." What had excited the anger of the fiery Gaul I did not learn; but I could not help smiling at this summary putting down of a whole people, from the experience he had had in his acquaintance with a few Hellenic vagabonds at an insignificant steamboat station.

From the accounts of many travellers one might infer that the entire Greek people are a body of robbers, pirates, and swindlers. It was the frank admission of an English trader in the Levant, that he liked the Turks better than the Greeks, because he could cheat them more easily; and I dare say that this is the kind of philosophy which dictates not a little of the harsh judgment passed upon this people. It does not, however, follow that, because some Greeks are rogues, therefore all Greeks are rogues; because some Greeks are pirates, therefore all Greeks are pirates; because some Greeks are *klephts*, or robbers, therefore all Greeks are robbers. We must remember that many of the most eminent commercial houses in England, France, Italy, and Germany, and nearly all the most eminent on the East of the Mediterranean, are Greeks, whose transactions embrace the world, and whose liberality has showered down benefits on the country of their birth, in the establishment of schools, the endowment of colleges, the printing and circulating of books, and in every way of doing good that an enlightened zeal can suggest.

The Greek peasant, according to my experience, is simple-hearted, almost childlike, and hospitable after the manner of the heroic ages. He is intelligent, docile, grateful for kindness, unselfish, except where he has been exposed to the corrupting influence of foreign travellers, to whom mainly it

is due that he is sometimes cunning, mercenary, and, as far as he can be, extortionate. But in this disagreeable aspect of his character, he only practises on a small scale what hirelings in other parts of Europe practise on a large scale. The stranger, for example, who visits Oxford, undergoes a severer process of extortion in a single hour from the obsequious underlings of that wealthy University, who are allowed to pick the visitor's pocket at the rate of about a shilling a minute, than he would be subjected to in traversing Greece from one extremity to the other. The Oriental *bakshish*, which is the burden of the complaints against the inhabitants of the East in England, is translated into "Please remember the waiter," with this difference, that the remembrance of one English waiter costs the traveller as much as would satisfy an Arab sheik, the lineal representative of Father Abraham, and all his bearded retinue. In a journey of twenty-one days through the interior, two attempts only were made to cheat us, — one by a priest at Bodenitza, near Thermopylæ, the other by the Demarch, or mayor, of Sophiko, near the Isthmus of Corinth; and in three months at Athens, only one abnormal assault was made upon my pocket. A barber, taking me for a new-comer, attempted to make me pay four times the regular price for cutting my hair. I assured him he had made a mistake; that I knew the prices of things as well as he did; and after giving him a moral lecture, in good Greek, upon his dishonesty, cut him down to half his demand, paying him twice the regular price, which he received with many thanks and a low bow. I cannot, therefore, assent to these sweeping sentences of condemnation upon the whole Greek people. They do not accord with my experience among them. If others have fared differently, they will naturally draw different conclusions.

The educated classes seem to me to be not only well bred, but generally of high and honorable views. Many of the gentlemen of Greece have studied in France and Germany, and speak the languages of those countries with fluency and elegance. In society they are courteous and obliging, and their conversation is intelligent and agreeable.



The condition of the country is not, indeed, what it ought to be, and what it might have been. I must accuse the people of some want of practical good sense, and the government of not having well understood the line of policy, internal and foreign, which would have been most beneficial. The mass of the population are living in a state of poverty quite beyond any conception of poverty we can form in this country. The most ordinary arrangements, not only for comfort, but for health and decency, are generally wanting, except in a few of the larger towns. You see no tables, chairs, beds, or glass windows in the Northern provinces, though in the Peloponnesus the state of things in these respects is somewhat better. The arts of undressing and going to bed, of washing one's hands and face, of occasionally changing one's linen, of conducting smoke through chimneys, of eating with knives and forks, are quite unknown. The traveller who takes a cold bath in the morning is regarded as of unsound mind; rumors of what he is doing spread rapidly through the village; and ten to one, a dozen pairs of eyes will be watching, through chinks in the walls of his room, with undisguised wonder, every movement of the sponge. I asked my cook one day how large a fee would induce him to take a cold bath. He shuddered, and said he would do it for a dollar. But notwithstanding this apparent wretchedness, there are scarcely any beggars in the country. Every man has his flock, or his olive-grove, or his little farm, or hires land of the government, and labors enough to supply his simple wants. In the meanest huts, where you can find nothing else, you will probably find school-books; and you are nowhere annoyed by mendicants, dogging your footsteps, and destroying the pleasure of contemplating the lovely landscape or the wondrously beautiful fragments of ancient magnificence.

In crossing a spur of Mount Helicon, I was overtaken by one of those tremendous rains which seem in a moment to bring back Deucalion's Deluge. I was obliged to take shelter in a hut picturesquely placed on the slope of the mountain,

and to pass the night there. The luggage—bag, baggage, and provisions—had been sent by a shorter road to Lebadeia, a dozen miles off; and the supplies and accommodations that were to be had became a subject of some interest, even in that classic and glorious region. The house consisted of one room, the lower end of which was occupied by the domestic animals, to which our horses were now added. The floor was of hardened earth mixed with straw. Towards the upper end there was a raised circle, on which the fire was burning; but as there was no chimney, the smoke floated about in graceful curls among the timbers of the roof, the cracks in which served the purpose of not letting out the smoke and of letting in the rain. The family were the father, mother, four children, and a maiden aunt, who, like maiden aunts all over the world, was making herself useful in a variety of ways;—rocking the baby, which, according to the fashion in Greece, was swathed like an infant mummy; spinning too, not with a wheel, but in Homeric style, sitting upon her heels, and whirling a spindle on the ground. They had no beds, and therefore required no bedrooms; they had no chairs, and therefore sat on the floor; they had no knives and forks, and therefore ate with their fingers. In searching for supplies, a disconsolate old hen was found on the premises; and when the good mother returned from washing clothes, like Nausicaa, in a neighboring stream, she tipped the baby out of the cradle,—leaving him to roll helplessly on the floor,—poured into it a quantity of Indian meal, and kneaded a mighty loaf, which she baked under the ashes. Perhaps some of my over-fastidious hearers think they would have hesitated to partake of a loaf whose antecedents were such as I have described. But, I can assure them, that loaf of bread, and that old hen boiled in an earthen pot by the light of a blazing pine torch, made a supper fit for a hungry Homeric hero, or a hungrier American Professor, in the very presence of Apollo and the Muses Nine. At the proper time, the family went to bed, figuratively speaking; that is, they plumped down on a piece of coarse matting, just as they were, extending their feet, like radii

of a circle or spokes of a wheel, towards the fire ; while we plumped down on the other side, with our saddles for pillows, and with our feet extending, like opposite spokes, towards the hub of the same wheel. Poets talk about reposing on the bosom of Mother Earth. That is all very well, but I thought a good mattress would have been better. At all events, after a night so passed on the slope of Helicon, early rising ceases to be the self-denying virtue that practical moralists sometimes consider it.

There is one aspect of the condition of Greece which may be contemplated with unalloyed delight ; and that is the excellent system of popular education now established in the country. The schools are well graded, from the lowest children's schools, up through the Hellenic schools, the gymnasia, and the University, and they are all supported by the government ; so that a young man who has the bare means of subsistence may acquire the best education the country affords — and that is as good as can be had anywhere else in Europe — without its costing him a farthing. The quality of the instruction, both in the schools and in the University of Athens, is very excellent. On this subject I may venture to speak with some confidence, having passed no small portion of the time I was in the country in the schools, and in the lecture-rooms of the University. The zeal for instruction among all classes of the people is indescribable, — greater than I have witnessed anywhere else in the world. They enjoy, besides, a complete liberty of the press and of speech ; they have open parliamentary debates, the trial by jury, and the public administration of justice. The bar of Athens consists of a body of well-educated lawyers, who would do no discredit to the profession anywhere. I have witnessed the legal proceedings in the courts with the deepest interest, and, notwithstanding some exceptions that have occurred, — as the unjust condemnation of Dr. King, — I am persuaded, both by what I have seen and by what I have heard from others whose opportunities have been much greater than mine, that justice is for the most part administered with ability and integrity.



Now I must maintain that a people which has reorganized the institutions of civilization within so short a period after the close of a war unexampled in its destructiveness, has given proofs, notwithstanding the grave errors which may be charged upon it, that it does not deserve to be shut out from the pale of Christendom; and such proofs the Turks, whose history for four hundred years is interwoven with that of Greece, have not given. The Turkish character and genius are quite the opposite of the Greek. Something is due to difference of race; still more, perhaps, to difference of religion; and much to the relation of conquerors to the conquered. The northern Barbarians who poured into the Roman Empire blended with the older populations, and became Christian; and from their united masses sprang the Christian nations of Modern Europe. Not so the Turkish conquerors of the Eastern Empire. The fundamental principles of the Mahometan religion are totally and irreconcilably at war with the Christian civilization of Europe; and the maintenance of what is called the integrity of the Turkish Empire, as a part and parcel of the system of Christian Europe, is a paradox and an impossibility. Just so far as the Turk approximates to the condition of the Christian, he ceases to be a Turk. If the great powers are going to make a permanent European state out of Turkey, they must unmake the Turk. The more you civilize the Christian, the better Christian he becomes; the more you civilize the Turk, the worse Turk he grows. Whatever change you make in him, outwardly or inwardly, to that extent you change his quality as Turk. The Sultan's guards wear the European uniform. The consequence is, that, when His Highness goes to the mosque, they receive him with presented arms instead of prostrated bodies, because the military pantaloons are not, like the Turkish trousers, sufficiently spacious to allow, without danger of rending, the old-fashioned Oriental reverence to the sacred person of the monarch. Who knows how closely the integrity of the Turkish government may be bound up with the integrity of the trousers? But changes of

this description or of any description have not penetrated the masses of the people. The genuine Turk is still what he was a hundred years ago,—a despiser of all o'her religions, a fanatic for his own, and an enemy to the death of the civilization of the age. For many years Turkey has been tottering to its fall. The Emperor of Russia well described its condition as that of a sick man, whose decease might be expected at any moment; and no longer ago than the year before last, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in a speech at Constantinople, declared that Turkey was nothing but a corpse, which it was in vain to attempt to galvanize into life. The qualities that made the Turks formidable, when they first broke the barriers of Europe, no longer find a sphere in which they can exercise themselves with effect; and they do not show the intellectual vigor and moral courage which would be necessary to cast off their old organizations, their religion, and their forms of domestic life, and to become Christianized and civilized. I trust that the Allies, in the present contest, will beat the Czar to their hearts' content. This they probably can do; but as to maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire, that is a thing beyond human power. They may take it into their own hands, and remould its public institutions and private relations; in other words, civilize and Christianize it. It will not be enough to close the accounts by making a treaty to place the Christian subjects of the Porte on an equality with the Mahometans. Even such a treaty they would have to execute by their own forces; for the Turks never will do this, so long as they acknowledge the binding obligation of the law of the Koran. But equality of condition with the Turks is not enough; Turks and Christians both must be elevated. In other words, the Eastern question must be settled by establishing a good government at Constantinople, and redeeming the fairest countries in the world from the curse and the thralldom under which they have been and are still groaning. By what arrangement this can be brought about—whether by enlarging the boundaries of the Hellenic kingdom, so as to include the European provinces of Turkey,

with Constantinople for the capital, as the Greeks hope, or by thoroughly changing the maxims and the practice of the Turkish administration — is a question which France and England will have to settle when they have finished with the Czar and compelled him to sue for peace. The Greeks hope that the cross is destined to supplant the crescent on the towers of St. Sophia. A ballad coeval with the fall of Constantinople predicts the restoration of that temple to the Panagia; and a tradition still current relates that, when Mahomet II. and his barbarian hordes broke down its doors, the priest, who was performing the mass, took up the consecrated vases, and, walking down one of the aisles with solemn steps, vanished in the solid wall. The sound of the psalm is still vaguely heard within the impenetrable masonry, where the immured priest murmurs his interrupted liturgy; and when St. Sophia shall be restored to the Christian, the wall shall open of its own accord, and the priest, issuing from his retreat, shall finish at the altar the mass he began to celebrate four centuries ago. At all events, if I may quote the words of a letter received from a very distinguished Greek, who has played a leading part in the Revolution, and since then both in the administration and the diplomacy of the Greek government, "Let us hope that in time the now erroneous political opinion of Europe will be persuaded that Turkey can be civilized and will be civilized by Christians, and not by Turks; and being so persuaded, that it will stretch out a helping hand to throw off the yoke that now oppresses the country."

The following narrative may illustrate the religious fanaticism of the Turks. In August, 1843, a young Armenian, about eighteen or twenty years old, was executed at Constantinople under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Eighteen months previously, Avakim (that was the young man's name), having had a drunken brawl with some of his neighbors, was sentenced at the War Office to receive five hundred blows of the bastinado. In the first moment of alarm, he resorted to the only expedient for escape from this severe and degrading penalty,



and, professing to become a Mussulman, received the name of Mehemet. It was but a few days before he repented of his abjuration of Christianity, and fled to Syra, an island lying within the boundaries of Greece. Having remained here some time after he had renounced Islamism, he returned to Constantinople, where he persevered in his profession of Christianity. One day he was accidentally recognized, as he was coming from his sister's house, by a Turkish official, and was denounced at the War Office as a renegade from Islamism. He was seized, subjected to cruel tortures, and conducted through the streets with his hands tied behind him, as if for execution; but all in vain. In spite of threats, tortures, promises, he remained immovable, and proclaimed aloud his belief in Christianity. He was accordingly taken to execution, amidst the insults and revilings of the infuriated fanatics, who spat upon him as he passed, and yelled their execrations of the religion for which he was to die. Of the thirty armed police who had charge of the execution of the sentence, only one, Tavuk-Bazarli-Ali, could be induced to strike the blow. He was beheaded in one of the most frequented parts of the city, and the body, after three days' exposure, was cast into the sea. The first knowledge of this tragical event was communicated in Pera by the appearance of his gray-haired mother rushing distractedly from the bloody scene. She afterwards returned, and sat sorrowfully by the lifeless body until she was removed.

Such a transaction, in this enlightened age, aroused the attention of the Christian nations then holding peaceful relations with Turkey. Sir Stratford Canning at once addressed a very energetic remonstrance to the Grand Vizier, who replied: "The Laws of the Koran compel no man to become a Mussulman, but they are inexorable both as respects a Mussulman who embraces another religion, and as respects a person not a Mussulman, who, after having of his own accord publicly embraced Islamism, is convicted of having renounced that faith. No consideration can produce a commutation of the capital

punishment, to which the law condemns him without mercy. The only mode of escaping death is for the accused to declare that he has again become a Mussulman." M. Guizot took the matter up in the same spirit. He remarked to Lord Cowley, that, "as the great powers of Europe were using their best endeavors to induce the Sultan's Christian subjects to live peaceably under the Ottoman rule, they could not allow such arbitrary acts of cruelty as that which had been perpetrated, and which was sufficient to rouse the whole of the Christian population against the government." The Baron de Bourguenay, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, was instructed to convey to the Porte the sentiments of the Cabinet at Paris on the subject. "Even had not humanity," says the Minister, "whose name has never been vainly invoked in France, been so cruelly wounded by the punishment of this Armenian, — even could the King's government, which has always protected, and ever will protect, the Christian religion in the East, forget that it is Christianity which has been thus cruelly outraged, — the interest which it takes in the Ottoman Empire and in its independence would still cause it to behold what has occurred with profound regret. . . . The King's government considers that it discharges an imperious duty in communicating to the Porte the impression which has been made upon it by an event unfortunately irreparable, and which, were it to occur again, would be likely to cause real danger to a government weak enough to yield such concessions to a hateful and lamentable fanaticism."

Notwithstanding this energetic language, not many weeks had passed before a young Greek, near Broussa, having for some reason become a Mussulman, returned to his own creed, and was put to death by hanging. M. Guizot wrote to the French Minister: "Such a transaction is no longer only an outrage to humanity; it is an insult cast upon civilized Europe, by the fanaticism of a party which the Ottoman government has not the courage to keep within bounds and repress, even supposing that it is not itself to a certain degree an accomplice

in the measure. This courage must be given to it by causing it to apprehend that it will incur the serious displeasure of the powers whose benevolent support is so necessary to it." The Earl of Aberdeen wrote to Sir Stratford Canning: "The repetition of a scene of this revolting kind, so soon after that which had in the course of the last summer excited the horror and indignation of Europe, evinces such total disregard, on the part of the Porte, for the feelings and remonstrances of the Christian powers, that it is incumbent upon her Majesty's government without loss of time to convey their sentiments on the matter still more explicitly to the knowledge of the Porte. . . . Whatever may have been tolerated in former times by the weakness or indifference of Christian powers, these powers will now require from the Porte due consideration for their feelings as members of a religious community, and interested as such in the fate of all who, notwithstanding shades of difference, unite in a common belief in the essential doctrines of Christianity; and they will not endure that the Porte should insult and trample on their faith, by treating as a criminal any person who embraces it. . . . Her Majesty's government are so anxious for the continuance of a good understanding with Turkey, and that the Porte should entitle itself to their good offices in the hour of need, that they wish to leave no expedient untried, before they shall be compelled to admit the conviction that all their interest and friendship is misplaced, and that nothing remains for them but to look forward to, if not promote, the arrival of the day when the force of circumstances shall bring about a change which they will have vainly hoped to procure from the prudence and humanity of the Porte itself."

The correspondence of the English Secretary of Foreign Affairs with the ministers at the other courts was filled with the strongest expressions of the disgust and abhorrence with which the Turkish system was regarded by the Queen's government; the other powers shared in the feeling, and their combined interference could not long be evaded. The Turkish



Minister argued that there was a strong distinction between custom and divine law, intimating that a practice derived from the former source might be abandoned to meet the wishes of Europe, or even of Great Britain alone, but that a law prescribed by God himself was not to be set aside by any human power. But the next letter of Lord Aberdeen closes thus: "The Porte may rest assured that Christian states will, with one accord, refuse to tolerate any longer, a practice which, both in the principle on which it rests and the manner in which it is carried into execution, is designed to stigmatize the faith which they profess and cherish." Reschid Pacha, the ablest and best of the Turkish statesmen, then Minister to France, was instructed to communicate to M. Guizot in strong terms the concern of the Sultan at this interference of the allied sovereigns in the internal affairs of his empire; to say that a compliance with these demands might be attended with very serious consequences to himself and his government; and to express the fervent hope of his master that they would not be persisted in. But M. Guizot was as firm as Lord Aberdeen.

It would not be to the purpose of these Lectures to enter into all the details of this negotiation. It will be enough to state that, the subject having been laid by the Sultan before the Council of the Ulema, — Turkish doctors of the law, — the doctors resisted as long as they dared, but finally drew a distinction between the strict letter of the law and the discretion warranted by state necessity. At length the British Minister opened a direct communication with the Sultan, and succeeded in obtaining all his demands, together with the assurance of the sovereign that these concessions were entirely consonant with his personal wishes. Of this there was no doubt. The present Sultan is a most amiable man, by a freak of fortune sadly out of place as the head of such a people in their present political condition. His royal word has been faithfully kept. From that day to this no Christian, becoming a Mussulman and returning afterwards to Christianity, has been put to death. Only a few months ago, a man who had lived as a Turk so

long that none of his acquaintances remembered he had ever been a Christian, suddenly went back to his early faith. He was arrested as an apostate ; but instead of losing his head, like the unfortunate Armenian, he was set at liberty in a few days, and now walks the streets of Constantinople without fear. I believe they still assert the right of putting to death any one who, having been originally a Turk, apostatizes to Christianity ; but whether any such cases have lately occurred, I do not know.

I have cited this case to illustrate the fanatical character of the genuine Turk. The proceedings I have thus summarily stated occurred only ten years ago. The British Ambassador who obtained these concessions is still at Constantinople, now known by the title of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,—a man of noble character and high ability, and at present of boundless influence with the Turks. But it is only the pressing necessities of their present condition, the influence of a few individuals who have a tincture of European civilization, and the humane disposition of the sovereign,—and not at all the intellectual progress of the nation at large, or any increasing humanity of the true Mussulman,—that have kept in check the ferocious fanaticism inculcated by their religion and congenial to the temper of the race.

## LECTURE II.

### THE MACEDONIAN ASCENDENCY.—GREECE UNDER THE ROMANS.

THE general subject of this course of Lectures is the Down-fall and Resurrection of Greece. It is necessary to go back and to take a brief review of some points in her earlier history. The Greek race occupies a central point in the long line of the Indo-Germanic stock, which in space extended from the Ganges to the western shores of Europe, and extends now from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. From the earliest periods of the history of man this race has held the foreground in the scene of history, and been charged with the destinies of the human family. Whatever of letters and of science illuminated the East in the morning of culture came from the richly endowed intellects of leaders belonging to this race. The noblest language of the Oriental world, with its literature gigantic like the Himalayas, is one of the primitive achievements of the stock; and commencing from that, and following the affinities of speech along the march of migrations and the progress of centuries, we mark at every step the overpowering superiority of the Indo-Germanic type. This great race moved westward in successive waves, commencing at a period long before the beginnings of authentic history, in the ages whose transactions are veiled in the bewildering forms of tradition and myth. They poured down from the North, through the mountain-passes, into the valleys of Greece: and, later, were joined by new-comers, who, approaching the sea-shore by a more southerly line of march, learned to struggle with the waves; following an irresistible instinct, traversed the Ægean Sea from island to island; and,



reaching the Grecian mainland, there blended again with the less cultivated immigrants who had preceded them. At the earliest appearance of the Greeks in history, they have made great advances beyond the Oriental nations in all the fundamental institutions of society. They have thrown off the slavery of caste, which, down to the present moment, binds the greatest nations of the Eastern world in its adamantine chains; they have renounced polygamy, and established the family relation on the only basis for the existence of a lofty civilization; they have attained to some ideas of political liberty, their kings being restrained by laws from Zeus and by the deliberations of a council of elders. With all these organizations we find them cultivating poetry, and not insensible to the attractions of art. At a later period, yet earlier than the first authentic date in European history, they have already established colonies along the western coast of Asia Minor, and perfected the brilliant development of epic poetry, — the bright, consummate flower of Ionian genius. In rapid succession we have the change from the old Homeric monarchies to the princely houses of the so-called tyrants who supplanted them; and in letters, the varied and magnificent schools of the Æolian and Dorian lyric poetry.

After another brilliant period, the princely houses pass away, and the people, with more or less distinctness, assert their rights by the establishment of popular constitutions and equal laws. Here Athens takes the lead, while Sparta, with obstinate conservatism, vainly strives to fix the fleeting elements of political life by the ascetic rigors of her military code. Athens started upon her career of glory with the legislation of Solon, and has not ended it yet; the institutions of Sparta passed away, and she stands in history only as the shadow of a great name. The age of Pericles beholds the temples of the Acropolis rising from the conflagrations of the Persian war, and the matchless statues of Pheidias taking their places on that high altar of Hellenic religion. The Dionysiac Theatre resounds with the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, the moral teachers of the popular

body, and the unsurpassed leaders in polished style expressing lofty thought. Contemporaneously, the most brilliant comic genius seizes on the passing foibles and follies of the day; on the intrigues of the unscrupulous demagogue, everywhere the camp-follower in the march of popular freedom; on the perverted and immoral ingenuity of the sophist; on the fantastic schemes of the socialist; on the masculine woman, ambitious of mingling in the din and turbulence of politics, — and holds them up to the laughter of the moment and the instruction of all time. This brilliant literature is the natural product of liberty acting on the susceptible spirits of a gifted race; and the intense love of intellectual and æsthetic entertainment is scarcely cooled by the fiercer passions stirred up by successful war or by the disappointment of defeat. Political eloquence, never wanting to that ancient republic, becomes nobler and grander as she draws near her day of adversity and her final hour. The ambition of the Macedonian monarchs is held in check by the immortal statesman, whose voice, first heard on the slope of the Pnyx, now resounds through the civilized world and forever. In his lifetime he was the private citizen of a small republic, struggling, by the arms of eloquence and patriotism alone, against the phalanxes of a king who wielded the resources of an empire by his autocratic and undisputed will. He falls in the struggle, and force is apparently victorious; but now the character and history of Philip the Macedonian stand out, as they are painted in the undying colors of Demosthenes, the son of the sword-maker, in Athens. The chief importance of that able monarch's reign lies in his having called forth the mighty eloquence of his Athenian antagonist. It is not the armies of Macedonia nor the victory of Chæroneia that give a real significance to the life of Philip: it is those Philippic and Olynthiac orations fulminated against him which have made the heart to throb in forty generations of men since born.

The conquests of Alexander, the greatest of warriors and the wisest among the founders of states, carried the peculiar spirit of Hellenic civilization over a great part of the Oriental world.

The Greeks had already sent colonies, not only to the Mediterranean shores of Asia Minor and the southern coasts of the Euxine, but to Italy, Sicily, Africa, and the South of France; and the influence of Hellenic genius and character has not vanished, even to this day, from most of those regions. The solitary but lovely plain of Pæstum, with its imposing temples still standing, with the encircling mountains, and the blue sea to bound the sight, seems, under the soft serenity of the Lucanian sky, to be a piece of Greece dropped down in Italy, and more peculiarly and serenely beautiful than any other spot in that classic peninsula. In the veins of the mediæval Troubadours flowed still the blood of the Hellenic colonists of Massilia; and when I heard the barber-poet Jasmin reciting his marvellous poems in that most musical and graphic dialect which his genius has reawakened to song, — when I watched the irresistible possession which seized his soul, and bade the tears of his hearers to flow, even in the *salons* of Paris, — I could understand the Homeric singer who gathered crowds about him and held them thralls to the enchantment of his strain. His working countenance, the emotions speaking in his voice, trembling in his arm and hand, quivering through his stalwart frame, the gushing tears filling his eyes and moistening his cheek, the *enthusiasmos*, or god within him, — no acting, but profound, intense, passionate reality, — made me feel that here was no Frenchman of this nineteenth century, but a long-descended Greek, from those singers of the Ægean Isles, whose inspiration was believed in the early faith of their gifted race to come directly from the divine Muse herself.

In the East, the conquests of Alexander impressed, through the institutions he established, a Grecian character on Asiatic society, which lasted through the Roman down even to the Mahometan times. Though the Macedonians were not acknowledged as genuine Greeks by the purists of Sparta and Athens, yet the royal family were deeply imbued with Greek culture, and cherished a passion for Greek letters and art. Philip would have been a consummate actor on the bema



and the munificence of Alexander endowed the Lyceum where Aristotle taught with a magnificence which no government of modern times has approached. Wherever he marched he took measures to consolidate a new society, combining his Asiatic with his Grecian subjects, under the influence of Greek culture and Greek social principles. Had he lived to complete his great plans, the history of the world might have taken a different course; but, though he was prematurely cut off, he had given an impulse not easily or speedily arrested; and though his successors plunged into ruinous wars, some of them at least — Seleucus especially — prosecuted their conquests and established their sovereignties in the spirit of their master. Seleucus dotted Asia with colonies from Greece, and planted the germs of letters and civilization, which changed the aspect of society in a great part of that venerable continent. The Ptolemies in Africa replaced the rigid culture of the ancient Egyptians by the graces of literature and the truths of science transferred from Athens, Thebes, and Corinth; and Alexandria became a centre of light almost rivalling in brightness the mother-city of the arts. Thus the race of the Greeks underwent a vast extension, carrying everywhere the intellectual tendencies and the social and political ideas which had grown up and been developed on the soil of Hellas. This was the period of the largest diffusion of the Greeks. Their settlements stretched from the banks of the Indus to the shores of Spain, from the Danube to the deserts of Africa. They skirted the Persian Gulf, the Caspian and Euxine Seas. Bactriana, Parthia, Persia, Syria, Pergamus, were under their sway, and it seemed as if they might have controlled the destinies of the world.

But in this growth of the race the original Hellenic states lost much of their political importance. The ablest and most ambitious men were dazzled by the brilliant careers opened to them in the Macedonian kingdoms. The wealth of the East poured like a golden flood over the West, changing the relations of society, and giving new directions to the passions of men; and it was impossible to combine the Greeks of Europe

in any firm confederacy to resist the swelling tide of corruption. In the third century before Christ an invasion of Gauls passed like a storm over Greece, ravaging, plundering, and laying waste. In Italy, the new and vigorous power of Rome reduced the Greek states by its arms, already in training for the conquest of the world. In Asia, the Greeks were a ruling caste, and did not constitute the body of the people. In Greece, on the contrary, though slavery was universally established, the mass of the people were Greeks. Here literature was the expression of the popular heart, and dealt with urgent practical affairs. The poet sang to the people at festive assemblies and in religious ceremonies; the dramatist composed for the people, and for the people not to read, but to hear. The philosopher discoursed to groups of curious citizens. Political news was gathered from the fervid lips of the orators on the bema. A stranger arrives at Athens from Sicily; he is invited by Socrates and others, not to deliver a formal lecture, which he must write out with groaning spirit and aching fingers, but to close in with them in an animated discussion upon the art he professes to teach. Even the grave historian counts more upon the impression his work will make upon the listening throng at some panegyric assembly, than upon that abstract and invisible patron, the reading public. These circumstances explain the simplicity and directness of Greek writing; the unexampled fidelity of Greek poetry to nature; the absence of affectation and of far-fetched and elaborate combinations of subtile phrases, which are apt to disfigure the pages of the author who seldom comes into contact with his fellow-man, or gladdens his soul by the fresh breath of nature, or meditates, reclining upon the grass or under the shadow of trees, with the voices of the living earth in his ears and the silent depths of heaven looking down upon him. But among the Greeks of Africa and Asia all this was changed. The literary and scientific institutions of Alexandria—the Museum, the Bruchesium, the Serapeion, the Great Library—gathered around them critics, scholars, men of learning, scientific investigators. Lectures came in, but lyric

song went out. Editions of Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, were laboriously annotated; but epic poetry and the drama ceased to thrill the hearts of sympathetic myriads. The Neo-Platonists puzzled the world with their subtilties; but old Plato no longer charmed the olive-grove and the murmuring Cephissus with that divine philosophy which, according to Milton, was "musical as is Apollo's lute." Yet this chapter in the intellectual history of the Greek race is of profound historical significance. "The action of the Græco-Bactrian empire," says Humboldt, "which continued to prevail for one hundred and sixteen years, may be regarded as amongst the most important social epochs in the process of the development of the history of mankind, as far as it indicates a closer connection of Southern Europe with the southwest of Asia, the Nile, and Libya. Independently of the almost immeasurable extension opened to the sphere of development by the advance of the Macedonians, their campaigns acquired a character of profound moral greatness by the incessant efforts of the conqueror to amalgamate all races, and to establish, under the noble influence of Hellenism, a unity throughout the world. The foundation of many new cities at points the selection of which indicates higher aims, the arrangement and classification of an independently responsible form of government for these cities, and the tender forbearance evinced by Alexander for national customs and national worship, all testify that the plan of one great and organic whole had been laid. . . . If we remember that only fifty-two Olympiads intervened from the battle of the Granicus to the destructive irruption into Bactria of the Sacæ and Tochi, we shall be astonished at the permanence and the magical influence exercised by the introduction from the West of Hellenic cultivation. This cultivation, blended with the knowledge of the Arabians, the modern Persians, and Indians, extended its influence in so great a degree, even to the time of the Middle Ages, that it is often difficult to determine the elements which are due to Greek literature, and those which have originated, independently of all admixture, from the inventive spirit of the Asiatic races."



With the enormous wealth of the East an immense accession of geographical and physical knowledge was rendered available to the Grecian mind. "The objective world," continues Humboldt, "began to assume a preponderating force over that of mere subjective creation; and while the fruitful seeds yielded by the language and literature of the Greeks were scattered abroad by the conquests of Alexander, scientific observation and the systematic arrangement of the knowledge already acquired were elucidated by the doctrines and expositions of Aristotle. We here indicate a happy coincidence of favoring relations; for, at the very period when a vast amount of new materials was revealed to the human mind, their intellectual conception was at once facilitated and multiplied through the direction given by the Stageirite to the empirical investigation of facts in the domain of nature, to the profound consideration of speculative hypothesis, and to the development of a language of science based on strict definition. Thus Aristotle must still remain, for thousands of years to come, as Dante has gracefully termed him, 'the master of those who know.'"

During this period the most important political phenomena were the formation of the Achaian League for the common defence and federal government of the Peloponnesian states, and the appearance of the two or three really great men who distinguished themselves by their abilities and virtues in the closing days of the independence of Greece. The government of this confederacy involved a partial application of the representative principle, and it had a vigorous executive head. Its long resistance to the Macedonian monarchs, and finally to the might of Rome, shows with what energy the Achaian Constitution was animated; but it appeared on the stage too late to save the commonwealths of Greece from the political annihilation to which they had long been doomed.

In the sister peninsula a power had grown up from an obscure and not very reputable origin. Its founders—sons of the god of war, and nursed by a she-wolf whose gaunt semblance in bronze is one of the most striking memorials of the Capitol—

embody the idea, if not the fact, on which the Roman supremacy was built. Rome was born amidst the clang of arms; and every son of hers, from the beginning to the culminating height of her greatness, was an incarnated Mars, consecrating his warlike deeds and his heart's blood, if need were, to the glory of the city which sat in unconquerable pride upon her seven hills. State after state of ancient Italy, adorned with the arts and culture of a thousand years, fell before the concentrated energy of Roman will, guiding the resistless force of the Roman sword. The Roman is stern and strong. He loves bravery, and is not averse to the virtues of sincere and open conduct. He is practical, legislative, organizing; but he has no innate love of letters, and no genius for art.

“Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,”

was in the heart of the Roman, ages before it found melodious utterance in Virgil's hexameter. But the empire of Rome was not that of rude force alone. A love of legal order, a systematic administration of justice, a strict subordination of the members of society and the members of the family, were the moral foundations on which the state reposed. From Greece, long before the conquest, she borrowed the materials of her earliest code; and when the progress of time demanded the elegancies of literature, Greece was the source from which the genial influence came. The stage at Rome is trodden by players who personate Greek, and not Roman characters, in pieces constructed from the plots of the copious dramatic literature of Athens. The Roman language deserts its original rhythm, and is moulded to the more plastic measures of the Greek. But the imperial spirit of Rome covets the dominion of Hellas. Occasions and pretexts that seem to justify her interference are not wanting. Her eagles cross the Adriatic, and, first having reduced Etolia and Macedonia to Roman provinces, then commence a struggle with the Achaian League. The Achaian League, like other opponents of Rome, falls before the discipline of the republican arms, and the destruction of Cor-

inth by the unlettered Consul Mummius completes the subjugation of Greece, which, under the name of Achaia, now forms a part of the Roman Empire. Mummius sends off, as trophies of his victory, many of the choice works of art with which that capital is crowded; and so ignorant is he of their rare excellence, that he tells the contractors for their removal to be very careful, for if any of them are lost he shall insist upon their supplying their place with others equally good. The Greeks, in general, took but little interest in this event, regarding it as a mere political change; and the wise Polybius, whose writings are a storehouse of political philosophy, and who was appointed by the Senate to make the circuit of the Peloponnesian cities and expound the principles of the Roman Constitution, thought so despairingly of the state of Grecian affairs previous to the Roman conquest that, after this event was accomplished, he said, with epigrammatic point, repeating the phrase as if gathered from the lips of the people, "Had we not been speedily ruined, we should not have been saved,"—so deep was the conviction at that time that the dissensions of the Greeks made the longer preservation of their independence an impossibility. An able historian, Zosimus, who, in the fifth century, wrote on the decline of the Roman Empire, truly remarks of the Greeks: "Had they remained contented with their lot, and had not the Athenians and Lacedæmonians fallen into dissension and strife for the supremacy in Grecian affairs, foreigners would never have been masters of Hellas." This, in truth, is the moral of the whole story.

The Roman administration of Greece, commencing about the middle of the second century before Christ, was at first wise and moderate. The public burdens, instead of being increased, were lessened. The local administrations and municipal institutions remained unchanged, so far as they were compatible with the exercise of supreme power by the Romans. The conquerors felt the superiority of the conquered in letters and art; and though they had no profound appreciation of these excellent ornaments of the life of man, yet they at first con-



ceded to the authors and cultivators of them a social esteem very flattering to the vanity of the Hellenic race. In general, they paid respect to their religious feelings, and to their objects of worship, so that the plundering of temples and robbing cities of cherished works of art, which afterwards became one of the most irritating forms of proconsular oppression, was looked upon with abhorrence by the honorable men at Rome. Polybius uses the strongest language when he speaks of the Roman honesty. Under these circumstances, as Mr. Finlay says, "prudence and local interests would everywhere favor submission to Rome; national vanity alone would whisper incitements to venture on a struggle for independence."

The Mithridatic war furnished the occasion on which the national vanity, concurring with the private inclinations of many leading men, induced the Greeks to make the attempt to regain their liberty. Sulla was charged with the conduct of the war against the king of Pontus; and when he appeared in Greece at the head of a powerful army, Athens confronted him almost single-handed, the other states having submitted as promptly as they had taken up arms. Sulla laid siege to the city, and found it no easy task, with the whole force of his army and the abundant resources with which he was supplied, to reduce the fiery republicans under the energetic command of Aristion. At last, their material means of defence being exhausted, they resorted to a mode of proceeding quite characteristic of the Athenians, — they sent out some of their orators to try what eloquence could do with the hard-headed Roman. Admitted to an audience, the spokesman began to remind the general of their past glory, and was proceeding to touch upon Marathon, when the surly soldier fiercely growled, "I was sent here to punish rebels, not to study history." And he did punish them. He broke down the wall between the Peiraic and the Sacred Gate, and poured in his soldiers to plunder and slay. With drawn swords they swept through the streets. The ground ran blood, which deluged with its horrid tide the ancient burying-place of the Cera-

meicus. Most of the citizens were slain, and their property was plundered by the soldiers. The groves of the Academy and the Lyceum were cut down, and columns were carried away from the temple of Olympian Zeus to ornament the city of Rome. The town of Peiræus was utterly destroyed, being treated with more severity than Athens itself. From this frightful moment the decline of the population of Greece commenced. "Both parties," says the able historian to whom I have already alluded, "during the Mithridatic war, inflicted severe injuries on Greece, plundered the country, and destroyed property most wantonly, while many of the losses were never repaired. The foundations of national prosperity were undermined; and it henceforward became impossible to save from the annual consumption of the inhabitants the sums necessary to replace the accumulated capital of ages which this short war had annihilated. In some cases the wealth of the communities became insufficient to keep the existing public works in repair."

Scarcely had the storm of Roman war passed by, when the Cilician pirates, finding the coasts of Greece peculiarly favorable for their marauding incursions, and tempted by the wealth accumulated in the cities and temples, commenced their depredations on so gigantic a scale that Rome felt obliged to put forth all her military forces for their suppression. The exploits of Pompey the Great, who was clothed with autocratic power to destroy this gigantic evil, fill the brightest chapter in the history of that celebrated but too unfortunate commander. He captured ninety brazen-beaked ships, and took twenty thousand prisoners, with whom he repeopled the ancient town of Soli, which henceforth was called Pompeiopolis. The civil wars in which the great Republic expired had the fields of Greece for their theatre. Under the tramp of contending armies, her fertile plains were desolated, and Roman blood, in a cause not her own, again and again moistened her soil.

But at length the civil wars have come to an end, and the Empire introduces, for the first time in the melancholy history

of man, a state of universal peace. Greece still maintains her pre-eminence in literature and art, and her schools are frequented by the sons of the Roman aristocracy. Her elder poets serve as models to the literary genius of the Augustan age. Horace copies Alcæus, and admires Sappho. Virgil imitates Theocritus in his *Eclogues*, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in his *Æneid*. The historians form themselves on Attic prototypes; and the philosophers of Rome divide themselves among the Grecian sects, while in Athens the Platonists, the Stoics, the Peripatetics, and the Epicureans still haunt the scenes with which the names of their masters were inseparably associated. The ancient spirit which animated the breasts of the Greeks in the republican days, and which broke forth like an expiring gleam in Philopœmen and Polybius, had either utterly vanished from the hearts of the people, or had been smothered and oppressed into silence by the evils of the times. The country was, however, still covered with splendid temples, and crowded with works of art, — the productions of the best ages; nor had the practice of art been entirely lost. But the ravages of war had left the principal cities in such a condition, that even in the time of Cicero they suggested melancholy reflections to the most thoughtful minds. Says Sulpicius, in his letter of consolation to the great orator: “When I returned from Asia, and was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to gaze upon the regions around me. Behind me lay Ægina; before me, Megara; on my right, Peiræus; on my left, Corinth,—cities which once were most flourishing, but now lie overwhelmed and in ruins.” Such was the general aspect of that illustrious region even then; but the great temples, whose ruins still astonish the traveller by their magnificence and melancholy beauty, had suffered nothing from time, and comparatively little from the hand of man. They were regarded, even by those who had no conception of the genius required for their construction, with a certain awe and reverence, though they already began to despise the decaying nation that built them.



The establishment of the Empire made but little change in the administration of Greece. Augustus, indeed, showed no great solicitude, except to maintain the country in subjection by his military colonies, — especially those of Patræ and Nicopolis. He even deprived Athens of the privileges she had enjoyed under the Republic, and broke down the remaining power of Sparta by declaring the independence of her subject towns. Some of his successors treated the country with favor, and endeavored, by a clement use of authority, to mitigate the sufferings of its decline. Even Nero, the amiable fiddler of Rome, was proud to display the extent of his musical abilities in their theatres. He listened eagerly to the flatteries of the Greeks, as they accompanied him from city to city; received with complacency the eighteen hundred laurel crowns with which they decorated him; and when at last, in an excess of adulation which it is wonderful he did not suspect of satire, they styled him the Saviour of the Human Race, the monster repaid the compliment by declaring them free from tribute. The noble Trajan allowed the Greeks to retain their former local privileges, and did much to improve their condition by his wise and just administration.

Hadrian was a passionate lover of Greek art and literature. Athens especially received the amplest benefits from his taste and wealth. He finished the temple of Olympian Zeus; established a public library; built a pantheon and a gymnasium; rebuilt the temple of Apollo at Megara; improved the old roads of Greece and made new ones, and especially rendered the difficult highway into Peloponnesus by the Scironian Rocks passable for wheeled carriages. A part of this road is still to be seen, running along those dangerous and lofty precipices, with the ruined masses of the immense substructions which supported it. Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius showed good will to Greece. The latter rebuilt the temple at Eleusis, and improved the Athenian schools, raising the salaries of the teachers, and in various ways contributing to make Athens, as it had been before, the most illustrious seat of learning in the world.

It was in the reign of this Emperor, in the second century of our era, that one of the greatest benefactors of Athens and all Greece lived,—Herodes Atticus, distinguished alike for wealth, learning, and eloquence. Born at Marathon within sight of the spot where the Persian hosts were defeated, educated at Athens by the best teachers his father's wealth could procure, he became on going to Rome, in early life, the rhetorical teacher of Marcus Aurelius himself. Antoninus Pius bestowed on him the honor of the consulship; but he preferred the career of a teacher at Athens to the highest political dignities which imperial favor placed within his reach, and he was followed thither by young men of the most eminent Roman families, from the Emperor's down. At a later period he withdrew from Athens to Cephissia, a town about eight miles distant, which he adorned by a magnificent villa, with porticos, walks, groves, and fountains, traces of which still remain. At Athens, south of the Ilissus, he built the stadium, lined with Pentelic marble, whose enormous dimensions testify to the munificent liberality of the princely citizen; and the theatre of Regilla, so named in honor of his wife, at the southwestern angle of the Acropolis, the walls, arches, and seats of which are to a great extent still remaining, though the interior is encumbered with the accumulated rubbish of sixteen centuries. At Corinth he built a theatre; at Olympia, an aqueduct; at Delphi, a race-course; and at Thermopylæ, a hospital. Peloponnesus, Eubœa, Bœotia, and Epeirus experienced his bounty; and even Italy was not forgotten in the lavish distribution of his wealth. He died in A. D. 180. The grateful citizens of Athens would not allow his body to be buried at Marathon, as he had desired, but insisted on bestowing upon his remains every honor in their power to devise. His praises were commemorated in a funeral discourse by his friend and pupil Adrianus, of whose genius Herodes had expressed the strongest admiration. Of the numerous literary works of this illustrious citizen, whose character and genius gild the declining days of Athens, nothing has been preserved; but few

have left so many traces of public spirit and generosity in the land of their birth.

About the middle of the third century, the Gothic hordes began to appear on the northern frontiers of Greece. A few years later they crossed the Hellespont and the Ægean, and descended upon the coasts of Attica. Disembarking at the Peiræus, they marched upon Athens, which was bravely but unsuccessfully defended by Dexippus, who added the abilities of a general to the attainments of a scholar and a philosopher. I am sorry we have so few traces of this accomplished warrior. He did not let the Goths escape with impunity; but, rallying his followers in a grove near the city, addressed them in an animating harangue:—

“Bravery, and not the number of combatants, controls the issue of war. Our force is still considerable. Our army numbers two thousand warriors: our position is concealed. From this spot we must attack the enemy when they disperse over the country. So will victory inspire us with new vigor, and fill the enemy with terror. . . . If we meet them in open fight, reflect that courage mounts with danger. Victory comes unlooked for in the hour of need, and in battle for all that is dearest, when the soldier is animated with the hope of revenge. And who have a juster cause of vengeance than we, who see our families and our city in the power of the enemy? . . . I am resolved to share your fate, — to fight boldly for all that is dearest; and be assured I will take care that through me the glory of our city shall never be dishonored. . . . It becomes us to remember the deeds of our fathers; to shine forth an example of bravery and freedom to the other Greeks; and to secure for ourselves, among the present and future generations, the imperishable renown of having shown by our actions that the courage of the Athenians remains unbroken, even in adversity. We march to battle to redeem our children, and all that is dear to us. May the gods be our support!”

The army received his words in a transport of enthusiasm, and demanded to be led to instant battle. We have no clear



account of what followed ; but it appears that, after the barbarians had sated themselves with the plunder of the city, they found some difficulty in escaping to their ships, or hurrying to the North. They rushed tumultuously through Bœotia, Acarnania, Thessaly, and Epeirus, spreading terror and destruction wherever they went. We know, however, that Athens was subjected to the plunder of these savages. It is related by Zonaras, that one of the Gothic chiefs, finding a party of his soldiers on the point of burning the libraries of Athens, having collected the books in a pile, told them to leave these things to the effeminate Greeks ; for the hand accustomed to the smoothness of papyrus would but feebly grasp the brand of the warrior. Happy influence of letters, which, had it universally prevailed, would have saved the earth from becoming the dreadful slaughter-house it has been in every age, and seems likely to be again in ours !

The language of Greece, no longer existing under the forms of numerous dialects of equal classical authority in their several countries and in special departments of literature, had become, under the designation of the Later Attic, or Hellenistic, the medium of political communication and literary composition throughout the Eastern world. Intellectual activity in Egypt, where the institutions of the Ptolemies were respected by the Roman Emperors, assumed a motley aspect among the philosophic and Oriental systems and jargons, which were concentrated in an astonishing medley in this land of pyramids and hieroglyphics. Of the poetical names which shine with mild lustre here we have Callimachus, the author of the Hymns ; Theocritus, the pastoral poet, whose naïve Sicilian Doric still charms the student more than the stately imitations of Virgil ; Apollonius, the Rhodian ; Lycophron, chiefly famous for his unintelligibility, whose sixty tragedies (thank Heaven !) have not come down to us. In history we have Arrian, who wrote the narrative of Alexander's campaigns ; in prose eloquence, Dion Chrysostomus, whose orations are among the best specimens of writing in that period ; while Lucian's

grave irony, incomparable wit, polished Attic style, and unsurpassed good-sense will make him a favorite so long as a taste for these qualities survives among men.

Christianity was early preached and churches established, not only among the Greeks of Asia Minor, but on the continent of Greece, as appears by the apostolic documents themselves. The most memorable passage in the apostolic history beyond all comparison is the appearance of St. Paul at Athens, and his discourse to the philosophers who courteously invited him up the hill of Mars, the most sacred and venerable spot from the mythical times down to the latest days of Attic splendor.

The Greeks, though some of them found the preaching of the Apostles foolishness, were in many respects morally and intellectually susceptible of its influences. Some of the elder thinkers had almost reasoned out the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity. Plato, looking upon the sorrowful and fallen condition of man, had felt the need of a Divine Being to raise him up and restore him to the lost dignity of his nature. Socrates, his master, had reflected upon the immortality of the soul, and the joys of a better life to come, until these sublime truths assumed a clearness and consistency that nerved him to the felon's death which an unjust sentence had doomed him to suffer; and just as he was about to drink the fatal hemlock, he gave utterance to the evangelic principle, that it is better to forgive injuries than to avenge them. The tenderness and humanity of the Christian faith found an echo in the Grecian heart; and a sentiment deeper than curiosity — though that mingled largely in the emotions of the hour — secured to the great Apostle the respectful attention of the most cultivated audience he ever addressed. Philosophy had strengthened the advanced minds of Greece, and the most accomplished intellects of Rome, but still had left a profound void in the heart. No doubt, when death parted families, bereaving the parent of the hope and the charm of life, or leaving tender children orphans in a desolate world, the sunshine of na-

ture lighted the universe in vain for their sorrowing spirits, and the theories of philosophy fell far short of that blessed assurance which alone could soothe the agony of the dark hour. At this period the belief in the ancient divinities must have died out in nearly every thinking mind. The glory of the nation had suffered an eclipse, from which the gods of Olympus had been powerless to save. Private life had been overwhelmed with disaster and woe; and philosophy could help only the sterner natures to bear the general lot with composure. The tenderness of the sepulchral inscriptions in the anthologies, and of those briefer ejaculations of sorrowing affection from the dying to the living and the living to the dying, which still speak to us so touchingly from the crumbling marbles of ancient Hellenic tombs, tells us by what is not said, still more eloquently than by what is expressed, how ready was the heart of Hellas for the deeper consolations of the Christian faith.

The temples remained in their magnificence; ceremonies and processions represented the ancient pomp of popular worship: but, in many cases, the wealth belonging to them was monopolized by private persons, or diverted from its religious use by the corporations charged with its management, and Christianity gained a victory — though not without a long struggle against the conservative element of Paganism — over the indifference of the people to their ancient rites.

Besides the peculiar consolations afforded by Christianity to the afflicted of all ranks and classes, there were popular elements in its early forms which could not fail to commend it to the regards of common men. It borrowed the designation *ecclesia* from the old popular assembly, and *liturgy* from the services required by law of the richer citizens in the popular festivities. It taught the equality of all men in the sight of God; and this doctrine could not fail to be affectionately welcomed by a down-trodden people. The Christian congregations were organized upon democratic principles, at least in Greece, and presented a semblance of the free assemblies



of former times; and the daily business of communities was, equally with their spiritual affairs, transacted under these popular forms. "From the moment a people," says a recent writer, "in the state of intellectual civilization in which the Greeks were, could listen to the preachers, it was certain they would adopt the religion. They might alter, modify, or corrupt it, but it was impossible they should reject it. The existence of an assembly in which the dearest interests of all human beings were expounded and discussed in the language of truth, and with the most earnest expressions of persuasion, must have lent an irresistible charm to the investigation of the new doctrine among a people possessing the institutions and feelings of the Greeks. Sincerity, truth, and a desire to persuade others, will soon create eloquence, where numbers are gathered together. Christianity revived oratory, and with oratory it awakened many of the characteristics which had slept for ages. The discussions of Christianity gave also new vigor to the commercial and municipal institutions, as they improved the intellectual qualities of the people."

But it was impossible for such organizations to exist, without gradually rising to an important influence in the state; and it was impossible for the maxims of Christianity to gain an extensive prevalence, without coming into collision with the maxims of the Roman government. The responsibility of rulers and the ruled to a common and inexorable tribunal could not be very tasteful to the rapacious masters of the Roman Empire; and the doctrine of equality and brotherhood was a strange lesson for those whose policy and arms had enslaved the world. A bond which united the Christians of all countries in the strictest relations of friendship and affection could not but be viewed with suspicion by those who regarded the citizenship of Rome as the most binding and exalted relation possible among men. The Roman, too, was in his nature less susceptible of religious influences than the Greek. He looked upon Christianity in its supposed political bearings, and persecuted it accordingly. But, in spite of all obstacles, in defi

ance of all persecutions, Christianity, in the earlier ages, identified itself with the habits, thoughts, sentiments, hopes, and nationality of the Hellenic race. It was bound up with their language, in which the Apostles and earlier Christian fathers preached and taught and wrote. It held them together, and saved them from absorption into the vast body of the Roman Empire, and from annihilation by the hordes of barbarians which swept the country like a whirlwind or settled upon it like devouring locusts. It ascended the throne with Constantine, who carried it to Byzantium; and perhaps we shall see it again ascend the throne of that ancient capital, supplant the crescent by the cross, and reconsecrate the mosque of Saint Sophia to the service of that Holy Wisdom to which its imposing grandeur was originally consecrated.

“Be but Byzantium’s native sign  
Of cross on crescent once unfurled,  
And Greece shall guard, by right divine,  
The portals of the Eastern world.”

## LECTURE III.

### FROM CONSTANTINE TO THE BYZANTINE PERIOD.

IN the last Lecture I gave a cursory review of the history of the Greeks, down to the time when Christianity, having taken a strong hold of the national feelings and identified itself with the institutions and ideas of the country, ascended the imperial throne in the person of Constantine. Of course, with this important event, and, in all worldly aspects, most brilliant triumph, the persecution of the Church ceased, and a period of profound tranquillity ensued. Constantine was not a very attractive specimen of the Christian character. He was able, energetic, and unscrupulous about the means of accomplishing his ends. If the life of a rival or an antagonist stood in his way, he had no hesitation about taking it; and the blood of those bound to him by relationship was not always spared. But he deserves the praise of being less sanguinary and remorseless than was usual among the candidates for the imperial throne in those unhappy centuries. He was no bigot to Paganism before he embraced Christianity; and he was sufficiently enlightened to understand the uselessness of persecuting an enthusiastic, growing, and in the main, as he must have perceived, a truly moral and sincerely pious sect. His conduct was marked by this wise moderation on religious subjects before he reached the throne; and after he became master of the world he refused to persecute either Pagans or Christians. It was not until towards the end of his life that he openly professed the religion he had long favored, and put the seal to his conversion by the rite of baptism. He had protected the Christian, and encouraged the Pagan. He presided in a Christian Council before he



professed the Christian religion. His coin appears with the Christian monogram, and the attributes of a heathen god. Having enjoyed the honors of a Pontifex Maximus, he was baptized to secure the certainty of Christian salvation. After death he was worshipped as a god, and adored as a saint. Perhaps, on the whole, no man ever more completely verified the old Latin definition of a politician, — *homo ita serviens Deo ut Diabolum non offendat*, — “a man so serving God as not to offend the Devil.”

One effect of the transfer of the seat of government to Byzantium was to bring the Greeks into more direct communication with the Roman administration. It was the aim of the first Roman Emperors in Byzantium — those of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries — to establish the Latin language, the Roman law, and Roman institutions generally, on a more permanent footing than they had yet had in the East. The influence of the court had some effect. Those who were connected with it, or dependent on its favors, prided themselves on adopting the style, manners, and dignities of Roman officials: they called themselves Romans, and their country Rome; and even the spoken Greek language was subsequently known, and is known down to the present day, as the Romaic. In the writings of those times we find a strange jumble of Latin with the Greek, especially in the legal documents. But this effect did not extend among the Greeks generally. The strong nationality of the race easily withstood the tide of foreign manners; and, while the dignitaries of the Empire and some of the leading ecclesiastics were indulging in the pomps and ceremonies of the Roman court at Constantinople, the body of the Greek people and the humbler clergy remained faithful to Hellenic ideas, and to the simple forms of the religion they had received from the Apostles and their immediate successors. In fact, their aim was to make Constantinople a Greek, and not a Latin city. The Roman spirit of the administration was gradually destroyed, though the capital resisted the national feeling, and, giving itself up to the enjoyment of the largesses and the

games of the circus granted by the favor of the Emperors, remained insensible to the sufferings of the provinces and the decline of the Empire.

It does not accord with my purpose to recapitulate the military and civil changes introduced into the machinery of the government by Constantine, and which, though skilfully arranged, separated the administration, as a bureaucracy, from the national feelings, originating that opposition between the interests of the government and those of the people which still crushes the hopes of the patriot over a great portion of the civilized world. In Greece, the local governments were allowed to exist; but the public burdens were rigorously enforced by the imperial government, so that the reforms inaugurated by Constantine were of no substantial benefit to the Greeks as a nation. A system of monopoly, — since imitated by that over-praised barbarian, the Pacha of Egypt, — in which the Emperor and the members of the imperial household largely shared, interfered with the natural course of commerce, and tended to impoverish the provinces, and to weaken the barriers which the Empire had maintained against the inroads of the barbarians.

The remarkable career of the Emperor Julian, who ascended the throne in 361 A. D., twenty-four years after the death of Constantine, deserves a brief notice, with reference to its bearings on the condition and fortunes of the Greeks. In his childhood and youth, though under the jealous eye of Constantius, and deprived of liberty, he was nevertheless carefully educated, both in the dogmas of the established Church and in Greek and Roman literature. Athens was still the centre of Greek culture; and here, after obtaining with difficulty the Emperor's consent, Julian was permitted for a time to lead the life of a private scholar. His acquirements and his elegant tastes attracted the attention of the most eminent masters, and he passed his time with a circle of young men of congenial pursuits, among whom was Gregory of Nazianzus, who was afterwards known as a Christian

orator, a bitter enemy of the apostate Emperor, and a fiery antagonist of the Arians. In a short time Julian was roused from these peaceful pursuits, and placed in a military command in the western and northern provinces of the Empire. He describes his feelings on quitting Athens, in his letter to the Athenians: "What fountains of tears did I shed, what lamentations did I utter, stretching my hands up towards the Acropolis, when I besought and supplicated Athene to save her servant, and not to abandon him!" His brilliant successes again awoke the jealousy of the Emperor Constantius, who recalled the better portion of his troops, under pretence of needing them for the defence of the East. The troops refused to obey, and, breaking into the lodgings of their beloved commander, forced him to accept the imperial crown. Before he came into actual conflict with the armies of the East, the Emperor died; and now, without opposition, Julian mounted the throne. Up to this moment he had disguised his apostasy from the religion in which he had been educated, though it had already been suspected by his brother Gallus, by Gregory, and perhaps by others. The policy of Constantine, the cruelty of Constantius, and the persecuting spirit already displaying itself between the Orthodox and Arians, backed by the arguments of the Athenian philosophers with whom he had chiefly associated, had completely alienated him from the Christian faith. He, however, published an edict of toleration, professing to secure to both Christians and Pagans the rights of conscience; but he gratified his private inclination by preferring Pagans to Christians in civil and military offices, and forbidding Christians to teach rhetoric and grammar in the schools. He was initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis; did much towards restoring Athens, Argos, and Corinth to their ancient splendor; re-established the Isthmian games; and in many other ways manifested his passionate attachment to Greece, her literature, her institutions, and her arts. But the dream of restoring to her declining gods the ancient reverence was that of an enthusiast, though an imperial enthusiast; of a pedant in Paganism, though a very able and perhaps honest pedant.



The conflicting passions of the age have given rise to distorted views of Julian's character. The adherents of the old mythology regarded him as a god, while most of the Christians, of his own and subsequent times, believed him little better than a devil. The work he wrote against the Christian dogmas, though it excited a prodigious controversy in its day, is known only by tradition, and through extracts preserved by Cyril, who replied to it,—the copies of the book having been destroyed by Theodosius II. The impression made by his name in later times is due chiefly to the odious epithet of Apostate, which is uniformly his designation. In reality, he was a philosopher of great moderation, and a sovereign whose reign was distinguished, above those of most of his successors, for devotion to the happiness of the people. Those of his writings which are not on controversial subjects display uncommon literary talent, for the age, and some of them are of great historical importance. Two or three of them—his “*Cæsars*, or the Banquet,” and the “*Misopogon*,” or Beard-Hater—exhibit a considerable talent for satire. But his deliberately preferring Paganism to Christianity, in consequence of the quarrels and scandalous conduct of some of the professors of the latter, and the superior urbanity and literary accomplishments of some of the adherents of the former, instead of forming his opinion upon the moral and religious ideas which lie at the foundation of the two, respectively, will justly and forever deprive him of the praise of being a profound thinker. He borrowed from the Christians many of their peculiar views of duty, without knowing or acknowledging that they had not been inspired by heathenism. He founded charities, provided for the poor, aimed at the suppression of vice and profligacy, just as if he had been a zealous Christian prince; while his speech and his writings breathed nothing but sarcasm against the Galileans, as he contemptuously called the followers of Christ. He abhorred the theatre with as much fervor as Athanasius did. He could seldom be persuaded to appear in the hippodrome, and then only for a few moments. The licentious festivities

with which his arrival was greeted at Antioch were as odious to him as they would have been to Oliver Cromwell. As he was paraded through the city, under the escort of pimps and parasites and dancing women, to the sound of soft music and lascivious songs, he was as absurdly out of place as a professor of moral philosophy would be among the orgies of the Five Points. His description of the morals of Antioch, in the *Misopogon*, corresponds exactly with that of St. Chrysostom in his homilies, and his own personal asceticism would have shone with saintly austerity among the enthusiasts of the Thebaid. These singularities brought him frequently into strange companionship, both among Christians and heathens. His love of letters was often too strong for his religious prejudices; and he lost no occasion for testifying his appreciation of learning, even in one of the hated sect. But he did not always discriminate wisely; apparently thinking that one Christian was as good or as bad as another; or that, where the best were low enough, the worst were but little lower.

Among Julian's contemporaries was that prince of rogues, the patron saint of England. St. George of Cappadocia, a man of low birth and of lower character, led a singular life, and has had, in ecclesiastical history and fable, a very singular *post-mortem* fortune. He began with being a parasite of the rich. Then he was a contractor to supply the army with bacon, and cheated in the performance of his engagements. He wandered about for a time, and then fixed himself in Alexandria, where he began to do mischief, as one of his accusers asserts. He became a receiver of the public revenues, and acquired the name of *ταμειόφαγος*, or treasury-eater. The fierce controversy between the Arians and the Orthodox being at its height, and the Emperor Constantius favoring the Arians, George too became a zealous Arian, and so received the appointment of Bishop of Alexandria, as successor to Athanasius, who had been banished. The new prelate went to Alexandria, with letters of recommendation from the Emperor himself. The Trinitarians were driven from their churches; men were beaten

with scourges of thorns, widows and orphans plundered, and many holy women driven into the desert. The Orthodox revolted against these outrages of the metropolitan, and he was obliged to flee to save his life. But the Trinitarians were again expelled by order of the Emperor, and the exemplary Bishop was restored. He exhibited a most uncanonical greed for money, and sought to get monopolies of nitre, papyrus, salt, painted coffins, and the management of funerals. At length he began to persecute the Pagans; but while he was in the midst of his proceedings against them, the news arrived of the accession of the Emperor Julian, which encouraged them to rise in insurrection. At this moment George was presiding in a synod. The insurgents rushed in, seized him, and were about to put him to death, when he was rescued by the magistrates, and for security put into prison. But the prison was mobbed; he was dragged out, bound on a camel, paraded through the streets, then torn in pieces, and burned to ashes. Yet this person — a peculator, parasite, persecutor, monopolist, and worse than all this in the view of those who have generally represented the dogmas of the Church, a heretic — became a recognized saint, and, with the subsequent addition of the Dragon, arrived in the reign of Edward III. at the dignity of the tutelary genius of England, which, strangely enough, he still holds, though the revolutions of theological opinion have made the office a sinecure.

This blessed saint was not, however, without some tincture of cultivation. He had been on terms of literary intercourse with Julian, who, in the epistle I am about to quote, speaks of having borrowed books of him to be copied. In a letter to the Alexandrians, the Emperor severely censures them for the murder of the Bishop, and reads them a sound lecture on the wickedness of slaying a man, even though guilty of the highest offences against them and their religion, when they might have brought him to justice by an appeal to the laws. Nevertheless, after his death, the Emperor wrote the following characteristic epistle to the Prefect of Egypt: "Some love horses;



some, birds; and others, other animals; but from my childhood up I have had a vehement passion for the acquisition of books. It were absurd, then, if I were to neglect the present opportunity of securing those of the Bishop. I beg you therefore to do me the peculiar favor of looking up all the books of George. For he had many of the philosophers, many of the rhetoricians, and many treatises on the doctrines of the Galileans, which I could wish indeed were annihilated. But in order that more useful books may not perish with this trash, I would have these too carefully preserved. Let the notary (or secretary) of George direct you in the search. If he execute the commission faithfully, he shall receive his liberty; but if not, then he shall be put to the torture. When I was in Cappadocia, George lent me some books to be copied, which he took back again afterwards."

One of the most singular compositions of Julian was the "Misopogon," or Beard-Hater, the object of which is to hold up to ridicule the loose morals and effeminate habits of the people of Antioch. It seems to have been the fashion among the people of that city to shave themselves. Julian was too conservative in his tastes and temper to fall into this effeminate innovation. He wore his beard in the antique fashion, and incurred the ridicule of the Antiochians for so doing. He retorted upon them by this piece, which he is said to have written while sojourning in their city. Part of it is in a light and ironical vein, descriptive of his own simple and austere habits, which he affects to consider as faults, while he treats their vices and extravagances as so many excellent qualities which he was unfitted to acquire. But towards the close he forgets the tone of banter, and remonstrates, in the severest style, upon the ingratitude of the people of Antioch for numerous and important benefits they had received at his hands, — such as the remission of public burdens, and the like; and finally rates them soundly for being so negligent of their religious duties towards the gods. "I hurried," says he, "on the day of the festival of Apollo, to Daphne, supposing that I should there enjoy the

spectacle of your wealth and magnificence. I silently pictured to myself a procession, dreaming of victims, libations, choruses, frankincense, in honor of the gods; imagining youths in the temple, with minds composed to a state most befitting the service of the gods, clothed in robes of becoming magnificence. But on entering the temple I found neither incense, nor sacrificial cake, nor any victim there. I was at first surprised, but then supposed that you were outside of the temple, waiting for the signal from me, as a mark of honor, as if I were a chief-priest. But when I inquired what the city was going to sacrifice on this annual festival to the god, the priest replied, 'I have brought this goose from home, but the city has made no preparation.' I remonstrated with the council in severe terms," — which he proceeds to repeat, but I shall not imitate his example.

One or two more brief extracts from this curious and entertaining work will be all that time allows. The Emperor seems to consider the vice and dissipation of the city as in some way owing to the decline of the ancient religion, and the introduction of Christianity. As to the moral condition of the people, he was quite right. They were generally voluptuous, addicted passionately to amusements, drinking, low entertainments at the theatres, and the like; but Christianity had already begun the work of purification, which Julian vainly expected from the false worship, now fallen into contempt even among those who had not yet found a better. But I think that what troubled the royal philosopher most, after all, was not the decay of the ancient worship, not the immoralities of the city, not the ingratitude for imperial favors, but the disrespect with which they treated his beard. This was his tender point. Not all the philosophy of all the schools could harden his sensibilities against the satirical allusions which those irreverent, smooth-faced Antiochians were constantly making to this solemn appendage to the royal physiognomy. It is amusing to see how the beard is perpetually turning up, in the midst of the gravest discourse, as if he were saying to himself, "That was the un-

kindest cut of all. It is wrong to neglect Jupiter; it is bad to offer only a goose to Apollo; it is awful to be dissolute; but to flout at the very beard of the Emperor, the gods forgive you,—I cannot.” As if rebuking himself, he gravely says: “Nature has not made him so very charming and handsome, that, out of mere moroseness and ugliness of temper, he has added that long beard for no other cause than to punish himself for not being handsomer; which made it quite inconvenient for him to eat or drink; for he had to be very careful not to swallow the beard and bread together. As to giving and receiving kisses, he professes personally his profound indifference. Nevertheless he admits that a long beard does really appear to have this inconvenience, that it does not permit to join smooth lips to smoother and therefore sweeter lips.”

There is a curious passage in which he describes Lutetia, where he went into winter quarters on one of his campaigns. He calls it *beloved Lutetia*, but for very different reasons from those which make Paris so attractive now. What charmed him was the rough simplicity of the Parisians, who found nothing to object to in the rudeness of his person, the coarseness of his manners, or the plainness of his diet. The contrast he draws between the simplicity and rusticity of Paris, and the excessive refinement of Antioch, shows curiously the changes wrought by time in the condition and character of great cities. Against the rustic Paris he sets off the opulent and flourishing city of Antioch,—with many dancers, many musicians, more players than citizens, and no reverence for princes. “They revel,” says he, “in the morning, and give the night up to pleasure. Their delight is in the public squares and in the theatres; the people enjoying the applauses and the tumult; the magistrates taking pleasure in the opportunity of gaining more reputation by the sums they have lavished on these entertainments, than Solon the Athenian gained by his conversation with Cræsus, the king of the Lydians.” In short, the two cities appear to have completely changed places.

I have perhaps dwelt too long on the writings of Julian; but,



in spite of his apostasy and his pedantry, I confess to a strong liking for the man. He was the last of the heathen Emperors ; and the brave struggle he made to bring back the fair humanities of the old religion excites a certain respect. I like to picture him walking among the olive-groves of Athens, treading thoughtfully the porticos where the great philosophers had so long met, to discuss their various theories, and to enlighten their crowds of pupils by animated instructions. I fancy him dreaming over the elder glories of the renowned city, and with learned enthusiasm anticipating their restoration. I like his passion for letters, and his preference of books over horses and birds. I like him for having scorned delights and lived laborious days, in an age when the love of pleasure drowned zeal for public good in the enervating voluptuousness of private life. I honor him for preserving his purity of morals under the imperial purple, in an age when assassination and profligacy held their shameless and bloody revels in the regal halls of Constantinople. With such accomplishments, such talents, and such virtues, I grudge him to the heathens. *Utinam noster esset!* But he was the last gleam of Pagan glory that illuminated the imperial throne.

While speaking of the character and literary merits of this imperial friend of Greece and visionary restorer of the old religion, whose reign is considered by some writers to have been the last fortunate period in the sad annals of that country, I will add a few words upon one of his contemporaries, whose distinction lay exclusively in literature, and whose life may serve as a sketch of the heathen literary character under its most favorable aspect in that age. From what has been said, it will appear that the profession of literature was by no means despised. It was not only a ground of imperial favor, but the schools in Athens, Alexandria, Tarsus, Antioch, and other places, opened careers very attractive to men of quiet tempers and literary tastes. It is true, there was no *bema* now for political eloquence. The tragic stage, once the pulpit of the heathen world, had been supplanted by singers, dancers,

dancing elephants, chariot-races, and fights of wild beasts. All, except the more austere among the Christians, and the puritanical Pagan Emperor, dropped in daily to refresh themselves by these debasing amusements, so that the stage held out no inducement to men of genius, had any such arisen. The only public which the literary class could directly address was the public of the schools; and the topics on which they wrote were accordingly scholastic. There was literary skill; there was cultivated taste; there was learning; but the fresh and animating breath of civic life was wanting. The scholastic literature of the period shows great fertility of resource; and among the best writers and most accomplished men whose works remain was Libanius the Sophist. This distinguished literary man was born at Antioch early in the fourth century, and, after acquiring the rudiments of his education in his native place, resorted to Athens to complete his studies, where his talents, his zeal for learned pursuits, and his love of the old classics gained him much attention, and opened a career as teacher of rhetoric, in which he might easily have made himself a prominent person in that city. But he preferred another course. Returning to Asia, he was induced to remain in Constantinople, where he opened a private school, whose success excited the jealousy of the public teachers to such a degree, that they accused him of magic, and procured his expulsion from the city. From Constantinople he went to Nicomedeia, where he taught successfully for the next five years. Twice after this he returned to Constantinople for a temporary residence; but at length, his health failing him, he withdrew to his native city, and there passed the remainder of his life, having again declined the offer of the chair of rhetoric at Athens.

In many points of character he resembled the Emperor Julian, who was his friend and correspondent. The Emperor on one occasion writes to him: "I read your oration almost through yesterday before dinner; after dinner I finished it before resting. You are a happy man to be able so to speak, and still more, so to think. What a style, what mind, what distri-

bution, what arguments, what order, what diction, what harmony, what compactness !” It is worth while to have an Emperor for your correspondent, if he will pay you such compliments when you send him a copy of your last oration. Like the Emperor, Libanius was a Pagan, though a very tolerant one. St. Basil and St. Chrysostom were among his pupils and friends. He survived until near the end of the fourth century. He left a great variety of works, — orations, declamations, letters ; but those best known are a *Life of Demosthenes*, and the *Arguments of his Orations*, prefixed to most editions of the great orator’s works. His style shows the marks of careful imitation of the ancient classics, and in passages it is pre-eminently happy. But the classical simplicity of the age of Xenophon was not the fashion of the fourth century ; and Libanius, with all his ability, could not uniformly rise above the faults of his age. In truth, a style formed by imitating the models of an earlier period, however excellent they may be, will always bear the tokens of labor, — will always be stiff and unnatural to a certain extent. The only way of speaking to men with effect is to speak in the language natural to the period, avoiding bad taste where that is fashionable, but not too curiously seeking for the peculiar elegance which belonged to another epoch. The works of Libanius are not only interesting, but of great historical value, with reference both to the political and the literary relations of the times.

These two writers, the one on the throne of the Roman world, the other in the chair of the private teacher, — united, from these opposite extremes of fortune, by similarity of opinion and congeniality of tastes, — give us a good idea of the literary activity of the period, when, though original genius had disappeared and taste had greatly declined, yet the light of the ancient Hellenic intellect still lingered, and cast a golden brightness over the rapid decay.

The Eastern and Western Empires were separated in A. D. 364 by Valentinian and Valens. In the north and east the storm of barbarian invasion was ominously gathering against



the Empire. The Goths were permitted by Valens to pass the Danube, when the fiercer Huns, advancing from the confines of China, compelled them to seek the protection of the Emperor. This movement quartered a million of warriors within the dominions of Rome, between whom and the Empire a desperate war speedily broke out. But the separation of the East from the West bound up the interests of its sovereigns more intimately with the fortunes of their Greek subjects. The Greek language began to supplant the Latin at the court; the feeling of Greek nationality penetrated even to the imperial family; and new vigor seemed about to be infused into the eastern portion of the Empire. The municipal and ecclesiastical organizations of the Greeks gained still greater influence in the general government; and the Christian religion gradually directed the attention of educated men almost exclusively to theological questions. There still remained, however, in the schools, a good number of philosophical adherents to declining Paganism, many of them, like Julian and Libanius, distinguished not only for their literary accomplishments, but for the general purity of their lives; and this circumstance, perhaps, led the Christians to entertain that contempt for human learning which commences about this period. The name of *Hellenes* was gradually limited to the Pagan Greeks of Europe. *Christians* and *Hellenes* became contrasted terms in Greece itself, which still retained the name of Hellas. At the present day this application of *Hellenes* is not unknown in some parts of Greece. The kingdom is called Hellas, and the inhabitants are called Hellenes, among the educated classes, and almost universally by the people; but once, on board a ship in the Corinthian Gulf, I put the question to a Greek sailor, "Are you a *Hellen?*"—not remembering at the moment the theological meaning of the word. He replied, with some animation, thinking I had asked him whether he was a Pagan, "No! I am a Greek,"—meaning, a Greek Christian.

The influence of the lawyers on the general administration of justice began to exercise a very important control, not only

over the judicial tribunals, but as a check to the injustice of proconsuls, and even to the despotism of the Emperors themselves; but it is a singular fact, and one which diminished the beneficial influence of this profession among the Greeks, that, though the Greek was the language of the Eastern Church, yet the Latin was the language of legal business in the East, until the time of Justinian, that is, till after the sixth century, — a circumstance which enabled the clergy, by their more intimate connection with the people, to extend their sphere of activity beyond the range of ecclesiastical, to civil, affairs.

All apparent progress was arrested, or at least interrupted, by the troubles with the barbarians. The Huns pressed forward, subjecting district after district and province after province. In the first half of the fifth century, at the head of an immense troop of followers, Attila advanced upon Europe, and, almost without the show of resistance, invaded, occupied, and desolated all the regions from the Euxine to the Adriatic. Greece, under these swarming hordes, suffered the extremity of spoliation, with all its atrocities and horrors. The Emperor was terrified into purchasing peace by the payment of an annual tribute of two thousand pounds of gold, and the cession of an extensive territory of fifteen days' journey in breadth, and in length reaching from Nyssæ to Belgrade. For the next seven years, Attila was the terror of the East and the West. His exploits were the theme of popular song among the barbarians, and tradition added fable to the facts of history. Under the name of Etzel he reappears in the earliest legends of Germany; and is one of the leading personages in that grand old poem, the *Nibelungen-lied*. "He was interred," says Sir James Emerson Tennent, "after the ancient manner of the fathers of his nation, — the Huns cutting off their hair, and gashing their faces with hideous wounds; to bewail their chieftain, not with effeminate tears, but with the blood of warriors. His body, placed beneath a silken pavilion, was exhibited in the midst of the plain, whilst the horsemen of his tribe rode around it, and celebrated his exploits in funereal hymns. In the darkness of

midnight, the remains of Attila were enclosed in a golden, and again in a silver coffin, to mark that the Romans and the Greeks had been his tributaries; and all was enveloped in an iron chest, to indicate the untamed ferocity of his dominion. The trappings of his war-horse and his royal insignia were committed to the same sepulchre with himself; and the slaves who hollowed out his tomb were slain when the work was finished, in order that no mortal might disclose the last resting-place of the warrior of the Huns."

Allusion has already been made to the antipathy of some of the Christian fathers to the Pagan literature of the Greeks, called out chiefly by the antagonism between the philosophers who remained faithful to the elder creeds and the Christian leaders. The Greek poets were prohibited authors, and the fine arts were regarded as little else than idolatrous. The decline of learning had become so great, that, when Theodosius II. ascended the throne, he found it necessary to establish a University at Constantinople, to furnish a sufficient supply of educated men for the civil service. Fifteen professors were appointed to teach Greek grammar and literature, thirteen to instruct in Latin, two in law, and one in philosophy. The Senate was charged with the duty of examining the candidates for these chairs. Twenty years' service raised the professors to the rank of nobles of the Empire and the title of Counts. But most of the literary talent and interest of the times was absorbed in unedifying and unending controversies on points which, in their very nature, are incapable of decision, and which, on that very account perhaps, have in every age except the earliest been the bane of the Christian Church. They owe their origin to an unjustifiable solicitude, on the part of speculative minds, to search into the essence of the Divine nature, and to learn those things which Divine Wisdom has seen fit to shroud from human knowledge. The Homoousian question, which kept the Church in an uproar for a thousand years, and the Procession of the Holy Spirit, which split the Christian world, it is absurd to discuss, simply because all the discussion possible adds nothing what-



ever to our knowledge, or to our means of acquiring knowledge, on these subjects. It was an unhappy day for the Church and for Christendom when over-zealous ecclesiastics presumed to travel beyond the instructions of Christ and his Apostles, and to speculate on those relations of the Deity which the Divine Teacher did not undertake to explain. There is no more dismal chapter in the history of literature and the human mind than the history of religious controversy. The controversial writings of the fathers whom I have read are enough to make one renounce theological literature forever, such malice of imputation, such unscrupulous slanders, such false reasoning, such hopeless confusion of the understanding, do they exhibit. The worst passions of human nature are started into the most malignant activity; and the natural result of this long-cherished and deeply-seated hatred of the heretic — that is, of the man who denies some dogma unknown to the Scriptures, and incapable of being expressed except in mystical jargon — is sooner or later to tear him in pieces, burn him at the stake, or subject him to the most exquisite tortures which the diabolical ingenuity of theological odium can invent. There is no more striking contrast than is presented by the tone and temper of the Christian Scriptures, and the controversial writings of the Christian fathers. I do not know that a stronger argument could be framed to prove the Divine inspiration of the writers of the New Testament, than by comparing their gentle and gracious simplicity of loving-kindness, and their profoundly affecting appeals to all that is deepest in the human soul, — a tenderness beyond the tenderness of woman, and a power higher than the mightiest grasp of man, — with the spirit of the very best and ablest leaders in the Christian world, from Athanasius down to Calvin.

History was cultivated in this period, but poetry had nearly perished. Chariot-races took the place of the drama, and mysticism supplanted philosophy. Painting, sculpture, and architecture shared in the general degradation, and the active destruction of the old works of art went rapidly forward, although prohibited by the Theodosian code. The materials

of temples were used in the construction of other buildings, — sometimes of churches. Grecian works of bronze were melted down to make statues of the Emperors, since the fashion of erecting statues to eminent persons, as had been done in Greece from early times, had not yet died out in Constantinople. But even this was offensive to the more zealous of the Christian fathers. John Chrysostom declaimed so violently against the Empress Eudocia, on account of a silver statue in her honor, upon a porphyry column, in the market-place at Constantinople, that the government expelled him from the patriarchal chair.

The long reign of Justinian, from 527 to 565, was in some respects a brilliant one; but, to use the language of another, “it was merely a glowing episode in a tale of ruin,—a meteor in a midnight sky, which flashes brightly for an instant, and, vanishing, leaves no halo of its transient brilliancy behind.” Yet he was indefatigably occupied with reforms intended to strengthen the Empire. He embellished the capital with costly edifices, rebuilt the cathedral church of St. Sophia, repaired the walls and towers of Constantinople, the strong-holds in the north of Greece, and the fortifications of Athens and Peiræus, and protected the Peloponnesus by fortresses at Corinth and on the Isthmus. He paid more than a million of dollars towards rebuilding and embellishing Antioch, after it had been overthrown by an earthquake. He abolished the consulship, which had been in existence more than a thousand years. In his reign the schools of Athens and Alexandria, in which doctrines antagonistic to Christianity were still taught, were closed. He was brilliantly successful in his wars, through his generals, and this with his contemporaries gave him still greater glory than his works of peace; but posterity acknowledge him chiefly for his agency in compiling the Institutes, Digest, and Pandects,—the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, which has so largely influenced the administration of justice down to the present day. All this, however, could not save the gigantic, but hollow and feeble Empire, from decay and dissolution under his successors

The Western Empire ended with the inglorious reign of Romulus Augustulus in the year 476; but the Eastern Empire, under Roman influences, continued for a period of about a hundred and fifty years after Justinian, to the accession of Leo the Isaurian in 717, when, in the opinion of Mr. Finlay, the proper Byzantine period commences. In this century and a half, seventeen Emperors sat upon the throne; but the most important events, so far as the Greeks were concerned, were the settlement of Slavonians and other foreign or barbarous races over the greater part of Greece. The diminution of the Hellenic people which had taken place was owing partly to the general decay of the Empire, and partly to other and local causes, especially to the accumulation of immense landed estates in the hands of individuals. The neglect of roads led to the abandonment of the cultivation of the soil over large tracts of country, and its conversion into pasture-land; and, as the revenues to be derived from a country in this condition were insignificant, the government at Constantinople became indifferent to its defence. The provinces of Greece were thus exposed to the inroads of Slavonian colonists, which commenced early in the sixth century. The progress of their settlements is obscurely intimated by the Byzantine historians; but the fact that they occupied the greater part of Macedonia, and in such numbers that Justinian II., at the end of the seventh century, was able to remove thence into Asia, and settle on the shores of the Bosphorus, a colony of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, shows in what numbers they must first have immigrated. They became almost the sole possessors of the territories once occupied by the Illyrians and the Thracians. They advanced southward, occupying the waste lands; but, as they penetrated into the heart of Greece, they met with more obstructions from a denser population, especially in the neighborhood of the still remaining walled towns. In the early part of the eighth century, nearly the whole of the Peloponnesus was occupied by the Slavonians. It was then regarded by pilgrims from Western Europe as Slavonic soil; and the com-



plete colonization of the whole country of Greece and the Peloponnesus is dated by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus from the time of the great pestilence that depopulated the East, in 746, which is a little later than the commencement of the Byzantine period. Such are the principal facts known in history with regard to this extraordinary series of events, by which an old population was almost entirely displaced in the course of two centuries by swarms of another race coming into the country, partly as warriors and enemies, partly as agriculturists, herdsmen, and shepherds, to occupy the lands left vacant by the greatly diminished numbers of the Greeks. These bodies seem to have been set in motion by wars along the line of the northern provinces; and when they were once established, they lived in a rude and wild independence. They took possession chiefly of the valleys and the interior of the provinces; and they left traces of their possession in the still remaining Slavonic names, which are scattered all over the surface of Greece. The Greeks themselves still held the sea-coasts and the large towns, the ancient Greek names of which were for the most part retained. From time to time the old and the new inhabitants came into collision, and wars raged here and there. Twice at least the aid of the Emperor was supplicated, large armies were sent from Constantinople, and the Slavonians were partially conquered, and compelled to pay tribute to the imperial government.

The singularity of this chapter in Greek history consists in the fact, that this great body of intrusive settlers gradually disappeared from the soil of Greece as mysteriously as they came. Some had of course mingled with the Greeks, were converted to Christianity in the course of time by the blending of families, became Hellenized in language, manners, and blood, and were to all intents and purposes Greeks; just as the descendants of foreign settlers in England, mingling their blood with the native race, lose the original nationality of their ancestors, and become Englishmen. Professor Fallmeyer, indeed, in his learned and entertaining work, written in German,—“The

History of the Peninsula of Morea," — maintains that the Hellenic population was entirely exterminated, and that the people who call themselves Greeks at the present day are nothing but descendants of these Slavonic hordes. The learned Professor has adopted this theory; and if the facts do not correspond with it, so much the worse is it for the facts. His book has called forth several replies in Germany; and his unfounded assumptions and numerous misrepresentations of historical facts have been ably exposed by Zinkeisen, in his excellent History of Greece. But, in truth, it is quite unnecessary to enter largely into historical research to show the utter fallacy of Fallmerayer's opinion. The Slavonians are light-haired, blond-complexioned, and blue-eyed; the Greeks have dark hair, brown complexions, and sparkling black eyes. The Slavonians are broad-faced, stout, and somewhat clumsy; the Greeks are lithe, slender, nimble, and graceful. The same features that we admire in the ancient statues, Nature still reproduces everywhere in Greece. The intellectual qualities, too, of the races are strikingly different. The Greek is lively, quick to understand, adroit, eloquent, curious, eager for novelty; the Slavonian, slow, indifferent, not easily roused to take an interest in anything that does not immediately concern himself. What is more, as you travel through Greece you fall in here and there with descendants of the Slavonians, and other foreign settlers, sometimes occupying an entire village by themselves. Even in Athens there is a quarter inhabited almost exclusively by Albanians; and not ten miles from Athens there is a village where Greek is not understood. Now it is impossible for the most careless observer to mistake these races for one another, either in their looks, or in their speech, or in their mental characteristics. Besides, if the Greeks are all Slavonians, how is it that, while those we know to be of foreign races speak the dialects belonging to those races, — Albanian, and the like, — the great body of the people speak only Greek? How came they to abandon their own language, and to adopt the language of the race they utterly exterminated? Why

did not our ancestors abandon the language they brought with them, and adopt the polysyllabic and very picturesque dialects of the Pequots or Narragansetts? One transaction would have been about as reasonable as the other. I am of opinion, from former study and recent observation, that the Greeks are Greeks,—that they are the descendants of their fathers. It is characteristic of some theorists, after having adopted a peculiar view, to exaggerate everything that makes in its favor, and not even to see the facts that work against it. I will not charge Fallmerayer with bad faith; but I must think that his Slavonic zeal outran his acuteness and learning.

The Professor's theory has been very well received by the Emperor of Russia, who considers himself the natural head of the Slavonic races. It is said that he has conferred an order of merit on Professor Fallmerayer for his services in *Slavonizing* the Hellenic race. There are some points of sympathy between the Emperor of Russia and the Greeks. The Greek Church is the established Church of the Empire, and at the present moment the Emperor is the enemy of the Turk. But the Greek mind is totally averse from the despotic maxims of the Russian government, and, though a portion of the more fanatical priests may be inclined to favor Russian influence, the more enlightened part of the Greek nation detest it. The Greeks are not hoping to throw off the Turkish yoke from the northern provinces for the sake of putting on the Russian. It is for liberty, and not for slavery,—of which they have had enough,—that they sigh. They like the Emperor as little as they like Fallmerayer, and against him the feeling among the Greeks is one of profound indignation. I would not answer for the Professor's safety in the streets of Athens. In one of the courses of lectures which I attended in the University of Athens, the Professor of History—a very eloquent man, as well as a somewhat fiery Greek—took this subject up. His audience consisted of about two hundred young men, from every part of Greece. His indignant comments on the learned German—that notorious *Μισέλλην* (Mis-Hellen), or Greek-



hater, as he stigmatized him — were received by his hearers with a profound sensation. They sat with expanded nostrils and flashing eyes, — a splendid illustration of the old Hellenic spirit roused to fury by the charge of barbarian descent. “It is true,” said the eloquent Professor, “that the tide of barbarian invaders poured down like a deluge upon Hellas, filling with its surging floods our beautiful plains, our fertile valleys. The Greeks fled to their walled towns and mountain fastnesses. By and by the waters subsided, and the soil of Hellas reappeared. The former inhabitants descended from the mountains, as the tide receded; resumed their ancient lands, and rebuilt their ruined habitations; and, the reign of the barbarians over, Hellas was herself again.” Three or four rounds of applause followed the close of the lecture of Professor Manousses, in which I very heartily joined. I could not help thinking afterwards, what a singular comment on the German anti-Hellenic theory was presented by this scene, — a Greek Professor in a Greek University lecturing to two hundred Greeks in the Greek language, to prove that the Greeks were Greeks, and not Slavonians.

## LECTURE IV.

### GREECE CHRISTIANIZED.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.—THE EASTERN CHURCH.

IN the last Lecture some notices were given of the course of Hellenic history down to the time when the schools were closed in the sixth century, by order of Justinian. The idle endeavor of Julian to restore the falling structure of heathenism, by making himself a reformer of its abuses, was briefly alluded to, with a slight sketch of his literary character and works given, and a glance at some of his contemporaries. A few general reflections were also ventured on the general preparation of the Greek mind for the reception of Christianity, and on those outward circumstances in the condition of the times which opened the hearts and minds of the people—the middle and the literary classes—to the truths it revealed, reaching beyond this world to a future state of being, which philosophy had hoped for and reasoned out, but which only the life, teachings, death, and resurrection of Christ had clothed with certainty.

In the external condition of Greece, we have seen the decay and downfall of her free political institutions. We have seen her pass from the full flush and glory of her period of creative and original literature into the era of scientific accumulation. We have seen her schools established in the great capitals of the Eastern world, and her subtile intellect training the mind of imperial Rome. We have followed the barbarian invaders, the Gauls at an early period, the Goths, the Huns, sweeping stormily and destructively over her embellished cities and cultivated plains; and we have watched

the more multitudinous hosts of Slavonic warriors and herds-men pouring into the regions deserted by a shrinking population, taking possession of the lands left without an owner, changing even the names which had come down from the remotest times, and, after two or three centuries, gradually receding before the increasing number of the Greek people, leaving a few settlements behind them, and the traces of their temporary possession in the names of towns, rivers, hills, and plains. From this period we now pass into that of the proper Byzantine Empire; but before taking up this part of my subject, I must ask your indulgence for dwelling a few moments on the development of Christianity and of Christian literature.

The details of the early progress of Christianity in Greece, after the apostolic age, are shrouded in the deepest obscurity. But the importance which the Christian communities have already assumed, when they begin in the last half of the second century to excite attention, clearly shows that from the time of Paul there had been an unbroken growth, which, though too quiet to create an interest in contemporary writers, yet gradually extended the influence of the new religion over the principal parts of Greece. In the course of the first and second centuries, small Christian societies appear to have established themselves in the chief cities, and to have gradually gained stability by a regular internal organization. Churches had been planted in Thessalonica, Larissa, Athens, Corinth, Sparta, and on the islands of Crete and Cyprus, before the differences between the followers of the old and of the new faith resulted in settled hostility. There is, however, mention made of a circular of Antoninus Pius, addressed to the states of Greece, whose object was to put an end to the persecutions of the Christians by the Pagans. About this time the first Grecian martyrs, Dionysius and Publius, appear to have been put to death. The death of the latter is said to have very nearly caused the dispersion of the church at Athens. In the following century, though the progress of Christianity had still been comparatively small, there appear to have been held conventions, or councils



of members of the different churches, to deliberate on the common interests of the whole body. The persecutions of Decius and Diocletian probably did not much affect Greece; for only a few names of martyrs belonging to Corinth and Athens are mentioned, in contrast with the long lists of those who suffered at Alexandria, Cæsarea, Smyrna, Antioch, Rome, Crete, and Cyprus, — a fact which speaks well of the tolerant and kindly feelings of the Greeks towards one another. The uproars in Egypt were of a later date, and do not affect the general fact of the forbearance and humanity of the Hellenic race in matters of religious opinion.

The local meetings were the precursors of provincial councils, and these again of general councils, to regulate the affairs of the Christian communities. It is surprising how soon they became thoroughly organized, commanded large pecuniary resources, and were able to stand up, if need were, against the whole power of the Emperors. The Bishops, properly so called, appear to have succeeded the Apostles, with an influence dependent more upon their characters than upon any well defined and legalized powers. However appointed originally, the appointment would seem to have been ratified by a popular vote. "The presbyters," says Milman, "would be the regular and perpetual expositors of the Christian law, the reciters of the life, the doctrines, the death, the resurrection of Christ; till the Gospels were written, and generally received, they would be the living evangelists, the oral scriptures, the spoken gospels." The deacons were an inferior order, and exercised a purely administrative office. Christianity had at first no strictly sacerdotal functionaries; but by degrees the more eminent teachers were separated from the rest of the community. "It was the Christian who then sanctified the function," says an elegant writer, "afterwards the function sanctified the man"; and by degrees the deacons, presbyters, and bishops became a sacred class. The sacerdotal principle once established, these ranks of the hierarchy formed themselves into a kind of religious aristocracy, and, assuming titles from the Jew-

ish and even Pagan systems, became a priestly caste, with an asserted right of nearer approach to the Deity, "in a religion," to borrow the words of an Episcopal writer, "which, in its primary institution, acknowledged only one Mediator between earth and heaven." Early in the third century, the official character of the bishops was recognized at the imperial court, and churches began to rise in different parts of the Empire. With these changes in the outward and worldly relations of Christianity, the enthusiasm which had animated its earlier days became less fervent, and the tone of feeling among the rich and powerful members of the Christian communities more worldly. At the same time paganism was growing more serious. The loose manners of those who had abandoned all earnest convictions on religious subjects were checked by the purer morality of the Christians; so that heathenism itself became, by contact with Christianity, in a certain degree Christianized, in the characters of its most respectable supporters, like Julian, Libanius, and many of the rhetorical and philosophical teachers in the schools of Alexandria and Athens.

Allusion has already been made to the controversies which early distracted the peace of the Church. I would not be understood to treat with disrespect the questions which so profoundly agitated the minds of men in those ages; but I think it must be admitted by candid inquirers that in all times the Church has been divided very much more as to what a man ought to think, than as to what he ought to do to be saved; while Christ and the Apostles were at pains to answer the latter question, without apparently concerning themselves so much about the former. Love to man and love to God, repentance for sin, the government of the passions, and the consecration of the whole being to the high service of God and man, — these duties, sanctioned by the manifestations of a divine power exercised by the Lord, and accompanied by the authoritative declaration from Heaven that a day of judgment is coming, and a future state of retribution is to follow this mortal scene, are the topics of the New Testament; — but the questions

on which the early Christians split were, whether the Son was homoöusian with the Father; whether he was homoiousian; whether the Holy Spirit proceeded from both, or from one; and the like. Heresy of opinion on such questions, which, as one of the Roman theologians pathetically complained, could not be stated in the Latin tongue, was much more intensely opposed than heresy of conduct; and strangely enough, it was thought then — perhaps the mistake has not been wholly corrected now — that councils had power to bring these debates to an authoritative settlement, binding on the consciences of all; that banishment was a remedy for difference of belief; that the doubter ought to be satisfied by the vote of a majority; that metaphysical enigmas could be solved by dogmatic decisions one way, and then differently solved by dogmatic decisions another way. It is not surprising that the subtilty of the Greek intellect, so prone to wire-drawn speculations long before it began to exercise itself on Christianity, should have started these questions; but it is surprising that the logical acuteness for which it was equally distinguished did not see the practical absurdity of such violent proceedings. Both parties, the Arians as well as the Orthodox, were alike in this matter; both resorted to synodical majorities, imperial influence, deposition, and exile, as means of establishing their own creeds.

It would not be to my purpose to enter in detail into the action of the councils, œcumenical or local, by which, after many fluctuations and divisions, and with many protests on the part of dissenting bodies, the leading articles of the creed of the Greek Church, and, down to the separation between Constantinople and Rome, of the entire Christian world, were established. The most important subject of debate involved the belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, which, in one form or another, has been the fundamental dogma of the Church, from the time when Arius and Alexander joined issue before the synod of Libyan and Egyptian bishops at the beginning of the fourth century, exhibiting a spectacle not very edifying on



either side. A little later, when Constantine called the general council at Nicæa (A. D. 325), in which three hundred bishops undertook to settle the faith of the world, Athanasius was again victorious; Arius was anathematized, and his works were ordered to be burned.

Athanasius is perhaps the one theological thinker who has exercised the deepest influence on opinion, both in ancient and in modern times. Born in Alexandria, and educated by Bishop Alexander for the Christian ministry, he became the friend and biographer of St. Anthony, the founder of the monastic system. He was a member of the council of Nicæa, took a leading part in the arguments against Arianism, assisted in drawing up the creed, and the next year, on the death of his friend and patron, Alexander, was promoted to the vacant see. Troubles soon broke out. He refused to obey the imperial command which required him to restore Arius, who had been banished after the condemnation of his doctrines by the council at Nicæa; and so the Emperor called him proud, turbulent, obstinate, and intractable. He was accused of treason, of licentiousness, of sacrilege, of murder,—all which charges were disproved. Yet a council summoned at Tyre in the Arian interest, by an act of flagrant injustice, decreed that he should be deposed. He was replaced by Constantine II.; but at another council held at Antioch, the Arians a second time accomplished his overthrow. He fled to Rome, from the assaults of Gregory the Cappadocian; at Rome another council restored him to the episcopal chair; and the decision of the Roman council was confirmed by the council of Sardica. On the death of the Cappadocian, Athanasius returned to Alexandria. He was again condemned by the council of Arles, and by that of Milan, the imperial authority being employed against him; and his supporters were banished. From Alexandria he now fled to the Egyptian deserts, and the famous George of Cappadocia took his vacant seat. Among the monks of Egypt, he employed himself in writing theological works; and it is a singular fact that he was indebted for his recall to the Emperor

Julian the Apostate. But before long the restorer of heathenism found the zeal and dauntless courage of Athanasius such obstacles in his way, that he banished him from Egypt, and, in a letter still extant, threatened the Prefect with a heavy fine unless the sentence were carried into instant execution. The death of Julian brought him back to Alexandria; but in the reign of Valens he was a fifth time driven into banishment. In a few months he was again recalled, and remained unmolested until his death, in 373, having held the primacy forty-six years; having, by a singular good fortune, been able to disprove every accusation against his character, and having succeeded in establishing the doctrines for which he had so often hazarded his peace, if not his life. He was a man of unsurpassed vigor and courage, but wanting in the gentleness which conciliates affection. He was dogmatic in the highest degree, and, where dogmas were in question, a remorseless, though a perfectly conscientious tyrant. Not content with holding his own opinions, he insisted on forcing them upon others. In the Church Militant he was a gallant soldier; but I think, if we try him by the standard of the New Testament, we shall find him wanting in some of those less shining, but more essential, qualities of character which the teachings of Jesus are fitted and intended to produce. His works are numerous, and of much importance, as exhibiting the tendency of Christian sentiment at this period.

The sway acquired by the Church over belief and conduct increased with the enlargement of its temporal boundaries. The influence of great names and formal creeds strengthened the direct control of the hierarchy over the hopes and the terrors of men. One after another, auricular confession, excommunication, anathema, as well as an increasing share in the direction of civil affairs, invested the Church with a mysterious and awful power, which the private citizens first, then the nobles, and, finally, princes themselves, lacked the courage to confront. This tremendous concentration of power was perhaps needful to carry the institutions of Christianity securely

through the storms of the Middle Ages; but still we cannot help regretting that so much of the worldly spirit blended with the pure elements of our religion, that the secular arm was so often invoked to execute unhallowed purposes, and that so many deeds of violence and blood stain the pages of Christian history.

But the secular and controversial aspects of this period are much less attractive than the practical application of the Christian religion to daily life, and the development of Christian eloquence from the sacred chair. The public teaching of the Christian fathers has much that is admirable. Men felt, in listening to them, that not their worldly prosperity, but their eternal salvation, was the prize to be won; and they hung upon their words with a trembling anxiety that broke out in sighs, tears, ejaculations, and raptures. Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Basilus, and Johannes Chrysostomus are the names which readily occur as those of the most eminent leaders in this department of Christian letters. All these great men were distinguished for their learning, as well as for their ability and virtue. The critical studies of Origen were highly esteemed; though their results lose much of their value, comparatively, from his allegorical style of interpretation. He was the most voluminous of authors, if it be true, as reported, that he wrote six thousand books; but the octavo edition of his works contains only fifteen volumes, — a very small portion of the whole. The opinions of this celebrated father, in the time of the controversy between the Orthodox and the Arians, were severely handled; and not only were they condemned in the second œcumenical council, but the question of his salvation was seriously argued in the following ages by the Greek theologians. A book was published in Paris on this subject, in 1629, by Stephen Binet, in which the principal writers who had discussed the question are introduced, and one of them, who had pronounced against Origen, is represented as proposing to go down into the infernal regions to see with his own eyes what had become of him.



Johannes Chrysostomus, or the *golden-mouthed*, was born in the middle of the fourth century. Libanius, as I mentioned in speaking of that distinguished scholar, taught him eloquence, and said he should have desired to see him his own successor in his school, had not the Christians stolen him. He is said to have retired to a cavern, and there to have committed the whole Bible to memory. His great success as a preacher led to his appointment as Archbishop of Constantinople; but he dealt with the vices of the capital so unsparingly, that he was soon surrounded by enemies, at the head of whom was the Empress Eudocia. He deposed thirteen bishops in Asia Minor for simony, which did not add to his popularity with the higher orders of the clergy. He was accused of heresy, this being the most convenient charge to bring against an ecclesiastic whom it was desirable to ruin. He was deposed by a council at Chalcedon, but was hastily recalled by the Empress, who was frightened by an earthquake, which the people believed to have been sent as a punishment of the city for his banishment. Two months later he was again exiled on account of his sermon upon the silver statue of the Empress. From this exile he never returned. He died in consequence of the fatigue to which he was subjected in being removed to Pontus, that he might be farther from the capital, where his name was still held in reverence by the people. His last words were, "Glory to God for all things." His followers at Constantinople separated from the Church, and for more than thirty years refused to acknowledge his successors, returning to the communion only when Theodosius II. brought back his bones to Constantinople, where they were received with distinguished honors, the Emperor himself imploring the pardon of Heaven for the offences of his parents. Chrysostom was a voluminous author, and a great part of his writings have been preserved. His powers as a preacher were extraordinary, and many have ranked him as an orator with Demosthenes and Cicero. "We cannot fail," says a good judge, "to admire the power of his language in expressing moral indignation, and to sympathize

with the ardent love of all that is good and noble, the fervent piety, and the absorbing faith in the Christian revelation, which pervade his writings." His faults are too great diffuseness, and an excessive love of metaphor and ornament. He often repelled with indignation the applause with which his sermons were greeted, exclaiming, "The place where you are is no theatre, nor are you now sitting to gaze upon actors."

It would be out of proportion to the general brevity of these sketches, were I to enter at large on the literary or other merits of this most distinguished and admirable man; but having in a former Lecture spoken of the writings of the eminent Apostate, I have thought it might serve to complete the outline of the literary picture of the times, were I to give a few characteristic illustrations, before quitting this subject, from a Christian of still greater eminence.

The Homilies of St. Chrysostom were undoubtedly well suited to the purpose for which they were composed, — living addresses to the congregations of a large and luxurious capital, on matters of conduct, moral ideas, and religious duties. In passages they breathe an admirable eloquence, and manifest a sobriety of Scriptural interpretation and a practical sense in Scriptural application which contrast very favorably with the declamations of many of his followers. In style they are excellent, without being fastidiously classical; being composed in such a manner as neither to transcend the comprehension of common hearers nor to shock the tastes of the educated. But if we judge them as works of art, as we would criticise an oration of Demosthenes or Cicero, we cannot hesitate to place their author far below those prime masters of eloquence. There is a great accumulation of topics which have a very remote connection, if any, with the text or the subject which he proposes to discuss. Whatever is in any way suggested by the words of the text, he readily admits into the discourse. In the series of Homilies, addressed to the people of Antioch, on the *Statues*, that is, on the occasion of the statues of the Emperor and Empress being pulled down

by the mob, there is one on the text from Timothy, "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." The address opens with several pages of very striking reflections on the reading of the Scriptures, "which is not a meadow only, but a paradise; for the flowers here have not mere fragrance only, but fruit too, capable of nourishing the soul." Then he comes to the text, "which, though simple and obvious, affords the means of abundant riches, and openings toward the highest wisdom." Two or three pages of observations on the duty not to listen slothfully then follow. The first inquiry suggested by the text is, "Why did God permit a man like Timothy to fall into such a constant and prolonged state of infirmity, especially as he was one intrusted with public affairs?" and the second is, "Why, since the Apostles were gifted with miraculous powers, did not Timothy cure himself? or why did not Paul cure him, instead of writing him to take refuge in the healing virtue of wine?" "Not," says the preacher, "that to drink wine is shameful. God forbid! For such precepts belong to heretics." Before proceeding to solve these questions, he has a word to say of the virtue of Timothy, and the solicitude of Paul. The former is shown by the fact that he was not naturally so infirm a person, but had destroyed the strength of his stomach by fasting and water-drinking. On this subject he enlarges with admirable vigor, showing that even St. Paul himself, after he had been rapt into the third heaven, and transported to Paradise, still feared lest he should be a castaway. "Seeing these things, Timothy fortified himself on every side; for he knew that youth is an age of difficulty, that it is unstable, easily deceived, very apt to slip, and requires an exceedingly strong bridle. It is indeed a sort of combustible pile, easily catching anything from without, and quickly kindled, and for that reason he took care to smother it on all sides, and strove to abate the flame in every way. The steed that was bridled with difficulty, and hardly subject to the rein, he curbed with much vehemence, until he had tamed him of his wanton tricks, until he had made him obedient, and de-



livered him, under entire control, into the hands of that reason which was to guide him." But there is another side of the subject not to be omitted, and that is the apparent encouragement the text holds out to drinking wine too freely. On this point he says that the Apostle, in writing to Timothy, "prescribes the measure and limit of wine-drinking for us; bidding him drink just so much as would correct disorder,—as would bring health to the body, and not another disease." Some of his ideas on this subject would not pass unchallenged now. I quote them partly to show that the same question which is agitating society at this moment—the duty of total abstinence from wine—was discussed in the early Christian churches, and that there was the same division of opinion among their members which we notice at this day among ourselves. St. Chrysostom was rigidly temperate; but with such a platform as he lays down, it is doubtful whether he would command a very large popular vote. "Let us guard, then, against a want of moderation on either side, and let us take care of the health of the body, at the same time that we prune away its luxurious propensities. . . . Wine maketh glad the heart of man; but thou makest it a matter for sadness. . . . It is the best medicine when it has the best moderation to direct it. The passage before us is useful also against the heretics, who speak evil of God's creatures; for if it had been among the number of things forbidden, Paul would not have permitted it, nor would have said it was to be used. And not only against the heretics, but against the simple ones of our brethren, who, when they see any persons disgracing themselves by drunkenness, instead of reproving such, blame the fruit given them of God, and say, Let there be no wine. We would say then, in answer to such, Let there be no drunkenness; for wine is the work of God, but drunkenness is the work of the Devil. Wine maketh not drunkenness, but intemperance produceth it. Do not accuse that which is the workmanship of God, but accuse the madness of a fellow-mortal."

In the following paragraph he paints the drunkard in the

most startling colors: "The drunkard is a living corpse. Drunkenness is a demon self-chosen, a disease without excuse, an overthrow that admits of no apology, — a common shame to our kind. The drunken man is not only useless in our assemblies, and in all public and private affairs; but in his mere aspect and breath he is the most loathsome and disgusting of all things. And the crown of these evils is, that this disease makes heaven inaccessible to drunkards, and does not suffer them to win eternal blessedness; for besides the shame attending on those who labor under it here, a grievous punishment is also awaiting them there." Under the head, "Of the Reasons why God permitted such a Saint as Timothy to fall into Disease," he advances to the general consideration of the sufferings and calamities to which good men are exposed. Eight reasons are given in order; and then these eight reasons are established from the Scriptures, after which two supplementary reasons are added, with their several illustrations. The case of Job is naturally enough suggested, in speaking of the misfortunes of good men. He shows that the temptations of affliction are to be resisted, and patience to be gained by trial; that no calamity is an excuse for blasphemy, and that blasphemers are to be publicly rebuked, and even beaten; and then the whole is applied to the city of Antioch under her afflictions.

I think we have in this Homily a fair illustration, not only of the discursive character of Chrysostom's mind, but of the subtilty and adroitness which so strongly mark the Greek intellect in general. I am tempted to quote a few sentences from other Homilies, to exhibit the more dignified style of thinking which was also natural to his genius. In the ninth Homily to the people of Antioch, on the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God," he thus enlarges: "How then, tell me, do they declare it? Voice they have none; mouth they possess not; no tongue is theirs; how then do they declare it? By means of the spectacle itself. For when thou seest the beauty, the magnitude, the height, the position, the form, the stability during so long a time, hearing, as it were, a voice, and in-

structed by the spectacle, thou adorest Him who created so fair and admirable a body. The heavens are silent; but the sight of them utters a voice clearer than a trumpet's sound." This is followed by a passage, equally admirable, on the universality of the teachings of the heavens, suggested by the words, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

One of the consequences of the riot at Antioch was the imperial decree degrading the city from her rank as a metropolis. In suggesting consolations to the Christians there, he indulges in the following beautiful and striking vein of reflection. "Dost thou grieve that the dignity of the city is taken away? Learn what the dignity of a city is; and then shalt thou clearly know, that, if the inhabitants do not betray it, no one else will be able to take away the dignity of a city. Not, then, that this is a metropolis; not that it contains large and beautiful edifices; not its having many columns, and spacious porticos and walks; not its being named in proclamations before other cities;—but the virtue and piety of those who dwell therein,—*these* are a city's dignity and ornament and defence; since, if these are not found in it, it is more worthless than all things, though it enjoy honor ten thousand fold from emperors. Dost thou wish to hear the dignity of thy city? Dost thou wish to know its ancestral honors? I will tell it exactly; not only that thou mayst know, but that thou mayst also emulate. What, then, is the dignity of this city of ours? *And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.* This dignity none of the cities throughout the world possesses, not even the city of Romulus herself." The whole of this Homily, the seventeenth to the people of Antioch, is excellent, and contains many other passages I have marked for reference, equally characteristic of the author's highest style of thought, and equally worthy of the fame of the greatest Christian preacher of antiquity.

Chrysostom, besides being a very eloquent preacher, was plain-spoken to a degree we seldom witness at present. It was



the fashion for the ladies, in those times, to paint the face and dye the eyebrows. He advises the husband of such a one "to talk to her by reflecting on neighbors who do the same. . . . Ask her if she wishes to look young, and tell her this is the quickest way to look old. Finally, come down upon her with the warnings of Scripture. You may speak once and again, and she is invincible, but never desist; be always amiable and bland, but still persevere. It is worth putting every engine in motion; if you succeed, you will no more see lips stained with vermilion, a mouth like that of a bear reeking with gore, nor eyebrows blackened as from a sooty kettle, nor cheeks plastered like whited sepulchres." He berates the ladies for scolding their servants, and even beating them. On the text, "Let all clamor be put away," he says: "Above all things, let women hear this; for it treats of their habitual practice. When they are exasperated with their damsels, the whole house re-echoes to the cry; and should the house adjoin the street, every passer-by overhears the screaming mistress and the shrieking maid. 'What can be the matter?' bursts from every mouth. 'It is Madam Such-a-one, beating her maid.'" Of a lady wearing ear-rings he exclaims: "Yes, in one tip of her little ear she will suspend a ring that might have paid for the food of ten thousand poor Christians." Yet Chrysostom was the preacher whom people most delighted to listen to. If they found another in the chair when they expected to hear him, the poor gentleman who supplied his place was received with hooting and tumult; and on one occasion the Bishop of Galatia, a gray-headed ecclesiastic, on a visit to Chrysostom, and invited by him to give what is now called a labor of love, was obliged to abandon the attempt. The more severe he was, the better they liked him. He carried all before him; he captivated man and woman, Gentile and Christian; and whenever he preached, and whatever his subject, loud applauses welcomed his golden sentences. "The excessive throng compelled him to deviate from the usual practice of preaching from the steps of the altar. He was to be seen, worn, attenuated,

and sallow, sitting in the reader's desk, nearly in the centre of the church, while the people with open mouth caught up his words, insatiably longing for more, and pressed and crushed each other to imbibe more closely the spell of his eloquence."

Though himself unmarried, and in fact, as appears from one of his works, an advocate of universal celibacy, even sneering at those who urged against him the natural consequence of the disappearance of the race under such a system, yet he occasionally gave good advice to parents on the marriage of their children, and to married persons on their demeanor towards each other; evidently despairing of seeing his theory adopted, and hoping only to mitigate a chronic and epidemic evil. Wealthy matches, great establishments, seem to have been the fashion at Constantinople, as well as in other places and times. "Even without a dowry," exclaims the preacher, "women abound with pride and are prone to vain-glory; but with such an accession, how are they to be borne? The object of marriage is not to fill our homes with war and battle; and yet how many, after contracting rich alliances, have daily quarrels over their tables!" And then the ladies clapped their white hands. In another place he favors his hearers with a curtain lecture, picked up from some Mrs. Caudle of Byzantium. Madam says to her husband: "Neighbor So-and-so is a low fellow, and his father and mother before him were vulgar. But he makes a great noise in the world, and has risen to fortune. His wife is covered with gold, drives white mules, goes where she likes, with handsome maids and plenty of slaves; while you, you coward, you good-for-nothing, you booby, are dozing away in your cell, unhappy woman that I am." "A wife," says he, "should not say such things; but if she does, her husband had better not flog her, but smooth her down, considering that she is a little out of sorts." Dress came in for a share in the good preacher's anathemas, especially shoes, on which the gentry of Constantinople and Antioch expended a great deal of care and money. "Ships are built, rowers and steersmen collected, sails unfurled, and ocean fur-

rowed, wife, children, country are abandoned, and the soul of the merchant hazarded to the waves,—and all that you may get threads of silk to embroider your shoes and beautify the upper-leather. How can he have heavenly ideas who is wise about the texture of the silk, the delicacy of its color, the ivy tint which results from the due disposition of the threads? No; his soul is forever in the mire, while he goes on tiptoe through the agora. He begets to himself sorrow and despair, lest in winter he slip into the mud, and in summer shuffle in the dust. O my friend, how canst thou be so troubled about thy shoes? Learn their true utility. Shoes were designed for trampling on the filth and unseemliness of the pavement. If this will not suffice thee, take them up and hang them round thy neck, or stick them on thy head.”

We have, from many sources, very minute accounts of the passion of the people for the low representations in the theatres and the games of the hippodrome. The madness for these entertainments, both according to Pagan authors, like Julian, who, heathen as he was, took a rational view of their demoralizing effects, and the sermons of the Christian clergy, reached a point difficult to conceive in the present age. “Thither,” says Chrysostom, “the whole city removes; and homes and agora are evacuated for the frantic exhibition. Not the hippodrome only, but houses, garrets, roofs, and overhanging hills are all preoccupied. No infirmity checks the insatiable passion; but aged men, in dishonor of their gray hairs, rush more eagerly thither than youths in their prime. When attending our churches, they grow sick and weary and listless; they complain that there is no room, that they are suffocated, and the like; but in the hippodrome they bear to be trampled on and pushed and squeezed with intolerable violence; yes, in the midst of ten thousand worse annoyances, they luxuriate as upon a grassy lawn.”

It would be easy to accumulate to almost any extent the characteristic touches by which the eloquent preacher presents to us the living features of the age. We can easily imagine



him, with his slight and meagre form, his large and well-proportioned head, his hollow cheeks, and sunken but gleaming eyes,—for so he is described by his biographers,—standing before his crowding audiences, and, while he cannot, as he confesses, wholly repress the human feeling of gratification in the welcomes and plaudits with which he is hailed, yet dealing with the faults and vices of the times with sacred fervor and overpowering eloquence. Many passages in his Homilies cannot now be read without a thrill of pleasure in the copiousness and force of the language, the grandeur of the imagery, and the sublime purity of the religious sentiment.

From the glimpses of the audiences we have had, it will be seen that the staid, quiet demeanor now required by the decorum of the church was not known, or, if known, was seldom observed. The clamorous expression of the feeling of the moment, whether applause or censure, was transferred from the theatre, the public assembly, and the courts of law, to the church; and, on the other hand, the preacher was not bound to that grave and solemn style of discourse which is now the recognized characteristic of pulpit eloquence. Satirical descriptions of foibles or follies, as well as terrific denunciations of crime, direct personal attacks on fashions in dress and other matters equally local and temporary, and probably the indication of individual offenders, as well as general reproof of the errors of society at large, it was not only allowable, but imperative, to introduce into the preaching of the word of God. I find in no contemporary heathen literature such intellectual power and moral earnestness as in these Homilies. The breath of Almighty God had swept over the stagnant surface of the human mind, and stirred up its depths to a fresh spiritual life. The awful truths of revelation, the tremendous consequences of sin, the beauty and tenderness of a Saviour's love to fallen men, inspired the preacher with a strain of eloquence to which the schools of Athens and Alexandria were strangers.

I have thus endeavored to point out the characteristics which marked the two tendencies of the Greek mind in the

first centuries of our era ; — the heathen tendency, which was only a prolonged echo from former ages, and was gradually growing fainter and fainter ; and the new Christian tone, which sounds out from the earlier preachers of the faith. I have not hesitated to give my own impressions of the errors and the bad temper of the latter, or of the good to be found in the former. For I have no horror of an honest heathen, who lives and acts according to the light that is given him ; nor have I an unqualified liking for a Christian, who, turning away from the supernatural light of the Scriptures, follows the guidance of his own passions, his pride, his arrogance, his love of power over his fellows, under the false pretence of zeal for the purity of the Christian faith.

I have said a few words as to the gradual formation of a priestly order, and the final and complete organization of the Church. It would, perhaps, be treading on forbidden ground to touch upon the question of the asserted supremacy of one or another head of the Christian world. Historically viewed, I suppose there can be little doubt that, at the beginning, there was no one head. The bishops exercised their power quite independently, except so far as they in the course of time admitted the authority of synods and councils. The gradual manner in which the Bishop of Rome gathered into his own person the supreme authority over the spiritual, and for a long period over the temporal, affairs of the nations that acknowledged him, it belongs not to this place or to my subject to trace. Of the Eastern Church, the Patriarch of Constantinople finally rose to be the acknowledged head, and so continued down to modern times. At the present moment he is *de facto* only the spiritual ruler of one of the three divisions into which that community is separated. The Russian Church has its independent organization. The Church in the kingdom of Greece has been, since 1843, wholly liberated from the patriarchal throne at Constantinople, and is governed by the Holy Synod of Bishops, the constitution of which will be hereafter explained. King Otho is the head of the Church only in

a political sense. The relation sustained by the royal family to the national Church is a singular one. The king is a Romanist, with a Roman Catholic chaplain; the queen is a Protestant, with a Protestant chaplain; and, if they should have a son and heir, which most unfortunately for the country they have not as yet, it is required by the Constitution that he shall be educated according to the faith of the orthodox Oriental Church.

The worship of the primitive churches appears to have been of the most simple kind, and the forms to have been regulated wholly by the several societies, according to their taste or convenience. Something like a uniform system began to be thought suitable for the general advantage of the Christian body. The first places of worship were the homes of the disciples; and in times of persecution, caves, catacombs, and other secret spots were resorted to for security, — from which the use of candles, both in the Greek and in the Latin Church, undoubtedly originated. When particular buildings were established for religious services, they were called *προσευκτήρια*, houses of prayer, or *κυριακά*, homes of the Lord, from which last term the Scottish word *kirk* and the English *church* are derived. There was no distinction of dress to mark the leaders in the churches until after the time of Constantine. The elaborate and costly robes now worn by the bishops and patriarchs, and on great festivals by the inferior clergy of the Greek Church, were all invented after the connection of the Church with the State, when she became almost a co-ordinate branch of the imperial power. It was a long time before the technical terms in which the articles of belief are expressed were devised. The doctrine of the Trinity, the most important dogma in the history of the earlier as well as the later controversies, however it may have been distinctly or indistinctly held by the early Christians, was not clothed in a definite terminology until the middle of the second century, when Theophilus of Antioch, who, having been converted from heathenism to Christianity, became one of the ablest de-



fenders of the new belief against the old, for the first time employed the word *Trias*. It required the labors of seven œcumenical councils, running through nearly five centuries, to work out the formal statements of dogmas which were embodied in the creeds, and which to this day constitute the belief of the Greek and Roman Churches, and, with comparatively unimportant differences, define the leading points of the belief in a vast majority of the Protestant communions.

The three elementary forms of public service — preaching, or explaining the Christian faith, singing, and prayer — were certainly in use in the days of the Apostles. But there was no written form of liturgy until near the end of the fourth century, when St. Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, compiled a service, which is still used on some occasions in the Greek Church; and not long afterward Chrysostom composed another, more elaborate and ceremonious. Both of these liturgies are supposed to have undergone numerous alterations, and to have received large additions after the deaths of their compilers. These two, with a third, called the Liturgy of the Presanctified, — from the circumstance of the elements used on the days to which this liturgy was appointed having been consecrated on the previous Sunday, — constitute the general liturgy of the Greek Church down to the present day. The period of their composition or compilation extends from the third to the seventh or eighth century. The chanting of the entire service certainly was not practised in the primitive Church. Yet the early Christians sang hymns, which attracted the notice of Pliny, as appears from his letter to Trajan. “They affirmed,” says he, “that their only crime was, that they were accustomed to assemble on a stated day, and to sing a hymn to Christ as to a god.”

Among the works of Clemens of Alexandria, towards the end of the second century, is a very interesting composition in three books, called *Pædagogus*, the object of which is to set forth the process of Christian education in a convert to the faith. The *Pædagogus*, or guide, is Christ, who, at the con-

clusion, leads the initiated into the church ; and there, as an acknowledgment of the gratitude due for so signal a favor, a hymn is sung in honor of Christ the Saviour. Whether this hymn is the composition of Clemens, or was taken by him from some older collection of sacred poetry used in the churches, is not known ; but it undoubtedly represents with sufficient fidelity the general style and character of the earliest sacred poetry of the Christians. It is composed in a light, irregular rhythm, — partly, not wholly, anapæstic, — and somewhat resembling the movement of the pieces which pass under the name of Anacreon. It is mostly filled with ascriptions of honor and glory to the Saviour, and ejaculations of praise, some of which are nobly conceived, and others can be justly appreciated only by one who can free himself from the impressions and prejudices of the moment, and transport himself into the early and rapturous days of the primitive converts. I translate a few verses literally, and line for line.

“ Bit of untamed colts,  
 Wing of unwandering birds,  
 True helm of infants,  
 Shepherd of royal lambs,  
 Thy simple ones,  
 Thy children, rouse  
 Holily to praise,  
 To hymn sincerely,  
 With lips of innocence,  
 Christ the children’s leader.  
 King of the saints,  
 Thou all-subduing Word  
 Of the Father Most High,  
 Thou Prince of wisdom,  
 Support in sorrows,  
 Joy of the world,  
 Of mortal race  
 Jesus — Saviour.

. . .  
 Footprints of Christ,  
 Pathway of heaven,  
 Eternal Word,

Endless Age,  
Light everlasting,  
Fountain of mercy.

•        •        •  
Let us sing united,  
Let us chant with simplicity,  
The mighty Son.  
A choir of peace,  
Let us, the Christ-born,  
A people blameless,  
Praise in unison the God of Peace."

I had intended to give a sketch of the Greek liturgy now used; but when I came to lay out the subject, I found it would require about ten hours a day, from now until next October, to convey an adequate notion of its variety and extent. There are services for days and for parts of days, for fasts and festivals, for every conceivable moment, occasion, and exigency in human life; there are prayers, hymns, *troparia*, and confessions, more than can be numbered; so that it was the complaint of a member of that Church that it required the labor of a long life to be able to find his place in the services. At first, the impression made upon the stranger in a Greek church is not very edifying or agreeable. The chanting of Scripture, as well as of hymns and *troparia*, and the nasal intonation, so universal, produce a bad effect. One is confused by the succession of genuflections, and the constant changing of places among the officiating priests. The use of pictures, in the old Byzantine style of art, and the reverence with which they are treated, are regarded by many as idolatrous. The answer of the intelligent Greeks is, however, ready, — that the reverence paid to a saint, and expressed in the act of homage to his picture, is not worship, but a natural and reasonable reverence, totally different from the adoration due to the Creator. Most of the pictures that I saw bore so little resemblance to anything in heaven or earth or in the waters under the earth, that it seemed scarcely possible to regard obeisance to them as violating the second commandment of



the Decalogue. The dramatic character of the representation becomes, with a little time and use, not only significant, but impressive; while the earnest demeanor generally characteristic of the worshipping assemblies cannot but fill even a Protestant spectator with respect. Some of the services are marked by a solemnity and grandeur not to be easily forgotten. The burial service, at which I was present more frequently than at any other part of the ritual, seemed to me more appropriate and affecting, more deeply expressive of the awful and tender feelings which crowd upon the heart at the moment of final separation from those who have been with us in life, than any form I have witnessed anywhere else in the world.

There are many things in the Greek ritual undoubtedly objectionable to one who thinks more of substance than of form; but the substance is there too, and it has come down from early, though not the earliest times. It was framed by the most eminent Christian fathers, and in the language spoken by the Apostles. Such a liturgy, with such claims upon our reverence, and at this moment constituting the religious manual of seventy millions of souls, we should be slow to condemn as idolatrous.

## LECTURE V.

### THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.—THE LATIN EMPERORS.—THE DUKES OF ATHENS.

CONSTANTINE removed the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, and inaugurated the latter city with great pomp and ceremony, in A. D. 330. For thirty-four years the newly founded capital was the sole seat of government in the Roman world, down to the death of Jovian. For one hundred and twelve years the Empire was double-headed, — the Eastern Empire having its centre of administration at Constantinople, and the Western at Rome, until Romulus Augustulus closed his inglorious reign, and with it the Western Roman Empire, in A. D. 476. From this time the Roman Empire was the Eastern Empire, living on under the Roman organization and Roman law, and claiming to be Roman in all essential respects, under a series of twenty-eight Emperors, until the accession of Leo III., commonly called the Isaurian, who ascended the throne in the year 717, and reigned twenty-four years. With the reign of this reforming Emperor, the old Roman spirit of the administration was extinguished, and the proper Byzantine period commences. From the close of this reign, in 741, to the conquest of Constantinople by the Western princes, or the termination of the reign of Alexius Ducas, in 1204, forty-three rulers, including three Empresses, — Irene, Zoe, and Theodora, — held the reins of government, for a period of four hundred and sixty-three years. The Latin Emperors, five in number, occupied the throne of Constantinople for fifty-seven years only; when, in 1261, the line of Greek Emperors was restored, in the person of Michael Palæologus. Nine Emperors in suc-

cession (all except one — Joannes Cantacuzenus — belonging to the family of Palæologi) filled the period down to the reign of Constantine XIII., the last of the Palæologi, who closed his reign and his life with the fall of the Byzantine Empire in 1453, when Mahomet II., entering the city of Constantinople over the body of the slaughtered Emperor, planted the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia. For the long period of more than eleven centuries Constantinople had been the great Christian capital of the East; and now, for four hundred years, mosque, minaret, and crescent have supplanted the emblems of the Christian faith, and the Patriarch of the Orthodox Eastern Church has depended, for his confirmation upon the episcopal throne of the ancient capital of his religion, on the despotic will of the follower of Mahomet the Impostor.

The ancient city of Byzantium was founded by Megarian colonists, in the seventh century before Christ. It was built on a promontory facing the waters of the Bosphorus and the shores of Asia; and certainly no city in the world can surpass it in the beauty of its position, its facilities for commerce, or the picturesqueness of the scenery that surrounds it. It is washed on the east by the Bosphorus, on the north by the Golden Horn, which derived its name from the rich traffic supplied by the fisheries at a very early period. The harbor is seven miles in length, and the water, scarcely affected by tides, is deep enough to float vessels of the largest size. It was, and is, the key to the Euxine and the Ægean Seas, and its possession was an object of eager rivalry among the most powerful nations of antiquity. Philip of Macedonia, no less than Nicholas of Russia, made every effort to bring it under his power, and was prevented only by the energetic resistance of Demosthenes, for which the people of Byzantium decreed, in honor of the Athenians, a statue and a golden crown. In the wars of the Romans, Byzantium suffered her full share of disasters, in sieges, slaughters, demolition of her walls, and changes of her political institutions. But the inhabitants of this half-Oriental city appear to have enjoyed no very high



reputation for morals or valor. They are represented as passing their time in idle gossip, tippling wine in taverns, and so inordinately addicted to tunny-fish that their whole bodies became mucilaginous and glutinous. One of the Byzantine demagogues, when asked what the law enjoined, replied, "Whatever I please," — words that contain the germ of a celebrated modern theory.

When Constantine determined to place his new capital in this city, he greatly enlarged its boundaries, and, to make it in all respects another Rome, took in the seven hills, which rise one above another, and are covered by the city. From his time it has borne the name of Constantinopolis — Constantinople — in the languages of Europe, Constanyi in the Arabic, and in the Turkish, Stamboul, which is formed from the Greek words *εἰς τὴν πόλιν*, *into or in the city*. The line of the walls across the peninsula was marked by the Emperor at the head of a procession. A splendid exhibition of chariot games was given in the hippodrome, after which the Emperor was drawn in a magnificent car through the city, bearing a golden statue of Fortune in his hand, surrounded by his guards arrayed in festal robes, and carrying lighted torches. The ceremonies of inauguration lasted forty days. The walls were not completed until the reign of Constantius; they were overthrown by an earthquake at the beginning of the fifth century; and the dilapidated walls which still exist, running from the Sea of Marmora to the harbor, are the remains of the double line reconstructed in 447, with rectangular flanking towers at short intervals. The circuit of the city was about thirteen miles. In this new capital, and under the influences of Orientalism, easily traceable at all times in the history of the city, a new style of architecture arose, of which the cupola was the most characteristic feature. Fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, several arches, and eight public baths were built by the founder. The ancient Temple of Peace was changed into the first Church of St. Sophia, and the Church of the Twelve Apostles was completed shortly before the death of Constan-

tine. In the reign of Theodosius II., painting, sculpture, and architecture were encouraged; and in the reign of Justinian, the Byzantine arts reached their highest degree of development. The Church of St. Sophia, which had been twice destroyed by fire, was rebuilt with increased magnificence, and stands to this day the most extraordinary specimen of Byzantine architecture. Among the great works of the Greek Emperors, still in part remaining, are two subterranean structures, intended as reservoirs for water in case of siege, — one now called, from its extensive colonnades, the “Palace of the Thousand and one Pillars,” but no longer used for its original purpose; the other called the “Subterranean Palace,” a kind of lake with an arched roof, supported by three hundred and thirty-six marble pillars. The Hippodrome, which was originally surrounded by splendid buildings and crowded with statues and obelisks, is now only an open space, with a single obelisk covered with hieroglyphics, and a wreathed column of bronze, which in ancient times bore the golden tripod at Delphi, and was afterwards transported to Constantinople. The place is called the At Midan, and is memorable in recent history for the slaughter of the janizaries, whose quarters were in buildings contiguous to it. These few monuments are almost all that remain of the ancient Constantinople. The present city, though occupying the same site and enclosing these monuments within its circuit, is in all its characteristic features a Turkish or Oriental town. Constantinople underwent many sieges, and was several times captured during the Byzantine period, and before its occupation by the Latin Emperors. From 616 to 626 Chosroes lay before it with his Persian and Avar host. The Arabs laid siege to it for the first time in the last half of the same century, but were baffled by the strength of the walls, and the terrific and destructive effect of the Greek fire, which is said to have caused the slaughter of thirty thousand men. In the beginning of the next century, they made a second attempt, with no better fortune. The Russians had their eye upon Constantinople much earlier than the reign of

Catharine. Between 865 and 1043, they made four expeditions, in the hope of gaining possession of the capital, but without success. In 1204, as I have already stated in speaking of the great historical crises of the Empire, the Latins stormed and pillaged the imperial city. In 1422 it was besieged by Amurath II., and finally captured, in 1453, by Mahomet II. What is to be the next turn for the wheel of its fortunes will perhaps be decided before many months have passed.

The extracts read, in the last Lecture, from the Homilies of St. Chrysostom, will have given some characteristic features of Byzantine society in its earlier periods. I have only a few more observations to make on this subject. Speaking in general terms, the government was a despotism, the Emperors designating their successors, subject to the formal approbation of a shadowy Senate. Says an able writer: "The despotism of the court of Constantinople could not endure even the forms of free institutions. The Cæsar of the East was the counterpart of his Moslem conqueror; and the change from the Proto-Sebastos would have been one simply of name, had it not been for the superior energy of the first Osmanli princes. The one, like the other, had his viziers, his janizaries, his slaves, tyrannizing over prince and people. Through the dreary monotony of the history of the Eastern Empire, so deficient in moral and political interest, there are always coming into view the characteristic features of Asiatic tyranny, — the domestic treason, — the prince born in the purple, — the unnatural queen-mother, — the son or the brothers murdered or blinded, — the sudden revolutions of the throne, — the deposition of the sovereign, but the government remaining the same, — and the people careless as to who or what their tyrant might be. Everything by which a people can outwardly show what is within — literature, art, and architecture — displays the influence of the East; — the literature learned, artificial, florid, but deficient in elegance and grace, and without a spark to illuminate it; the art but the figure of their ceremonial life, deficient in all deep and sincere feeling, and showing, under the hardness



of the shape and the sameness of the expression, the dull and slavish constraint to which it was subject."

All this is undoubtedly true ; and yet a taste for Byzantine art spread throughout Europe in the Middle Ages. The most gorgeous monuments, which lend a never-failing interest to the dying beauty of the Queen of the Adriatic, betray the overruling influence of Constantinople, which had fallen before the untamed spirit of the blind old Dandolo. The system of the administration was so strongly put together, that the government went on, with something of its ancient power,—though its people were wasting away, and its destruction was slowly and surely approaching,—long after the Western Empire had fallen in pieces ; and the term of its existence was longer than that for which any other government has yet lasted. It is a striking fact, noticed by Mr. Finlay, that though ancient Byzantium was laughed at by the comic poets of Athens for its iron coins, yet the currency of the Byzantine Empire—especially the gold coins, of which a large number have been preserved, and some are still occasionally found in Greece—was the purest then known in the world, passed everywhere in commerce, and through all the mutations in the fortunes of the Empire remained unchanged to the last.

Another remarkable feature of the Byzantine Empire was the position held by women, and the pains taken with female education, notwithstanding the satirical innuendoes of Chrysostom. Of course, beauty and stature were much thought of there, in the appreciation of female charms. Full, dark, and liquid eyes, a straight and exquisitely chiselled nose, and beautifully arranged teeth, were perhaps as irresistible then as now ; but the owners of these charms were not allowed to turn them to any account at the most important period, and in deciding the most important question a young lady is ever called upon to consider. The arrangement of marriage was made wholly by the parents and friends of the parties, who seldom even saw each other, until the indissoluble knot was tied. The contract was ratified both by civil and religious ceremonies. The priest joined the

hands of the parties at the bride's home, and on the following day the bride, thickly bedaubed with paint, and loaded with ornaments, not only from her own wardrobe, but from those of her friends, was taken from the paternal dwelling, where, up to that moment, she had lived in strict seclusion, and conducted to the home of the bridegroom, attended by lamps and torches, with singers, dancers, and revellers, making night hideous by their scurrility and buffoonery. At the end of a week the borrowed ornaments had to be restored: the tumult and festivities were over, and she, who before her marriage had been little better than a prisoner in her father's house, enjoyed a degree of liberty and authority at home and abroad which is scarcely exceeded by that of women even in the present enlightened age. It is stated by the historians, that, in many cases, the Byzantine women were educated better than the men. The ancient Greek language was assiduously cultivated by the ladies of the upper classes; and we have more than one authority for asserting that, down to the latest period of the Byzantine Empire, this language was spoken and written by them with almost undiminished propriety and elegance. The instance of Anna Comnena, of whom I shall say a few words by and by, is a case in point. Her history of her father's reign maintains a very respectable place among the Byzantine historians, and she lived in the latter part of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth century.

The education of boys at day-schools commenced about the fifth year. Reading, spelling, the recitation of passages from approved authors, writing, arithmetic, and geometry filled the years up to about fifteen, after which they completed their studies at the University of Constantinople, at Alexandria, Berytus, or Tarsus, or at Athens, so long as the schools in that capital existed. The Logic of Aristotle—an excellent text-book—was in common use, though, in general, the writings of the great Stageirite were found too hard and dry for the tender intellects of the Byzantine youth. The eloquence of Plato made him, naturally, a greater favorite with the *studiosa juvenus*.

The professions of law and medicine were well provided for. Berytus, near which the combat took place between St. George and the Dragon, was, from the third to the middle of the sixth century, the seat of the most celebrated School of Law, and was called by Nonnus "the source of tranquil life." The chief medical school was at Alexandria. Frequently young men were sent to Rome to acquire a knowledge of the Latin language and literature, which was quite necessary for success at court, so long as the Roman traditions prevailed there. In the words of an able writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, "The student was required to bring with him a letter of introduction from the governor of his province, stating his birth-place, parentage, and rank. On his arrival this letter was presented to the master of the census, a police magistrate under the *Prefectus Urbis*, who exercised something of a proctorial authority. In his presence, the youth professed or announced the course of study he intended to pursue. His lodgings, or place of residence, must be signified to the same authority, 'that his diligent attention to his studies might be readily ascertained.' The same inspection extended to his general habits and associations, particularly that he did not too much frequent public amusements or disorderly parties. A resolute offender, whose conduct proved unworthy of the liberal arts, was subject to very summary treatment: he is to be publicly whipped, put on board ship, and dismissed to his friends." Such is the edict in the *Theodosian Code*. The proceeding is not unlike the ceremony once performed in our College Library at Cambridge, when a student, having been detected in some enormity, was called up before the assembled dignitaries, and after prayer by the President, and, I believe, the singing of a psalm, soundly flogged by the beadle. Monthly returns appear to have been made to the Emperor, that he might ascertain the respective merits and pursuits of the pupils, and whether they could be made available for the public service.

But the peculiar Greek education was that which was to be had at Athens. The men of letters here bore, as in the earlier



times, the general designation of Sophists; and the young men were frantic with enthusiasm for their favorites among that learned body. The moment a new-comer arrived at the Peiræus with his bed and bedding, he was seized upon by some heated partisan, and dragged to this or that philosopher. He was attacked by the older students — sophomores, perhaps — with all sorts of quizzing questions, to try his mettle. Then he was led through the Agora to the bath by these uproarious sophisters in double file, shouting and leaping like madmen. Where the tutors and proctors were all this while, we are not told. Arriving at the bath, he was ordered to stop; the doors were battered with prodigious clattering; and when, at length, they gave way, the new-comer was admitted a fully qualified member of the academic body at Athens. There was much that was most delightful in a residence at Athens, and we can fully understand and sympathize with what Gregory of Nazianzus says of the parting scene between him and Basil, who, with other young men of congenial tastes, had formed a society there, which bound them together by the ties of literary intercourse, a common Christian faith, and devotion to a Christian life. “The day of our departure, and all the circumstances of departure arrived, — the farewell words, the attendance to our ship, the last messages, the lamentations, embraces, tears. Nothing is so painful as for friends to be severed from Athens and from each other. Our companions and some of the professors surrounded us, and entreated that we would desist from our design. With Basil it was ineffectual, and he departed; while I, who felt cut asunder by the separation, speedily followed him.”

The position of physicians in the Eastern Empire was most honorable; and I believe it has continued so down through the Turkish times. The dignity of senator, and even the government of provinces, were often conferred on eminent practitioners. To each division of the city an *arch-iatros* — chief physician — was appointed by election of his coadjutors, subject to the confirmation of the Emperor; for the benefit of the poor, he

was paid a salary from the public treasury ; and it was provided that these public physicians should, in their general practice, receive only such an amount, by way of fees, as the patient judged right when convalescent, not what he offered under the terrors of sickness. What was done if the patient died, we are not told. These arrangements seem to have been borrowed from the ancient customs of the Athenians, and perhaps of other Greek states ; for we find in Plato allusions to the election of a public board of physicians.

It is clear, then, that in the most flourishing period of the Eastern Empire the great institutions for literary and professional education existed on a very respectable scale. Law, medicine, and letters had their special establishments, amply furnished with men and resources, to teach publicly or privately all the science of the age. Divinity was not provided for in the same way ; but the great preachers and dignitaries of the Church superintended and directed the preparation of young men for the performance of public religious services, when their literary and rhetorical studies were completed. These few outlines present the subject of Byzantine education in its best estate. With the progress of time, the decay of wealth, the increasing corruption of public morals, and the deepening of the darkness of ignorance which gradually descended upon the world, education also declined ; though, as I have already said, there were men and women of the nobler families, down to the last days of Byzantium, who kept the lamp of learning trimmed and burning through the darkest of the dark ages.

The government of Greece continued, long after the imperial throne was established at Constantinople, to retain the proconsular form, and the name of the proconsulate, *Achaia* ; but in the time of Constantine IV., or perhaps a little later, in the reign of Heraclius, — for the details of the changes brought about by the dangers threatened from the Barbarians are extremely obscure, — the Empire was redivided and territorially reorganized into departments called *Themata*, or *Themes*. The word is not used in this sense until the Byzantine times.

In the eighth century the office of proconsul, except as a mere titular dignity, was abandoned. The connection between the Constantinopolitan court and the Greek people was made closer by religious as well as by political feelings, by the use of the Greek language in the administration, by the established predominance of the Orthodox Greek Church, and, finally, by the severance of those provinces which possessed a native population distinct from the Greeks in language, literature, and religion, through the conquests of the Saracens. The Themes of Greece proper — or the western part of the Empire — were Peloponnesus, Hellas, Nicopolis, Dyrrachium, Thessaly, the Theme of the Ægean Sea, and Cephallenia. Each of these Themes was under the authority of a ruler called Strategos, or commander, whose powers were very comprehensive, embracing both military and civil functions; but in the main, as the title shows, the office would seem to have been military. These Strategoi formed the first of the seven orders, or classes, into which those were divided who were appointed directly by imperial nomination to the higher offices of the state. These great officers were not, however, of equal rank; but what circumstances made a difference of dignity I do not find anywhere explained. The whole number, at one time at least, was twenty-nine. The Strategos of Hellas is mentioned as the twenty-second, and the Strategos of the Ægean Sea as the twenty-ninth. There was another class of military officers called Kleisourarchai, or commanders of the passes. In Greece there was the Kleisourarch of Larissa, and I believe he is the only one mentioned as belonging to that country; for the Strategoi, or high military commanders, it is expressly stated, had charge of the Strait of Thermopylæ, the Isthmus of Corinth, the mountain-passes into Attica, and those in the Peloponnesus. With these military rulers was associated another official personage, called the “Judge of Hellas,” who not only had the superintendence of the administration of justice, but was charged with the general oversight of the taxes and other public burdens laid upon the several Themes.



At the beginning of the tenth century, when the Emperor Leo VI., called the Wise, led a great expedition against the Saracens in Crete, the Theme of the Ægean Sea furnished four thousand mariners, forty-one hundred land troops, and fourteen ships of different sizes; the Theme of Hellas furnished ten ships, each carrying three hundred men, besides a large supply of arms, including four thousand javelins and two hundred thousand arrows; and other Themes in a like proportion. The statement is a curious one, because it indicates a much higher degree of wealth than is usually supposed to have been possessed by Greece in that century. It is further stated, that the metropolitans of Corinth and Patræ furnished four horses each; each ordinary bishop, two; and the imperial or patriarchal cloisters, as also those belonging to the archbishoprics, to the metropolitan churches, and to the bishoprics, two each. The exempts are also specified, — certain persons in the imperial service, such as purple-fishers and makers of parchment. Many other similar particulars are given by Constantine Porphyrogenitus; but as my purpose is merely to sketch the state of things in a brief and general manner, these facts will perhaps suffice to show, what is expressly stated by some of the Byzantine historians, that a period of comparative prosperity followed the close of the Slavonic period in Greece, which enabled her to offer a more efficient resistance to the assaults of the Saracens, in the ninth and tenth centuries, than was made by any other insular or maritime power round the Mediterranean Sea.

The Byzantine Empire and some of the states of Western Europe had already suffered from the Saracenic invasions; Asia Minor had been ravaged up to the shores of the Bosphorus; the armies assembled to encounter them had broken out into open rebellion; and six Emperors had been dethroned in twenty-one years, when Leo the Isaurian, the great reforming Emperor of the eighth century, was crowned by the Patriarch in the Church of St. Sophia, on the 25th of March, 717. The activity and energy of this monarch soon repelled the armies of the Khaliffs.

But his next enterprise was one of more difficult achievement. The use of pictures and images, unknown in the primitive Church, had by degrees become universal in the Eastern world; and the acts of devotion performed by the illiterate before them were considered by thoughtful minds as a dangerous diversion of the feelings from the worship of the true God. Among other causes which had diffused this view may be mentioned the prodigious growth of the Mahometan imposture, and the contrast between the stern simplicity of the conception of the Deity among the followers of the Arabian prophet and the apparently idolatrous practices of the Orthodox Oriental Church. Leo the Isaurian took this view, though not in the slightest degree deviating from rigid orthodoxy, as to dogmas which the œcumenical councils had established. He engaged in a warfare against image-worship, resolved to put it down by the whole force of the imperial power. The contest lasted through the lives of the Emperor and of ten of his successors. It involved a fierce controversy with the Latin Church, and finally the separation between the two. The feelings of the people were strongly in favor of image-worship; the majority of the clergy went with the people; and though two councils declared the practice idolatrous, and excommunicated those who upheld it, driving many of the clergy into banishment, yet the iconoclasts, after a hundred and fifty years of conflict, were finally, in the middle of the ninth century, obliged to retire from the field.

The result is thus summarily stated by Mr. Finlay: "Every rank of society at last proclaimed that it was weary of religious discussion and domestic strife. Indifference to the ecclesiastical questions so long predominant produced indifference to religion itself, and the power of conscience became dormant; enjoyment was soon considered the object of life; and vice, under the name of pleasure, became the fashion of the day. In this state of society superstition was sure to be more powerful than religion. It was easier to pay adoration to a picture, to reverence a relic, to observe a ceremony, than to regulate one's conduct in life by the principles of morality and the

doctrines of religion. Pictures, images, relics, and ceremonies became, consequently, the great objects of veneration. The Greek population of the Empire had identified its national feelings with traditional usages, rather than with Christian doctrines; and its opposition to the Asiatic puritanism of the Isaurian, Armenian, and Amorion Emperors ingrafted the reverence for relics, the adoration of pictures, and the worship of saints into the religious fabric of the Eastern Church, as essentials of Christian worship. Whatever the Church has gained in this way, in the amount of popular devotion, seems to have been lost to popular morality."

However this may have been, it seems clear that Christianity paved the way for those legal and moral reforms — initiated by Leo the Isaurian, and carried throughout the Empire in his and the succeeding reigns — which distinguish what has been termed the iconoclastic or image-breaking period of Byzantine history. Private life in the Byzantine Empire, at this period, compared with the state of morals among the Arabs and Saracens in the East, or the Franks in the West, appears to great advantage. The religion of Mahomet was, in many respects, better than the barbarous, cruel, bloody, and licentious rites that prevailed among the Arabs before his time. But that religion taught the duty of conquering unbelievers by the sword, and in the family it established polygamy, with its accompanying vices and horrors, throughout the East: while in the West, we find the conquering nations oppressing their subject nations, wholly regardless of the demands of justice, and even such rulers as Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne exhibiting in their private lives the most shameless profligacy. The establishment of numerous hospitals and other charitable institutions, the improvement of the condition of slaves, the partial suppression of the slave-trade, the substitution of the labor of free immigrants in the cities for compulsory labor, all show how deeply the spirit of Christianity had penetrated into the masses of the people. Theodore Studita, Abbot of the Monastery of Studium in Constantinople, in his *Diatheke*,



or Confession of Faith, written shortly before his death, says: "A monk ought not to possess a slave, neither for his own service, nor for the service of his monastery, nor for the culture of its lands; for a slave is a man made after the image of God." Similar sentiments had found utterance even before. Justinian had declared that it was the glory of the Emperor to hasten the emancipation of slaves. At a later period, Alexis I. established the principle, that the most favorable interpretation was to be given to those who sought to prove their right to personal liberty. He declared that, though human society and laws have divided mankind into freemen and slaves, yet it must be remembered that, in the eye of God, all men are equal, that there is one Lord of all, and one faith and baptism for the slave as for the master. It is needless to show how widely this philanthropic spirit diverged from the practice both of the Mahometans in the East and of the Latin Christians in the West, and how much higher was the type of civilization in which these humane and liberal views were embodied than existed at that time anywhere else in the world.

From the period of which I have been speaking, the condition of Greece remained without any important change until the conquests of the Normans in the eleventh century. In 1081 Robert Guiscard passed over from Brindisi to Corfou with a powerful fleet. The inhabitants of the island making no resistance, he landed in Epeirus; but the death of this chieftain left the expedition with no permanent consequence on the condition of the country. Another invasion of Greece was made by Bohemund, called the Duke of Antioch. It was repelled by the Emperor Alexis, and Bohemund was forced to acknowledge himself liegeman of the Byzantine Emperor. A third invasion was conducted by Roger, the powerful and wealthy king of Sicily. He appeared off Corfou in 1146, with a fleet of seventy sail, and, having easily mastered the island, proceeded to the mainland, marched through Epeirus and Attica, and plundered Thebes, Athens, and Corinth. Thebes was then a rich manufacturing town,

especially remarkable for the silk trade. The city was completely pillaged; gold, silver, jewels, bales of silk, were carried off to the fleet; and the most skilful of the silk-workers transported as slaves to Sicily, there to exercise their industry for the benefit of their new masters. Corinth was sacked with equal cruelty. These spoliations were a fatal blow to the prosperity of Greece, which had been silently advancing for the two preceding centuries. But little occurred to disturb the country during the century that followed, until the Crusades broke out, and precipitated the chivalry of Europe upon the coasts of Asia.

The Khaliffs interfered but little with the Christian pilgrims visiting the sacred places in the Holy Land; but when the Seljuk Turks, having secured the dominion over the Saracens, became masters of Jerusalem, the pilgrims were exposed to unheard-of cruelties, which exasperated the Christian world.

The religious enthusiasm of Western Europe, harmonizing with the spirit of chivalry, created a storm of unparalleled violence, and swept the combined hosts of the Christian powers from Europe to the East, resolved to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the polluting hands of the infidels. Here commenced the question about the Holy Places, which originally armed the great nations of Christendom against the followers of Mahomet; and which now, blending with political interests of the same great nations, has armed them in defence of the Turk against the encroachments of the Czar, reopening the book of blood and horror which we had hoped was closed forever.

The first three Crusades, though very important in their effects upon the Byzantine Empire, did not directly act upon the condition of Greece; but the fourth Crusade, which took place in 1203, had the most important consequences. The arrival of the armies of the West was in the highest degree unwelcome to the Emperors of the East; but they could not well save themselves from the necessity of extending reluctant hospitalities to the intruders. The Greek assumed to be far in advance of the rest of the world in refinement, and felt contempt for

the rudeness and barbarism of the Latin ; and the Latin looked at the Greek as of a degraded caste and a heretic. In June of 1203, the Venetian fleet, with an army of Crusaders on board, appeared at Constantinople, having engaged to restore the son of the dethroned Emperor to his hereditary rights. They were commanded by Henry Dandolo, the blind old warrior of Venice, who had private wrongs to avenge no less than public engagements to fulfil. After two days of desperate fighting the city was taken, and Alexis IV. crowned Emperor. A destructive conflagration soon after laid a great part of the city in ashes, in consequence of a wilful act of incendiaryism, committed in a drunken frolic by some Flemish soldiers ; and Constantinople never entirely recovered from the calamity. This excited the fury of the people beyond all bounds ; and fifteen thousand of the Latins, who resided within the walls of the city, were forced to quit the capital and seek safety in Galata, beyond the Golden Horn. The Venetians and Crusaders again laid siege to Constantinople, on the 12th of April, 1204 ; and another portion of the city perished by a third conflagration. " These three fires," it is said, " which the Franks had lighted in Constantinople, destroyed more houses than were contained in the three largest cities in France." Thus the capital of the Byzantine Empire fell into the hands of Latin princes ; and the Empire itself, under the name of Romania, reorganized under a series of Western Emperors, continued until 1261. Greece, too, was completely remodelled. Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, became sovereign of Thessalonica. Epeirus still continued, under the title at first of a despotate, to be governed by a Byzantine family. Afterwards it was changed into an empire, and then changed back again to a despotate, which lasted until 1469. Achaia and the Morea, under Guillelme de Champlite and his successor, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, became a principality, and so continued till 1387. The Dukedom of the Archipelago, or Naxos, lasted from 1207 to 1566, — a greater prolongation of the Frankish power than occurred anywhere else in the East.



But by far the most interesting of these Frankish establishments in Greece was the Dukedom of Athens, which began in 1205, with the reign of Otho de la Roche, and continued in his family until 1308. The house of Brienne succeeded at this time, in the person of Walter de Brienne, who, being threatened by his enemies, called in the assistance of the Grand Catalan Company, — a troop of marauders, whose adventures in the East form a very romantic episode in this chapter of history. When he attempted to dismiss them, they defied him, and, marching into the plain of Bœotia, took up a position on the banks of the Cephissus, near the ancient Orchomenos. The Duke of Athens, with a numerous body of cavalry, pursued them. The Catalan leaders had conducted the waters of the Cephissus into the fields covered with corn, just in front of their own lines, making the ground soft and muddy, while the verdure concealed every appearance of irrigation. The Duke dashed on with his horsemen; but getting inextricably involved in the yielding earth, the whole band of cavalry, with the exception of two, were slain. The Catalans pushed their conquest vigorously, capturing both Thebes and Athens. At Thebes they burned the magnificent Palace of St. Omar, whose splendor had been the theme of minstrels in that age. At Athens they laid waste the olive-groves of the Academy and Colonos. They divided the fiefs of the nobles who had fallen, and the officers took in marriage the surviving widows and heiresses. In the language of Muntaner, the quaint old Spanish chronicler, who was an eyewitness of what he describes, "Many stout Catalan warriors received as wives noble ladies, for whom, the day before their victory, they would have counted it an honor to be allowed to hold their washing-basin."

These events were followed by the establishment of a Duke from the Sicilian branch of the house of Aragon, at the request conveyed by a deputation of the Catalans to Frederic II. From that time the Duchy of Athens and Neopatras became an appanage of the house of Aragon, and so remained

until 1386. From this line of princes the power passed to the Florentine house of Acciaiuoli, which had risen by commercial success to great influence both in Italy and in the East. Six Dukes of this family ruled over Athens from 1386 to 1456, when Attica, with the rest of Greece, fell under the yoke of the Turks, and the transient reflex of ancient prosperity she had enjoyed under these Western rulers sank in the long night of slavery.

During the period of the Dukes of Athens, Muntaner declares that the Frankish chivalry of Greece was second to none in Europe. The Duke of Athens was one of the greatest princes of the Empire of Romania, and among the noblest of those sovereigns who did not bear the kingly title. Athens was the resort of the gayest knights; and chivalrous games and ceremonies were often rehearsed among the classic ruins which still abounded in that city. The service of the Roman Church was performed in the Parthenon, then consecrated to the Blessed Virgin; and on one occasion, as the pages of the delightful old chronicler attest, a visitor to the ducal palace received the honor of knighthood in the Temple of Athene. Among the classic sculptures still found, though in mutilated beauty, on the Acropolis, there are some rude fragments executed in the time of the Franks.

But these Latin princes never identified themselves with the native population. They preserved their language, as they did their manners, unchanged; and Muntaner says, "The French was spoken as well at Athens as at Paris." The feudal system they introduced was abhorrent to the spirit of the people, and never rooted itself in the popular feelings. They lived as a ruling caste among a subject race, and the vices of the system made them an easy prey to the fiery zeal and hardihood of a fresh nation of conquerors. They too, like the invaders who preceded them, utterly disappeared from the face of Hellas, with their language, their manners, their jousts and tournaments, their stately revels, and their devotion to the fair. They left a few ruined castles here and there on the hill-tops of

Greece, contrasting strangely with the classic ruins of Hellenic times. The stately Palace of St. Omar, at Thebes, where Muntaner visited his master, Don Fernando of Majorca, who was then a prisoner in its grand old halls, is all gone, except a ruined tower, which hostile forces and the convulsions of nature have been alike unable to shatter. Here and there, in the decaying monasteries of Greece, a few musty records of those times may be explored by the curious traveller. The Dukes of Athens, who held their knightly revels in their palace by the Propylæa, or presided over tournaments in the Plain of Athens, are now to be traced only in an arched subterranean chamber, an old tower, and two stone coffins in the crumbling monastery of Daphne, — which occupies the site of an ancient Temple of Apollo, — thrown carelessly into a dark room filled with rubbish, known only by the nearly obliterated *fleur-de-lis* carved on their sides, and shown for a drachma by two or three ancient nuns, who seem to have come down from the Middle Ages, — contemporaries of the ducal coffins now emptied of their tenants. When I looked upon the dusty vacancy where princes had once been laid, and listened to the cracked and droning voices where music and mirth had once been, both seemed a united lesson on the mutability of all human affairs.



## LECTURE VI.

### TURKISH CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—LITERATURE OF THE BYZANTINE PERIOD.

AT the close of the last Lecture a brief outline was given of the epoch of the Frankish princes in Greece, lasting between two and three centuries from the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders. I spoke of the Dukes of Athens, and of the temporary introduction of the feudal system and the spirit of chivalry, with Latin Christianity, among the classic memorials and splendid ruins still existing in that illustrious capital. The period, and the incidents of it which have been preserved by the writers of Constantinople, the chronicle of the fine old Spaniard Muntaner, and the picturesque records of Villehardouin concerning the capture of Constantinople, are exceedingly interesting; but I pause for a moment only to point out the traces which the Duchy of Athens has left here and there in modern literature. The fame of the brilliant court of Athens resounded through the West of Europe, and many a chapter of old romance is filled with gorgeous pictures of its splendors. One of the heroines of Boccaccio's Decameron, in the course of her adventurous life, is found at Athens, inspiring the Duke by her charms. Dante was a contemporary of Guy II. and Walter de Brienne; and, in his "Divina Commedia," he applies to Theseus, king of ancient Athens, the title so familiar to him, borne by the princely rulers in his own day. Theseus is, like Otho or Walter, *il Duca d'Atene*, — the Duke of Athens. Chaucer, too, — the bright herald of English poetry, — had often heard of the Dukes of Athens; and he too, like Dante, gives the title to Theseus. Finally, in

the age of Elizabeth, when Italian poetry was much studied by scholars and courtiers, Shakespeare, in the delightful scenes of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, introduces Theseus, Duke of Athens, as the conqueror and the lover of Hippolyta, the warrior-queen of the Amazons.

As the Byzantine Empire was overthrown by the Turks, and the fortunes of the Hellenic race have been bound up with the triumphs of these descendants of Tartars; as Eastern Christianity has been so long under the domination of the religion of Islam, and has at length, after tedious centuries of servitude, partly emancipated itself from the yoke, and, in the course of coming events, will probably complete its enfranchisement; and as the transactions in the middle of the fifteenth century seem to me to explain the long and undiminished hostility between the Tartar and Hellenic races,—I will venture to dwell for a moment upon Turkish history, in a more connected manner than I have yet done.

The Turks are first mentioned in history in the sixth century. They are a Tartar race, from the great steppes of Northern Asia, at the foot of the Altai Mountains. In the eighth century they became blended with the Saracens in Persia, and in the tenth reigned over Palestine, Syria, and Egypt. In the eleventh century, another tribe, called the Seljuk Turks, subdued the greater part of Western Asia, and established the powerful empire with which the Crusaders waged war for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The Ottoman Empire, built upon the ruins of the transient dominions established by its predecessors, and now representing the Saracens, Arabs, and Turks, was founded in the thirteenth century by Othman, who extended the bounds of his territories to the shores of the Black Sea. This was a century and a half before the capture of Constantinople. In 1360, Adrianople was taken by Amurath I., and became for a time the seat of the Turkish Empire in Europe. The successors of this prince were involved in wars with the Venetians, Hungarians, and Poles, in which at eight different times the destinies of European civilization hung trembling in the balance.

Mahomet II. was born at Adrianople in 1430, and succeeded Amurath II. in 1451. He was a man of uncommon ability and acquirements for his race and his age. He understood five languages. The Greek historian Phranzes, who had seen him at the court of Amurath, describes him as highly gifted, fond of the society of learned men, not ignorant of science, and addicted to astrology. At the same time he was cruel to the last degree, pitiless, and licentious. No consideration, human or divine, stood between him and the gratification of his desires. But his acts and his conquests come within the scope of my subject no further than they affected the fortunes of the Greeks, and on this topic a few words must suffice. The conquest of Constantinople was the first object on which his thoughts were fixed at the opening of his reign. The resolution with which he had formed this purpose expressed itself in his stern reply to the ambassadors of the Emperor, offering him tribute if he would renounce the project of building a fort on the European shore of the Bosphorus, which, at the distance of only five miles from the capital, would give him the command of the Black Sea. He ordered the envoys to retire, and threatened to flay alive any who should dare to bring him a similar message again. The fort was finished in three months, and garrisoned with four hundred janizaries; a tribute was exacted of all vessels that passed, and war was formally declared by the Sultan. Constantine made the best preparations in his power for defence; but he could muster only six hundred Greek soldiers. Disheartened by the feebleness and want of spirit manifested by his own subjects, the Emperor had recourse to the Pope, with a view to the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches, in the hope of drawing to his standard a portion of the well-trained troops and officers then so numerous in Italy. A cardinal was accordingly despatched to Constantinople, and on the 12th of December, 1452, the Emperor Constantine celebrated his union with the Catholic Church in the Cathedral of St. Sophia. A few troops came from Italy, and Justiniani, an Italian officer,



arrived from Genoa with two galleys and three hundred chosen men. He was appointed general of the guard. But with all the reinforcements thus received, the number was insignificant, compared with the extent of the walls to be defended, and the overpowering host which the Sultan was concentrating around the devoted city. The hatred of the Greeks for the Latin Christians was an insurmountable obstacle to thorough co-operation. Dissensions broke out between the Grand Duke Notaras and the Italian commander. "I beseech you, my brethren," said the Emperor, "be at peace; the war from abroad is enough; for God's mercy, do not fight with one another."

Instead of rallying around their Emperor unanimously, the bigots among his subjects spent their time in denouncing his apostasy, and insulting him as he passed through the streets. Gennadius, who was afterwards Patriarch under the Sultan, carried this insane spirit of intolerance so far, that he declared he would rather see the turban of the Turks ruling in the heart of the city, than the mitre of the Latins. The means of defence, machines, artillery, and powder, (for cannon and gunpowder had already begun to be used,) were scantily provided. The land-wall, for five miles exposed to attack at every point, had to be manned; the wall towards the port and the Propontis was not far from nine miles in length, and the whole garrison amounted to only nine thousand men. The fleet consisted of twenty-three vessels of all kinds. The entrance of the port was closed by a strong chain, the end of which was secured in a fort, of which the Greeks held possession, in Galata.

The first division of the Ottoman army left Adrianople in February, 1453. In April, the Sultan established his lines from the head of the port to the shore of the Propontis, and erected his batteries—fourteen in all—against the principal gates, especially against Chasias and St. Romanos, the latter of which is now called Top Kapou, Cannon Gate, in commemoration of the siege. A Dacian artilleryman had cast a mon-

ster cannon expressly for this assault, two and a half feet in diameter at the mouth, for the purpose of firing granite balls. It took two months to transport it one hundred and eight miles; it was drawn by a hundred oxen, and held in equilibrium by four hundred men. This tremendous piece was mounted opposite the St. Romanos gate, where the chief assault was to be made. The army is said to have consisted of two hundred and fifty thousand men of all arms; and the fleet, of four hundred and twenty vessels of all sizes. These numbers are probably an exaggeration; but the overwhelming superiority of the Turkish forces, and the fiery energy of the youthful Sultan, left no hope of a successful resistance. Yet some disasters checked the ardor of the besiegers. Four cornships, bound for Constantinople, destroyed the Turkish galleys that intercepted them, and passed triumphantly into the harbor over the chain which was lowered for their passage. The great gun burst without doing any damage, except killing its inventor and many Turks; and a wooden tower they had brought up against the wall was burnt down in a night sortie by Justiniani. But these incidents only stimulated the activity of the Sultan. He resolved to place his fleet, which still lay in the upper part of the Bosphorus, in direct communication with his army; but the harbor was closed and well defended. He accordingly conceived and executed with incredible energy the plan of transporting his galleys by land over the heights of Pera, and launching them in the Golden Horn, under protection of his own batteries. A road was built, laid with planks and rails, and covered with tallow, up which, by the aid of windlasses and numerous yokes of oxen, the vessels were dragged one after another, and let down the opposite slope, just above the present arsenal. The removal of a division of the Ottoman fleet thus took place in a single night, and at daylight the Greeks looked out with amazement upon seventy hostile ships, riding at anchor under the batteries. Having accomplished this signal achievement, the Sultan next threw across the harbor a bridge defended by artillery, to

establish an easy communication between the besieging force and the naval camp up the Bosphorus. Mahomet now summoned the Emperor to surrender, offering him an appanage as a vassal of the Porte; but Constantine, who had calmly resolved not to survive the fall of the city, indignantly rejected the insulting proposal. On the night before the assault, the Emperor rode round to all the posts, encouraging the troops by his cheerful demeanor; then, resorting to the Church of St. Sophia, he partook with his companions of the holy sacrament, according to the Latin form. He returned to the imperial palace, and, asking pardon of all the members of his household for every offence he might ever have given them, withdrew, amidst their sighs and prayers and tears, mounted his horse, and rode away, with the solemn certainty that he should never meet them again in this world.

Before the dawn of day, May 29, 1453, preparations were made for the assault, the troops rapidly taking their positions before the portions of the wall they were to attack, and the galleys, with towers and scaling platforms, moving up against the fortifications of the port, protected by the artillery on the bridge. The principal attack was directed to the gate of St. Romanos, where a passage had already been effected into the city. For more than two hours the defence was maintained at every point, and in the harbor victory seemed, for a time, inclining in favor of the besieged; but at length, the small number of the defenders being diminished by death and exhausted by fatigue, their commander wounded, and the Emperor left almost unsupported, a chosen band, led on by a gigantic warrior, Hassan of Ulubad, gained the summit of the dilapidated tower which flanked the passage. Theophilus Palæologos, when he saw the Emperor fighting, and the city on the point of falling, cried out with a loud voice, and with tears, *Θέλω θανεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ ζῆν*, — “I wish to die rather than to live,” — and, rushing into the midst of the adverse ranks, and hewing them down with his sword, was at length overpowered and slain. The Emperor, left almost alone, was cut down by



the Turks, who, in the dim morning twilight, failed to recognize him. Hassan and many of his followers fell; but, fresh columns coming up, a corps of janizaries rushed into Constantinople over the lifeless body of the Emperor. Other columns entered at other points, and the despairing people — senators, priests, monks, nuns, husbands, wives, and children — sought safety in the Church of St. Sophia. A prophecy had been circulated that here the Turks would be arrested by an angel from heaven, with a drawn sword; and hither the miserable multitude crowded, in the expectation of supernatural help. The conquerors followed, sword in hand, slaughtering those whom they encountered in the street. They broke down the doors of the church with axes, and, rushing in, committed every act of atrocity that a frantic thirst for blood and the inflamed passions of demons could suggest. All the unhappy victims were divided as slaves among the soldiers, without regard to blood or rank, and hurried off to the camp; and the mighty cathedral, so long the glory of the Christian world, soon presented only traces of the orgies of hell. The other quarters of the city were plundered by other divisions of the army. The rich warehouses along the port were speedily pillaged of their accumulated merchandise. About noon the Sultan made his triumphal entry by the gate of St. Romanos, passing by the body of the Emperor, which lay concealed among the slain. Entering the church, he ordered a moolah to ascend the bema, and announce to the Mussulmans that St. Sophia was now a mosque, consecrated to the prayers of the true believers. He ordered the body of the Emperor to be sought, his head to be exposed to the people, and afterwards to be sent as a trophy, to be seen by the Greeks, in the principal cities of the Ottoman Empire. For three days the city was given up to the indescribable horrors of pillage and the license of the Mussulman soldiery. Forty thousand perished during the sack of the city, and fifty thousand were reduced to slavery. Youth, strength, beauty, and rank only insured to their possessors the sad lot of servitude, adding often the harsher doom of an

enforced conversion to the Mahometan faith. Many families were utterly destroyed. The Grand Duke Notaras, one of the most distinguished persons in the Empire, refused to comply with the demand of the Sultan, that his youngest son should be sent to become a page in the palace, well knowing the fate which would await him there. The Sultan ordered him and all his sons to instant execution. The scene of the execution, as described by Ducas and Phranzes, is most pathetic, — the father encouraging his sons, by Christian exhortations, to meet death bravely, and then, after retiring to a chapel for a moment's prayer, calmly submitting to the headsman, with the bodies of his murdered children lying before him. Of other families, the men were put to death, the male children placed in the schools of the janizaries, and the females shut up in the harems of the Sultan and his courtiers. Even Mahomet, when he arrived at the imperial palace, was struck by the melancholy aspect of the place, and by so awful an illustration of the mutability of human affairs. Even he — stained with blood — recalled a couplet of the Persian poet Firdusi : —

“The spider's curtain hangs before the portal of the royal palace ;  
The owl fills with his nocturnal wail the watch-tower of Efrasyab.”

Mahomet was not destitute of political craft. He well understood the necessity of securing the allegiance of the great authorities of the Oriental Church. The Koran does not imperatively command the destruction of unbelieving dogs ; it is enough to satisfy the spirit of the religion if they are made tributaries and slaves. The Patriarch of Constantinople fled to Italy on the downfall of the city ; the Sultan directed the clergy to proceed to the election of another. Their choice fell unanimously on George Scholarius, or Gennadius, a native of Constantinople, who had early in life distinguished himself by his literary acquirements. He was at first opposed to the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches, but, when attending the Emperor at the Councils of Ferrara and Florence, was induced to advocate the measure. Afterwards, returning to Constantinople, he went back to his earlier opinion,

denounced the union as an act of apostasy which would bring down the wrath of Heaven upon the devoted city, and became a leader against the legate of the Pope. He retired into a monastery, but continued to guide the counsels of the Orthodox clergy. Attempting to make his escape on the capture of the city, he was brought back, and held the patriarchal dignity about five years, when he abdicated and retired to a monastery at Serræ, where he closed his life. Most of his works still remain unpublished. In the work called *Historia Patriarchica*, written in modern Greek in the sixteenth century, and containing the history of the Church of Constantinople from 1454 to 1578, it is related that, after the Sultan had inquired of the clergy concerning the ceremonies of investiture practised by the Emperors, and had established Gennadius in the dignities of the office, he went personally to the patriarchal palace, and had a long conversation with him on the subject of religion. "And the Patriarch," says the historian, "exhibited to him the whole truth of our faith, without fear." Afterwards he wrote down the substance of what he had said in twenty articles, and submitted it, translated into Turkish, to the Sultan. The document contains a very good summary of Christian doctrines, including the dogmas of the councils, which are explained as well here, perhaps, as anywhere. Some of the sentences express the Christian view of God, and the relations of man to the Creator, with remarkable force. The simple-minded historian says that the Sultan not only greatly admired the theology and wisdom of the Patriarch, but was strongly moved to believe in Christianity, and conceived a great friendship for the whole Christian community; that he forbade his subjects to molest or slander any Christian; and that he had much joy in having become the lord and master of such a race. All this is very curious as an illustration of the character of Mahomet II.; and it had the effect of calming the fears of many who had left the city, and who, on returning, were allowed to resume a portion of their property. Others, to the number of five thousand families, he compelled to re-



move to Constantinople from different parts of his dominions. As he enlarged his conquests, he continued the same policy; and before the close of his reign that city had become again a great and comparatively flourishing capital; but it had lost its character as the seat of Byzantine power and art. Mosques, minarets, fountains, and tombs had been constructed in every quarter; more than forty of the most splendid Christian churches were converted into mosques; and Stamboul became the picturesque Oriental city we behold it at the present day.

The princes of the Morea, learning the capture of Constantinople, sent their submission to the Sultan, which was received on condition of a yearly tribute of twelve thousand gold ducats; and now nearly the whole of Greece, from north to south, was subjected to the sceptre of the Moslems, almost without further resistance.

But disturbances and revolts called for the presence of the Sultan; and by a vigorous campaign, in 1458, he reduced the rebels to submission. Again, in 1460, he passed the Isthmus of Corinth to suppress new tumults, and, by a series of the most atrocious massacres, not only of men taken with arms in their hands, but of unarmed men, women, and children,—more than six thousand having been slain, and ten thousand transported to Constantinople,—put a full end to the power of the Byzantine rulers; and after a few more desperate struggles by the local organizations, in which similar scenes of slaughter were enacted, the subjection of the Morea, with the exception of a few places held by the Venetians, was completed, its resources exhausted, and its spirit broken, so that the annual tribute of children, which the Christians were compelled to send to Constantinople, failed to awaken either patriotism or despair among the Greeks.

A singular chapter, or episode, of Byzantine life and history, is presented by the Empire of Trebizond. Along the shores of the Black Sea many cities were early settled by colonists from Greece. From the mouth of the Halys to the

Caucasus extends a magnificent country of rich plains, wooded hills, forests, and rapid, fertilizing streams. On a table-shaped rock, on the southeastern shore of the Euxine, the Greeks established a citadel, which from its form they called *Trapezous*, — now changed into Trebizond, — as early as the eighth century before Christ. In the Roman times it became an important centre of commercial relations between Persia and Europe, enjoying the privileges of a free city. It shared the fortunes of the Byzantine Empire, and in the Iconoclastic period became the capital of the Theme of Chaldia, and the centre of the diplomatic relations between the Imperial government and the princes of Armenia; and when the wars between the Saracens and Christians broke out, the Duke of Chaldia, who was charged with the business relating to them, made Trebizond his principal residence. From time to time, the rulers of this Theme attempted to make themselves independent of the Imperial supremacy. But it was not until the Crusaders captured Constantinople, and divided the greater part of the provinces of the Empire among their princes, that Trebizond became a separate government, under the rule of a descendant of the Comneni.

This family, which gave a dynasty to Byzantium, first appeared prominently towards the end of the tenth century, and from that time, for four hundred years, took a conspicuous, though not always an honorable, part in the affairs of the world. Alexis Comnenus, a young prince, nephew of the Emperor Isaac Comnenus, escaped to Colchis during the siege of Constantinople, with his brother David, and there succeeded in raising an army, with which he entered Trebizond just at the moment of the fall of the capital. Assuming the title of Megas Comnenos, or Grand Comnenus, to distinguish himself from the numerous descendants of other branches of the family, he was readily acknowledged Emperor, and, at the age of twenty-two, was crowned at Trebizond. His career of conquest at first was rapid and brilliant; but at length the young Emperor, coming into collision with the Seljuk Turks, who were

spreading desolation along their path, was obliged to acknowledge himself a vassal of the Seljuk Empire, and to pay an annual tribute to the Sultan Azeddin. From 1222 to 1280 Trebizond continued tributary to the Seljuk Sultans; but on the accession of John II. her independence was completely restored.

The history of Trebizond, from this time forward, under twelve Emperors and three Empresses, is crowded with the details of external and civil wars, which have no important bearing upon the general condition of the world. The Orthodox Eastern Church was here supported, under the protection of St. Eugenios, who was so great a favorite that one son out of every family bore his name. A document relating to a lawsuit was found by Fallmerayer, in which three of the litigating parties were named Eugenios. In the conquering career of the Turks, the doom of Trebizond was postponed until Constantinople had fallen, and the Morea had yielded to the arms of Mahomet II. In 1461 the Sultan advanced with his fleets and armies, resolved on the subjugation of Trebizond. He met with little opposition from David, the last Emperor of the Comnenian line, who made terms with the invader, surrendered the city, and withdrew with his family and his treasures to his European appanage. The wealthy inhabitants were compelled to emigrate to Constantinople, and their estates and palaces were conferred on Ottoman officers. The remainder of the population of both sexes were set apart as slaves of the Sultan and the army. The sons of the noblest families, remarkable for personal beauty, were placed as pages in the Sultan's seraglio, and others were enrolled in the corps of janizaries, or distributed among the soldiers as slaves. Ancient churches and monasteries, with curious paintings in the Byzantine style, — pictures of saints and portraits of Emperors, — still attest the former genius and piety of the city; but they are fast disappearing by decay and neglect, and, unless the lovers of art soon take measures for their protection, will utterly pass away, as Christian art long since perished at Constantinople. At the



present day, not a single descendant of an ancient Trapezuntian family is known to survive.

The dethroned Emperor was permitted to live in peace for a few years ; but about 1470 he fell under the jealous suspicions of the Sultan, was arrested with all his family, and carried to Constantinople. He was ordered to embrace the faith of Islam, under pain of death ; but he rejected the condition with firmness. The Emperor, his seven sons, and his nephew Alexis, were put to death, and their lifeless bodies cast out, unburied, beyond the walls. They would have been consumed by the dogs, "accustomed," says an eloquent writer, "during the reign of Mahomet II. to feed on Christian flesh," but for the pious care of the Empress Helen, who, clad in an humble garb, repaired to the spot, watched over their bodies during the day, and, in the darkness of night, assisted by a few compassionate friends, silently committed them to the earth. Her daughter was torn from her arms, and worse than buried in a Turkish harem. Widowed, childless, desolate, the fallen Empress, having suffered the saddest changes of public fortune and the most harrowing and heart-breaking of private calamities, — like some doomed heroine of one of the tragic families of antiquity, — passed the short remainder of her life in mourning and prayer, and then found a welcome refuge in the grave.

These were the transactions by which the Sultan and his Ottoman armies established themselves as a European power. I confess I do not understand how historians can assert, as some of the more recent among them very gravely do, that the change from the Byzantine Emperors to the Ottoman Sultans was a benefit to Greece. It is true, that the Greeks of the Lower Empire had become degenerate and corrupt ; that their government was a despotism, and their Church overgrown with superstition. But society was still organized on a Christian basis ; law, however imperfectly administered, still bound the members of society into a political union ; and education, though fallen off from its ancient excellence, was still

looked upon as a duty by public authorities and private citizens. The private man, with his family, was sheltered from arbitrary violence; his children could not be forced away from him to the gilded miseries and moral death of the seraglio. The force and energy of the early Sultans, and their occasional generosity, impose upon our imaginations, when contrasted with the feeble characters that so often disgust us in the Byzantine Greeks. We feel the baseness of that indifference to country which left Constantinople to be defended by the last of the Emperors and a handful of men. We abhor the bigotry which, at the fatal moment, forgot the despairing cries of a perishing capital, to wrangle upon senseless questions of polemic theology. But still that last of the Emperors and that handful of men stood up bravely in the midst of falling battlements and streaming blood, against a host they knew they could not resist; and the Emperor, firm to his duty and unshrinking in his resolution, closed the long line of his royal race by a glorious death for his country. The old Hellenic spirit had not yet been extinguished in the Constantines.

Before quitting the long Byzantine period, permit me to say a parting word upon the literature with which these centuries are signalized, if not adorned. The literature of this period consists of, first, the writings of the Christian Fathers. secondly, the Byzantine Historians; and thirdly, the Poets, who, however, in some cases are the same persons that constitute the other classes, but who may be again classified in two subdivisions, of religious and secular poets. To these may be added a few romance-writers, belonging to the early part of the period from the fourth to the ninth century.

We have already, in considering another topic, observed the fresh impulse imparted by Christianity to eloquence in the sermons of the fathers of the Church, at the head of whom stands the great and fervid Johannes Chrysostomus. The best of the religious writings have come from the earliest periods. Irenæus, Clemens, Origen, Eusebius, Athanasius, and Chrysostomus belong to the first four centuries. From this time

to the twelfth century the writers of the Church neither have the same authority, nor are considered as possessing equal literary merit, with their predecessors.

The Byzantine historians extend from the fourth nearly to the sixteenth century, if we include the few who wrote after the capture of Constantinople. These writers furnish the immense mass of materials of which Gibbon made so admirable use in his unequalled *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The most convenient edition is the octavo reprint, projected, and in part superintended, by Niebuhr, and still in progress. I have read only a portion of these writers: their works fill some fifty or more volumes. They are quite aside from the usual range of classical studies, and are generally neglected. But some of them were men of literary accomplishments, honorable characters, and large experience in affairs. None of them, so far as my reading has extended, equal the Attic historians in the high qualities of natural and lucid style. But some of them are clear, accurate, instructive, and interesting. Others, in striving to acquire a factitious elegance, become pompous and inflated. Some aim at the antique manner, and grow affected; others, writing in the language of their times, fall into the corrupt forms of the vulgar Byzantine Greek; and others, finally, are marked by all the peculiarities of idiom and construction which belong to the spoken Greek of the present day. In passages from the best, we often find vivid description and stirring eloquence; in the worst, a uniform tediousness almost preternatural.

Zosimus wrote on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire in a style clear and concise; but being a Pagan, he is described by Photius as "impious in religion, and howling against the pious." Procopius lived in the sixth century, and is conspicuous for having been the secretary of Belisarius, whom he accompanied in his wars. In literary ability he was, perhaps, the best of all the Byzantine historians, and his style makes a nearer approach than that of any other among them to the classic models. He wrote the history of the wars with the



Persians, Vandals, and Goths, besides other works, particularly a scandalous chronicle of the court. Agathias, a lawyer and scholar of the same century, besides love-poems which are lost, wrote a continuation of the history of Procopius, in a somewhat bombastic style. In the next two centuries there is little that claims attention. It was an evil time for literature. In the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries there was more literary activity, if not a revival of letters. The ninth century was adorned by the learning of Leo of Thessalonica, whose scientific attainments caused him to be invited to Bagdad by the Khaliff Al-Mamoun. This remarkable man invented a mode of telegraphic communication, by means of signal fires, to announce particular events according to the hours. In the tenth century reigned the lauded and excellent Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who, besides being a connoisseur in art, wrote many important works on history and administration, and labored assiduously to encourage literature, and to improve the education of the times. The greatest name in the eleventh century is that of Michael Psellus, who was the prodigy of his age. The Emperor gave him the title of Prince of Philosophers. His works were on the most extraordinary variety of subjects, — theological, philosophical, mathematical, legal, — one being on the operation of demons. Many of them still remain unpublished. The style is said to be perspicuous, elegant, and worthy of a better age.

To the twelfth century belong Anna Comnena, and her husband, Nicephorus Bryennius. This illustrious pair present a pleasing picture of happiness and literary accomplishment, and deserve to be dwelt upon for a moment. Bryennius was a Greek nobleman, of a family distinguished for its antiquity and for the many high places which had been held by its members. He became the confidential friend and adviser of the Emperor Alexis Comnenus, immediately upon his accession to the throne. As a mark of his respect, the Emperor created a new title, Panhypersebastos, — *all-superlatively-august*, — and, what was still more to the purpose, bestowed on him the hand

of his beautiful daughter, Anna Comnena, who was distinguished equally for the graces of her person and for her intellectual accomplishments. Bryennius took a leading part in the wars of the age, and was one of the most skilful diplomatists at the imperial court. His various talents and his affable manners made him so great a favorite, that his ambitious wife endeavored, but without success, to persuade her father to name him his successor; and the only serious censure chargeable upon his life is, that he listened to her suggestion, and endeavored to deprive his young brother-in-law of the crown on the death of Alexis. On his failure in this attempt, his estates were confiscated, and he and his wife were banished to C  noe, on the Black Sea, where they lived in retirement for several years. He was, however, restored to favor, and died soon afterward, in 1137, at Constantinople. The peculiar interest of the period in which he lived arises from the circumstance that the Crusades at this time brought the Western and Eastern powers into contact and collision; and it was by his prudent counsels that the Emperor was chiefly guided in the first differences between himself and the crusading princes. Bryennius wrote a history, in four books, of the events of which he had been a contemporary and in great part an eyewitness. He left it incomplete, covering a period of a little more than twenty years, from about 1057 to 1078,—intending to bring it down so as to include the reign of Alexis, but being interrupted by death. “This mighty task,” says he to his mother-in-law, the Empress, “thou, my wisest intellect and inspiration, hast laid upon me; thou hast commanded me to write the deeds of Alexis the Great, who, having fallen on troubled times, and assuming the power when the affairs of the Empire were fallen to the earth, raised them up and reinstated them in their greatest glory. . . . I dare not presume to write his history, or to compose a eulogy on him; for this scarcely would the power of Thucydides, and the eloquence of Demosthenes suffice. I undertake only to furnish the means to those who desire to celebrate his deeds; and therefore let this work be called the materials

of history." Notwithstanding the modest estimate he professes to entertain of his own ability, his work is written in a very manly style, and shows the experience of a person versed in affairs, and the calm and cool judgment of the philosophic statesman.

Anna Comnena was considerably younger than her husband, having been born in 1083. She was celebrated as the loveliest woman in the highest society of Constantinople ; and her accomplishments in literature were no less the admiration of the scholars, philosophers, and poets by whom she was surrounded. The domestic happiness she enjoyed is certainly a remarkable and bright spot in the abounding degeneracy of the age. Her married life lasted more than forty years, and the only interruption to its felicity was its close by the death of her husband. Her palace was the resort of the literary men and of the most brilliant society, and the centre of the art and science of Constantinople for many years. She survived her husband, and worthily employed the remainder of her life in finishing the task he had left incomplete at his death. It is the *Life* of her father Alexis, — under the name of the *Alexiad* ; and, though abounding in rhetorical faults, it is a work of deep interest. She writes with the particularity of a daughter, and — I must add — with a good deal of the vanity of a blue-stockings, — presenting in this respect a strong contrast to the simple and honest style of her husband. For him she cherished the most unbounded affection as long as she lived. She describes him as a man surpassing in personal beauty, fineness of understanding, and eloquence of speech all that lived in his time, as a wonder to look at and listen to, and in all respects a most distinguished person. She then recounts the circumstances under which he began his history, and its interruption by his death, — “a misfortune to the subject,” she adds, “and the loss of much pleasure to the readers. What harmony and what grace were in his words, those know best who were most familiar with his writings.” She attributes his death to his unceasing labors, and his exposure during the long campaigns



in which he had served. In writing these things, her soul, she says, is wrung with sorrow, and her eyes fill with tears, as she recalls to memory the graces of his person and the gifts of his mind, worthy of a higher than royal dignity. Her affliction would move the hardest heart to sympathy. But she wipes her tears, and commences her task.

The work is certainly a remarkable illustration of the literary culture of the twelfth century, and proves, what has before been stated, that the women of the higher classes were carefully trained in literary discipline. The narrative is generally clear, though at times a little too ambitious and turgid; and the period embraced by the work is of commanding interest, especially the latter part, which comprehends the Crusades. It has something of the spirit of hero-worship and self-worship; and when she enlarges on her own accomplishments, one is tempted to smile. But remembering that she was an Emperor's daughter, and surrounded through a long life by the adulations of a luxurious court, that she was beautiful beyond her contemporaries, and that amidst all these dangerous influences she kept the purity of her character untainted, exhibited a lofty example of domestic virtue, and cherished with undiminished ardor the common affections of daily life, which grace the highest station, while they lend a sanctity to the lowliest,—we may admit that her vanity is pardonable and her pedantry not without excuse. A few sentences will show the style into which she rose, when she aimed at being particularly fine. It is fair to say that the whole book is by no means in this vein.

“Time, rolling on irresistibly and forever, whirls and sweeps away all existing things, and sinks them in the depths of oblivion, where lie both those of little worth and those which are great and deserving of remembrance,—or, as the tragedy hath it, brings to light the hidden things, and hides those that are conspicuous. But the word of history is the strongest dike against the stream of time, and checks its mighty current, binding up and holding together what is therein, that it may not

glide down into the depths of Lethe. Knowing this, I, Anna, daughter of the imperial Alexis and Eirene, child and nursing of the purple, not unskilled in letters, but accomplished in the Greek to the highest perfection, — not unpractised in rhetoric, but having carefully read the treatises of Aristotle and the Dialogues of Plato, — and having strengthened my intellect by the quaternion of the sciences, (for it is my duty, and not a matter of self-glorification, to set forth those qualifications which either nature or the study of the sciences has given me, or God has bestowed on me from above, or occasion has contributed,) — I, Anna, desire, in this my composition, to narrate the deeds of my father, undeserving to be betrayed to forgetfulness, or swept away by the stream of time into the ocean of oblivion."

Compare this with the modest sentences I read from Bryennius, and the difference is certainly curious; but when we come to read the two works, we find that his is much better than he thought it, and hers much better than the above specimen of her style would lead us to expect; and that the husband and wife stand out from their age, forming a picture not without its beauty and interest, and far superior to anything we know of in the contemporary chivalry of Western Europe.

I will mention only one more of these writers, Laonicus Chalcocondyles, who belongs to the fifteenth century. Very few incidents of his life have been preserved, except that he was a native of Athens, was employed by the Emperor John Palæologus VII. as ambassador to Amurath II. in 1446, that he probably lived till towards the end of the century, and consequently witnessed the downfall of Constantinople, the conquest of Greece, and perhaps the overthrow of Trebizond by the Turks. He seems to have remained in Constantinople, or to have returned after the Sultan had introduced some degree of order into the affairs of the capital; and he formed one of the small circle of literary men who still kept up the spirit of ancient scholarship. He wrote a work, in ten books, on the history of the Turks, from their origin down to the conquests

of Mahomet II. ; and the best critics have pronounced it eminently worthy of credit. He was a wise and sound judge of affairs, and a scholar of great and various learning ; and his work is one of the best sources of materials for the history of the decline of the Greek Empire. His style is not perfectly simple, but affects too much the classical phraseology of antiquity. We feel the labor of the writer a little more than we could wish ; but he is perspicuous, and in many places exceedingly interesting and animated. He introduces here and there curious episodes about the condition and character of the Western nations, sometimes correct, and always worthy of attention as coming from an Athenian writer of the fifteenth century. Germany, France, and England are described with some minuteness of detail ; and it may not be without use to hear a part of what he says concerning the land of our fathers. After describing the geographical position and political arrangements of the British Isles, he says : “ The king could not easily take away his principality from any one of the great lords, nor would they submit to him contrary to their own usages. The kingdom has suffered many calamities from civil wars. The island does not produce wine nor many fruits ; but it bears corn and barley and honey. They have the most beautiful wool in the world, so that they weave immense quantities of cloth. They speak a language that resembles no other ; neither German, nor French, nor that of any of the surrounding nations. They have a custom throughout the island, that, when a visitor enters the house of a friend, the wife receives him with a kiss, as a preliminary to the hospitalities of the house. The city of London is the most powerful and prosperous of all the cities in these islands, and inferior to none in the West ; and in the martial valor of its inhabitants it is superior to all who live towards the setting sun.” He gives many other particulars, but these are the most characteristic. He evidently did not understand the English language, and probably was mistaken as to some of the customs of the country, or they have changed since his day ; but his notices of the industry



and martial virtues of the English people show that the present generation inherit honestly the qualities that have made them the foremost power in the world.

In an historical point of view, the most striking part of this very interesting work is the minute, graphic, and vivid description, in the eighth book, of the capture and sack of Constantinople. It seems to me far more affecting than the stately picture which Gibbon has given of this great event; because it evinces that sense of its reality which an eyewitness of so tremendous a tragedy must forever retain, and that profound sympathy with its horrors and sufferings which a patriot and a victim cannot but feel whenever he calls up the image of so dire a catastrophe; and when he says at the conclusion, "Such were the events that befell the Greeks of Byzantium, and this disaster appears to me to surpass in woe all that have ever happened in the world," he carries the reader along with him, and we close the book with a feeling of pity and terror which the downfall of a nation ought always to inspire.

The poetical character of this period is not without its attraction; but there is not much to detain us long. Of the religious poetry the best and most elegant is that of Synesius, from the first of whose ten extant hymns I read an extract in a former course. The second — a morning hymn — begins thus: —

"Again the light, again the morning,  
Again the day abroad is shining,  
After the nightly wandering shade.  
Again, my soul, thy prayer lift up  
In morning hymns to God,  
Who gave the light to morning,  
Who gave the stars to evening, —  
The universal choir;"

There is a good deal of this poetry scattered through the Christian writings of the following centuries, and it would be worth the scholar's while to make it the subject of special investigation. Passing over about four centuries, to the time of Theodore Studita, from whose *Diatheke* I read an extract in

the last Lecture, we find a considerable change in the tone of religious poetry. The monastic system had now firmly established itself throughout Eastern Europe ; and the virtues of monastic life occupied a high place in the scale of Christian graces. This good monk, with many other writings, left one hundred and twenty-four short pieces, mostly written in iambic measure, but with no great regard to the ancient laws of quantity. It appears from one of these that he had been a husband and a father, but that he and his wife were both so impressed with the duty of devoting themselves wholly to the service of God, that they had separated, and, with their children, had consecrated themselves to ascetic piety. In the poem referred to, written after her death, the highest praise he bestows upon her is that she agreed with her husband to suffer divorce for Christ's sake, and to embrace the monastic life. He wrote inscriptions for monasteries and for pictures of saints, of which he was a fervent advocate ; epitaphs on the dead, full of pious ejaculations ; lines addressed to the rich, to the poor, to the worldly, to travellers, to the various servitors in the monastery. The cook is exhorted to season his dishes with prayers for sauce, that he may share in Jacob's benediction ; the tailors, or wardrobe-keepers, are told in iambs to see to it that they perform their duty faithfully, that they may receive requital due from God, the Giver ; the waiter at table is bidden to imagine that he is ministering to the Apostles. Equally apposite instructions are bestowed on early wakers. The shoemakers are charged to labor as becomes the workmen of Christ, — to cut their leather decently, to repair old shoes and stitch together new, and not to indulge in idle talk. The best poem of this class, perhaps, is an inscription over an inn, or reception-room for strangers, extending large and hospitable invitation to the wearied passers-by, and asking, in return for

“ The wholesome bread that nourishes the heart,  
The sweet wine flowing so abundantly,  
The garment shielding from the rigid cold,  
Which Christ, my Master, gave from affluent stores,”

only the traveller's prayers that the host may be received into Abraham's bosom. There are touching lines in some of the epitaphs, such as these on a pious lady : —

“ The ornament she wore, a lowly heart ;  
Her precious pearls, the flowing tears she shed.  
With sleepless eye, and prayer to light her way,  
She dwells in joy forever with the just ” ; —

or these on Eirene, — a name which signifies peace : —

“ Sacred the spot, Eirene's tomb is here,  
Whose life was guided to the God of Peace.”

Many of these verses are decidedly prosaic both in thought and in expression ; but the religious tone that runs through them is characteristic of the author and of his age. •



## LECTURE VII.

### BYZANTINE SCHOLARSHIP.—GREECE UNDER THE TURKS.

THE fall of Constantinople sent a shock throughout the Christian nations of Western Europe. Thoughtful men must have felt that bigotry, combining with the lust of conquest and the savage greed for plunder, on the part of Western Christendom, had helped forward this great catastrophe. The capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders had destroyed the most precious memorials of ancient art and wealth in the city, exhausted its resources, broken down its martial energy, and divided the Empire into fragments for the benefit of their own princes, expelling the native rulers who had so long sat upon the throne; and when, sixty years later, they were themselves driven back from a conquest they had wrongfully held, the Emperors of Constantinople resumed an empire shorn of its power and splendor not only by Saracens and Turks, but more fatally still by Christians of another branch of one common faith; so that, when the final struggle came, the only wonder was, that a capital over which conflagration and plunder had so often swept resisted so long and with so much spirit a people in the full impulse of their march towards extended empire.

The possession of Constantinople seemed to throw Hungary, Italy, and Germany open to invasion; and the spiritual and temporal powers were greatly and justly alarmed at the threatening consequences of what they had themselves allowed to be done. The Pope endeavored in vain to combine the nations of Europe for the expulsion of the Turks. War was actually declared in the Diet at Frankfort, in 1454; but this was all. Pius II. convened a Congress at Mantua in 1459; and the

princes of Europe agreed to furnish large means for the Crusade, which the Pope was to lead in person ; but when the head of the Church arrived at Ancona to embark, he found that every promise and engagement had been violated, and none were there except a rabble of vagabonds, clamoring for service and pay. So the late-formed plans of repairing the error which was now threatening the peace of Europe utterly failed. The danger, however, proved less than had been anticipated. Mahomet II. met with gallant resistance from the Hungarians, and was repulsed by the Knights of St. John from the island of Rhodes. In the mountains of Epeirus the heroic chieftain whose exploits were sung by all his contemporaries under the name of Scanderbeg kept him at bay for twenty years. The successors of Mahomet were inferior to him in martial vigor ; and thus the tide of Ottoman conquests was at least temporarily stayed, and the alarm of Europe somewhat quieted.

From the downfall of the Western Roman Empire, and especially after the alienation of the Greek and Latin Churches, the influence of Greek literature had been decaying, until almost all knowledge of it had died out in the West. Only here and there a name is mentioned among the few who kept alive a love of letters in Europe, as having some tincture of Grecian learning. In the East, libraries of manuscripts, formed by the labors of centuries, were to be found, not only in the schools of public instruction, but in the monasteries. The ancient classics had been multiplied in parchment copies, carefully and handsomely transcribed by the inmates of these institutions ; but many of these perished in the successive plunderings of the capital ; and the final loss of a large proportion of the most precious treasures of ancient genius is to be traced to the barbarous conduct of the Crusaders, whose very names Anna Comnena thought it an insult to the Greek language to record, and of the Ottomans, whose agency was scarcely more destructive. But before either of these pillaging enterprises took place, now and then an individual found his way from the

schools of Constantinople, with a supply of Greek literature, and, establishing himself in the West, communicated his treasures to a little circle of pupils and friends. As early as the seventh century the Pope sent to England a Greek ecclesiastic, born at Tarsus, who became Archbishop of Canterbury, and, having carried with him a goodly number of manuscripts, introduced some knowledge of Greek into the Anglo-Saxon Church. The venerable Bede and Alcuin are bright names among the earliest restorers of learning; and Erigena and other Irish ecclesiastics knew something even of the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. In 1240, John Basing, Archdeacon of St. Albans, brought a number of Greek books from Athens; and Roger Bacon was not ignorant of the Greek language.

But during the Middle Ages these studies were more assiduously cultivated in Italy, as might have been expected, than in any other country out of the Byzantine Empire. Particularly, from the eleventh century, many individuals are marked in literary history for their knowledge of Greek, — not very extensive, to be sure, but still worth something. Among these, for instance, Papias is classed on the strength of a quotation of five lines from Hesiod. But the revival of Greek studies in Italy properly dates from the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, in the fourteenth century. Italy was visited by many Greek ecclesiastics, who adhered to the Roman pontiff in the quarrel between the two Churches; and there are to this day, both in Ancona and in Rome, Greek churches with a Greek liturgy, but acknowledging the supreme authority of the Pope. Several learned Calabrians, about this time, after having long resided in Greece, had much to do with the introduction of the Greek language among the scholars and poets of Italy. Barlaam, sent as ambassador by the Emperor to Italy, endeavored to teach Petrarch Greek; but whether the poet was too much absorbed in his fantastic passion for Laura, and in the composition of those tiresome sonnets which every one thinks it his duty to praise and few have the patience to read, it is certain, from his own confession, that the tuneful poet never



advanced far enough to read Homer in the original, which he pathetically laments, and for which he richly deserved the wholesome administration of the birch. Boccaccio had better success with Leontius Pilatus, for whom he procured the appointment of public teacher at Florence, although he describes him as long-haired, hirsute-bearded, and very dirty. About the end of the fourteenth century, Manuel Chrysoloras, a man of high rank and distinguished in the diplomacy of the Byzantine Empire, was induced to emigrate to Italy, and taught the Greek language and literature in several of the principal cities. Among his scholars were the most eminent Italian men of letters. In 1423, two hundred and thirty-eight manuscripts, including Plato, Diodorus, Pindar, Callimachus, and others, were brought from Greece to Italy by a Sicilian named Aurispa. Filelfo, a scholar well known in literary history in the same age, not only brought home from Greece a large number of manuscripts, but became Professor of Greek and Latin at Florence, exciting, as he himself says, the wonder and admiration of the whole city. "All love me," continued the self-complacent professor, "all honor me, and exalt me to the skies with their praises. When I walk through the city, not only the first citizens, but the noblest ladies, yield me the pass to show in what high honor they hold me. I have daily more than four hundred hearers; and these, for the most part, distinguished persons and of senatorial rank."

As the dangers that threatened the overthrow of the Greek Empire drew nearer, emigration to Italy became more frequent. Theodore Gaza, well known in Greek philology, fled from Thessalonica in 1430, when that city was taken by the Turks. Bessarion of Trebizond was made a cardinal in 1439, twice was nearly elected Pope, and, having been employed in many high functions, received from the Pope, who affected to consider himself sole head of the Church, the titular dignity of Patriarch of Constantinople. He was a great promoter of Greek literature; and, wherever he lived, his home was the resort of all those who cultivated the sciences and the arts.

In 1468 he presented his magnificent library to the republic of Venice, and the famous Aldine editions of the classics are founded chiefly on the manuscripts it contained. Here, too, the manuscript of Panaretos, mentioned in a former Lecture, was found by Professor Fallmerayer. George of Trebizond taught Greek at Vicenza, Venice, and Rome. Johannes Argypoulos, a native of Constantinople, arrived in Italy in 1434, and was called by the Medici to Florence in 1456. He went to Paris to solicit the assistance of the king of France in purchasing his family, who had fallen into the hands of the Turks. He taught Greek for fifteen years at Florence, and afterwards for some time at Rome. Here, the celebrated Reuchlin being present at one of his lectures on Thucydides, the old Professor invited the young German to interpret a passage of the historian. He was so much astonished at the facility with which Reuchlin accomplished the task, that he exclaimed, "Exiled Greece has crossed the Alps." Gemistus Pletho, a man of the highest rank at the imperial court, of great learning and probity of character, and a voluminous writer, went to Florence as a deputy of the Greek Church in 1438, where he became acquainted with Cosmo de' Medici, and during his residence there opened a school for the explanation of the Platonic philosophy, of which he was an ardent and eloquent advocate. Cosmo embraced his views, and Platonism became the fashion of the literary people of that capital. The Platonic Academy, which produced many eminent scholars, owes its origin to Pletho. He afterwards returned to Greece, and died in the Peloponnesus, at the age, it is supposed, of about a hundred years. These few names will serve to show that the literary tendencies of Italy were favorable to progress, and that the diplomatic intercourse between the Churches of Rome and Byzantium, the interchange of visits among the literary men of the two countries, and the introduction of numerous manuscripts from Greece and Constantinople into the chief Italian cities, had made a great and almost providential preparation for those Greek scholars, who, having witnessed the downfall of

their political and religious capital, and the extinction of their nationality, in slavery and blood, fled westward, and carried with them the light of the East.

Of course, the number of Greek refugees was very considerable after the fall of Constantinople. Constantine Lascaris, belonging to one of the imperial families, became instructor of the Princess Hippolyta, daughter of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan. Afterward he taught in several of the Italian cities, and finally died at Messina, having bequeathed his library to that city. It was afterwards transported to Spain, and now forms part of the collection of the Escorial. Another Lascaris, a relative of Constantine, was employed by Lorenzo de' Medici in collecting books in the East, and was afterwards distinguished at the courts of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. in France. When Leo X. was raised to the Papal throne, he placed Lascaris at the head of a college which he had founded at Rome for the education of Greeks. The Pope, in a letter addressed to Francis I., describes Lascaris as a man distinguished for his illustrious birth, his literary acquirements, his experience in affairs, the purity of his morals, and the gentleness of his manners. He died at Rome, at the age of ninety. Demetrius Chalcocondyles, an Athenian, and perhaps a relative of the historian, taught Greek at Perugia and Florence, and afterwards removed to Milan. Other distinguished names are those of Michael Apostolius, Callistus, and Masurus, Professor of Greek at Padua, where he knew Erasmus, who speaks of him as wonderfully learned in the Latin tongue,—afterward, at Venice, an assistant of the elder Aldus in the publication of his beautiful editions. Moschus, a Lacedæmonian, son of an old teacher who continued at Sparta after the catastrophe of 1453, was Professor of Greek at Ferrara and Mantua, and wrote a poem on the story of Helen. In the same century the Greek language was taught in Paris by Hermonymus of Sparta, and other scholars of the same nation. In 1474 Contablacus opened a school in Basle. The scholars of Germany, hearing of the literary excitement produced by these Greeks, hastened



over into Italy, became their pupils, and purchased many books, with which they enriched the libraries of their native land. The most eminent of these was Reuchlin, one of the ablest, if not the ablest, among the restorers of learning in Germany; but his name is now chiefly known from its connection with the controversy that once raged on the pronunciation of the Greek.

Now, I think that a race which, at the very moment of its fall, was capable of enlightening the world, whose services were eagerly sought by the most illustrious cities and rulers among the rising nations of modern Europe, which laid the foundation of the rich culture since developed in Italy, Germany, France, and England, is entitled to more respectful treatment than the Greeks of the Byzantine Empire usually receive from historians. For the second time in the history of civilization, the arts and letters that embellish life were scattered by the Greeks over the world, after a tremendous national catastrophe; and for the second time the recipient world, having eagerly availed itself of the proffered benefactions, requited the unfortunate race from which the benefactions came with the most unmeasured denunciations, insomuch that the very name of Greek became synonymous with all that is mean, treacherous, and false. I confess I cannot so read the history of the Byzantine Empire. Its rulers, bad as they were, were better than their contemporaries in the West. Its arts, declining as they were, were superior to the arts of the West. Its historians, with all their faults, were quite beyond measure better in the qualities of literary skill, political experience, and manly judgment than the rude chroniclers of the West. The Church of the East, far as it had fallen from the simple purity of the apostolic times, yet in doctrine and practice bore a favorable comparison with the Church of the West; and, retaining as it did the very language of the New Testament, teaching the very words of the sacred writers, and opposing no obstacle to the general study of those blessed records, it evidently stood on a higher ground, in some very important respects, than its Latin rival and enemy.

It was mentioned in the last Lecture that, at the time when Mahomet II. invaded the Peloponnesus, the Venetians were still in possession of some places on the Peninsula. They held, in fact, Pylos, Corone, Methone, Nauplia, and Argos, besides the Ionian Islands, Naupactus, Eubœa, and Crete. The Venetians and Turks soon engaged in a desperate struggle, temporarily suspended by the armistice of 1478, which lasted about twenty years, into the reign of Mahomet's son and successor, Bajazet. The condition of the Greeks during these destructive wars was unsettled in the extreme. Many places in Greece changed masters frequently during this period. Sometimes the Greeks took part with the Christians in the struggle; and when the Christians were conquered, of course the Greeks suffered the most barbarous treatment at the hands of the Turks. If they remained neutral, the heaviest calamities of the war fell upon them. By degrees the Turks obtained possession of Greece, and of the islands, except those along the western coast which now constitute the Ionian Republic. Eubœa was conquered in 1470; Rhodes, in 1522, by the Sultan Solymán I. In 1570, Selim II. took Cyprus. The celebrated battle of Lepanto, or Naupactus, was fought between the confederated fleets of the Pope, the king of Spain, and the Venetian Republic, amounting to two hundred sail, and the Turkish fleet of three hundred. "For many hours," says an old writer, "diverse and doubtful was the whole face of the battle. As fortune offered unto every man his enemy, so he fought. According as every man's disposition put him into courage or fear, or as he met with more or fewer enemies, so was there here and there sometimes victory and sometimes loss. The chance of war in one place lifteth up the vanquished, and in another overthroweth the victorious: all was full of terror, error, sorrow, and confusion." After five hours of desperate fighting, the Turks yielded, and the triumph of the allies was complete. One hundred and thirty galleys were taken, while the rest of the hostile ships were dashed upon the rocks, sunk in the sea, or consumed by fire. Thirty-five hundred men were

taken prisoners, and twenty-five thousand fell in the battle. Had the Christian powers followed up this great victory, they might probably have driven the Turks back into Asia; but they neglected to pursue their advantage, and in the following year the Sultan Selim was able to put to sea again with two hundred and twenty sail. The allies abandoned all further efforts, and Venice made peace, surrendering to him the kingdom of Cyprus and several fortresses in Epeirus. A contemporary remarked that the destruction of the Turkish fleet was merely cutting off the Sultan's beard, which a few days would restore; while the surrender of Cyprus was the amputation of an arm from Venice, which time could neither reproduce nor remedy.

Greece was now incorporated, without further struggle, into the Turkish Empire, and placed at the disposal of Turkish governors. In 1670, the Turks conquered from the Venetians, after a war of nearly thirty years, the important island of Crete, at an expense of two hundred thousand men and a hundred millions of golden crowns; but in the reign of the same Sultan, Mahomet IV., in the year 1684, the Turks having received a great defeat at Vienna, the Venetians joined the Christian League, and Morosini, having the command of a powerful fleet, attacked and reduced Santa Maura and Prevesa, and in the following year commenced his operations against the Turks in the Morea. The most important ports, Pylos, Methone, and at last Nauplia, one after the other capitulated. During these movements the Greeks generally flew to arms, eager to throw off the Turkish yoke. In the course of two years, Morosini reconquered the whole Peloponnesus, with the aid of the Greeks; and on the 21st of September, 1687, following up his successes, he sailed into the harbor of Peiræus, and, immediately landing without opposition, marched to Athens and took possession of the city. The Turks protected themselves in the Acropolis, and refused to surrender. Batteries were raised on the neighboring heights of the Museum and the Pnyx, and the bombardment of the Acropolis commenced on



the 26th. Unfortunately, the Turks had stored their ammunition in the Parthenon, and a bomb, falling into the magazine, threw down all the central portion of that wonderful work, which had, up to that time, remained in a good state of preservation, with the greater part of the sculptures which adorned the tympana, the metopes, and the frieze of the cella. The firing continued for several days longer; but at last, all the wooden buildings of the Acropolis having been consumed by a great conflagration, the garrison held out a flag of truce. The Turks, with their wives and children, were allowed five days to prepare for their departure. Three thousand left the place; but it is said by Sir Paul Rycaut that three hundred Turks, rather than quit Athens, chose to abjure Mahometanism, and were baptized into the Catholic Church. The Venetians retained possession of Athens only for a few months, the admiral needing his troops elsewhere.

But these brilliant successes had no permanent result. Venetians and Turks were alike wearied with the war; and in 1699 the peace of Carlowitz left only the Peloponnesus in the possession of the Republic. The conquest of the Morea was the last triumph of the Venetians; and this was due to the genius of Morosini, who thence received the designation of the Peloponnesian.

While the Venetians hardly endeavored to secure what they had gained, the Turks made vast preparations to recover the conquered country. In 1715, the Grand Vizier of Achmet III. burst into the Peloponnesus with an army of a hundred thousand men, supported by a fleet of a hundred sail; and notwithstanding the efforts of the Knights of Malta and the Grand Duke of Tuscany to assist the Venetians in the defence of Greece, Delfino, who had been left in command, was compelled to abandon the Morea. The Turks, advancing upon Corinth, butchered on the spot one half of the capitulating garrison, reserving the remainder to be executed under the walls of Nauplia, within sight of the Venetians. Argos was recovered without striking a blow. Nauplia was

betrayed, the city and fortress entered at midnight, and the inhabitants put to the sword. In 1718, the peace of Passarowitz surrendered the whole of Greece again to Turkey; and so she remained enslaved, with scarcely a movement towards emancipation, until the revolution which commenced in 1821.

In organizing his newly conquered territories, Mahomet II. divided them into military departments, called Pachalics; these again were subdivided into Moussemlics, Agalics, and Vaivodalics; and these were subject to a supreme magistrate entitled Rumeli Valesi, or Grand Judge of Roumelia. The Pachas were, like the satraps of the old Persian Empire, quite independent of one another, and often engaged in mutual hostilities for purposes of conquest or plunder. The number of Pachalics in Greece differed at different times; and in some parts of the country, on account of its mountainous character and the spirit of the inhabitants, it was never possible to establish the Turkish system thoroughly. Some towns and small districts were governed by Beys, Agas, and Vaivodes. About 1812 there were five Pachalics, the chief of which was that of Joannina, or Albania, under the government of the celebrated Ali Pacha, including Epeirus, Acarnania, Ætolia, Phocis, the greater part of Thessaly, and the western portions of Macedonia and Bœotia, uniting territories which at an earlier period had constituted five or six Pachalics. Attica and Lœbadeia were each under the command of a Vaivode. Zagora was under the administration of a Greek Primate; the north of Macedonia was broken up into numerous Agalics; the Morea, with the exception of Maina, was under the Pacha of Tripolizza, with eight or nine Beys, and other inferior chiefs, subordinate to him. The principal islands and some of the coast-districts were under the Capitan Pacha, who visited them annually to collect their tribute; the others were in the hands of the Divan, or belonged to some of the Pachalics.

The tenure of landed estates was entirely changed; the property being vested in the Sultan as the head of the state, and only a life interest remaining to the occupant. This at once

reduced the whole population to the condition of tenants of the crown, with the exception of a few of the old families in the Morea, which were suffered to retain their property on the payment of large tributes. The whole system of administration, if that could be called a system whose only principles were rapacity, corruption, and venality, was one which tended inevitably to the extinction of every manly trait in the character of the people. It has always been characteristic of the Turks to make the most of the moment, utterly regardless of the future. Plunder and extortion have marked their course from the first establishment of the Empire down to the present time; and the consequence is, that, while possessing the finest and most productive countries in the world, they have succeeded in wasting their resources, diminishing their population, and reducing extensive regions to deserts. The Pachas of Greece, as well as of other provinces in the Empire, purchased their places by the payment of large sums into the imperial treasury; the Porte usually bestowing the office on the highest bidder. They accordingly indemnified themselves by extortions from their unhappy subjects. Besides this, they were obliged to contribute a large amount annually to the revenues of the Empire. Says D'Arvieux, a French writer: "The viceroys, local governors, and other officers of the Ottoman Empire are farmers of revenues, and are obliged to remit the sums agreed upon to the Grand Vizier, under pain of sending their own heads to the imperial treasury. No excuse is received; the money must be forthcoming, even if there is none; and as their life and fortune depend on their punctuality in paying, they resort to every means of accomplishing the end."

In their provinces the power of the Pachas was absolute, and their state was maintained with Oriental pomp. They usually acquired enormous wealth, by means of the variety of taxes and extortions they could with impunity enforce. Ali Pacha's dominion extended over four hundred villages, and his annual income was about one million of dollars. The Beys and Agas exercised a similar authority. The only restraint



upon these powerful chieftains was the probability of the bow-string whenever they fell under the displeasure of the Porte, or when it became desirable to recruit an exhausted treasury by confiscating the ill-gotten wealth of an overgrown Pacha. The Christian population of the conquered territory were obliged to pay a life tax called the *haratch*, which was regarded at first as a composition, or compromise, for the privilege of living, it being the undoubted right of the conqueror to put his captives to death. In some places this tax was paid for children from the moment of birth; in others from a certain age,—five, eight, twelve, or fifteen years. The rate, too, varied. According to Colonel Leake, the tax for a whole family usually amounted to about two pounds sterling; but any individual subject to this impost was liable to frequent and insolent examination in the street, and on failing to produce his legal receipt was forced to pay the tax to the nearest official authority, whether he had paid it before or not. The land tax amounted at different times and places to one twentieth, one twelfth, one tenth, and one seventh of the produce of the soil. At the entrance of every town duties were paid on cattle, provisions, wine, and fire-wood. Various costly restrictions on commerce; composition for exemption from labor on the public works; arbitrary requisitions for the service of the Sultan; one tenth of the value in dispute in legal proceedings; *avantias*, or money exacted from the inhabitants of a district where a crime had been committed, on the ground that they might have prevented it; requisitions to supply a certain proportion of wheat at a nominal price, to be stored up at Constantinople or sold at an enormous profit;—these are but a few of the more prominent forms of extortion practised by the Turkish governors. Says Sir Emerson Tennent: “So undefined was the system of extortion, and so uncontrolled the power of those to whom its execution was intrusted, that the evil spread over the whole system of administration, and insinuated itself with a polypous fertility into every relation and ordinance of society, till there were few actions or occupations of the Greek that were not

burdened with the scrutiny and interference of his masters, and none that did not suffer, in a greater or less degree, from their heartless rapine." The rayahs, or common laboring classes, were reduced to the condition of serfs, subject to every species of oppression, with no prospect or power of improving their condition, but condemned to hopeless slavery and degradation. In the almost endless list of petty occasions on which the most vexatious extortions were practised, some are almost too ridiculous to be mentioned. For example, one source of revenue was called *tooth-money*, to remunerate the Pacha and his suite for the fatigue of eating the food prepared and furnished for them by the Greeks during their journeys for the collection of taxes. The whole amount paid from these various sources has been estimated at nearly two millions sterling, of which it is supposed that about one half reached the treasury.

There was a most cruel tax of one tenth of the male children, who were torn from their parents, subjected to the rites of the Mahometan faith, and employed in various offices, menial or other, according to their ability. This most odious imposition, however, appears to have been abolished in the seventeenth century, during the reign of Amurath IV. Another exaction of a similar character was a levy of a certain number of boys annually, to fill the corps of the janizaries. This terrible pretorian guard of the Sultans was created by Orkan, the second Sultan of the Ottoman dynasty, in the fourteenth century, and consisted at first of young Christians taken captive in war and trained up in the Mahometan faith and discipline of arms. When organized, the troop was blessed by an aged dervish. "The soldiery which you have just created," said he to the sovereign, "shall be *Jani-Tscheri* (new troop); it shall be victorious in every combat; its face shall be white, its arm formidable, its sabre sharp-edged, and its arrow piercing." It became, in the course of time, a formidable power, not only to the Sultan's enemies, but to the Sultan himself. Revolutions were made at the beck of this band; Sultans were enthroned and deposed, according to their licentious will. It

was one of those instruments of despotism which most emphatically turn to plague their inventors. The supply of boys to recruit this body in Greece amounted to about a thousand annually, and was afterwards increased. The imposition was called the *παιδομύζωμα*, or *child-tax*. This inhuman impost continued to be assessed down to the middle of the seventeenth century; and the whole number of those furnished by Greece alone amounted, according to the estimate of one of the professors in the University of Athens, to little less than five hundred thousand. Afterwards, the recruits were taken from the children of the janizaries. This military organization existed until 1826, when Sultan Mahmoud, finding its power and turbulence obstacles in the way of his projected reforms, resolved on disbanding it, and putting his army on the European footing. Thirty thousand janizaries rose in rebellion. The Sultan, having consulted the highest authorities of the Moslem law, and received their solemn sanction to the measure, unrolled the standard of the Prophet, and rallied all true Moslems to the support of the throne. Fifty thousand men marched against the insurgents, surrounded their barracks in the Hippodrome, set them on fire, and slaughtered those who attempted to escape. So perished by flame and sword a body of men descended from Christian captives, or from children torn by violence from Christian families, forced to remain aliens from the religion of their fathers, and for centuries the instrument and the terror of their tyrants.

The general wretchedness of the Greeks was only modified by the various dispositions of their rulers. The system itself was incurably burdensome and corrupt. The administration of justice was as much degraded by venality as every other department. Industry was abandoned to the servile classes; and commerce was driven from Greece by the brutal oppression of the Turks. Education, almost of necessity, was abandoned; and the people were reduced to the lowest state of poverty, ignorance, and vice. The hard necessities of their lot under this many-headed despotism developed with rank luxu-



riance all the native faults of the Hellenic character. Falsehood, cunning, and treachery were the only arms they were able to wield against the oppressors; and it is no wonder if they lost all sense of moral responsibility under the pressure of such hopeless degradation. Their property at the mercy of tyrannical rulers; their sons liable to be forced into the seraglio or placed among the janizaries; their daughters, if attractive, seized by the Pacha of the moment, and sent to the harem of the Sultan; or of some powerful minister, to win his favor, and secure a continuance of power in the hands of the miscreant;—these are the things which are branded deep in the memory of the Greeks, and have transmitted from generation to generation a profound hatred of the Turks, which it is the policy at present to denounce as absurd, but which, at all events, has more substantial reasons to justify it than the international hostilities of any other European states. It is surprising, not that the Greeks came out of this long trial of four hundred years with many faults of character, but that they came out with any character at all. The favorable treatment extended at Constantinople to some of the Phanariot Greeks, who entered the service of the Ottoman government, and rose to high positions in diplomacy or provincial administration, and the tolerance shown to the religion of the Greeks, as a means of making the Church subordinate to the central government and a source of revenue, so far from being a benefit to the people, only increased their misery by corrupting their natural leaders. Those who were thus indulged grew as oppressive and tyrannical as the Turks themselves; and the Church, which seemed now the only bond of union and preserver of nationality, in its highest places became, like the Pachalics of the Empire, a theatre of venality. To this day the dignity of Patriarch of Constantinople is purchasable of the Divan; and this exalted head of the Christian Church, under Turkish rule, has too often been merely the tool of a Turkish minister.

The Greek islands, being visited by the Turks only periodi-

cally, for the collection of tribute, were much less wretched than the mainland, and much less exposed to the vices of the Turkish system, whether of plundering in general, or of the administration of injustice—it would be a misuse of language to call it justice—in particular. “To sum up all,” says a very judicious writer, “the energies of the nation were either cramped in their infancy, or crushed in their maturer development; the course of justice was diverted from its genial channels, or fouled by venality and religious favoritism; the fruits of domestic toil were wrested by local despots and delegated tyrants, or sacked by the unresisted spoiler and the wandering bandit.”

Athens at this period, though in a state of degradation, was more fortunate than her neighbors. Mahomet II. visited that city twice in his expeditions into Greece, and seems to have been pleased with the beauty of its ancient remains. As a mark of his good will, he directed that no Bey should reside within the city, in order to save it from the well-known rapacity of the numerous retinue of these governors. At a later period, in the reign of Achmet I., the city was put under the protection of the Kisklar Aga,—a chief officer, to whom was intrusted the care of the royal harem; and the government was placed in the hands of three officials called the Vaivoide, the Disdar, and the Cadi, who were appointed by the Kisklar Aga. This arrangement continued until the Greek Revolution; and the circumstances to which it owes its origin illustrate one of the kinds of outrage to which even the most favored community was exposed under the rule of the Porte. The story is related by De la Guilletière, a French traveller, who visited Athens in the seventeenth century, after having suffered four years of slavery in Barbary. His companions were two Germans, two Italians, and one English gentleman,—all, he says, learned and curious men. The adventures of this company of early pilgrims to the classical regions of Greece he describes as very curious and interesting. His best chapters are those under the title of Athens, Ancient and Modern. From his account,

the city must have made considerable progress in the century preceding his visit. He writes: "The city consists of at least fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants, of whom ten or twelve hundred are Turks. At present, as formerly, the people of both sexes are well shaped and of an excellent contexture, which is the reason why they live to be very old. We attributed much of their vigor to their diet, and their use of honey, which the Athenians use very freely, it being excellently good."

When the worthy traveller inquired of some of the elders the reason why the city had no Sangiac, or Bey, he received the following explanation of the origin of the exemption, from a monk, Damaskinos, — a story which Sir Emerson Tennent has greatly embellished. These are the essential incidents. Among the young Athenian girls was one named Basilia, who surpassed them all in beauty. The fame of her loveliness and transcendent charms reaching the ears of the Turkish officers who were collecting the duties upon children, they seized her in order to send her to Constantinople as a present to the Sultan. Her mother, weeping over her bitterly, and embracing her before she was finally borne away, begged her to be always mindful of her religion and of the calamities of her country. She was torn from parents and home, and, sad and broken-hearted, carried to Constantinople. The uncommon character of her beauty made a deep impression on the Sultan, who surrounded her with all the splendors of the seraglio. But the thoughts of home and the horrors of her position, constantly present to the mind of the Christian maiden, undermined her health. The Sultan saw her wasting away with the deepest anxiety, and redoubled his efforts to restore her to happiness, imploring her to accept the most costly and splendid gifts the imperial treasury could furnish the means of procuring. She rejected them all, but at last summoned courage to address him in behalf of the Kislár Aga, who had shown himself her faithful friend and the friend of her native city. "There is not," said she, "a person in your Majesty's



vast empire to whom I can pay anything more justly than to this Kislár Aga before you. And I know nothing that I can ask for him so properly as the government of the city where I was born. Confer, I beseech you, upon a slave that has been so faithful to your sacred Majesty and your interests the revenue of Athens, and permit him to place under himself such officers as may not abuse your divine authority, as others have done before them, of whose violence and extortions my miserable parents have many times given me sad and deplorable accounts." The request was immediately granted. The Kislár Aga sent a deputy with an express order against rapine and extortion, which order was not only executed then, but, says the narrator, has been observed ever since. A few days afterward Basilia died; but her last moments were consoled with the reflection that she had remembered her mother's parting injunctions, and that her sacrifice of happiness and life had lessened the miseries of her country. The succeeding Sultans continued the government of the Chief of the Seraglio over Athens, which, bad as it was, was preferable to that of Sangiacs, Beys, and Pachas. In reference to this, Lord Byron in the *Giaour* calls the Athenians

"Slaves, — nay, the bondsmen of a slave."

Such being the general condition of the Greeks, and the relations established between them and their conquerors, it is not very surprising that Greeks and Turks never blended into one homogeneous population, even without the strong repulsion of the two religions, and the unmitigated contempt with which every Mahometan looked down upon all the world outside the pale of Islamism.

A Greek writer, in answer to the question, What preserved the Greeks? answers, — 1. Their pious devotion to the religion of their fathers. 2. The ignorance and intellectual inferiority of the Turks, and the superiority of the Hellenic magistrates, who in some parts of Greece continued, even under the Turks, to direct the affairs of the communities, did much to protect the Greeks from abuses by the Turks, and preserved and

cherished the last traces of the national administration. But the preservation of the national spirit is due chiefly to the fact, that there were some places in Greece which the Turks were never able entirely to subdue. For a long time the Mainotes, in the Peloponnesus, maintained their independence, against both the Venetians and the Turks; and they always enjoyed the right of being governed by a native ruler. The warlike inhabitants of the mountainous regions in the North — Olympus, Pelion, Pindus, and Agrapha — refused to be subjected to the Turks, who found themselves compelled to make terms, and to permit them, on the payment of a trifling tribute, to retain their arms, and to assume the military protection of their native districts. Those who made this partial submission were called *Armatoli*, or *Κλέφται ἡμεροί*, — *tame Klephths*. They preserved in Greece military habits and the use of arms. At the beginning of the last century, the whole North of Greece was divided into seventeen Armatolics, or Armatolian districts, which acknowledged only a nominal subjection to the Pachas. The chief official was a military leader, who bore the title of Capitano, or Protatos, and resided in the principal village of his canton. The office was hereditary, descending, with the chieftain's sword, to the oldest son. The members of the corps were called Pallecaria, — *braves*, — a name as famous in modern Greek poetry as *heroes* in the Homeric. The dress of the Pallecaria was very splendid. Their valor, their endurance of fatigue and danger, their well-strung frames, and their wonderful activity, were the theme of the native poets, whose songs almost reproduce the pictures of ancient Homeric times. But besides the Armatoles, there were many proud and daring spirits, who utterly refused to accept any terms, or to make any compromise with the conquerors. They betook themselves to a life of lawless rapine among the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. They were organized in companies, under Capitani, and bore the name of *ἄγριοι Κλέφται*, or simply *Κλέφται*, — the ancient *Κλέπται*, or robbers. The term was very far from being one of dishonor; on the contrary, it

had a touch of the heroic, and reminds one of the remarks of Thucydides on the early condition of the Greeks, when a similar estimate was placed on the profession designated by this term. The Klephts maintained themselves in a rude and wild state of independence, seizing every opportunity of rushing down upon the Turkish villages and camps, killing and plundering, and then climbing back to their rocky eyries, before the Turks could rally in pursuit. These classical forays were not always conducted with an exact discrimination between the property of countrymen and aliens, — such was the imperfection of human nature among the Klephtic race ; but generally the Klephts exhibited the bravery and generosity of men resolved, if they had nothing else which they could call their own, to enjoy at least their wild liberty. The ballads of the Klephts, of which a few words will be said when I touch upon the language and poetry of Modern Greece, are full of fire, and redolent of the mountain life, which had an irresistible charm for young and adventurous spirits, chafing under the Turkish domination in the lowlands. I give a literal version of one of these from a collection recently published by Zampelios, a Greek gentleman and a native of Leucadia. It illustrates at once the impatient spirit of rebellion against the Turks, and the sweet flow of natural poetry which was ever welling up in the heart of the people. It represents the feelings of a young man, who had resolved to quit his mother's home, and betake himself to the mountains.

“ ‘Mother, I can no longer be a slave to the Turks ; I cannot, — my heart fights against it. I will take my gun, and go and become a Klepht ; to dwell on the mountains, among the lofty ridges ; to have the woods for my companions, and my converse with the beasts ; to have the snow for my covering, the rocks for my bed ; with sons of the Klephts to have my daily habitation. I will go, mother, and do not weep, but give me thy prayer. And we will pray, my mother dear, that I may slaughter many a Turk. And plant the rose, and plant the dark carnation, and give them sugar and musk to drink.



And as long, O mother mine, as the flowers blossom and put forth, thy son is not dead, but is warring with the Turks. And if a day of sorrow comes, a day of woe, and the plants fade away, and the flowers fall, then I too shall have been slain, and thou must clothe thyself in black.'

"Twelve years passed, and fifteen months, while the roses blossomed, and the buds bloomed; and one spring morning, the first of May, when the birds were singing and heaven was smiling, at once it thundered and lightened, and grew dark. The carnation sighed, the rose wept, both withered away together, and the flowers fell; and with them the hapless mother became a lifeless heap of earth."

The numbers of these mountain warriors were greatly increased by the bloody tyranny of Ali Pacha, who attempted to crush the military organization of the Armatoli; and when the Revolution broke out, the courage, temperance, and hardihood of these bands were among the most effective agencies in rescuing the country from the blighting tyranny of the Turks. The life of the Klephts placed them beyond the reach of anything like literary culture. They had no more time or taste for letters than the confederated chiefs under the walls of Troy; but, like them, they delighted in feats of strength, and in listening to the traditional ballads which commemorated in unwritten minstrelsy the exploits of their fathers. Swift-footed Achilles himself could scarcely have matched them in the race or the leap. Nico Tsara sprang over seven horses abreast; and it was no uncommon thing for a Klepht, in full armor, to outrun the swiftest racer. The Capitanos Zacharias was so tremendous a runner, that he is said to have touched his ears with his heels. Of the Nico Tsara above mentioned and his troop, one of the ballads relates:

"Three days he keeps the battle up, three days and three long nights,  
And snow they ate, and snow they drank, and bore the hostile fire."

And in another place:

"Three days he keeps the battle up, three days and three long nights,  
Nor bread ate he, nor water drank, nor sleep came o'er his eyes"

Such men as these could expect no quarter from the Turks, whenever the chances of war threw them into their hands. The tortures to which they were subjected, when such a misfortune happened, make us shudder as we read the horrible details; but the Klephts bore them with the stoicism of the North American Indians. Death on the field of battle filled their idea of glory; and capture or submission embodied to their minds all that was dishonoring and horrible. At their banquets, the favorite toast was *Καλὸν μολύβι*, “Welcome the bullet!” The bodies of those who fell in battle they honored with the name of *victims*; the bodies of those who died of sickness or age, — by a natural death, as we term it, — they stigmatized as *carcasses*. Their religious ideas were rather primitive, but not those of the primitive Christians. They were not over-fond of priests; they did not love the monks; they had no reverence for bishops, and thought it right to turn an honest penny at their expense when they had a fair opportunity. The principal use of monasteries, in their eyes, was to serve as magazines of provisions, to which they took the liberty of helping themselves when occasion served. It was a special triumph to carry off a Turkish Bey or Aga to the mountains, and keep him there under careful watch till ransomed by the payment of a heavy sum. One of the ballads describes the band of Koudas, a Klephtic chief, preparing a feast in this jolly fashion: —

“And they had lambs, and roasted them, and rams were on the spits;  
Five captive Beys they also had, that they might turn the spits.”

And in the ballad of Christos Milionis, the hero descends upon Arta, and carries off the Cadi and two Agas together.

These slight sketches will perhaps suffice to present the Klephtic side of Modern Greek life. The Klephts served an admirable purpose in keeping alive the heroic qualities of the race, when the degrading despotism of the Turks had elsewhere almost crushed them out of existence. They rendered brilliant services in the glorious struggle for liberty, notwithstanding the propensity to indiscriminate plunder which their way of life naturally developed and strengthened. They have

given some trouble to the regular governments, under Capo d'Istria and King Otho; but they have now, for the most part, conformed to the established order of civilized life, and some of them are among the best men in Greece. It is a little curious to see the Pallecaria now, and to remember what they were a few years ago, — then living among the rocks, and descending like eagles upon Turkish Beys, or feasting in the refectories of the monasteries, — now figuring at royal balls, or walking jauntily along the Street of Æolus, at the fashionable hour of four, in tasselled fez, embroidered jacket, snowy fustanelli, dazzling greaves, — a spectacle to the curious stranger and the admiration of the Athenian belles.



## LECTURE VIII.

### THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

IN the last Lecture I spoke of the consequences which followed the downfall of Constantinople, with reference to the position of Western Europe; of the literary relations between the scholars of the Eastern capital and the nascent culture of the West; of the dispersion of learned Byzantines when the Mahometans became masters of the Eastern world; and of the reception of Greek literature, especially among the scholars and poets of Italy. I next sketched the form of the Turkish administration, and pointed out some of the grinding exactions and cruel oppressions to which the conquered were subjected by the conquerors; and finally indicated the principal causes which contributed to the preservation of the national spirit, — the Church, the influence of the local administration left by the Porte in the hands of the natives, and, still more, the continuance of a vigorous germ of nationality among the independent and unconquered mountaineers, who acknowledged only a nominal submission, or no submission at all, to the government of the Porte.

To these causes, in different measures, no doubt the Hellenic race is indebted for its comparatively safe passage through about four centuries of the most horrible misrule and enslavement that any nation has ever yet endured. Had the Turks been a kindred race, with similar institutions for the basis of their society, — had their political arrangements been such that their Christian subjects could have shared in their benefits on a footing of equality, — it seems probable that four centuries of connection would so far have blended them into one politi-

cal body, that a separation on the grounds of the war of the Revolution would scarcely have been thought of, or even possible. But under the circumstances I have detailed, the Greeks were never for a moment allowed to forget that they were a different race from their rulers; of a different religion; despised as slaves, subject to every insult, every outrage, every oppression which proud, cruel, and rapacious masters, in the irresponsible exercise of unlimited power and the unrestrained gratification of their brutal passions, could invent or imagine. Never for a moment did they or could they regard the Turks in any other light than that of violent conquerors; never for a moment did they feel themselves divested of the right to rise upon their oppressors, and drive them out from a land in which, to borrow the expression of a French writer, they were encamped, but not established. And in truth there never was a moment when the Greek people were not fully entitled to reclaim their lost liberties, and to vindicate their lovely but enslaved country by driving the Tartar tyrants from the regions they were polluting by their odious presence. What, to the Greeks groaning under oppression, were the treaties of amity between the Porte and the great powers of Europe? Those treaties might interpose obstacles to their receiving aid and support from the European governments; they could not affect the moral right of the Greeks to emancipate themselves from the Turkish yoke, whenever an opportunity should arise. More than once the Greeks have mistaken the moment, and have been victims to serious and even bloody consequences of an error in judgment. But those who are in a position of intolerable hardship are not the coolest judges of the mode, the means, and the time of throwing off the crushing burden under which they are bowed to the earth. It is a singular fact that Russia has more than once been the means of pushing the Greeks to insurrection, and then, having accomplished some purpose of selfish policy, leaving them to the tender mercies of their exasperated oppressors. So far as the recent movement in the provinces of Thessaly and Epeirus has

been effected by Russian intrigues, it is only one more illustration of the insidious policy of the Russian government in making a tool of the excitability and enthusiasm of the Hellenic race; but, so far as moral right is concerned, the Greeks of Thessaly and Epeirus had an infinitely stronger case against the Turkish government than any of the nations of Europe had against the despotisms holding them in chains in 1848. The Greeks of those provinces were right last spring in rising against the Turks; they were wrong in putting confidence in Russia, if they did put any confidence in Russia; and they made a mistake in judgment by striking for independence at a moment when the two greatest nations were close allies of Turkey, and in open war with the foe of Turkey, — political relations which imposed a necessity of putting down a movement for independence in itself as just as any warfare ever waged by patriots for the most sacred rights of man. The struggles of the Hungarians, which ended so disastrously, excited the sensibilities of the world; but the wrongs enumerated by the Magyar chiefs, and set forth with marvellous eloquence by Kossuth, were nothing — absolutely nothing — compared with the accumulated weight of injuries, for the emancipation from which the Greeks of the provinces in European Turkey seized the present crisis of the Oriental world as a favorable and long-looked-for opportunity.

This feeling of the Greeks is constantly spoken of by the travellers who visited Greece in the last and the preceding centuries, as well as by those who have been in the country since the commencement of the present century. Old Wheeler, who was in Athens in 1675, says: "Although the little hope the Athenians have of ever gaining their liberty from the Turkish tyranny constrains them to live peaceably under their government, without running into rebellion against them, or fomenting any factions in the state, yet does their old humor of jealousy still continue." This work is one of the most quaint and entertaining accounts of Greece in our language. The monuments of Athens were still in a good state of preser-



vation, as we may judge not only by his descriptions, but by the very singular drawings with which his work is illustrated. The pious temper in which the work is written strikes one pleasingly, when contrasted with the flippant or indifferent tone of modern books of travels. To be sure, it was a greater enterprise to visit Greece in those days than it is now. After he had finished his travels, he says: "I hasted to render myself to my country, and to the long wished-for embraces of my parents, relatives, and friends, and to give praise to God for the wonderful things he had done for my soul. . . . Therefore, arriving at Canterbury, its metropolitan throne, November 15, 1676, transported with unspeakable joy at the singular bliss of my country, relatives, and friends, far exceeding any nation I had seen beyond our British seas, I offered to God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, resolving forever to call on his great name, who is the only mighty Preserver of mankind." And he ends the book with a psalm of David, appropriate to the occasion.

About a century later, in 1764, Chandler made the tour of Asia Minor and Greece, an account of which he published. He draws a similar picture of the state of the country, and of the eagerness of the people in looking for encouraging tokens that a better state of things was about to be inaugurated. In 1809, when Hobhouse travelled in Greece, the feelings of the Greeks had grown so much stronger, that, as he relates, a common commencement of a conversation with them was, "Your Excellency will find but poor fare in our country; but you are not in Christendom. What can be done amongst these beasts of Turks?" Their detestation of their masters broke out on every occasion; and when the chanter from the minaret announced the death of a Mahometan, every Greek that met his friend in the street saluted him thus: *Ἀπέθανε σκυλί*, "A dog is dead." "The archons who enjoy the confidence of the Turks are infected with the same spirit, and, in proportion as they are more powerful, feel a stronger desire of revenge."

In the reign of Catharine II., in the year 1768, a war

broke out between Turkey and Russia. The crafty Empress endeavored, and with instant success, to rouse the Greek nation to throw off the yoke, inspiring them with the hope of recovering their ancient liberty. Two years previously, a Greek who had been in the Russian army had been despatched into the Peloponnesus to prepare the insurrection; and in 1769, a Russian fleet, under the command of Orloff, came to the Peloponnesus. The population flew to arms. The Turkish government poured a host of Albanians into the Peloponnesus, and suppressed the revolt with immense slaughter. Orloff, witnessing the ill success of the attempt, forgot his promises, and sailed away, leaving the Greeks to their fate. An Armatole chieftain, named Androuzos, distinguished himself by feats of eminent bravery in this affair; and a body of four hundred Laconians showed themselves not unworthy descendants of the heroes of Thermopylæ. At the conclusion of the peace between Russia and the Porte, the provinces which had received the Russians, or were suspected of having co-operated with them, were heavily punished. The patriarch Meletios was tortured, and then banished. Large fines were inflicted on the wealthier classes. The city of Moschopolis was plundered and destroyed. Three thousand of the inhabitants of Tricca were killed. Many Larissæans were slain, and their only church was demolished; priests and magistrates were beheaded in Lemnos; and the Christians of Smyrna were indiscriminately massacred as they came out of the church. The enormities committed by the Albanians in Peloponnesus were indescribable; and the question was debated in the Divan, whether it would not be advisable to seize this opportunity of extirpating the entire Hellenic race. But, by the influence of Hassan Pacha, milder counsels prevailed, and he was intrusted with the pacification of the Peloponnesus. This he accomplished by calling to his aid the mountain Klephts, by whom the Albanians were speedily driven from the country. The family of Colocotronis, one of whom, Theodore, played so conspicuous a part in the war of independence, first appear as leaders at this crisis.

In 1787, war was renewed between Russia and Turkey, and new commotions again agitated Greece. Lampros, a Lebadeian, who had taken part in the former insurrection, supported by many wealthy merchants of Smyrna and Constantinople, led a naval expedition against the Turks with considerable effect; and about the same time the Souliotes of Epeirus, who for a century had maintained their independence among the mountains, commenced their heroic struggle with the cruel and crafty Ali Pacha. They were joined by many Thessalian warriors, of whom the most distinguished was Androuzos, who, since the insurrection of 1769, had led a wandering life, constantly pursued by the Turks, and with difficulty escaping the dangers by which he was encompassed. A treaty of peace was again concluded between Russia and Turkey in 1792. Androuzos attempted to escape into Russia through Venice; but he was surrendered by the Venetians to the Turks, sent to Constantinople, and there put to death. The Souliotes continued the war until 1803, when they were obliged to come to terms with the Pacha; but, with the cruelty and perfidy natural to his character, he violated his plighted faith. Many of those brave men fell a sacrifice to his falsehood; others escaped to Parga and the Ionian Islands, and, as a Greek historian says, "afterwards avenged the treachery of the Turks in a thousand battles."

But there were other circumstances which contributed more powerfully than these external relations to prepare the heart of the people for the desperate struggle. Foremost among these were the increase of commercial wealth and the revival of education. The islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Psara rose suddenly into great mercantile importance, and their ships were seen in every port from the Crimea to Gibraltar. In all the cities of the East the leading commercial houses were those of the Greek merchants, and institutions for the education of children were speedily endowed by these enterprising men. The famous school of Joannina, which has contributed largely to the literature of modern Greece, dates back as far as 1690. Pupils



from that school established themselves, in the last century, in all the principal places in the North of Greece. In the middle of the eighteenth century a second school was established in Joannina by Eugenios, called the Bulgarian, who, born in Corfou in 1716, and educated in Italy, was appointed professor in Joannina in 1742, and from that station, by his commanding talents and his great eloquence, exercised an influence over all Greece. He was afterwards called to Macedonia, and at last removed to St. Petersburg, where he died in 1806. Nicephoros Theotokios, also from Corfou, was an eminent teacher and writer, whose works, published at the expense of a liberal family of merchants, the Zosimadæ, were widely circulated among his countrymen. Schools were established at Bucharest and other cities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and many distinguished teachers besides those already named co-operated in the great work of spreading the light of letters among their compatriots throughout the Turkish Empire. Schools were founded on Mount Athos, colleges at Smyrna, Scio, and Patmos, and literature was again cultivated by those holding the highest places in the Church at Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Athens. Many young men were sent to the universities of Europe, and contributed not a little, on their return, to disseminate a taste for European letters and science. Writers began to cultivate the spoken Greek as an organ of communication with the people; the literary classes generally, almost up to the eighteenth century, having adhered to the ancient form of the language. In the last half of the eighteenth century, an immense number of European works on history, ethics, and philosophy were translated into Greek; the number of schools was multiplied, and there was a general intellectual excitement throughout the Hellenic population.

The ability and acquirements of the conquered people did not fail to attract the attention of the government; and the need of such talent and knowledge being more and more felt in the multiplying relations between Turkey and the European governments, many individuals among the Greeks were summoned

to the service of the Porte in various diplomatic and civil capacities. In the seventeenth century, a Greek gentleman of a Trebizond family, Panagiotaki by name, was raised to the dignity of grand interpreter, or Dragoman, of the Porte, which gave him opportunities that he did not neglect of protecting his nation from the barbarities of the Turks. His successor was Alexander Mavrocordatos, a native of Scio, — the first prominent possessor of a name which has since been, and is at this moment, the most illustrious in Greece. He studied medicine and other sciences in Italy, and afterwards went to Constantinople, where he practised his profession and held the chair of elegant literature in the patriarchal school. He was accused by the Turks of magic, because he judged of diseases by feeling the pulse; and he was the first man in the Turkish capital who explained the circulation of the blood. He gained the confidence of the government, and was able to contribute largely to the progress of culture, not only by his elegant writings, but by the establishment and endowment of schools in European Turkey and Asia Minor, and by sending many young men to the universities of Europe. Some of these distinguished themselves in literature, writing both in ancient and in modern Greek. The son of Alexander, Nicholas Mavrocordatos, was the first Greek who rose to the dignity of Hospodar of Wallachia; and his successors, the Greek Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, — the Mourouzes and Soutsos families, — labored effectively for the advancement of the rude populations of those half-civilized provinces, both in learning and in the practical arts. Among other services, they caused the Bible and the Liturgy of the Greek Church to be translated into the Slavonic dialects of those countries.

There existed for many years a secret society or club called the Hetairia, having for its object the improvement of Greece and its final emancipation. Like other secret societies, it had its orders or degrees, from the common member up to the Grand Arch, with its sonorous titles and insignificant mysteries, its signs, known only to the initiated, its peculiar cipher,

and its means of rapid communication. Unlike most other secret societies, it had a reason for its secrecy, and that was a good one; it had a high object to be accomplished,—the deliverance of a down-trodden race. The most prominent Greeks in foreign cities were its leading members; and throughout continental Greece affiliated branches were established, in spite of the presence of the Turks, who appear not to have been aware of the mine that was preparing to explode beneath their feet. This society was one of the most efficient agencies in bringing about the war of the Revolution.

Among the individuals whose names will always be memorable in the history of Hellenic liberty there are two which shine with conspicuous lustre; these are Coraës and Rhigas. Adamantios Coraës, or Coray, was born at Smyrna, according to his autobiography, in 1748. At a very early age he showed a great eagerness for knowledge; and his tastes were favored by his father and mother, whose chief object in life was the education of their children, and by his grandfather, who had been for many years the teacher of an Hellenic school in Chios, and who at his death left a small classical library to be inherited by the first of his descendants who should distinguish himself in letters. The prize was won by Adamantios. He prosecuted his studies with unwearied zeal, extending them to the Hebrew and Arabic. "At that time," says he, (1764,) "and in the condition of the family, any other father, without exception, from among the citizens of Smyrna, hearing that his son was looking out for a teacher of Hebrew, would have sent for a physician, thinking he was mad. But my excellent and thoughtful father contented himself with asking me what was the use of the Hebrew tongue. When I told him it helped to a better understanding of the Old Testament, he answered, 'Good! begin then.' I have never been able to recall this laconic answer without tears. I often wanted a new dress for the festivals of the Church, like other young people; and he put me off from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Christmas; but whenever I wanted a teacher or a



book, or any other means and appliances of instruction, he never put me off." In 1772 the young man went to Amsterdam, where he remained in a commercial house six years, giving all his leisure to literary pursuits. "My innate hatred of the Turks," says he, "grew almost to frenzy from the moment I tasted the liberty of a well-regulated community. To my mind, Turk and wild beast became synonymous terms, and are so still" (1828). In 1778 he returned to his native place, arriving there a few days after the great fire, in which a large part of the city, including his father's house, was consumed. His parents were anxious to keep him at home. They tried every means of dissuading him from his purpose of visiting France to study medicine. "At length," says he, "they held out the bait of matrimony in the hope of changing my mind; and certainly this bait would have caught me, both on account of my youth and the beauty and wealth of the girl, the orphan daughter of a very rich father, had not the love of liberty forced me to scorn all other loves. My parents, seeing that even this failed to weaken my resolve, and fearing for the state of my health, at last gave their consent." In 1782 he arrived at Montpellier, where he remained six years, engaged in study, supporting himself in part by his works. In 1788 he removed to Paris, taking with him letters of introduction to the principal medical men of the capital. His literary life in Paris forms part of the intellectual history of the age. He died in Paris in 1833, at the age of eighty-five, true to his love of liberty and of letters and his contempt of all other loves; for he remained wedded only to study. His writings on the state of Greece and on the Greek language, his editions of several of the classics, and his animated exhortations to his countrymen, gave him an unbounded influence; and for the space of forty years he may be said to have guided the education of his people. He was the first of the modern Greeks who enjoyed the respect of the scientific and literary men of Europe, and was the first to proclaim to the world that the Hellenic race could no longer be held in slavery. He was unable, on account of his age and

infirmities, to take a personal part in the struggle when it came ; but the vigor of his pen and the excellence of his character were worth more to the cause than a thousand swords.

Constantinos Rhigas has been called the Tyrtæus of modern Greece. He was born at Velestina, a small town in Thessaly, in 1753. Early in life he went to Bucharest, and remained there until 1790, engaged in commerce, and afterwards holding the office of professor. He was accomplished in the ancient Greek, and in the literature and languages of Modern Europe. The excitement of the French Revolution had its natural effect upon his ardent temperament, and he formed plans more generous than prudent for the redemption of his own country. He was the principal founder of the Hetairia, under which name he published lyric ballads of a spirited and stirring character, which rang like a trumpet through Greece. He repaired to Vienna in 1796, where at that time many rich Greek families were established, in the hope of rousing them to immediate action, —

“ To trample the turban and show their true worth,  
As the sons and the namesakes of the godlike on earth.”

From Vienna he held a correspondence with the friends of his country all over Europe, and occupied himself at the same time with the publication of a Greek journal ; but all his literary activity was concentrated upon the generous object of liberating his country. His poems were circulated and sung everywhere. The Greek merchants of Vienna embraced the cause with patriotic ardor. But the Ottoman Minister at Vienna discovered his plans, by the treachery of a false friend, and he, with eight companions, was denounced to the Austrian authorities as a conspirator. The Austrian government, with characteristic barbarity, handed them over to the Turkish authorities. The guard who were to conduct him to Constantinople, fearing an uprising and a rescue, resolved to put him to death on their arrival at Belgrade. Torture was applied to force him to betray the names of his associates ; but the extremity of agony failed to overcome his steadfast resolution. At

the place of execution he broke the cords by which he was bound, and killed two of the murderers ; but he was overcome by numbers, and, with his companions, was immediately beheaded. Thus perished, at the age of forty-five, this illustrious patriot and poet, surrendered by a government calling itself Christian into the hands of a merciless despotism, his only crime being his love of country, and perhaps a too rash devotion to the object for which alone he lived. But he died a martyr to a glorious cause ; and his death is only one of those atrocious acts for which the government of Austria — concealing the remorseless cruelty of Oriental despotism under the garnish of Christian civilization — is held to a stern account at the bar of history and in the judgment of humanity. The refusal of the present kind-hearted Sultan to surrender the Hungarian fugitives was hardly the return to be expected for such a compliance with the demand of his father ; and the lesson taught to the autocratic powers of Christian Europe is one not readily forgotten by the world.

Since the occasion is past, it is easy to see that the songs of Rhigas owed something of their effect to the circumstances and feelings of the time. But they have solid merits, which will make them always dear to the memory of his countrymen. At this moment, they are learned by heart and recited with contagious ardor by the Greeks. The enthusiasm kindled by the name and works of Rhigas among the Greeks in 1809–10 is well illustrated by Mr. Hobhouse. One day he was playing chess with a young Greek gentleman, the son of a person of high rank in Peloponnesus, Mr. Londos, who has since borne a distinguished part in the politics of Greece. “On hearing the name of Rhigas,” says Mr. Hobhouse, “he jumped suddenly from the sofa, threw over the board, and, clasping his hands, repeated the name of the patriot with a thousand passionate exclamations, the tears streaming down his cheeks. He recited with ecstasy the war-song of that unfortunate Greek.” It was the song of which Lord Byron translated two or three stanzas.



"Sons of the Greeks, arise,  
 The glorious hour's gone forth;  
 And, worthy of such ties,  
 Display who gave us birth.  
 Son of the Greeks! let us go  
 In arms against the foe,  
 Till their hated blood shall flow  
 In a river past our feet.  
 . . .  
 Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers  
 Lethargic dost thou lie?  
 Awake, and join thy numbers  
 With Athens, old ally!  
 Leonidas recalling,  
 That chief of ancient song,  
 Who saved ye once from falling, —  
 The terrible, the strong! —  
 Who made that bold diversion  
 In old Thermopylæ;  
 And, warring with the Persian  
 To keep his country free,  
 With his three hundred waging  
 The battle, long he stood,  
 And, like a lion raging,  
 Expired in seas of blood."

Another of his pieces, called *Προτρεπτικόν*, or *Rallying Song*, is still more spirited. It is in the popular style, and appeals to the Klephts with an admirable adaptation to their peculiar character: —

"How long, ye braves, must we in gorges live,  
 Lonely, like lions, on the mountain-sides,  
 And dwell in caverns, sheltered by the boughs,  
 And fly the world, from bitter slavery's yoke,  
 Our brothers leaving country, parents, friends,  
 Our children leaving all who share our blood?  
 Better one hour of life with liberty,  
 Than forty years of slavery and chains."

Another poet, Polyzois, sings in a similar vain: —

"Friends and countrymen, shall we  
 Slaves of Moslems ever be,  
 Of the old barbaric band,  
 Tyrants o'er Hellenic land?  
 Draws the hour of vengeance nigh, —  
 Vengeance! be our battle cry!"

Such were the motive-powers which impelled the Greeks to seek their restoration among the nations of the earth, — an inextinguishable nationality, which, when nearly destroyed in city and plain, took refuge among the mountains, and breathed the wild air of forest freedom; the reviving spirit of liberty in the eighteenth century; the enterprise and wealth of energetic individuals of the race scattered over the world, and rising superior to the slavery in which they were born; the rapid improvement of education, and the diffusion of Western science by the newly founded schools and colleges; the powerful inspiration of poetry appealing to great recollections and mighty hopes. Was there, in the heart of the people, a soundness and vigor which could respond to such appeals? Was there in their cause a justification of such appeals? Did they deserve to succeed in the struggle which so many brave spirits had toiled and suffered in preparing?

The insurrection was opened by Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, selected by the Hetairia, at the head of the Greeks of Moldavia, who issued a proclamation in March, 1821, that all the Greeks had on that day thrown off the Turkish yoke. Within a few weeks, the provinces of the Peloponnesus and the other parts of Greece had risen in arms. Among the most gallant leaders of the opening scenes of the war was Germanos, Archbishop of Patras. At Constantinople a suspicion already existed that a conspiracy was forming among the Greek inhabitants of the city; and when the information arrived of the movements in Greece, the most rigorous measures were taken against the Greeks. Their schools were suppressed; their arms were seized; their total destruction was proposed in council; women and children were thrown into the sea; and Prince Mourouzes was beheaded in the Seraglio. A proclamation called on all Moslems to arm against the rebels, and the wildest and most ferocious fanaticism prevailed in the capital. In the streets where the Greeks resided, bodies of the dead and dying were everywhere to be seen. Ten thousand persons disappeared in the first few days; and before three months had

passed, it is supposed that more than thirty thousand Greeks were butchered in different cities of the Empire. The Beys of Greece struggled in vain to smother the insurrection. Neither cruelty nor cajolery — and both were tried — had the slightest effect. The resolution to strike for liberty was universal and unchangeable; and the massacres were renewed at the capital. Gregory, the Patriarch of Constantinople, then eighty years of age, three bishops, and eight priests, were seized by the order of the Grand Vizier, as they were leaving the mass, and hung in their robes before the principal gates of the church. The lifeless body of the Patriarch, two days after the murder, was cut down, dragged through the streets, and thrown into the sea. It was taken up by Greek sailors, carried to Odessa, and there honored with a magnificent funeral.

In the army of Prince Ypselanti were many of the noblest young men, the very flower of the Grecian youth. Five hundred students rallied at the call of their country, and, enrolling themselves as the Sacred Band, with a uniform of black, and the Spartan motto on their standard, *Ἡ τὰν ἡ ἐπὶ τάν*, — “Either this or on this,” — placed themselves under the command of the Prince. Four hundred of this gallant troop perished in the battle of Dragaschan on the 19th of June, and the rest were dispersed. Such was the ill-omened beginning of the conflict.

This is not the occasion for detailing the history of the war of Grecian independence. Its general features are all that come properly within my scope, with a few of the leading events, by which its course was determined and its character defined.

It is well remarked by Mr. Tricoupi, in his excellent history, that the Greek Revolution is distinguished from other revolutions by some peculiar and very important characteristics. It attempted to put a check neither on absolutism nor on despotism; neither to change the local government, nor to break the bonds of union with the mother country. It aimed at a mightier and more glorious object than all these, — to expel from Greece, by force of arms, an alien race of another faith,



who had conquered her by arms ages before; and to the last continued to regard her as their captive and subject to their sword.

“This war,” writes Mr. Tricoupi, “broke out between two nations, living indeed in Europe, but ignorant of the military art and the political science by which all the rest of Europe was and is distinguished; and for this reason it may be regarded as a political and military anomaly in the midst of the political and military science of the present day, often reminding us, by many of its events and catastrophes, of the heroic times of ancient Hellas. Greece declared and proclaimed, before God and all mankind, at the beginning of her contest, that she aimed to break the foreign yoke, and to recover her nationality and her independence.”

The disproportion between the resources of the contending parties is another circumstance worthy of consideration. The party which fought to throw off the yoke for years, without support from other quarters, was estimated at one twentieth of the enemy; and their resources were trifling in comparison, because they were the resources of private individuals, contrasted with those of an ancient and powerful despotism. “The happy and unlooked-for result is sufficient to breathe courage into suffering and outraged nations, when, poor and powerless, they engage with firm resolve in the sacred struggle for faith and fatherland, for freedom and for justice, for national honor and happiness, against spiritual oppression and the devastation of their country, slavery and wrong, national annihilation and general wretchedness.”

The passions out of which the struggle grew determined its character; — on the one side the habit of tyranny, rapine, and oppression, and the contempt of barbarian masters for those whom they had so long oppressed; on the other, a sleepless sense of wrong and desire of revenge mingling with and inflaming the love of country, the consciousness of superior intellect, and reverence for the illustrious memories of the past. Religious hatred, the fiercest perhaps of all human passions,

gave intensity to resolve, and steeled the hearts of the contending parties against sympathy and pity. Hatred of race was another irritating element among the complicated passions which envenomed the strife. But, after all, it was a desperate struggle of barbarism, misplaced in this century, against reviving civilization and the Christian faith. It was this circumstance which gathered around the Grecian cause the hearty sympathies, the fervent prayers, the effective co-operation of Christian men everywhere. For years after the commencement of the struggle the cabinets of Europe, indeed, looked coldly on. More than once the cry for help was answered by the disheartening response, "Let the Greek rebels return to their allegiance to their lawful sovereign," — as if at any moment of the four centuries of their enslavement there was a single element of legal sovereignty in the oppressive rule of the Turks, — a single moment when the Christian victims had not a right to use every means within their reach to reclaim the freedom, theirs by inheritance, and ravished from them by overpowering wrong! And so the great powers of Europe were forced, by the irresistible course of events, to acknowledge, when the contest was drawing nigh to its conclusion. "For the first time," as the Greek historian truly remarks, "the discordant politics of Europe harmonized, and listened to the salutary precepts of morality, and the sacred voice of suffering humanity."

The war became at once a struggle for life and death. The needless butcheries with which the Turks commenced their repressive measures, the deep wound they inflicted on the religious sensibility of the people by the brutal murder of the gray-haired patriarch, and the outrages everywhere committed upon women and children, taught the Greeks, if they needed any lesson on the subject, what mercy was to be dealt out to them by their enraged masters. The Greeks themselves were not in a condition to carry on the struggle according to the rules of modern warfare. Their military forces were not supplied and disciplined like the armies of Europe. The

Armatoles and Klephts were brave, but irregular fighters; and the chiefs were unaccustomed to act in concert, under a superior authority, and through well-concerted campaigns. A sudden attack, a rapidly executed foray, an expedition for plunder, an instant retreat to the mountains, with the spoils and prisoners they had hastily seized,—these were the exploits they were accustomed to achieve. No law of nations existed between Greeks and Turks: it was the law of war, in its simplest and rudest forms, according to which enmity ceases not when the fight is over, victory is only half won by the enemy's defeat, and conquest must be consummated by his annihilation.

Unfortunately, Greece had no one man like Washington or Alfred to whom she could look up with implicit confidence, as her guide and saviour. She had many daring chiefs and some wise counsellors, but most of them were men of limited influence, and some had but narrow and even selfish views. Greece was poor in resources, and had no credit in the money markets of the world. With all these apparently insuperable difficulties, it is surprising how readily the old instinct of legality and political order revived among the Greeks when the responsibility of conducting a national conflict fairly began to be felt. Mavrocordatos formed a local government in the western part of Greece; in the eastern part, a local council, called the Areopagus, assumed the control, under the presidency of Theodore Negris; a Peloponnesian Gerousia, or Senate, of twenty members, assembled at Argos, under the presidency of Prince Demetrius Ypselanti: and these three governments, under the persuasion of Mavrocordatos, undertook to form a constitution and a central government for confederated Greece. The first national assembly of Greece, consisting of sixty-seven deputies, assembled in January, 1822, at Epidaurus, and proceeded at once to frame a provisional constitution. They proclaimed the national independence in the following terms:—

“In the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity. The Greek nation, under the frightful tyranny of the Ottomans, unable to bear the unexampled weight of the yoke of tyranny,



and having shaken it off with great sacrifices, proclaims this day, through its lawful representatives in a national congress assembled, before God and men, its political existence and independence."

The vigor and eloquence of this proclamation are worthy of the cause, and inspire us with admiration for the men who were capable of so appealing to Heaven and to the world in vindication of the rights for which they had drawn the sword. It states clearly and briefly the causes of the war, declaring that, far from being the effect of a seditious and jacobinical movement, or the pretext of an ambitious faction it is "a national war, undertaken for the sole purpose of reconquering our rights and securing our existence and honor. A thousand ages of proscription would not bar the sacred rights whose creation was the work of Nature herself. They were torn from us by violence; and violence more righteously directed may one day win them back. . . . Grecians, but a little while since ye said, 'No more slavery!' and the power of the tyrant has vanished. But it is concord alone which can consolidate your liberty and independence. The assembly offers up its prayers that the mighty arm of the Most High may raise the nation towards the sanctuary of His Eternal Wisdom."

The Constitution, while making the Orthodox Eastern Church the ecclesiastical establishment of the nation, enacted the toleration of all other forms of worship. It lodged the government in a Senate and an Executive Council, the former to consist of thirty-three members and the latter of five. It provided for annual elections. Eight secretaries were appointed, namely, of state, the interior, public economy, justice, war, the navy, religion, and police. The judiciary consisted of eleven members, chosen by the government, but holding office by an independent tenure. Civil and criminal justice was to be administered according to the legislation of the Greek Emperors; and the French Commercial Code was adopted for the regulation of mercantile affairs. Torture and confiscation were abolished, and freedom of the press established. The great

defect of the Constitution was the limited power of the executive, especially in the critical circumstances of the country, — a defect severely felt in the conduct of the war. Alexander Mavrocordatos was chosen President of the executive body; Athanasius Kanakares, Vice-President; and Ypselanti was chosen to the Presidency of the Senate, but he declined, and Petros Mavromichales was put in his place. The departments were organized by the appointment of secretaries, or commissioners, the first secretary of state being Theodore Negris. Mavrocordatos and his colleagues proceeded with great energy and ability to organize and arrange the operations of the government, and to introduce some degree of order into military affairs.

The most striking and terrible event of the year 1822 was the massacre of Scio. The inhabitants of this island had risen to a high degree of wealth and refinement. The population, before the Greek Revolution, was estimated at more than a hundred thousand. They took little or no part in the war until March, 1822, when the peasantry rose and shut up the Turkish garrison in the citadel. The Capitan Pacha, who was on his way to the Peloponnesus with a large fleet, changed his plan, and suddenly landed fifteen thousand men upon the island, resolved to strike awe into the people by a terrible example. A massacre of the defenceless inhabitants at once commenced, such as the annals of warfare seldom record. Men, women, and children were tortured and then put to death. Some fled to the mountains and hid themselves in caverns; others succeeded in getting on board the foreign ships lying in the harbor; others made their escape to the neighboring islands; while more than forty thousand were slain in the course of a month, and thousands of the most refined and cultivated were carried off, and sold into slavery, in the bazaars of Smyrna and Constantinople. Many were bought by Turks for the pleasure of torturing them and putting them to death; and many were redeemed by Europeans residing in Smyrna, who sacrificed their wealth in this work of Christian charity. The population was reduced to sixteen thousand in one year.

The news of these events filled all Greece with sorrow and indignation. The Hydriotes, Spezziotes, and Psariotes sailed with a large fleet, under the command of the illustrious naval hero, Andreas Miaoules, and, on the 19th of May, encountered the Turkish armament between Scio and the coast of Asia Minor, when a battle ensued. But it was not until June that deserved retribution overtook the bloody Kara Ali, — the Capitan Pacha, — at the hands of another Greek hero, Canares, who, with his countrymen, had been watching at Psara an opportunity of aiming a fatal blow at the hostile fleet. By a bold stroke he conducted some fire-ships within the Turkish lines, and, attaching one of them to the prow of the flag-ship, which was lying at anchor in the centre of the fleet, instantly set it on fire. Canares and his gallant crew escaped in a boat. The ship was burned, and two thousand men perished. The Capitan Pacha, severely injured by the flames, leaped into a boat, but had scarcely seated himself when one of the masts fell, crushing him and capsizing the boat; and he was borne ashore by swimmers, bruised and burnt, and in a dying condition, and expired in the midst of the most terrible sufferings on the very scene of his unparalleled cruelties.

The disheartening answer received from the Congress at Verona in December, 1822, pronouncing the enterprise inconsiderate and culpable, and requiring the Greeks to submit to their lawful sovereign, the Sultan, and the civil dissensions between Colocotronis and the central government, led to the calling of a second National Convention at Astros in March, 1823, which introduced some amendments into the Constitution, and elected Petros Mavromichales President. They made various changes in the ministry, and resolved to organize a land force of fifty thousand and a fleet of a hundred men-of-war. The events of the year were confused and bloody; but one act of heroism shines conspicuous above all others, — the midnight attack of Marco Botzaris and his gallant band of Souliotes upon the Turkish camp at Carpenesion. The immediate object — the capture of the Bey in his tent — was not



accomplished, and Botzares fell in the battle. Eight hundred Turks were slain, with a loss of only fifty of the Greeks. "The commander," it is well said by one of his countrymen, "did not cease after his death to serve his country; for, if we except the achievements of our naval heroes and the last siege of Mesolongi, no other event excited such admiration for Grecian valor as the death of Marco Botzares." These transactions certainly show that the Greeks had fallen in no respect below the national spirit of their ancestors. If we look at the whole course of the war, we shall find much to condemn in the factious spirit which more than once threatened to ruin the cause in the blood of mutually slaughtered citizens; we shall detect many instances of ferocity and perfidy; we shall be shocked with the violation of stipulated faith and the murder of troops that had surrendered; and the traveller who takes some pains to learn the private history of those times will hear with horror the tales of private revenge practised with consummate cruelty, by way of retaliation, upon defenceless Turks. Such incidents belong to the nature of such a strife, and inevitably flow from the passions of men, long pent up and suddenly freed from the restraints of government and law. But while I will not be an apologist for Hellenic any more than for Turkish cruelty, I will say that no such sanguinary acts as the massacre of Scio and the butchery of the Patriarch of Constantinople sully the pages that record the struggle. And if we look to the patient virtues with which the common people submitted to the harshest extremities of fortune, rather than yield themselves again to their old oppressors, we must assign them a lofty position among the sufferers for liberty. If, on the other hand, we contemplate the achievements of Canares and Miaoules by sea; the daring deeds of Marco Botzares and his brave kinsmen, Costa and Nothi, on land; and the exploits of many other leaders scarcely less patriotic and gallant than they, — we shall be forced to the conclusion that no war has ever been more fruitful in illustrious deeds of heroism borne by the natal soil, fertilized with the blood of its children.

And if we study the constitutions and laws they enacted in the midst of the terrors of war, or their eloquent appeals to the sympathies of the Christian world, we shall have to look far, before we find men superior in intellectual gifts and manly virtues to Coraës, Mavrocordatos, and Tricoupi.

## LECTURE IX.

### HISTORY OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

IN the last Lecture we considered the leading characteristics of the Greek Revolution, partly as described by Mr. Tricoupi, one of the ablest and best of the living statesmen of the country, and partly as naturally growing out of the previous relations of the Greeks and Turks. I endeavored to show that the continued and peculiar oppressions of the conquerors justified the conquered in attempting at any moment to throw off the long-borne yoke of slavery; and that the diplomatic relations between the powers of Europe, which regarded Turkey as constituting a part of the European system, although, for objects of their own, they had often interfered in her affairs in a manner quite inconsistent with the assumption of her absolute independence, could make no difference in the natural right of the Greeks to strike for the restoration of their national existence.

Although the decision of the Congress of Verona had shut Greece out from the nations, still the increasing sympathy growing up among the people everywhere was some compensation to the Greeks for the coldness and indifference of the Holy Alliance. In 1823, Louriottes, a confidential friend of Mavrocordatos, proceeded to London to negotiate a loan which the executive was authorized to contract, on the security of the national lands. His arrival in the British capital, and the details he communicated as to the condition of Greece, excited the greatest interest. Under the auspices of Mr. Bowring, and with the approbation of liberal politicians like Lord John Russell, Lord Milton, Zachary Macaulay, Sir James Mackin-



tosh, William Smith, Sir Francis Burdett, Joseph Hume, and others, public meetings were called, and circulars addressed to the principal cities in the kingdom, soliciting subscriptions; and donations poured in from every quarter. Committees were appointed for the management of the funds, and to correspond with Philhellenic committees in other countries. An agent — Mr. Blaquiere — was sent to Greece to confer with the government. In Germany and Switzerland similar movements took place, and large supplies of money, arms, and soldiers were furnished by their activity. To add to the sympathy now growing stronger and stronger daily, the unhappy refugees were expelled from the countries embraced in the Holy Alliance; a large number were driven from Russia, many of whom died of cold and hunger on their miserable journey; and the wretched survivors were refused admission to Austria, France, and the Sardinian states. At length, with great difficulty, the committees of Geneva and Zurich obtained permission for them to traverse France, by small detachments, and sent them from Marseilles to Greece at their own expense. From the United States contributions were not wanting. In 1824, about \$80,000 were sent, which had been collected by the local committees. Some attempts were made by the English and Russians to bring about the pacification of Greece. The plan proposed by the Russian agent, craftily arranged to bring the revolted provinces under the control of the Czar, while nominally replacing them as tributaries to the Porte, was rejected by the Sultan; and as he had been assured by the British Minister that the great powers were determined to leave the Greeks to their fate, the rejection of any interference could not well be made the ground of complaint. The ill success which had, however, attended three campaigns convinced the Turks that they would be unable to reduce the Greeks without assistance; and Mahomet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, who had made himself almost an independent sovereign, received flattering proposals from the Sultan, with the offer of the Morea as a pachalic to his step-son Ibrahim, on

condition of suppressing the revolt. But notwithstanding the formidable arrangements made for the invasion of the Morea by the Egyptian fleets and armies, the Greek government was greatly encouraged by the success of their agents in contracting a loan of a large amount on the security of the national property, which, although procured on very disadvantageous terms, — a debt of £800,000 being incurred for an available sum of only £280,000, a little more than one fourth of the amount, — gave a very important relief in the pressure of their affairs. The Egyptian armament did not reach the Peloponnesus until 1825. This invasion, and the ravages committed in the Peloponnesus by the Egyptian army, disciplined and led by European officers, and apparently the agency by which the subjugation of Greece must be accomplished, were, under the guiding hand of Providence, the means of bringing this people out of their great peril in the darkest hour of distress and danger.

The accession of numerous Philhellenes to the cause was not in all respects beneficial. They came with different views, objects, and expectations. Some of them were ardent, enthusiastic men, whose sympathy for the country rested more on her ancient greatness than on her present sufferings. Many of these, finding the pictures of their glowing imaginations not justified by the reality, finding the leaders and Pallears not like Miltiades and Themistocles, and the people sunk in wretchedness and poverty deeper than they had dreamed, and in some cases, at least, without the moral qualities that could inspire them with respect, quickly became disgusted with a cause they had taken up merely as amateurs, and withdrew from a country where hardship and death seemed the only reward for their classical zeal. Others went thither with inordinate conceptions of their great importance to the struggle which they honored by their participation, and were shocked at the ingratitude of the Greeks, who did not take them at their own estimate. These also withdrew, consoling themselves for the mortification of their vanity by abusing the falsehood of the Greeks.

Others still went there as mere adventurers, looking only for occasions of rapacity and plunder. But there were many honorable and distinguished men, who, well understanding the nature of the conflict, and not led away by literary enthusiasm or by the memories of the past, consecrated their best efforts, their lives, and their fortunes to the restoration of Greece. Such men were Colonel Gordon, a man of calm intrepidity and the coolest head; Fabvier, the gallant Frenchman, who refused all pecuniary compensation, and spent his property in the service; Meyer, the German, who stood at his post bravely, and perished beneath the ruins of Mesolongi; Hastings, whose modest worth and gallant spirit have left a name never to be forgotten in the annals of those times; General Church, who, though he arrived in Greece only to share in the last year of the struggle, showed the virtues of chivalry and the humanity of a Christian gentleman, and who still lives an object of universal respect for his probity, his defence of liberal principles, his unbending virtue in public and private life. He is a member of the Senate, and though not an orator, is yet a man of sagacity and widely extended influence. There were also our countrymen, Miller and Howe, both brave men, and the latter known throughout the world for his genius and philanthropy, having by his later achievements in peace eclipsed the fame he won on the theatre of his early adventures. He is remembered there with warm affection; and in the city of Athens the guides still recommend themselves to the American traveller, by assuring him that they were the attendants of Dr. Howe. The only fault I ever heard found with him was by one of his companions in arms, who said that it was impossible to restrain him from constantly exposing himself to danger, when his services were needed for the sick and wounded. They thought with Homer,

“A good physician, skilled our wounds to heal,  
Is worth whole armies to the common weal.”

There was Finlay, too, an accomplished young Scotchman, who, having helped in the achievement of independence, is now



giving his studious years to the history of the country of his adoption, and whose works rank with the best productions of historical research, in this age so fruitful of distinguished authorship in the department of history.

But the greatest sensation was created by the advent of Lord Byron, and his early death at Mesolongi gives a melancholy interest to this chapter of Hellenic history, which a much longer period of active service might have failed to inspire. The most indulgent judge must pass severe censure on many parts of Lord Byron's life. Apologize for him as we may, — on the ground of temperament, imperfect education, unfortunate influences that shaped his character in childhood and youth, early disappointment, premature fame and its accompanying temptations, the intoxication of the flatteries administered by the most brilliant society in the world, uncongenial domestic relations, — still we are untrue to the right if we fail to acknowledge that there was much of wilful wrong in his conduct, unworthy of a rational being, and degrading to his splendid genius. His life in Italy, after the catastrophe that shattered his household gods, was a deep and ineffaceable dishonor to his great name. But his better nature began to wake from the delusions of the passions; and his good angel gave him an opportunity of crowning his days with a radiant and glorious close. In his youth he had travelled through Greece, and celebrated its past achievements, as well as painted its recent degradation, in the most brilliant poetry of modern times. He was misled by no enthusiasm of lettered and romantic youth; he knew thoroughly the condition of the Greeks, and no man had judged their faults of character with more severity. Blended with his poetical genius, there was in him a vein of practical good-sense, which, in other circumstances, would have made him eminent in the business of public or private life. With this good sense, he scrutinized the condition of Greece, and reasoned out the probability of his being able to render her a worthy service in that hour of her peril. He came to the conclusion, calmly, without passion, without enthusiasm, without

delusion, that here was a field in which he could achieve a good beyond the value of any poetical success; and having come to this conclusion, he forthwith consecrated his thoughts, his time, his fortune, his personal exertions, to the cause of Greece. He set sail from Leghorn on the 24th of July, 1823, ten days afterward arrived in Cephalonia, and thence despatched messengers to institute particular inquiries into the state of affairs in Greece. In the mean time he made an excursion to Ithaca, and examined with interest the antiquities of the rocky capital where Ulysses reigned. Finding here a number of families that had escaped from the massacre of Scio, from Patras, and other places, he generously furnished money for their relief. Speaking of one of these families which he had known in affluence at Patras, a lady, quoted by Moore, says: "The eldest girl became afterwards the mistress of the school formed at Ithaca; and neither she, her sister, nor mother could ever speak of Lord Byron without the deepest feeling of gratitude, and of regret for his premature death." One of his messengers brought him a letter from Marco Botzares, written only a few hours before his heroic death. In this letter he says: "I shall have something to do to-night against a corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this place. The day after to-morrow I will set out, with a few chosen companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay. I thank you for the good opinion you have of my fellow-citizens, which God grant you will not find ill-founded; and I thank you still more for the care you have so kindly taken of them." This refers to his having taken into his pay a body of the Souliotes, who had been homeless since their defeat by Ali Pacha.

Lord Byron did not embark for Mesolongi until the end of December, having employed the intervening time in corresponding with the friends of Greece, the Greek government, and the heads of the different parties, by whose dissensions the condition of the country was much endangered. It is impossible not to admire the just and comprehensive views

developed by him during these months of preliminary arrangements for his great enterprise. The wisdom of his conduct in refusing to be drawn into the schemes of any of the factions, the sagacity with which he penetrated and baffled their intrigues to secure his adhesion, and the earnestness of his exhortations to concord and union, can never be sufficiently praised. To the general government of Greece he writes: "We have heard some rumors of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated; for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this. . . . You have fought gloriously. Act honorably towards your fellow-citizens and the world, and it will then no more be said, as has been repeated for two thousand years, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself compare the patriot Greek, when resting from his labors, to the Turkish Pacha, whom his victories have exterminated." To Mavrocordatos he writes: "I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over everything. . . . Greece is at present placed between three measures, — either to reconquer her liberty, to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province. Civil war is but a road which leads to the last two." He arrived at Mesolongi on the 5th of January, 1824, having narrowly escaped being captured by the Turkish fleet. The whole population welcomed him on the shore; the ships fired salutes as he passed; and Mavrocordatos, at the head of the troops, and the civil authorities of the place, gave him a welcome as hearty as it was full of joy, and escorted him in a body to the house which had been prepared for him. His conduct, in the midst of the difficulties by which he was at once surrounded, showed the same coolness, good sense, and generosity — where generosity could be serviceable — that had marked his course ever since he engaged in the enterprise. The suppression of discord, and the diminution of the inevitable horrors of war, by tempering it with sentiments



of humanity, too often forgotten by the Greeks as well as by the Turks, in the moment of victory, were the first objects he had at heart. He let no opportunity escape of inculcating and illustrating this spirit. He employed his influence successfully in inducing the government to set five Turkish prisoners, who had been long languishing in dungeons, at liberty, and restoring them to their friends. Others he relieved by pecuniary aid, and he provided the means of sending others still to their homes. His ample income was employed without stint, and at the same time with excellent judgment, in the public service. It is an interesting incident in his literary life, that the last lines he wrote are those memorable ones, on the 22d of January, 1824, on completing his thirty-sixth year. The last stanza was sadly ominous of his approaching fate:—

“ Seek out — less often sought than found —  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.”

He had been haunted from the beginning by a presentiment that he was destined to close his life in Greece. In taking leave of his friends in Italy, he more than once gave utterance to this feeling; and on making his last visit to Lady Blesington,— one of the best friends he ever had, who by her brilliant pen has done him fuller justice than any other writer,— he was deeply moved, and burst into an agony of tears. The first indication of his failing health was given by a violent convulsion on the 15th of February, while he was conversing with a few friends. This alarming incident created the most serious apprehensions, and he was urged to retire to some more salubrious place, until his health should be restored. In reply to one of these friendly invitations he says: “I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of any (even supposed) utility; there is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause.” In the following month, from an exposure to a violent rain, he took the fever which, in a few days, ended his life. The de-

tails of that last illness and death fill one of the saddest chapters in the history of Greece; and the affliction which fell on the country, as the news rapidly spread from province to province, testified how deeply his generous devotion to their cause had sunk into the hearts of the Greeks. In his last thoughts, indistinctly uttered in the broken words which were all the dissolving organs could shape, the names of his friends, his wife, his daughter, and of Greece, were confusedly mingled, — *daughter* and *Greece* were the very last words he spoke; and then the silence and sleep of death settled over him who had electrified the world, and on whom, but now, the hopes of a nation centred. A storm of thunder broke over the town at the moment of his departure; and the Greeks, who thronged the street to learn his condition, cried out, as the awful crash fell from the sky, “The great man is gone!”

It was the festival of Easter, — usually celebrated with great joy by the Greeks. But the day of festivity and rejoicing was turned into sorrow and mourning. All amusements ceased; the shops were shut; prayers were offered in all the churches. The funeral ceremony took place on the 22d of April, in the church where lie the bodies of Marco Botzares and the brave General Normann. Says an eyewitness, quoted by Moore: “No funeral pomp could have left the impression or spoken the feelings of this simple ceremony. The wretchedness and desolation of the place itself; the wild and half-civilized warriors around us; their deep-felt, unaffected grief; the fond recollections, the disappointed hopes, the anxieties and sad presentiments, which might be read on every countenance, — all contributed to form a scene more moving, more truly affecting, than perhaps ever before was witnessed round the grave of a great man.” Thus fell Lord Byron on the soil of Greece, only four months after his arrival. His body was carried back to England, and deposited, not in Westminster Abbey, but in the burial-place of his ancestors, near Newstead, on the same day of the same month on which, one year before, he had said to Count Gamba, “Where shall we be in another year?” The

beautiful marble monument to his memory, which, like his dust, was refused a place among the illustrious poets of his country, in Westminster Abbey, now adorns the library at Cambridge, where his genius is revered and his errors are covered with the mantle of charity. The heart of the poet still rests inurned in the place where he died ; and his memory is honored with an enthusiasm and affection which can never perish from the soul of liberated Hellas. Poets have sung his praises ; history has recorded his generous deeds ; and a street in Athens, which runs hard by the Acropolis and near the noblest monuments of antiquity, bears his illustrious name. A hundred times have I walked musingly along that quiet way, and in my busy meditations blended the name and fame of Byron with the immortal poets whose shades seemed to hover round the spot where their words once resounded.

Mr. Tricoupi, the friend of Mavrocordatos and of Byron, — the able secretary, the vigorous historian, and now the worthy representative of his country in England, — delivered a funeral oration in the church on the Sunday after Easter. “What an unlooked for event !” exclaimed the orator, — “what a deplorable misfortune ! It is but a short time since the people of much-suffering Greece, all joy and exultation, welcomed to their bosoms this distinguished man ; and to-day, all woe and despair, they bedew his funeral couch with bitterest tears, and mourn without consolation. The sweetest salutation, *Christ is arisen*, became joyless on Easter morning upon the lips of the Christians of Greece, who, when they met one another, before they had yet spoken the congratulations of the festival, anxiously inquired, ‘How is my Lord ?’ Thousands of men, assembled to interchange the sacred salutation of love in the broad plain outside the walls of our city, appeared to have assembled only to beseech the Saviour of all for the health of the champion in behalf of the freedom of our nation.”

The orator goes on to speak in the most feeling manner of the services Lord Byron had rendered ; of the liberal employment of his wealth ; of his excellent judgment ; of his splendid



genius. "All lettered Europe," says he, "has eulogized, and will eulogize, the poet of our age; and all ages will celebrate him, because he was born for all Europe and for all ages. In the agony of death, — yes, at the moment when the veil of eternity is rent to him who stands on the borders of mortal and immortal life, — in that awful hour, the illustrious departed, when leaving all the world, bore only two names upon his lips, that of his much-beloved daughter and that of his much-beloved Hellas. These names, deeply rooted in his heart, the moment of death itself could not obliterate. 'My daughter!' he said; 'Greece!' he said; and his voice expired. What Grecian heart is not broken when it recalls this scene? . . . .

"Thine arms, O dearly cherished daughter! will receive him; thy tears will flow on the tomb which holds his body; and the tears of the orphans of Greece shall be shed over the urn that holds his most precious heart, and upon the whole land of Hellas, because the whole land of Hellas shall be his sepulchre. As, in the last moments of his life, he had thee and Hellas in his heart and on his lips, it was just that, after his death, Hellas also should receive a part of his precious remains. Mesolongi presses in her arms the urn that holds his heart, as a symbol of his love; but all Greece, mourning and inconsolable, renders his body back to thee with ecclesiastical, civil, and military honors. Crowned with her gratitude, and bedewed with her tears, learn, most noble maiden, that chieftains bore it on their shoulders to the church; that thousands of Grecian warriors lined the way through which the procession moved, with arms reversed, as if they would war against the very earth which snatched away their faithful friend. They surround his bier, and swear never to forget the sacrifices thy father made, and never to allow a barbarous and tyrannic foot to trample the spot where his heart is laid. A thousand Christian voices are at this moment raised, and the temple of the Most High resounds with funeral chants, and is filled with prayers, that his revered remains may be safely restored to his native land, and that his soul may rest where rest the righteous forever."

Mr. Tricoupi spoke the feelings of the whole country. A deeper sense of loneliness and woe never fell upon that afflicted land than when her greatest benefactor died.

“Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade.”

I have already remarked that the intervention of the Viceroy of Egypt in the affairs of Greece led finally to her salvation. The successes of Ibrahim Pacha were checkered with reverses and defeats; but, wherever he went, he laid the country waste, and, slaughtering the men, sent the women and children to be sold as slaves in Egypt. On the 18th of November, 1825, the fleet of Ibrahim arrived from Peloponnesus at Mesolongi; a few days later another division of his army joined the forces by way of Lepanto, and the city was immediately invested by an army of thirty thousand men. The most active measures for its reduction by a vigorous assault were taken. The besiegers were often repulsed with heavy losses, and in February Ibrahim resolved to reduce the place by a rigid blockade. The gallant attempts of Miaoules to break the blockade were fruitless. Ibrahim Pacha sent to the garrison a request that they would depute persons to treat with him who could speak Albanian, Turkish, and French; but they replied, “We are illiterate, and do not understand so many languages; Pachas we do not recognize; but we know how to handle the sword and gun.” In three days eight thousand shot and shell were fired into the town, demolishing the houses, but killing few of the people. The outposts were taken one by one, but only after the most desperate resistance. At length the supplies from without were cut off; the garrison was reduced to the most miserable condition, feeding on rats, raw hides, and sea-weed; and the earth was covered with the starving, sick, and wounded.

But they persisted in their refusal to surrender, and resolved, since the place could no longer be defended, to leave it with arms in their hands. A sortie was arranged for the night of April 22, and would probably have been quite successful but for the treachery of a Bulgarian, who gave notice

to Ibrahim Pacha, and thus enabled him, shortly before the appointed moment, to make preparations for the attack. The plan was for three thousand armed men to throw themselves suddenly upon the enemy's line, and cut a way for the women and children. The women and boys armed themselves with swords and daggers. Many of the inhabitants, however, including the sick and wounded, resolved not to quit their native place, but to share its downfall and bury themselves in its ruins. The leave-taking of those who determined to make the desperate attempt, and of their friends and relatives who remained behind, is described as heart-rending. The wailing and lamentations not only filled the city, but reached the posts of the besieging army. According to the arrangement, the soldiers of the garrison passed out by the eastern outlet, and awaited the signal; but, growing impatient under the enemy's fire, they started up, and, shouting "Death to the Barbarians!" passed the trenches, broke through the infantry, silenced the batteries, and killed the artillerymen at their guns. In the confusion of the hour, a part of the plan failed to be carried into effect. A panic broke out among the people, and, instead of taking instant advantage of the enemy's confusion, they rushed back to the town. The Turks and Arabs, eager for slaughter and plunder, poured in from every side, and commenced the work of destruction and blood. The cries of the wounded and dying filled the night. The roll of musketry, and the explosions of magazines, set on fire by the inhabitants and slaying multitudes of the besiegers, added to the horrors of the scene. A lame private named Capsales had retired with his family into the principal magazine, which contained thirty barrels of gunpowder. The soldier sat by its side with a lighted torch; and when it was crowded by the frantic Moslems, he promptly applied the torch, and all were blown, mutilated corpses, into the air by the horrible explosion. The loss of the besiegers was increased by the fighting for the spoils between the Egyptians and the European Turks. When the assault commenced, there were in Mesolongi nine thou-



sand souls. Five hundred were slain in the sortie; six hundred afterwards died by starvation in the mountains; about eighteen hundred escaped, of whom two hundred were females. The spirit shown by these Grecian heroines is illustrated by one of the incidents of the escape. A young girl, flying with a brother in delicate health, was pursued by a Turkish horseman. Carrying the brother, exhausted by fatigue, to a neighboring hillock, she seized his gun, received the fire of the Turk, which fortunately was without effect, and then coolly took aim and shot him dead. Among the slain were a number of European Philhellenes, and two brothers of Tricoupi, the orator and historian. Three thousand were sabred in the streets; and about as many more — women and children — were sold into slavery. Greece was again clothed in mourning. Not only was the downfall of Mesolongi disastrous in a military and political view: it gave new occasion for civil strifes, which the government could not repress; and it placed in the hands of the enemy the spot which they had sworn, at the death of Byron, he should never pollute with his footsteps; but the endurance and heroism of the defenders, the gallantry of those who cut through the besieging lines and of those who stayed to perish in the ruins, crowned the name of Mesolongi with unfading glory.

Among other disheartening circumstances, the Greeks were greatly embarrassed by fraudulent transactions, in England and the United States, with reference to the construction of ships of war ordered by their agents. I cannot dwell on this topic, and I allude to it here only to say that the Greeks found in both countries able and intrepid defenders. In the United States, the shameful transactions of those who took advantage of the necessities of the Greeks to extort unheard-of profits from their exhausted resources were most ably exposed by our public writers, and every possible measure was taken to protect the Greeks from further fraud, as well as to relieve them from the embarrassments in which they were involved. Mr. Contostavlos, a most respectable gentleman, formerly a Sciote

merchant, was sent to this country to arrange the difficulties. He received the most efficient and disinterested aid from Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Everett. I saw him last winter in Peiræus. He spoke with deep feeling of the two lamented statesmen, whose death was mourned in Greece hardly less than here; and of him who still survives, of his unwearied personal services and the eloquent appeals from his pen, no language of grateful and affectionate remembrance seemed too strong. It was no small delight to me to hear my eminent countrymen so spoken of in that distant land.

After the siege of Mesolongi, nearly the whole of Greece was in the possession of the Turks. Ibrahim returned into the Peloponnesus only to renew his ravages; but in attempting to reduce the Maniotes, he suffered several severe repulses. Athens, almost the only place in Eastern Greece that still held out, was closely besieged. Odysseus, a distinguished chieftain, born, like his ancient namesake, in Ithaca, was holding secret and traitorous correspondence with the Turks. An attempt of Colonel Fabvier on Eubœa had failed. The third National Assembly of the Greeks, held in April at Epidaurus, dismayed at the fall of Mesolongi, appointed two commissions,—one of twelve members, for the regulation of the war; the other of thirteen, for the civil government and the administration of the revenues. The Assembly then adjourned until September, and the committees repaired to Nauplia to assume their functions. The war was carried on in Eastern Greece, Western Greece, Peloponnesus, and the Islands; and the state of affairs now seemed hopeless in all these great divisions of the theatre of action. In the month of July the Turkish commander, Kintahi, or Reschid Pacha, commenced his operations against Athens, then commanded by Gouras, formerly a lieutenant of Odysseus, who, having surrendered himself prisoner to the troops sent against him in 1824, was put into close confinement in the Acropolis at Athens. A few days afterwards his mutilated body was found lying at the foot of the Acropolis, under the tower in which he had been confined. It

was given out that he fell and was accidentally killed in attempting to escape. But various circumstances, concurring with expressions of remorse uttered by Gouras, led to the opinion that this chieftain had yielded to the importunities of the enemies of Odysseus, and consented that he should be secretly put to death, — an act of treachery to one who, though justly chargeable with want of fidelity to the public cause, yet had been his benefactor, and had now thrown himself frankly and unreservedly into his power.

Gouras was instructed by the government to keep the Turks at a distance from Athens; but, disregarding their orders, he filled the magazines of the Acropolis with provisions, which he forced the inhabitants of Attica, in the most arbitrary manner, to supply, and prepared with his troops to stand a siege in that almost impregnable fortress. Many of the citizens went over to Salamis, as they did in the old Persian wars; the rest stood by their hearths and altars in the city. The Turks soon got possession of the town, though the outposts were bravely defended. The operations of the siege were interrupted by the appearance of Colonel Fabvier and Karaiskakes on the Plain of Athens with a considerable force; but, a battle taking place, the Greeks were put to flight, and the bombardment of the Acropolis from the hill of the Museum, near the monument of Philopappus, was resumed with great energy. The siege was carried on, not only by the incessant firing of the batteries, but by a series of mines and countermines, in which many men perished. Gouras lost his life early in October. As he was going the rounds by night, one of his attendants snapped a musket; and two shots being fired in the direction of the flash, one of them struck him on the head, and he died without a groan.

Several attempts were made to relieve the garrison, but only one succeeded. It was executed by Colonel Fabvier and a body of about six hundred picked men, who, on the night of December 13, broke through the Turkish lines, and entered the Acropolis under a shower of grape from the Museum, with a loss of only six killed and fourteen wounded. A large sup-



ply of powder was almost the only advantage secured to the garrison by this daring adventure. The siege was vigorously pressed, and the distress arising from the crowded state of the Acropolis increased. The constant discharge of cannon did great mischief to the splendid monuments of the Acropolis, despite the firman obtained from the Sultan by Sir Stratford Canning, that the Parthenon and the Erechtheion should be spared. A large part of the Erechtheion was battered down; and the family of Gouras, with the principal ladies of Athens, who had taken shelter there, perished beneath its ruins.

A fresh National Assembly met at Trœzen in March, 1827, and introduced some very important modifications into the Constitution, the most essential of which was the placing of the executive power in the hands of a single magistrate, under the title of President of Greece, extending the term of office to seven years, and greatly enlarging his powers. After much angry disputation, and with strong reluctance on the part of many members, the choice finally rested on John Capo d'Istria, a Corfiote, — a man of great talent and sagacity, and of large experience in affairs, having been long in the Russian service, and being at that moment a member of the cabinet of the Czar. As some time must elapse before he would arrive in Greece, the executive power was intrusted to a commission of three. The same Assembly appointed Lord Cochrane to the chief command by sea, and placed General Church in the supreme command of the land-forces. These two officers immediately entered upon their respective commands, and arrangements were at once made for an attack on the Turkish besiegers of the Acropolis. Karaïskakes also returned from a brilliant expedition in the North. Public attention was concentrated upon the operations for raising the siege of Athens, as if that were the last hope of the country; and troops poured in from every quarter, in answer to the calls of the government and the commanders. But a division of opinion between the English officers and Karaïskakes led to fatal results. This chieftain's long experience in the wars of his country and the best mode

of combating the Turks was set aside for the theoretical and perhaps more scientific tactics of the new commanders ; and this has been pronounced, no less by foreign than by native writers, a fatal mistake, analogous to that of General Braddock in rejecting the advice of Washington.

The Greeks, during the operations that ensued, committed one of those acts of bad faith which have brought so much reproach upon them. An attack was made on the Turkish position in Munychia. The Turks fled, and three hundred took refuge in the monastery of St. Spiridion. Though surrounded by the Greeks, cut off from all communication, and without the slightest chance of escape, they refused to surrender, unless allowed to retain their arms. The monastery was cannonaded ; and at last General Church proposed to allow them to pass out with their arms, contrary to the wishes of the native officers. The Greeks were disappointed and enraged, knowing that the garrison would in a few days be reduced to an unconditional surrender. Hostages had been given for the faithful performance of the agreement, one of whom was Karaiskakes. He, frantic at this shameful violation of the truce, struggled in vain against his countrymen ; then, turning to the Turks, cried out, " Kill me, as I have killed you." Two hundred Turks were killed ; about seventy made their escape, and reached the camp of Reschid Pacha. The result of such an act of treachery was most disastrous. It demoralized the Greek forces, and disheartened the European commanders. General Church, horror-struck, was on the point of resigning his command ; and was dissuaded from this step only by the entreaties of the Moreote officers.

The next disastrous incident was the death of Karaiskakes in a skirmish, on the 4th of May. A body of Greek soldiers made an irregular attack upon some of the Turkish outposts. The assailants were driven back. Karaiskakes was sick and in bed ; but hearing the fire, he rose, sprang upon his horse, and galloped into the midst of the battle. While endeavoring to rally the fugitives, he was shot by a Turkish horse-

man, and was carried mortally wounded from the field. He was taken on board one of the ships, and there, conscious of his approaching death, passed the last hours of his existence in an earnest conversation with Lord Cochrane and the other chiefs on the state of the country, and the proper measures to be taken for her deliverance. When some words of consolation were addressed to him in praise of the brilliancy of his achievements, he answered, "What I have done, I have done; what has happened, has happened; now for the future." And when he was drawing his last breath, he said to those around him, among whom were Lord Cochrane and General Church: "My country laid upon me a heavy task. I have fulfilled my duty by ten months of terrible battles. Nothing remained except my life. This I owed to my country; this I surrender to my country. I am dying. Let my fellow-soldiers finish my work; let them save my Athens." These were his last words. His bravery, his patriotism, his heroic death, threw the errors of his previous life into oblivion; and he is justly regarded by his countrymen as one of the most illustrious of Grecian heroes. Funeral honors were paid to his memory by the National Assembly at Trœzen, and an eloquent discourse pronounced by Mr. Tricoupi, in the presence of the Deputies, the Executive Council, and a large concourse of citizens. The stranger who visits Athens gazes with interest, as he enters the harbor of Peiræus, upon the ruins of the tomb of Themistocles, which looked out upon the waters of Salamis, the scene of his glory; and as he passes up from Peiræus to Athens, along the foundations of the ancient walls which connected the port with the city, he beholds with equal interest, in a field at a distance from the road, the monument erected on the spot where the modern hero fell.

Two days afterward the fate of the attempt to raise the siege of Athens was decided. On the 6th of May one of the most sanguinary battles which had occurred in the whole war was fought in the environs of Athens. Lord Cochrane had said that he should dine on the Acropolis. Vain boast! The



Turkish horsemen — always the most formidable arm of the service — dashed impetuously upon the Greeks, and cut them to pieces with dreadful slaughter. The panic-stricken survivors of the main body fled. A band of Souliotes maintained their ground, and were nearly all slain. The rout was complete; “and for two hours,” says Dr. Howe, “the plain presented only a picture of detached fights, between bands of ten, five, or three Greeks and dozens of Turks, who soon cut them to pieces, though after desperate resistance.” Lord Cochrane and General Church, who were advancing with supplies and reinforcements, were obliged to retreat, and take refuge on board the ships. The centre and left wing, amounting to seven thousand men, who had borne no part in the battle, immediately fled in the direction of the Isthmus. The posts around Peiræus were abandoned. The ground was strewn with fifteen hundred of the flower of the Grecian warriors. Nearly all the Europeans engaged in the battle perished. Many of the bravest leaders fell; others were taken prisoners, of whom two hundred and forty were beheaded the next morning. Lord Cochrane immediately withdrew with his squadron to Hydra. General Church continued at Phalerum, with two thousand men, three weeks longer, when, finding his men disheartened and ready to desert, he dismantled the batteries, and abandoned all the positions. Some attempts were subsequently made to relieve the garrison by an expedition in the enemy’s rear, to cut off his supplies. The citadel was, however, surrendered on the 5th of June.

The fall of Athens was felt as a tremendous blow all over Greece. It seemed to extinguish the last spark of hope that the war could be continued. The poverty that covered the country was indescribable. But the sympathies of the world were aroused anew by the tales of starvation and woe which reached the ears of the humane everywhere. In the United States societies were formed to raise contributions, and seven cargoes were despatched, which saved thousands of the wretched population from dying of hunger, and infused new

strength into the heart of the nation. The aid rendered to prostrate Hellas in that hour of her saddest extremity is not forgotten; and the names of those who were instrumental in this blessed work of charity are spoken with gratitude in the huts of the peasantry all over Greece.

The cabinets of Europe also were no longer insensible to the duty of putting a stop to the existing state of things. The tone of the English government had been greatly altered by the influence of Canning's genius and humanity; and the old Tory sympathy with the Turks, in their lawful efforts to suppress the unjustifiable insurrection of their rebellious rayahs, was felt to be false to the spirit of the times, and traitorous to the rights of man. Before the insurrection, the Greeks had sent a deputation to St. Petersburg, to offer the crown of Greece to one of the Grand-Dukes, in the hope of securing the support of so powerful a state to their cause. The offer was declined. During the war they sent another deputation to Paris, proposing that one of the sons of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, should be placed on the throne. Here again they met with disappointment. Later still, they threw themselves on the protection of England, offering to confer the crown on Prince Leopold; but the proposition was at first coldly received. The successes of Ibrahim Pacha, and the prospect of having a powerful Egyptian government, independent of the Porte, established in Greece, had some effect in exciting the alarm of Europe; and the disturbance of commerce in the Levant became more and more serious. In 1826, Russia manifested a disposition to take the settlement of affairs into her own hands. Mr. Canning seized the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's mission to St. Petersburg, in that year, to communicate the readiness of the British Cabinet to join in an arrangement for the pacification of Greece. The result of this communication was the signature of the protocol of the 4th of April. This was followed by a series of diplomatic discussions, leading to the treaty signed at London on the 6th of July, 1827, by the plenipotentiaries of Russia, France, and England, which

provided that an immediate armistice should be established between Turkey and Greece, and proposed to place Greece on the footing of a tributary province, under the sovereignty of the Sultan, but with the right of electing her own governors, subject to the approval of the Porte. The feeble and wretched condition of Greece put it out of the question for her to reject these humiliating terms; but one finds it hard to read these details without indignation at the bare suggestion of replacing that long-suffering country, after seven years of such a war as modern times have nowhere else witnessed, even under a merely nominal subjection to her old and relentless oppressor. The Porte refused to allow any interference in its own affairs, and even to receive a written communication from the ministers of the Western powers.

This obstinacy of the Porte, which was but too well justified by the previous assurances of the cabinets that they had no intention of interfering, induced England and France to augment their naval forces in the Mediterranean. Russia sent a squadron to join them. The British admiral, Sir Edward Codrington, was instructed to prevent the landing in Greece of any forces from Egypt or Turkey. The Greeks had put a stop to all military operations, as soon as the treaty was known; but as Ibrahim continued his ravages, and violated a temporary armistice to which he had agreed with Codrington, they again took up arms. The combined Egyptian and Turkish fleets lay concentrated in the harbor of Navarino, when, on the 20th of October, the English, French, and Russian squadrons entered the bay, resolved, at all hazards, to put a stop to the enormities still perpetrated by Ibrahim, and to force him to comply with their proposals, and either to quit the Peloponnesus altogether or to put an end to his devastations. The Turks were drawn up in order of battle, and they having fired upon a boat with a flag of truce, and killed several persons on board, a terrible battle instantly commenced, which lasted four hours. The Turco-Egyptian fleet consisted of seventy-nine ships-of-war, and other vessels, amounting in all to a hundred



and twenty, carrying 2,240 cannon; the fleet of the allies amounted to only twenty-six, with 1,324 guns; but, though the battle was obstinate and bloody, it resulted in the utter defeat of the Turks and Egyptians. They refused to strike. Some of their ships were burned; others were driven on shore, and nearly all disabled; only twenty or thirty corvettes and brigs remaining in a sailing condition. Six thousand men perished.

So tremendous a catastrophe caused for a moment an involuntary cessation of hostilities. Europe and America resounded with triumph and exultation; and the Greeks, filled with new hope, returned thanks to Heaven for so signal and unlooked-for a deliverance. But when the news reached Constantinople, it found the Porte still intractable and violent. "My positive, absolute, definitive, unchangeable, eternal answer," said the minister to the interpreters of England, France, and Russia, "is that the Sublime Porte does not accept any proposition concerning the Greeks, and means to persist in its own will for ever and ever, even unto the day of the last judgment." In this obstinate course of conduct the Porte was sustained by Austria, under the inspiration of Metternich, to whom the alliance between Russia, France, and England, and all the recent proceedings for the salvation of Greece, were in the highest degree distasteful. But it was impossible for the Porte long to hold out. In April, 1828, Russia declared war against Turkey, and compelled the Sultan to turn his chief attention in that direction.

The President elect, Capo d'Istria, — having procured his dismissal from the Russian service, spent about ten months in St. Petersburg, Paris, and London, in order to come to a distinct understanding with the three protecting powers, and effected a loan, then highly necessary to the reorganization of Greece, — arrived at Nauplia in January, 1828, and thence proceeded to Ægina, where the government had at that time established itself. While in England he succeeded in winning the good-will of the leading statesmen, except the Duke of

Wellington, who persisted in thinking the battle of Navarino an untoward event. Immediately on his arrival he assumed the duties of his office, and set about the Herculean task of restoring order in the demoralized and disorganized condition of the country, with marvellous activity and talent, having the aid of Mr. Tricoupi as Secretary of State. The Porte still refusing terms of peace, a French expedition sailed from Toulon, and Ibrahim Pacha was glad to accept terms, and make his way back to Egypt with the remains of his shattered fleet. The last sail of the hostile armament disappeared from Greece on the 7th of October; and the last battle on land was fought the next year in Bœotia, by Prince Demetrius Ypselanti, who, with three thousand men, gained a brilliant victory over a hostile force of seven thousand; thus triumphantly completing a struggle which eight years before his brother Alexander had opened by a disastrous defeat.

The Porte at last, terrified by the successes of the Russian arms, accepted the proposition of the great powers, and hostilities thenceforth ceased between the Turks and the Greeks.

On a general review of the contest now brought to a close, I think we may assert that the Greeks were right in commencing it, and justified in commencing it when they did; that they were entitled to the cordial support of Christian nations at the outset, though so far were they from receiving it that they were deemed by the Holy Alliance as rebels; that the course of the great powers was at first cold and cruel, and afterwards wavering; and that they ungenerously required the emancipated country, at the moment of pacification, to acknowledge itself tributary to the Porte, when the Greeks had fairly entitled themselves, by their courage and sufferings, to the guaranties of Europe for their national existence and their absolute and unqualified independence.

## LECTURE X.

### GREECE AFTER THE REVOLUTION. — ACCESSION OF KING OTHO.

IN the few incidents of the Greek Revolution which have been cited, we have seen the bravery and endurance of the people of Greece, stained by occasional deeds of bad faith and bloodshed, when the pledged word of their rightful commanders, no less than the established rules of warfare, should have withheld the hand of violence; and on the other side, a ruthless spirit of extermination the rule and not the exception, and a slavery worse than death the lot of those whom the sword had spared. We have seen the patient suffering in the cause of liberty and national independence overmatching the dogged obstinacy of the Moslem, which declared its resolution unalterable till the day of judgment, — the day of judgment proving to be announced by the thunders of Russian cannon. We have seen the Greeks struggling with the enormous despotism which weighed them to the earth; then denounced as rebels by Christian governments; then aided with money and arms by Christian men; next the subject of diplomatic negotiations; finally, as a result of the blind obstinacy of the Turks, suddenly rescued from the prospect of immediate annihilation by a bloody naval battle in the waters of ancient Pylos, which took every one by surprise, thrilled the heart of the world, frightened cabinets from their propriety, and was regretted by the King of England, in his speech to Parliament, as “a collision wholly unexpected by his Majesty,” — his Majesty deeply lamenting “that this conflict should have occurred with the naval force of an ancient ally.” We have seen the great



powers resolving to bring about a pacification of the East, but in such a way as to show reluctance, selfishness, an utter absence of sympathy for the sacred rights so long and so desperately struggled for, and a determination, if possible, to keep Greece still subject to the Porte, making compensation to that barbarous power for the partial loss of a revolted province by tribute wrung from the exhausted land over which the storms of war had for eight years swept with desolating fury. Such was the treaty of July 6, 1827, praised by some writers as the acme of generosity, but in truth a most lame and impotent conclusion of high pretensions and sounding promises. It treated Turkey as still the rightful sovereign; Greece, as still the revolted province, and bound to consider the privilege of choosing her governors, subject to the approval of the Porte, as a great indulgence, for which she was to pay a heavy annual tax. On the 22d of March, 1829, another protocol was adopted, more precisely defining the boundaries, and again providing that Greece should be a principality, acknowledging the sovereignty of the Porte, and paying tribute as before. These provisions were strongly objected to, on the most obvious grounds of justice, by the National Assembly, which sat from July to August of that year in Argos.

In the following year, the discussion of the destinies of Greece was renewed; and it was finally determined—the great powers having made up their minds to that effect—that Greece should be wholly free from Turkey, and invested with all the rights of a sovereign state; but, to make some compensation for this interference with the oft-acknowledged rights of Turkey, they reduced the boundary on the north, and at the same time determined that the government should be a monarchy. They agreed to select a prince from some European royal family, excluding the members of the reigning houses in the three protecting governments. The appointment was first offered to Prince John, the royal scholar and poet of Saxony, who declined it. The choice next fell on Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the husband of the lamented Princess Char-

lotte, who, at first entertaining the proposition and accepting the appointment, after a few months abdicated. It is curious that both of these princes are at this moment kings, — the former having recently succeeded to the throne of Saxony by the accidental death of his brother, and the latter having many years ago been raised to the throne of Belgium, on the separation of that country from Holland. The wisdom and success with which he has administered the government of Belgium, through all the revolutionary crises which have disturbed the political condition of Europe, make us regret that he was induced to withdraw from the task of governing Greece. He was censured, at the time, for having taken this step; but the circumstances brought out in his correspondence with the plenipotentiaries, and with the President of Greece, fully justify him, and explain his course, without resorting to the supposition, then hazarded in some quarters, that political prospects in England — the possibility of being called to the Regency, should the Princess Victoria succeed to the throne in her minority — influenced his decision.

One thing is singular in the conduct of the Western powers, — they do not appear to have thought it possible to organize the new government under a native of the country. Why did they not consider the election of Capo d'Istria as a settlement of the administration, at least during the period for which he was chosen by the National Assembly? Why did they not furnish their succor, protection, and guaranties to his government, without displacing him? It is true, a republic could hardly have been favorably regarded then, and in the neighborhood of such a despotism. It may also be true, that the difficulty of harmonizing the discordant elements would have been greater under a native of the country, against whom the rivalries and cabals of competitors would easily be roused into dangerous activity, than under a foreign prince, resting on foreign support. Yet the objections to the selection of a foreigner, not speaking the language of the country, not familiar with the people of the country, and not of the religion of the coun-

try, are great and obvious, if the good of the people was the object chiefly to be considered. But with all the philanthropic pretensions of the high contracting parties, there was not much disinterested benevolence in their dealings with unfortunate Greece. Assuming, however, that the establishment of an hereditary government, under a foreign prince, was the best settlement, on the whole, of the affairs of that country, the selection of Prince Leopold as Sovereign Prince — for that was the title proposed to be accorded to him — was the most judicious that could be made. He was designated by a protocol of February 3, 1830, and the choice was communicated to him on the same day. The Prince, taking until the 11th for consideration, on that day signified his acceptance, with certain conditions and reservations relating to the guaranties of the mediating states, the necessary supplies of money and troops, the securities to be extended to Samos and Crete, and some alterations in the proposed boundaries of the new principality. A new protocol met a part of the Prince's objections, but declared that any further discussion as to Samos and Crete would be declined; and the boundary line in question was considered as settled, namely, from the mouth of the Aspropotamos to the mouth of the Spercheios. The proceedings of the conference and the ground taken by the Prince were made known to the Greeks, and laid by the President before the National Assembly. They were well satisfied with the selection of Leopold; but the details of the adjustment of Hellenic affairs were received at first with silence, and afterwards decidedly rejected. The members declared the boundary line wholly inadmissible, and declined to assume the responsibility of acceding to any part of the arrangements, declaring that it was beyond their competency, and that the country would not for a moment listen to them. In several long and very able letters written in reply to communications addressed to him by Leopold, in the course of the following months, the President laid open very fully and frankly the state of public feeling, and the great difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposed



settlement. He reminded the Prince, that in the provinces to be left under the Porte there was a large Greek population never wholly subjected to the Turks; that they had been among the bravest in the war; that they had furnished nearly two thirds of the Greek army; and that probably, if these troops found that they were to be restored to their old oppressors, they would return to their former way of life, as Klephts and Armatos. At the same time the President urged him to hasten his arrival, as a very important measure for quieting the agitations of the country; hinting also, that, as the resolutions of the London conference contained not a single word about the constitutional rights of the Greeks, it would be very desirable if the Sovereign Prince would at once make known his recognition of the existing constitutional forms, and of the guaranty given by the Assembly at Argos, that the lawful claims of all the citizens who had made great sacrifices during the war should be satisfied. In a similar communication to the residents of the three powers, the President touched upon the same difficulties.

The President and the government of Greece were fully justified in all these proceedings. The boundary line proposed was much more objectionable than that finally adopted; and the unwise and illiberal policy of the great powers on this point has been the cause of many difficulties in the East. The armed insurrection of last spring in Thessaly and Epeirus is but one of the remote consequences of that unhappy settlement.

The results of the London conference had the worst effect on public feeling in Greece, and gave rise to the suspicion, natural enough, though wholly unfounded, that the English Cabinet had a secret purpose of extending over the Peloponnesus the control they exercised in the Ionian Islands. A strong opposition was of course aroused among the Greeks of the mainland and the islands, who were to be again the subjects of the Turks. Other parties, on other grounds, were clamorous against the settlement, though not from any dislike to the personal character of the elected prince. All these circum-

stances could not fail to make a painful impression on the mind of an honorable man like Leopold. Taking them all into consideration, he addressed a letter of abdication to the plenipotentiaries, dated May 22, 1830, in which he very ably recapitulates his objections, and the difficulties in the way of their project. He reminds them that he had already "protested against going out to govern the Greeks in pursuance of a treaty which might also lead to the bloodshed and murder of their brethren. . . . His first act as a sovereign will have to be either to compel his own subjects, by force of foreign arms, to submit to the cession of their estates and property to their enemies, or to join with them in resisting or evading that very treaty which places him on the throne of Greece. . . . The country which is now to be given up to the Turks is, together with the fortresses, in the peaceable possession of the Greeks. It is the country from which Greece can best supply herself with timber for building ships. It is the country which has furnished the best soldiers during the war. The chief military leaders of the Greeks have been of Acarnanian and Ætolian families. When the undersigned contemplated the high distinction of becoming sovereign of Greece, it was with the hope of being acknowledged freely and unanimously by the Greek nation, and welcomed by them as the friend through whose means their long and heroic struggles were to be repaid by the security of their territories, and the establishment of their independence on a permanent and honorable basis. It is with the deepest regret that the undersigned sees these hopes annihilated, and is forced to declare that the arrangements of the allied powers and the opposition of the Greeks deprive him of the power of effecting this sacred and glorious object, and would impose on him an office of a very different character, — that of a delegate of the allied courts, appointed by them to hold Greece in subjection by the force of their arms. . . . The undersigned therefore formally resigns into the hands of the plenipotentiaries a trust which circumstances no longer permit him to execute with honor to himself, benefit to Greece, or advantage to the general interests of Europe."

These extracts show the character of the man. The same tone runs through his voluminous correspondence; and I am sure that any fair-minded reader of the documents will be impressed, as I have been, with the high honor of the Prince, and the delicacy of his conduct at every step of the negotiations. His resignation again embarrassed and complicated the Greek question. The Greeks themselves were struck with surprise and sorrow; for, as I have already stated, they objected not to him, but to the terms of the treaty. All the provinces of Greece had formally expressed their confidence in him, their gratitude for the happy choice made by the allied courts, and their earnest desire that he would appear among them and assume the reins of government at the earliest possible moment. The disappointment when the news of his abdication arrived was in proportion to the anticipated benefits of his reign; for they were convinced that he might finally have removed all the objectionable features of the treaty. But there was no other remedy than to request the great powers to elect another sovereign. The wishes of the Greek government on this subject were conveyed to the residents in a communication of the Senate, through the President, dated August 4, 1830; but the revolution of 1830 in France drove Charles X. from the throne, and occupied the attention of the statesmen of Europe with nearer interests and more pressing questions. The excitement in Greece caused by this event gave rise to disturbances in the Morea, where the chieftains, reduced to the condition of private citizens, had already given manifest signs of discontent and turbulence. The President sent a strong force into the Morea, which tended only to increase the alarm of the people and the restless agitation of the discontented chiefs; and a grave catastrophe was seen to be near at hand, not only on account of the violent opposition to the government, but also of the pressing pecuniary difficulties of the nation.

The opposition became more furious in consequence of measures unwisely taken by the President to make changes in the administration of justice, especially in the punishment of



treason. Prosecutions commenced against two distinguished men, Christophorus Perrhæbos and Michael Grivas, for violent language against the head of the state ; their imprisonment for six months in the fortress of Palamedî at Nauplia ; their trial for treason before a special court appointed by the government ; their degradation from their military rank, and longer imprisonment in the Palamedî ; — these violent proceedings, and others equally unconstitutional, not only weakened the power of the government, but exposed the President to the fiercest hatred of the factions into which the people were divided. They became convinced that he aimed at the overthrow of popular rights, the destruction of the municipal system, and the establishment of a despotism in his own person ; and that no safety was to be found but in unceasing opposition to all the measures of the government. Large subscriptions were made to establish an opposition press in Nauplia. It was to be edited by one of the most enlightened men in Greece, — Mr. Polyzoides, — and the first number was to appear on the 1st. of January, 1831 ; but the President caused all the copies to be seized before they could be put into circulation. Polyzoides immediately left Nauplia, and going to Hydra, already the head-quarters of the discontented, recommenced his journal, which was supported with great spirit by the Hydriotes and the increasing opposition all over Greece. The attempts of the President to induce the Senate to restrain by law the freedom of the press were unsuccessful ; the measures taken to check the circulation of the *Apollo* (that was the name of the journal) were equally futile. The President, who seems to have totally lost his balance amidst the difficulties of his situation, went personally to Hydra on board a Russian ship, and demanded the immediate surrender of editor, printer, and press. The Hydriotes not only refused obedience, but demanded a national assembly, a revision of the Constitution, freedom of the press, and an examination of the public accounts, as indispensable conditions of further submission to the existing government. The power of the disaffected was aug-

mented by the return of the Hydriote ships, with which were combined those of Spezzia from Syra, as soon as the news of the quarrel with the government reached them; and the ranks were increased by the assembling on that island of the exiles and refugees from other parts of Greece. The state of public feeling at this moment is powerfully delineated in a novel called *Exoristos*, or the Exile, by Alexander Soutsos, one of the ablest Greek writers of the age. It was published in Athens in 1835, after the crisis had passed; obstacles having hindered its earlier appearance. "But," says the writer in the Preface, "I hope the publication of it at any time will not prove fruitless in exciting a hatred against absolute power and a love for constitutional securities."

The hostile movements in the Morea have already been alluded to. Among the principal families in that part of Greece was the numerous and powerful clan of the Mavromichales, the head of which, Petros, had enjoyed the dignity of Bey. This chieftain had exercised his great influence in promoting the election of Capo d'Istria, and one of the first appointments made by the President was that of Mavromichales to the department of war. But disagreements soon broke out, and some members of the family were active leaders in the movements against the government in the Peloponnesus. Capo d'Istria attempted in vain to bring them to terms. They resisted his arguments, and spurned his threats. Several of them were arrested and brought to trial. Petros himself, who attempted to escape from Nauplia, was seized, brought back, and, in violation of an express article of the Constitution defining the privilege of Senators, was put under arrest, tried on several charges, and condemned to imprisonment. Other acts of persecution against the relatives of the Bey inflamed the passions of the Maniotes still more vehemently, and lessened still more the number of the President's adherents. The movements in Hydra became more threatening and dangerous. The malcontents were joined by Mavrocordatos, Miaoules, Conduriotti, and other patriots, and a deputation consisting of the three just named laid their

causes of complaint before the residents of the three powers, and, repairing to Nauplia, assured the President that their minds were made up, even for the extremity of civil war, unless he changed his system. Their mission was without effect; and the leaders assembled at Hydra, prepared for an outbreak. Miaoules seized the frigate *Hellas* and several other vessels at Poros. Measures were taken by the government to reduce the insurrection; and Miaoules, seeing that the small fleet at his disposal would be unable to resist the forces the President was concentrating against him, set fire to the *Hellas*, which, with twenty-eight other vessels, soon became a prey to the flames. So perished the American ship which had cost the Greeks so dear. Mavrocordatos, Miaoules, and others were proclaimed traitors. A National Assembly was called to meet at Argos; but the Hydriotes, who still maintained a cordial understanding with the insurgents of Maina, threatened to open an opposition congress at Hydra; and the passions of the people were roused to the highest pitch by these unfortunate and extraordinary events, when a catastrophe as tragical as unexpected solved for a moment the complicated difficulties by which the President and his opponents had been surrounding themselves and afflicting their country.

During the proceedings at Hydra, Constantine Mavromichales, the brother, and George, the son of the imprisoned Bey, went to Nauplia for the purpose of obtaining his liberation. They were at once arrested and placed under the surveillance of the police, — an insult that touched the sensibilities of these proud men more keenly than anything they had before encountered. The mother of Petros and Constantine, a woman of ninety years, solicited an audience of the Russian Admiral Ricord, who was then in the Bay of Maina with his squadron, and implored with natural and touching eloquence his interposition for the enlargement of her imprisoned sons and grandson. He promised compliance, immediately sailed to the harbor of Nauplia, and took measures to redeem his promise. He found the President inflexible. The Bey had been



brought to engage that he would accept his own liberation as an act of grace, and would at once withdraw to private life and seek needful repose after so many labors and sufferings; but when the President's reply was communicated to him, his passion could no longer be restrained, and he took a solemn oath of vengeance, with head uncovered and hand upraised to Heaven, against "the tyrant of Greece and the persecutor of his race." This was on the 6th of October. Three days after, as the President, according to his custom, was going to the Church of St. Spiridion — the patron saint of Corfou — to attend the morning service, to which the bells of the city were summoning the citizens, he perceived Constantine and George Mavromichales, accompanied by two of the police, and apparently performing their devotions at the gate of the church. In this attitude they awaited the arrival of the President. As he saw them, he paused a moment, and then, saluting them, approached the door. George stopped the way, and Constantine drew a pistol, which missed its aim. As Capo d'Istria turned, George drew a pistol, which he carried hidden under his cloak, and shot him in the back of the head. He fell upon the ground, and Constantine then stabbed him several times with a dagger. The President was carried immediately into the church, where, a few moments after, he expired in the arms of a German officer. Constantine was wounded by one of the attendants of the President, and afterwards torn in pieces by the populace. George took refuge in the home of the French resident, who surrendered him to the authorities, only on condition that he should be lawfully tried. After ten days' imprisonment, he was brought before a military commission, appointed by the provisional government. A singular circumstance in this trial was the fact that Mr. Masson, an English gentleman long resident in Greece, a lawyer of great eloquence and immense success in the courts of that country, undertook the defence, and managed it with consummate skill. This gentleman is the brother-in-law of Dr. Hill, and is now Professor of Greek in one of the colleges of Ireland, — one of the few Greek professors who

speak Greek like the Greeks. The circumstances of the assassination were too clear, and the act itself too atrocious, for any eloquence to change the verdict of the court. The assassin was condemned to be shot. He bore his fate with the constancy that marked his race ; and his father, having bestowed his last blessing, witnessed his death from the prison where he had so long been confined.

So fell Capo d'Istria, in less than four years from the time when he assumed the government of Greece, by the hand of an assassin, not certainly without his own fault and wrong. But while we condemn the system of force and arbitrary government which he was endeavoring to introduce into Greece, we must not withhold the execration due to every Brutus in history, who, concealing the purposes of private vengeance under the pretext of patriotic devotion, in slaying the person of the tyrant stabs the heart of Liberty herself. Count Capo d'Istria had been bred in the school of Russian politics, and did not well understand the exaggerated notions of freedom which his emancipated countrymen naturally cherished, after so long a slavery and so terrible a war. His ideas of the indispensable necessity of order and law to a flourishing and solid civilization were profound and statesmanlike ; but when he attempted to put down disorder and lawlessness by violations of law, he committed a grievous error, which was grievously atoned. His arrival was hailed with enthusiasm by a majority of his countrymen ; but under such circumstances it is impossible for the best and ablest man to gratify the over-excited hopes of a people, or to fail of drawing enmities upon himself by the inevitable disappointment of visionary expectations. His system of regular administration crossed the pretensions of the primates and ancient leading families, who reluctantly submitted to equality with the body of citizens ; and he was not upheld as he should have been by the European statesmen, who had their own plans. His honest zeal for the interests of Greece unhappily caused the resignation of the equally honest and zealous Leopold ; and the July revolution prevented the im-

mediate substitution of another in his place. The rebellion in Hydra and Maina was, in part at least, his fault ; and he lacked wisdom and courage to retrace his steps by taking measures of conciliation, trusting perhaps that the maxims and practices of Russian despotism would carry him safely through the crisis he had brought upon himself. His conduct towards the Mavromichales family seems to me as impolitic as it was unjust ; and he himself, according to the testimony of one who knew him well, and was with him to the end of his life, was conscious of the hopeless struggle in which he was engaged with his infuriated opponents, and foreboded the fate which impended over him. He suspected poison ; but, as Zinkeisen well remarks, "In this he mistook the character of the people he had been called to govern. His death was the work of a burning desire of revenge, which can drive the desperate to the most dreadful deeds, but will seldom make use of uncertain means or the help of others for the attainment of its end."

It is scarcely necessary to add to this brief sketch of the four years' career of President Capo d'Istria, that his bloody death failed to restore peace to the distracted country, after the first fearful impression of so terrible a catastrophe had worn away. The provisional government at Nauplia was helpless, and the opposition at Hydra daily increased in strength. Augustine Capo d'Istria, brother of the murdered President, was placed at the head of the provisional government, — a measure which did not tend to the quiet of the country, since it was naturally supposed that he would merely attempt to carry out the arbitrary system of his brother. He had been employed by the President in many important offices, but had not shown much character or capacity ; yet he did not fully go along with the President's violent politics during the last year, and was not so open to censure as Viaro Capo d'Istria. Nothing but the bloody death of his brother would have roused a moment's attention to Augustine ; and it was hoped that he would at least moderate the violence of the government. The heads of the opposition, struck with horror by the assassination of the



President, and abating somewhat of the animosity of their feelings, made overtures of reconciliation, and promised submission to the decrees of a national congress. These overtures were coldly received. Measures were taken to secure, by persuasion and intimidation, a majority for the government in the Congress to assemble at Argos. The sixty deputies from Hydra were excluded. One of the Senators declared that the election was the result of force, and that such an assembly could be regarded only as a meeting of creatures of the government. The chiefs of the Roumeliotes, freely chosen in Western Greece as deputies to the Congress, — among them the most distinguished names in the war of the Revolution, Nothi and Costa Botzares, — and many others, made their solemn entry into Argos on the 8th and 9th of November, at the head of a numerous retinue, and threatened, if the government should attempt to exclude them, to rally their ancient Pallears, and appeal to arms. They were joined by Colettes, one of the provisional government, and other Senators, and had the countenance of General Church, who enjoyed the highest consideration among the old Capitani of Roumelia.

The session was opened with a speech by Augustine Capod'Istria, on the 19th of December. The Roumeliote chiefs, who had been prevented from taking part in the Congress by the rejection of their propositions, joined in a counter-assembly, and proceeded to appoint a provisional government of their own. A conflict of arms took place in the streets of Argos on the 21st of December, which was interrupted on the 22d by a deluge of rain, recommenced the next day with early dawn, and lasted till night, with no decided result. The shedding of blood was stayed only by the interposition of the residents of the three powers, who, accompanied by Sir Stratford Canning, just arrived at Nauplia, succeeded in putting an end to hostilities for the moment. The Roumeliote deputies marched off to Corinth, and so ended the battle of the congresses at Argos, and the year 1831.

The opposition assembly met at Perachora, a place north of

the Isthmus, and immediately organized a government. They were joined by leaders and men from other quarters, and soon had a considerable military force at their command. Attempts were made by the representatives of the mediating powers to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain. Professor Thiersch, who had been for some time in Greece and enjoyed the confidence of all, was employed as a negotiator. He passed from Argos to Perachora, and employed all his powers of persuasion, holding many interviews with the chiefs of both parties, to prevent hostilities. But the Roumeliotes refused to submit to the government at Nauplia; and the government at Nauplia, or rather the President, relying upon the support of the great powers, refused all concession to their demands. Notwithstanding the formal recognition of the administration at Nauplia, as the only legal government, by the representatives of the foreign powers, the Roumeliote army, under Colettes, entered Argos in triumph early in April; the government vanished; Capo d'Istria resigned, and, on the 15th of April, took passage, with the dead body of his brother, on board a Russian vessel for Corfou. After a short stay in his native town he embarked for Naples, and thence travelled, by way of Constantinople and Odessa, to St. Petersburg. So ended the six months of anarchy under the second Capo d'Istria, and so came about the final settlement of the affairs of Greece.

King Louis of Bavaria, who made himself a little notorious a few years before by sacrificing a crown for a pair of heels, was always a liberal friend of Greece. He alone of the monarchs of Europe entered into her cause with ardor, and with no selfish object to be gained. He sent liberal supplies of money, and despatched Colonel Heideck, a distinguished officer, to aid the Greeks in disciplining their troops. Perhaps this Philhellenic zeal grew partly out of the passion for art which has made his name memorable, and his capital one of the most beautiful and attractive cities in Europe. His collections contain some of the glorious works of Grecian art, as well as many of the most precious products of modern painting; among the rest, those

fine archaic sculptures found among the ruins of the temple of Panhellenian Zeus, in Ægina. The attention of the plenipotentiaries was called to the court of Bavaria, early in 1832, by these circumstances, and by the fact that the king had three or four sons, besides the heir to his throne, available as kings. The correspondence was long, the protocols were endless. Without more special reference to details and dates, I will merely state the leading points in the arrangement. First, the King of Bavaria required that Greece should be made not a principality, but a kingdom, and that the elected sovereign should bear the title of King and Majesty; and this was agreed to. Some enlargement of the proposed boundaries was earnestly desired. Prince Otho, the second son of the king, was born June 1, 1815; and it became necessary to fix the period of his majority, and to determine the form of the regency, until that period should arrive. The plenipotentiaries decided upon the age of twenty; and meanwhile the king determined to send three of his ablest men, Armandsperg, Von Maurer, and Heideck, to carry on the government in the name of the sovereign. A loan of sixty millions of francs was to be guaranteed by the three powers; and an army of thirty-five hundred men to be enrolled, at the charge of the Greeks, for the maintenance of order in the new kingdom. Greece was to form a monarchical and hereditary state, the crown descending to the sons of Otho, according to the law of primogeniture,—in case of the failure of heirs, then to the next brother and his sons, according to the same principle; with only this restriction, that the crowns of Greece and Bavaria should in no case be united. The troops of the allies then in Greece were to be withdrawn on the arrival of the Bavarians.

All these, and many other details, were embodied in a treaty, signed in London on the 7th of May, and ratified a few weeks afterward. A National Assembly was summoned, and met in July at Pronœa, one of the suburbs of Nauplia, a place of greater security than Argos. Among the members, the most distinguished names were those of Alexander Mavrocordatos



and Spiridon Tricoupi. On the 8th of August, 1832, Prince Otho of Bavaria was solemnly acknowledged as King of Greece. As soon as the decree to this effect was read, the whole assembly rose, and with one voice cried out, "A long life and a happy reign to Otho the First, King of Greece." The National Assembly, after many stormy scenes, which still threatened the quiet of the country, adjourned on the 1st of September. A deputation, consisting of Admiral Miaoules, General Costa Botzares, and Demetrius Plapoutas, was sent to Munich, to communicate the loyal adhesion of the Greek nation to the elected sovereign. The state of Greece imperatively required the presence of the king and the regents, as the only means of putting an end to the still remaining discords, and restoring tranquillity and prosperity to the long-agitated country; but there were so many formalities to be attended to, so many preparations to be made, so many points to be settled,—among others, a question of boundary still unadjusted with the Porte, and the unfinished arrangements for the loan,—that King Otho was unable to commence his journey until the 6th of December. Travelling through Florence, Rome, Naples, and everywhere received with the honors due to his rank, he arrived in the harbor of Nauplia on the 30th of January, 1833, and landed with his regency on the 6th of February on the soil of Greece, amidst the enthusiastic welcomes of the Grecian people. "A happy day," says a Greek writer, "in which the Hellenic nation, after three hundred and eighty years of separation from their royal throne, were deemed worthy to enjoy their own monarch, and saw at length, with unspeakable exultation and with deep gratitude to the Most High, their longings fulfilled, their patience rewarded, and the agonies of four centuries crowned with triumph."

Such excited hopes could not fail of being disappointed, under the most favorable auspices; and the disappointment is not chargeable wholly to the king and his ministers. The treaty by which he was placed on the throne contains not a single word about the constitutional rights of the Greek nation. In

some of the protocols, indefinite allusions are made to the formation of wise political institutions, to governing by good laws, and the like. The King of Bavaria, writing to the assembly which had acknowledged the sovereignty of his son, and which, before Otho's arrival, had taken some steps towards the framing of a new constitution, requested them to postpone further action on this subject, until they could have the personal co-operation of the king. But, I repeat it, in the treaty itself there is not one word about the security of the fundamental rights of the Greek nation; and Otho arrived in Greece with a regency of three Bavarians and a disciplined army, with powers as unlimited as the despotism of Russia. If a youth, not yet eighteen years old, educated in the Bavarian school of government, with three Bavarian statesmen, sent to govern a country just emerged from a desperate war, yet accustomed to a representative government, which, with all the faults of its imperfect administration, had carried the people triumphantly through the struggle,—sent at a time when the passions of parties were running high, and the fires of civil war had not yet been quenched,—when the assassination of the President, by members of a family whose legal rights he had violated, was still fresh in the memory of all,—failed to realize ardent hopes, and if vehement passions were again aroused, the blame is not to be thrown chiefly on the king, but in great part, at least, on those who put him there. The regency entered upon their task with vigor, and met the multitudinous difficulties of their position with greater success than could have been expected. They divided the kingdom into ten *Nomoi*, or provinces; these they subdivided into forty, since reduced to thirty, *Eparchies*, or cantons; and these again into four hundred and fifty-three *Demoi*, or communes; under the presidency of *Nomarchs*, *Eparchs*, and *Demarchs* respectively. The military and naval departments were reorganized, not without many difficulties, arising from the resistance of the irregular native warriors to the tactics and discipline, as well as the uniform, of European troops. The administration of justice was

organized chiefly by Mr. Von Maurer, a gentleman to whom Greece is deeply indebted in this regard, and one who, since the period of the regency expired, has been the foremost statesman for ability and integrity in the kingdom of Bavaria. Public instruction and ecclesiastical affairs also occupied his attention; and the wise and liberal provisions made in both of these departments have been most useful to the reviving civilization of the country.

The discontent with the government of the regents did not limit itself to words; local movements against them took place, but were easily suppressed. A conspiracy was at length arranged, at the head of which were Colocotronis and Plapoutas. They were arrested, tried, and condemned to death, in March, 1834, but pardoned by the king. These were not the only troubles of the new government. A division took place in the regency itself, which, however, produced no important results in the country, and the subject of which was referred to the arbitration of the King of Bavaria. It was not until 1833 that the Turks evacuated Attica, Eubœa, and Lamia, which had been occupied by them since the cessation of hostilities. In the beginning of 1835, the seat of government, which had up to this time continued at Nauplia, was removed to Athens; and on the 1st of June, the same year, the king, having attained the period of his majority, as determined by the plenipotentiaries in London, assumed the reins of government and addressed the Greek people in a proclamation full of devotion to his adopted country. The liveliest hopes were excited anew by this event, and exaggerated anticipations were indulged of the coming glory of his reign.

In the following year the king was married to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, then about seventeen years old, and one of the most beautiful princesses in Europe. This charming person had, from early childhood, taken the deepest interest in the fortunes of Greece. She had carefully read the accounts of the war of independence in the journals, and had even formed a complete history of the period



by cutting out the paragraphs from the public prints and arranging them in order. When she heard of the election of Otho, — being then only fourteen years old, — she exclaimed, with the simplicity of that attractive age, “How I should like to be the queen!” The words were prophetic of her destiny. In one of his long visits to his native country the king met the princess at a watering-place, and became acquainted with her. As a very natural result an engagement ensued, under circumstances of personal intimacy and reciprocal affection quite unusual with royal personages. They were married on the 22d of November, 1836, and, having remained in Germany about two months, were conveyed from Trieste to Peiræus in an English frigate, arriving on the 14th of February, 1837. The next day the royal pair entered Athens under triumphal arches decorated with laurel and myrtle branches, amidst the huzzas of the whole population. It was among the interesting incidents of the occasion that the king and queen were welcomed by a hymn sung by the children of the school established by the American missionaries; and the first crown placed on the head of their Majesties was a crown of flowers wreathed by the pupils of Dr. King.

The youthful beauty, grace, and enthusiasm of the queen readily won the love of her subjects. The dream of her childhood was now realized; she who had sympathized so deeply with the struggles of this oppressed nation, and in the simplicity of her heart had breathed her maiden wish to share the fortunes of the young prince, now found herself raised to the throne of Greece, — the object of love and hope to an enthusiastic and excitable people, — ruling in that famous Athens so illustrious in human history, so unfortunate in the vicissitudes of time; so long oppressed by Romans, Franks, Turks, so lately held by turbaned infidels, and now the regenerated capital of a Christian state. She has now reigned seventeen years. The loveliness of early youth has given place to a splendid and queenly beauty, unequalled on any throne in Europe. Her countenance is still fresh with the rosy hues of

youth; her smile is gracious and enchanting. With health that never fails, with spirits that never flag, with manners that never lose their charm, — the best rider and the most indefatigable dancer in all Hellas, — wherever she appears, the most superb woman, be the others who they may, bearing the fatigues of travelling among the mountains of Greece better than any man, welcomed with dance and song by the lovely village maidens on the slopes of Parnassus and the valleys of Bœotia, sharing in their rustic feasts, feeling the full inspiration of Hellenic traditions and of the glorious scenery with which they are associated, — with a heart as daring as a Pallescar's, a courage that knows no fear, — the Queen of Greece, blamed as she may have been by politicians and diplomatists, would adorn the throne of Constantinople, on which her subjects hope to place her.

## LECTURE XI.

### FIRST YEARS OF OTHO'S REIGN.—CONSTITUTION OF 1844.— GREECE SINCE 1843.

NOTWITHSTANDING the omission of securities for the civil rights of the Greeks in the treaty by which Otho was placed on the throne, there was a general expectation among the people that a new constitution would be formed, — in other words, that the government of Otho would be a constitutional government. But the regency found enough to do in organizing the country and adjusting the administration of the different departments, and perhaps had no abstract predilection for representative constitutions. After the term of their administration expired, and the king assumed the government himself, the forms they had established continued in force, and the king conducted the administration through a council of state and a ministry appointed by, and responsible to, himself. That a great error was thus committed at the outset, and repeated on the king's reaching his majority, is now quite evident. The dissensions of the Greeks under their provisional governments, the factions and civil contests which broke out under President Capo d'Istria, leading to his murder and to the overthrow of his brother and successor, showed clearly enough what formidable difficulties the new ruler would have to encounter, and what chaotic elements he would be required to compose into order and harmony. But the great points of the security of person and property, the equality of citizens before the law, the equitable apportionment of taxes, religious toleration, and judicial trial, were established in the first Constitution of Epidaureus, and in the amended Constitu-



tions which followed it. The king had — what Capo d'Istria had not — a strong military force, officered by Europeans, and amply sufficient to maintain order; and he might have called a national assembly, with a good degree of certainty that the public peace would not be violated. But it must be remembered that he was a German prince, educated in German ideas of government; that he was placed on the throne with no obligation laid upon him to call a national assembly; that the advisers of his minority had made no advances towards a constitution; and that the machine of bureaucratic administration was in working order when he took it into his own hands. I may add, that the influence of all the foreign diplomatists, except those of France and England, was decidedly averse to constitutional, representative government; that of Russia, who had made the first motion towards the settlement of Grecian affairs, most resolutely so. I mention these things, not to defend, but to explain, the course of the king. Had a practical and liberal statesman from England been placed on the throne of Greece with sufficient support, had Leopold not felt himself compelled to abdicate, or had Mavrocordatos been made king, with the support of the foreign powers, I believe that most of the troubles under which Greece has suffered since the accession of Otho would have been spared her.

The presence of a large body of foreign troops, with numerous officers paid from the treasury of Greece, soon began to excite the jealousy and alarm of the native soldiery. They felt that a swarm of hungry adventurers were eating the bread which should have been theirs and their children's; and the whole country, except the persons who drew their support from the existing order, saw with indignation the loan, the annual interest of which consumed no small fraction of the revenues of the country, wasting away in the support of a horde of foreign officials and the costly pomps of a court. The Greeks consoled themselves as well as they could by the equivoque of Bavarian and Barbarian; and one of their wittiest dramatic authors wrote a comedy called "The Fortune-Hunter," in

which the Bavarian adventurers were severely lashed. Then came the building of an expensive palace, quite out of proportion to the extent and resources of the kingdom, but deemed necessary by the old King of Bavaria to maintain the splendor of the throne. The demands upon the treasury soon exhausted the loan, and yet few of the public works were executed which had been planned by the regency.

The most important, nay, an indispensable requisite toward developing the resources of the country, was to facilitate the intercourse between the interior and the seaports, by opening good roads. The regency gave special attention to this subject, and caused surveys and plans to be made for seven great roads, connecting the most important points throughout the kingdom, namely: 1. From Patras, through Sparta, to Marathonisi; 2. From Navarino, through Megalopolis and Tripolitza, to Corinth; 3. A road to connect with one from Nauplia; 4. From Athens, by Thebes and Lebadeia, to Agrinium, Vrachori, Ambracia, and Vonitza; 5. From Thebes to Chalcis; 6. From Salona to Zeitoun, or Lamia; 7. From Agrinium to Mesolongi. Nothing could have been wiser than this measure. If it had been carried into effect, it would have given an immense impulse to the material prosperity of Greece, and have indefinitely enhanced the value of lands all over the country, and among the rest that of the national domain; not only making the people richer by stimulating enterprise to an incalculable degree, but placing the government in the possession of means to carry forward, on a still grander scale, a system of internal improvements. But the work was not done. At the present moment, the only roads in Greece over which a carriage can pass, excepting three or four of a few miles in length near Athens, are one from Athens to Thebes, one of six miles across the Isthmus of Corinth, one from Athens to Megara, and one from Argos to Nauplia. The last was built by Count Capo d'Istria, and was an excellent road; but it has been allowed to fall into decay, and the traveller must be on his guard not to fall through the holes in the bridges.

The estates of the Turks, after they had withdrawn from the country, became the national domain. These, compared with the whole country, are very extensive; and when the government was established, large bodies of Greeks in the provinces still under Turkey were solicitous to emigrate, and settle on the vacant lands. A wise policy would have encouraged this disposition, by enabling the new-comers to acquire property in land on easy terms. But no; except in the case of a few limited sales, and some donations to friends of the court, — mostly foreigners, — the administration would not part with the national property, forgetting or never knowing that the true wealth of a government consists in the number and prosperity of its subjects. The public lands have always been farmed out, the tenants paying to the government twenty per cent of the products, — a wretched system, because, in the first place, it renders it the interest of the tenant for the time being to get as much as possible, and to make no permanent improvements; and in the next place, because the collection of these taxes in kind is a most wasteful operation, causing not only great losses to the cultivators, but still greater, perhaps, to the government. Another important branch of the public revenue — the tenth of the products of all private lands — is collected in the same ruinous manner. The consequence of this state of things is that agriculture is in a miserably low condition all over Greece; while three fourths of the people must of necessity subsist by the cultivation of the soil. They can live by it, but that is nearly all. They cannot send their products to market, over the mountains, on the backs of mules, without its costing them almost the whole value of the load. They cannot, therefore, surround themselves with the comforts and luxuries of life, procured by foreign exchanges. They live on the products of their lands. They have no furniture, except the few rude articles made by their own hands; and few clothes, except the sheep-skin dresses they prepare themselves, and the coarse woollen fabrics, spun with hand-spindles, exactly like those described by Homer, and woven in looms equally simple and rude.



Greece had one important defence against the centralizing and despotic system adopted by the Bavarians,—her small municipal organizations, remaining from the earliest times, and not overthrown even by the Turks. These chose their local magistrates, and controlled a variety of local affairs, after the manner of the town and parish organizations in New England. The municipalities presented points of resistance to the encroachments of autocracy, which neither the king's Bavarian ministers, nor those Greeks who had been persuaded or seduced to abandon the true interests of the country, were able to overcome.

The government of King Otho, though it restored peace to the country, cannot be regarded as a practically good one. When we consider the inevitable corruptions and peculations of the agents of such an administration, it is not surprising that discontent speedily broke out very extensively. The people rightly felt that they were defrauded of their just control over their own affairs; that the government had most of the features of a despotism, though not a violent one; that their resources, instead of being expended for the improvement of the country, went to the support of a numerous body of officials, most of whom were dishonest; while the absence of a system of accountability and publicity deprived them of any legal remedy. In short, it was the universal feeling among the people, that despotism and corruption were fast undoing the work which they had suffered so long and deeply to accomplish.

So things went on for ten years from the time of the king's accession to the throne. England and France, in a more liberal spirit than had actuated them at the outset, especially under the influence of Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot, endeavored to procure the recognition of popular rights by the government, advising the king to grant the long-delayed Constitution. But, unfortunately for the reputation and dignity of the king, other counsels prevailed until the year 1843. The dissatisfaction of the country had then reached its height. The

loan had been expended, and other large debts contracted. The annual expenditure had greatly exceeded the revenue, the excess in seven years having amounted to about thirty millions of drachmas, or five millions of dollars, and national bankruptcy stared them in the face. A universal determination was formed to have a Constitution, at all events, while there was an equally general purpose not to violate the respect due to their Majesties. The people then, as now, separated the persons of the king and queen from the policy of their government. Combinations and arrangements were entered into among the civil and military authorities to effect the changes called for by the country, but to use no more force than was necessary for the purpose. Foreign residents were so impressed with the state of things, that they anticipated the speedy dethronement of the king; and in fact an attack on General Kalergi — then holding the office of Inspector of Cavalry, well known as an opponent of the Bavarian system, and very popular with the army — excited no little indignation against the Bavarians, who had dictated it.

Kalergi was still a young man. He is descended from a Cretan family of great distinction. When the Greeks took up arms, he was a student in Germany, and only fifteen years old; but he resolved to accompany his two older brothers in fighting for the liberties of his country. He exhibited at once, not only the most undaunted courage, but the highest qualities of a military leader. He commanded a division in the attack upon the Turkish army which besieged Athens in 1827; and in the battle of the 6th of May he had a leg broken by a rifle-ball, and received a sabre-cut in the arm. With the other prisoners, he was ordered to be beheaded the next morning, and being unable to walk, was actually carried to the place of execution on the back of an Albanian. When the order was issued for his decapitation, he said to the Albanian who had made him prisoner, that he would give a hundred thousand piasters — between four and five thousand dollars — for his ransom. The Albanian claimed him as his property, and the

Pacha was obliged to yield; but in order to leave a pleasant memorial of the interview, before dismissing him he cut off one of his ears. This gallant young man — who then lay in the power of the Turks, with a broken leg, a sabred arm, and an ear slit off — was destined to be the leader in one of the most remarkable scenes of modern times, and is now a cabinet minister at the head of the department of war. He was equally distinguished in the exploits of peace. In the year 1826, two young chiefs, of the old and powerful family of Notaras, John and Panayotoki, cousins, were in love with a young heiress and her currant crops, and carried their rivalry so far as to involve the Isthmus of Corinth, where the currants and the lady were, in a civil war. While the powerful chieftain Colocotronis espoused one side of the quarrel, and Zaines, the President of the National Assembly, the other, the gallant Kalergi, with the full consent of the lady, ended the war without bloodshed by espousing the heiress himself.

Some intimation of the intended movement reached the government, and several arrests were ordered on the night of the 14th of September, 1843. This action was seized upon as the occasion or pretext for the long-meditated revolution. Kalergi hastily summoned the officers, and put the garrison in motion, amidst loud cries of *Ζήτω τὸ σύνταγμα*, — “Long life to the Constitution!” — which were responded to by the large bodies of citizens now rapidly gathering from every quarter of the city. Kalergi marched his troops, accompanied by the citizens, to the square in front of the palace. In a few moments the artillery sent for by the king appeared, and, to his astonishment and dismay, the guns were pointed to the palace, and the artillerymen cried out, “Long life to the Constitution!” The king, appearing at the window, demanded the cause of the disturbance and of this parade of the garrison. Kalergi replied, so as to be heard by the whole multitude, “The people of Greece and the army desire that your Majesty will redeem the promise that the country should be governed constitutionally.” At this moment one of the king’s Bavarian attendants



levelled a musket at the intrepid speaker. The king calmly and wisely struck it up. Had a single shot been fired from the palace, — as I have been told by those who witnessed the scene, — not one stone would have been left upon another. The prudence of the king saved the lives of those who were with him, perhaps his own, — certainly the longer existence of his government. He then ordered the troops to retire to their quarters, promising to consult with the ministers, the Council of State, and the ambassadors of the three protecting powers. But Kalergi replied that “neither the garrison of Athens nor the people would quit the spot until his Majesty’s decision should be made known.” At this moment Captain Hess, a Bavarian officer, came forward and said, “General Kalergi, this is not the manner in which it is becoming for you to speak to his Majesty.” Kalergi, in no very favorable mood to be lectured on manners, replied, “Draw in your head, sir; you and such as you have brought the king and country into the present unfortunate condition.” Captain Hess did draw in his head, and never showed it afterwards in Greece; but it was no great loss.

The Council of State, meantime, had been discussing the great question, what was to be done in this emergency. They were not unanimous; but the constitutional party, led by General Church, Londos, and Rhegas Palamedes, were in the majority, and at last all united in drawing up a proclamation, a list of a new ministry to be recommended to the king, and an address advising his Majesty to call a national assembly to prepare a constitution. Before the king’s answer was given, the carriages of the foreign ministers appeared at the gates of the palace, but were politely and firmly refused admittance. All submitted quietly except the Minister of Prussia, who persisted, with harsh and disrespectful language, to demand admittance to his Majesty. Kalergi, getting out of patience, finished the scene by telling the minister that “his advice had generally been unfortunate, and he was afraid the king had had too much of it lately.” Upon this the diplomatic gentle-

men stepped into their carriages, and drove off, amidst the laughter of the people, who maintained the most perfect good-humor through the whole affair. The king signed the ordinances appointing a new ministry and convoking a national assembly. The troops, having been thirteen hours under arms, marched back to their barracks; the citizens dispersed to their houses; the business of the city was not interrupted for an hour; the courts sat without the slightest disturbance; and no tumults took place in the country. A chief, named Griziotis, who was on his way from Eubœa to the capital, with more than a thousand irregular troops, hearing that the object had been accomplished, enjoined his followers to return to their homes, and asked leave "to come alone to obey the law, and not to give it." The next night the city was illuminated, and great rejoicings celebrated the event, without a single outbreak of violence. In the same moderate spirit of tranquil triumph the great constitutional victory was commemorated all over the country; and the 15th of September was thenceforth added to the national festivals. This revolution was accomplished without shedding a drop of blood, without even disturbing the quiet of a single citizen, except that of a person named Tzinos, who had made himself odious as chief of police by his cruelties, having caused several persons to be put to the torture. He took shelter in the palace, but was given up and merely sent away to one of the islands; and the only uneasiness manifested anywhere was the opposition made by that island — Tenos — to receiving such a scoundrel on its shores.

The king and queen drove out the next day as usual, and were cheered by the people. The new ministry entered upon their functions; the Bavarians were dismissed, and many of them took the Austrian steamer for home in less than a week. The National Assembly was convoked for the 13th of November, the members to be chosen according to the electoral law in force during the presidency of Capo d'Istria. Lord Aberdeen wrote a long letter to the British Minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, communicating the views of the British government,

and a summary of the chief points they thought should be embodied in the constitution about to be established. This despatch was confidentially communicated to the king, who took several opportunities of assuring Sir Edmund "that he sincerely embraced the constitutional system of government." It may be mentioned as one of the singular features of this revolution, that the whole amount of the extraordinary expense was only seven thousand dollars.

The elections resulted most satisfactorily. The best men, almost without exception, were chosen. The Assembly was opened on the 20th of November by the king in person, accompanied by his ministers, and in the presence of the diplomatic body, all of whom attended except the Russian legation. In fact, Russia had totally withheld her sanction from constitutional proceedings, not only at Athens, but through her ministers at the other courts. The king's speech was conceived in a most excellent spirit, and raised his popularity to the highest point; and the marks of affection and respect everywhere accorded to their Majesties, then and whenever they appeared in public, deeply impressed them. The Assembly, consisting of two hundred and twenty-five members, was organized by choosing as President, almost by acclamation, Mr. Panoutsos Notaras, an eminent patriot, who took arms at the opening of the revolution, being then eighty-four years old; who had been a member of all the preceding national assemblies; who now, at the age of one hundred and seven, had been chosen as member from his native province, Corinth, and elected President of the Constitutional Assembly. Four vice-presidents were appointed,—Mavrocordatos, Metaxas, Colettes, and Londos. Sir Edmund Lyons, in a despatch of December 6, says: "The veteran President, the vice-presidents, and the secretaries of the National Assembly dined with me yesterday, and they were in high good humor, and in confident hope of bringing the Assembly to a satisfactory close within a month."

I doubt if any constitutional assembly ever showed more ability or patriotism, or a more earnest and conscientious deter-



mination to decide honestly upon the great questions laid before them, than did that Assembly of 1843 in Athens. The record of their discussions would compare very favorably with the debates of any other assembly of which I have any knowledge; and the manners of the deputies, as described by those who had the best opportunity of observing them, the absence of party spirit, and the singleness of their aim for the country's good, place them, in true dignity of character and patriotism of motive, on a level with the very best men ever called to so high a trust and function. The history of this convention is one of the most instructive and remarkable chapters in the annals of that people; and I would gladly recommend it to the perusal of any one who questions whether the Greek nation is fitted to live under a constitutional government. I think that the reader would admit that they are better fitted to live under a constitution than under a barbarocracy, as they called the government of the irresponsible *camarilla* of Bavaria. The draft of the Constitution was submitted to the Assembly on January 15, and, after being carefully discussed, was laid before the king on the 4th of March. It was thoroughly studied by his Majesty, and returned by him with the suggestion of a few changes. On the 16th of March, 1844, to the great joy of the nation, it was formally accepted by the king. A deputation immediately waited upon his Majesty, and expressed, in fervid and eloquent language, the thanks and gratitude of the Assembly.

The Constitution embodies all the securities which were incorporated into the earlier forms, with such other principles as the actual state of the country made necessary. The settlement of Otho and his family on the throne is confirmed. The Oriental Church is the established religion, but all other religions are tolerated. Proselyting and attacks upon the established religion are forbidden. No titles of nobility are to be created. All Greeks are declared equal in the eye of the law, and personal liberty is inviolable. The ninth article declares that, in Greece, man is not bought and sold. A serf or a

slave, whatever may be his nationality or his religion, is free from the moment that he sets foot on Hellenic ground. The press is free, and a censorship cannot be established. Public instruction is at the charge of the state. Torture and confiscation cannot be introduced, and the secrecy of letters is inviolable. The legislative power is divided between the king, the Chamber of Deputies, called *Boule*, and the Senate, or *Gerousia*; but all money bills must originate with the deputies. The king has the usual powers, under the usual restrictions, of a constitutional monarch. His person is inviolable, but his ministers may be impeached for maladministration. He is the executive magistrate. In case of the failure of heirs and the vacancy of the throne, arrangement is made for the provisional appointment of a regent, and then for the election of a king by vote of the Assembly. The deputies are elected for three years. No one can be elected who has not reached the age of thirty years. The number of deputies is in such proportion to the population as may be fixed by law, but never to be less than eighty. The senators are appointed by the king for life. A considerable number of conditions and qualifications are prescribed for this office, for which the legal age is forty. The minimum number of senators is twenty-seven; but the king may, when he sees fit, raise it to one half the number of the deputies. The princes of the blood and the heir presumptive of the crown are senators by right, as soon as they shall have completed their eighteenth year; but they are to have no voice in the deliberations until they have completed their twenty-fifth year. The ministers are appointed by the king, with the usual responsibilities. Justice is administered by judges appointed by the king for life. Arguments before the tribunals are to be public, unless such publicity be deemed by the court dangerous to morals or public order. A judge can accept no salaried employment, except that of Professor in the University. Jury trial is preserved, without excepting from it either political crimes or offences of the press. No oath can be exacted without a law which prescribes and determines it. All cases of

conflicting jurisdiction shall be adjudged by the Areopagus, which is the supreme court, or court of final appeal.

I have thus selected a few of the principal provisions of the Constitution of Greece, established by the cordial co-operation of the king and people in 1844, and now the fundamental law of the land.

It is ten years since this representative Constitution went into effect. It has not yet produced all the good that was expected from it, simply because the needed reforms have not yet been made. The wretched system of taxation still remains in force; roads are still unbuilt or neglected; agriculture is still exceedingly imperfect. Although the population has increased from six or seven hundred thousand to nearly a million, the public lands are still extensively unsettled, because the policy of the government continues to be short-sighted and unwise. The country is embarrassed with debt, while it needs a large accession of capital. In short, it needs the application of that broad practical sense which distinguishes the English race. How much of the blame is to be ascribed to the king, how much to the people, and how much to the influence of neighboring powers hostile to popular progress, it would be difficult to decide. There are many corrupt men in Greece, who lend themselves willingly to any scheme which will put money into their pockets, — men who withstood the trials of war, but have been unable to resist the temptations of poverty. The king and queen, accustomed to govern absolutely, perhaps have not found it easy to accommodate themselves to the position of constitutional rulers. I have known cases in which the families of opposition senators have been coldly received at the palace; political opposition to the government being looked upon as personal hostility to the sovereign. This is contrary to the spirit of a constitutional government, though not quite unknown in countries now foremost in condemning the Greeks. What did Louis Napoleon do with those politicians who opposed him, while he was President of the French Republic? The castle of Vincennes and the penal colonies can



answer that question; for the very last legislative movement of the Chamber was from the national palace to the dungeon.

Since the inauguration of the Constitution, two or three disturbing events have taken place. In 1850 the port of Peiræus was blockaded by an English squadron, to compel the government to make compensation for damages done to the property of certain British subjects. The minister and his family left Athens, and remained for several months on board of the fleet. Great damage was done to Greek commerce by this harsh measure; and Lord Palmerston, who directed it, was not only severely censured at home, but made his name detested in Greece and throughout the East. The government at last paid the money under compulsion. I am not sufficiently familiar with the facts to form an opinion upon the justice of the proceeding; but I know that not only did the Greek government feel themselves aggrieved, but that the transaction placed the excellent minister and his amiable and accomplished family in unpleasant relations with the court, and naturally diminished the influence which so honorable and liberal a man — having so many scholarly sympathies with Greece, and so earnest a desire to promote the best interests of the country — ought to have exercised as the representative of the British nation. These troubles were not adjusted until last year; when the queen, sending for the ladies of Mr. Wyse's family, received them with great cordiality, and in an hour's informal conversation completely restored the former friendly relations.

The next unfortunate transaction was with our countryman Dr. King, the well-known American missionary in Greece. This gentleman, a man of the most rigid virtue, was one of the earliest friends of liberated Greece, having gone thither in 1828 as one of the agents of the Philhellenes, and remained in the country ever since. In 1830 he bought lands in Athens, portions of which, when the government removed from Naulpia to that city, were taken for public uses; and his just claims for compensation, under one pretext or another, were postponed. This was one branch of the unfortunate controversy;

the second was a theological difficulty. For some reason or other a portion of the Greek Church became hostile to Dr. King. Attacks upon him from time to time appeared from the press. He was charged with attempting to make proselytes, and with speaking ill of the established Church, and the popular passions began to be violently moved against him. A series of infamous lies was published in the "Aion," by a perjured miscreant named Simonides, who was convicted not long since of forging manuscripts, which he offered for sale, and whose character was stained by every vice that Oriental corruption ever generated. This wretch accused Dr. King of practising at his own house the most obscene and blasphemous rites, and of throwing contempt and ridicule upon the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church. Let me say at the outset, that, having heard all the facts on the spot, and having read all the documents, I became convinced there was not the slightest foundation, — I will not say, for the abominable stories of Simonides, but for the charges laid against him by the prosecuting officer. Every one who knows Dr. King knows that he is a sturdy specimen of the New England Puritan; and no one could be surprised to be told that New England orthodoxy and the practices of the Greek Church are not exactly in unison. Dr. King published a little pamphlet containing extracts from the Greek fathers, in which some of the dogmas of the Church are pointedly condemned; and occasional expressions of his own were interpreted into censures on the existing practices, regarded by him as idolatrous. If he spoke of the idolatry of the ancient heathen, suspicions, excited by the more fanatical portion of the priesthood and the press, immediately pointed the application to the pictures in the Greek churches. On one occasion a number of young priests in their robes went to his house to hear him preach. It was a preconcerted plan to draw him out. As the service went on, they interrupted him by asking questions. Some of them he answered; but as he noticed that a mob was collecting about his house, and that furious clamors were raised, he declined continuing the discussion,

and proposed meeting them on another and more appropriate day. The tumult increased, and signs of violence began to be shown. Dr. King, who was then and still is acting vice-consul of the United States, bethought himself of the United States flag, which he forthwith unrolled from his window. The effect was magical. The mob were silenced and took to their heels; and the young priests fled, their black robes fluttering in the breeze like streamers, running as if they expected a broadside from Captain Ingraham. Dr. King finished the services in peace. But he was brought to trial two years ago; and the whole trial, from its inception to its close, was a scandal and a shame to the courts of Athens. The most absurd and irrelevant testimony was introduced; and the words of the law were tortured into the most arbitrary misapplication to the facts of the case, in the written decision of the lower court. Dr. King was found guilty, and on appeal to the court of the Areopagus, the highest tribunal in Greece, the sentence, with a slight modification, was confirmed. To one reading the evidence, the Constitution, and the laws, the whole proceeding seems a mockery of justice, and draws with it a conclusion of base ingratitude towards one of the best and most honorable friends of Greece. One cannot look at it in any aspect without astonishment, that grave judges of the highest court in Athens could have come to such a decision on such evidence, or rather in such utter absence of all respectable evidence; and the only explanation is—and that is poor enough—that it is one of those exceptional cases which deform the judicial history of every country, in which passion and prejudice have overborne the laws of evidence and the principles of justice. In truth, the charges are so ridiculous, one can only wonder that decent men should ever have consented to bring the case forward, or that a decent court could have hesitated for a moment to turn it ignominiously out of doors. The final decision was given in February, 1852, sentencing Dr. King to fourteen days' imprisonment, the costs of trial, and banishment from the country.



Now this case is very bad. It could not well be worse. I have not a word to say in apology for it. It is thoroughly disgraceful to those who were concerned in it. But it was not the work of the Greek nation, nor of the court; the blame belongs to a fanatical faction of the Church and people, to an unprincipled editor, and to foreign intriguers. I read the proceedings with the same loathing and contempt with which I read at Constance the proceedings of the council there, which condemned John Huss to the flames, — with which I read the proceedings of our own courts, which condemned nineteen innocent persons to be hanged for witchcraft. And, on the other hand, I was pleased to find that no attempt had been made to carry the sentence into execution; that Dr. King walked the streets of Athens, when I arrived there last year, with as little fear as I did; that he preached at his own house excellent sermons every Sunday, to all who chose to hear him; that twelve of the most distinguished lawyers at the Athenian bar subscribed a paper in which they declared their opinion, in the most unequivocal manner, that the decision of the lower court established an absurd principle, and that the court of the Areopagus committed a very serious error in refusing to overrule it. This, I think, is not a little creditable to the independence of the Athenian bar. The government of the United States instructed our Minister at Constantinople, Mr. Marsh, to proceed to Athens, and examine the subject on the spot. He did so, and went through the work with so much thoroughness and ability, — examining the Constitution, the laws, the proceedings of both courts, and all the facts in the case, — that he left the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Paicos, not an inch of ground to stand upon, when he attempted a feeble justification. The claim of compensation for land taken was disposed of with equal thoroughness and ability. Indeed, while I was in Athens, I heard more than once the greatest astonishment expressed at the familiarity Mr. Marsh exhibited with Athenian law, and the masterly manner in which he conducted the discussion. Having said this much, I will add, that I cannot concur in the

general censure which our Minister cast upon the whole Greek nation, nor in the charge of false pretences and bad faith which, in his correspondence, he more than intimated against the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Before the decision of the government was made known, Mr. Marsh was recalled from the place he filled with such distinguished ability, and succeeded by a man who, totally ignorant of the languages and laws of the East, had, as I have been told, the wisdom to demand a settlement of the Greek government on the basis laid down by Mr. Marsh. I believe that the matter has been entirely adjusted by the unconditional remission of the sentence and payment for the land.

The most recent difficulty of the Greek government is that which occurred last spring, on occasion of the outbreak in Thessaly and Epeirus, when the Greeks were charged with violating their neutrality by affording assistance to the rebels in those provinces. In point of fact, many Greeks, among them several officers, joined their countrymen in the attempt to throw off the yoke of Turkey; and I have no doubt that they were encouraged by the agents of Russia. But how far the king lent his countenance to the violation of neutrality, I am unable as yet to make up my mind. There are, however, two sides to every question. The presses of the allied powers now universally condemn the Greeks, both those in the kingdom of Greece and those who seized the opportunity of attempting to emancipate themselves. I expressed the opinion, in a former Lecture, that the Greeks have a perfect right to rise against the Turks whenever they find themselves able to do so, in spite of the treaty of the European powers replacing them under the government of the Porte, to which they not only were not parties, but which aroused their burning indignation, and inspired them with a firm resolve to strike again for liberty and independence when the hour of redemption should come. I was in the North of Greece, in the neighborhood of the insurrection, last year, and I had many conversations with the people. They did not hesitate to speak out fully, when they

knew that I was an American. Besides many others, I became acquainted with a family named Demakedes, — four brothers, — the eldest of whom owns Thermopylæ. I passed three days with him on that famous spot, and had many a long talk on all sorts of subjects. He told me about his family, their property in the Turkish provinces, the difficulties and embarrassments of living under the Turkish government, and the intense desire they all felt to be free. Among other domestic details, he informed me that he and his three brothers were unmarried. As they were men of large property, very intelligent, handsome, gentlemanlike, and social, I was not a little surprised, and made some laughing remonstrance on such a neglect of the primal duties of citizenship. “Sir,” said he very seriously, “we resolved not to marry, in order that, when the moment came to strike for liberty, we might have no domestic hinderances to keep us from doing our part for the emancipation of our country.” That was the spirit of the people in those provinces, and most assuredly that was not born of Russian influence. Returning to Athens, I expressed to some friends there my belief that there would be a rising in the North as soon as hostilities commenced between Russia and Turkey. They thought I had been quizzed by talkative Greeks; but the first news I heard from Greece, after my return to the West of Europe, was that an insurrection had broken out in Thessaly and Epeirus. I was not surprised; for, though no politician, I was very sure that four handsome, rich, intelligent, high-spirited brothers, and those brothers young Greeks and full of the old Hellenic love of beauty, did not remain bachelors for nothing. In spite of the alliance of France and England to uphold the integrity of the Turkish Empire, I could not help wishing the insurgents success; and when I heard that several hundred students from the University of Athens had left their books, and rushed to the frontier, I was not quite sure that, if I had been in Athens, as I was a few weeks before, I should not have gone too, — to look after them, I mean.



The Ministers of France and England, of course, under existing circumstances, could not avoid interfering with a strong hand. They are bound by the treaty of 1832, which defines the frontier, and they could not well allow it to be violated by a kingdom which they had themselves created. Their interviews with the king and queen were much more vivacious than diplomatic interviews usually are. They hinted that it might be necessary to take possession of the capital with an army of occupation. The queen protested, that, if any such outrage were committed upon Greece, she would leave her palace, put herself at the head of the army, unfurl the banner of emancipation, and appeal to the whole Hellenic race; and it was with difficulty that she could be calmed down to a more diplomatic state of mind by her husband and friends. In the days of chivalry, thousands of gallant knights would have rallied round her; but the age of chivalry is gone, and the age of protocols has succeeded. The threat of the diplomatists has been executed, and the queen has not taken arms. French regiments are now quartered at Peiræus, and a body of English troops at Patras.

The Greeks have enjoyed the freedom of the press ever since the days of the Turks. Before the adoption of the Constitution, the government made one vain attempt to check its license; since, neither king nor minister has dreamed of repeating the attempt, even when its attacks upon their measures and persons surpassed the bitterness of the English and American political newspapers. How is it under the occupation of Louis Napoleon? I had a letter by the last steamer from Athens, in which the following sentences occur. "The French Admiral, the other day, sent up a file of soldiers from the French camp at the Peiræus, and carried off Mr. Philemon, the editor of the 'Aion,' and all his presses and types. Philemon was detained a prisoner on board the Admiral's ship, and allowed to see no one but his own family. After a detention of three weeks, he was permitted to return home, upon giving his promise that he would not resume his paper without the permission of Baron Rouen. . . . Subsequently, the paper con-

ducted by Mr. Levides, called the 'Elpis,' was stopped by order of the French Minister." Now, supposing the occupation of Greece to be justifiable by the law of nations, is there any thing to justify this violent interference with the constitutional rights of citizens? Outrageous, however, as this is, I cannot help admiring the retributive justice which has fallen on the head of Philemon. This man was the most active and malignant persecutor of Dr. King. His was the press which roused against one of the best of men the tempest of fanatical passion, which might have cost him his life; and now he and his press are in durance vile, under the armed hand which does not strike lightly or in vain.

One good effect, however, of these complications with England and France is the change of ministry at Athens. The former ministers were not destitute of ability. Mr. Paicos, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is regarded as a good citizen and a man of virtuous private life; but his correspondence with Mr. Marsh is wanting in business-like directness, and shows no striking ability. The Minister of Education and Religion was accused of venality. The Cabinet, collectively, were not friendly to the just and fair operation of the Constitution. They were accused, and I believe justly, of interfering in the popular elections by bribery and intimidation. The custom-house officers were instructed to grant privileges to traders who voted for the government candidates, — the government candidates being openly designated by the Cabinet. While I was travelling through Greece, the elections for the Assembly now in session were going on. I not only heard the comments of the people, but saw the way in which the soldiery, stationed at different points of the country, under pretence of keeping order, occupied themselves in bringing up to the polls ragamuffins who had been furnished with the government ballot. Whether they took me for one of this class, I do not know; but as I was watching the proceedings one day in Athens, a ballot was placed in my hand by these accommodating gentlemen, and I suppose I might have had the grat-

ification of helping to elect the honorable representatives of the capital. I preferred, however, to give the document a place among my Athenian curiosities.

The present ministry contains the leaders of the liberal or constitutional party. Mavrocordatos, the hero and statesman, lately Minister to France, is at the head of the Cabinet. Pericles Argyropoulos, Professor of Law in the University, and a very able and honorable man, is the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Psyllas, a Senator, and the most eloquent member of that body, is Minister of Religion and Education. General Kalergi, whom I have already sketched, is Minister of War. The other members of the Cabinet I know only by name; but a Cabinet which numbers four such men as I have just mentioned will do honor to any country. Alexander Mavrocordatos has one of the oldest and most illustrious names, which his own abilities, character, and exploits have made still more illustrious than he received it from his fathers. Pericles Argyropoulos belongs to an old Fanariot family, is one of the most eminent lawyers and professors, has been President of the University, and is probably the best teacher of law they ever had. He is a gentleman of spotless honor, amiable manners, and accomplished mind. Mr. Psyllas has received from his countrymen the name of Aristeides the Just, as a token of their profound recognition of his incorruptible integrity. He had long been the leader of the opposition,—by his honesty, firmness, and powerful eloquence, the most formidable antagonist that the government recently overthrown ever had to encounter. To the hands of these able and honorable gentlemen the destinies of Greece are now intrusted. They have a difficult task before them; they have many and radical reforms to make, and many vices of former administrations to cure. I trust they will have the hearty co-operation of the king. I know they will have the earnest support of Mr. Wyse, the generous and accomplished Minister of her Britannic Majesty; and I heartily wish the United States had a diplomatic representative there who could add the force of his country's in



fluence in favor of liberal principles and enlightened government; for that influence would be very weighty, both on account of old services still gratefully remembered, and because our country has no interests to subserve by intriguing in Eastern politics, and her Minister would command the unsuspecting confidence of the Greek nation, which no European Minister can. It is of much greater moment that we should be properly represented at Athens than at the court of Constantinople, — at least until the Greek monarchy, as in the course of events it must, shall supplant in Europe the empire of the Moslem, and the cross triumph over the crescent on those far shores where it was first planted.

The state of Athens and of Greece is now such as I have just sketched. When I arrived there, in October of last year, there was much excitement in the prospect of hostilities opening between the Russians and the Turks. The newspapers were filled with discussions of the question, and the Greeks were talking politics in the coffee-houses with their usual volubility. To me, just arrived from Constantinople, the scene possessed a fresh and living interest, added to the thrilling associations which must cluster around the name of Athens in every mind, however slightly tintured with letters. As I came up from the promontory of Sunium, along the rocky coast of Attica, I easily recognized the prominent features of the scene. Old Hymettus rises upon my right, where the classic bees still yield their honeyed wealth, as in the days of Plato. Next opens the Plain of Athens, with Pentelicus, Parnes, Cithæron beyond, and Lycabettus towering as a background to the city of Athens. Soon the Acropolis faintly breaks upon the vision; and then, clearer and clearer, the columns of the Parthenon shine, in their unutterable beauty, in the morning sunlight which fills the transparent air of Attica with a serene lustre which I have never seen equalled in Italy or the East. On the left lies the old historic island of Ægina, with the Temple of Panhellenian Zeus overlooking the sparkling sea of Greece. Soon we pass the rocky foreland, where the towers

of Themistocles is washed by the waters in which the Persian fleet went down on the great day of Salamis. We enter the harbor of Peiræus, surrounded by the crumbling memorials, the massive but ruined walls, the towers overthrown, the solid foundations that line the rocky shore all round the harbors and headlands where the might of Athens was once securely seated. We land on the quay where Miltiades and Themistocles and Pericles had landed a hundred times before.

We drive up to Athens—O unclassical contrast!—in a rickety coach, with a pair of spavined horses; but no matter for that. Here are the ruins of the Long Walls,—yonder the groves of olive,—the sacred tree of Minerva, consecrated to eternal fame by the music of Plato's eloquent philosophy, once heard along the banks of the murmuring Cephissus, which I behold at this moment sparkling beneath the green, fantastic branches of the trees. A turn in the road brings us directly in view of the Bema, the Propylæa, the prison of Socrates, the Hill of Mars, and the still almost perfect Temple of Theseus. With what delight we tread these sacred places, and gaze upon these illustrious memorials, under the glorious illumination of that October sun! We climb the Acropolis and wander among its touching and impressive ruins,—its thousands of fragments of statues, altars, offerings of ancient piety, and works of ancient genius; the Erechtheion; the Parthenon, whose fortunes have been almost as diversified as those of Athens herself,—a temple to the Virgin Goddess of Wisdom, a Christian church of the Panagia, a chapel to the Madonna, a mosque of Islam, and now the most solemnly beautiful monument of antiquity on the face of the earth. We leave the Acropolis, and, passing along its southern slope, arrest our steps on the rock-hewn seats of the Theatre of Bacchus, where the great tragedians spoke to the soul and conscience of ancient Greece the awful sentence of the vengeance of the gods on the doomed households of the great offenders. This was Athens, the ancient. Beyond the Acropolis lies the modern city, with its tumults and humors and gossip. But here, too, is Athens.

These men that crowd the streets, no less than those who once worshipped in the Acropolis, and whose dust has slept two thousand years in yonder Cerameicus, are Greeks, are Athenians. The language they speak falls not unfamiliarly on the ear. I have read these words, here used by living men to express their living thoughts, in Xenophon, in Plato, in Aristophanes, as in what the scholars erroneously call a dead language. No, the language is not dead. As we have the Acropolis with its Parthenon, lovely in its decay; as we have a living Athens by the side of Athens of old; as we have men and women, with forms and figures like those in the time-stained marbles that fill the British Museum and the Vatican, or still linger in the place of their creation, — so we have in the land of Demosthenes, Plato, and Aristophanes the language they once spoke, with changed constructions and shorn of some of the graces it exulted in when Pericles roused all Hellas with the terrible might of his speech. Yet is the Greek language still destined to be the organ of a new civilization throughout the sunny lands where, three thousand years ago, its earliest tones were heard.



## LECTURE XII.

LANGUAGE AND PRONUNCIATION. — EDUCATION. — LITERATURE. — POETRY. — ADVENTURES OF TRAVEL.

I HAVE been often asked whether one who had studied the ancient Greek could understand the modern. The answer cannot be given in a single sentence. It is true that the Greek, as spoken at the present day, is substantially the language that was spoken in the time of Demosthenes, and its preservation is one of the most surprising instances of tenacious nationality in the history of our race. But there are important distinctions between the ancient and the modern, which grow out of changes in the structure, no less than modifications of the meaning of words. Nearly all the words now employed by educated Greeks are the same that were used by their ancestors; but the grammar of the language is modern. The ancient Greek had a rich and subtle development of inflections and grammatical constructions, which enabled it to express the nicest shades of meaning, the boldest conceptions of poetry, and the loftiest eloquence, not only with wonderful precision, but also in the most harmonious and beautiful forms. To speak Greek as an educated man of ancient Athens spoke it, as Demosthenes spoke it, as Plato spoke it, was one of the finest of the fine arts; and when we see the effects which this matchless instrument was capable of producing, we can well understand the reason why the great writers and speakers and poets spent so many years in the laborious task of mastering all its compass; and why it is that their orations, philosophical dialogues, tragedies, comedies, lyrics, and epics, like their statues and temples, surpass, as works of art, the best productions

of modern times, and must forever serve, in any enlightened system of liberal education, as the models of taste and the foremost aids in literary culture. The pronunciation was equally elaborate, combining the two elements of accent and quantity, or musical time, with the utmost elegance, and producing a balance between emphasis and rhythm which it required long training and great delicacy of organs to attain in its perfection. Such an instrument could not keep in tune forever : it is strange that it kept in tune so long. From the time of Homer down to six or seven centuries after Christ, though the language underwent many modifications, it retained unchanged these essential characteristics ; and for a still longer period, namely, to the middle of the fifteenth century, its grammatical structure, as employed in literature, was still undisturbed, although the combination of rhythm and accent had long ceased to mark the pronunciation. The period for which the Greek tongue continued, without any essential modification of its organism, cannot have been less than twenty-five hundred years.

In the language spoken by the common people, the old system of grammatical forms — perhaps never existing in its completeness among the uneducated — was abandoned somewhere between the sixth and the eleventh century. We cannot trace the change step by step for want of documents ; but it is certain that the popular speech of the Byzantine Empire, before the twelfth century, possessed all the grammatical peculiarities which mark the language of Greece as spoken and written at the present day. The first poem published in Modern Greek, as I stated in a former course, was addressed by Theodore Ptochoprodromus, a contemporary of Anna Comnena, to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus ; and this has not only the grammatical, but the rhythmical, form of the popular poetry at the present day. What, then, are the changes that came over the spoken language before the twelfth century? 1. The tenses of the verb were formed by auxiliaries, as in the other modern languages, instead of being modified forms of the root

of the verb; e. g. ἔχω γράψει, θέλω γράψει,—*I have written, I shall write*,—instead of γέγραφα, γράψω. 2. The increased use of prepositions to express the relations of cases, instead of expressing them by changes of termination in the words. 3. The disappearance of quantity as the principal rhythmical element in poetical composition, and the substitution of accent, as in the other modern languages; and, still later, the general introduction of rhyme. 4. Various changes and corruptions in the sounds of the vowels and diphthongs, especially the representation of the same sound, *ee*, by *ι, η, ε, υ, ο, υι*,—six different letters or combinations of letters which originally, without doubt, were distinguished from one another. It is this peculiarity which has given to the modern Greek the characteristic called *etacism*. In the successive periods of the occupation of Greece by Romans, Franks, and Turks, many words from the languages of these races found a temporary lodgement in the Greek; but at the present day they have nearly all disappeared from the language of good society. Among the uneducated people, as in all other countries, numerous corruptions and vulgarisms prevail, but not more than in England, France, and Germany. The general character of the language is the same at Constantinople, Athens, Thebes, and Delphi.

When Greek was first taught in Western Europe, it was taught by Greeks, and of course with the pronunciation of the country, which was the same then as now; but afterwards a fierce controversy arose, in which many bitter words were wasted, on the true pronunciation of the Greek. The result was a kind of armistice, in which each nation quietly began to pronounce the Greek after the analogy of its own language, agreeing in nothing except in applying the accent of the Latin to the Greek, under the delusion that, by accenting the Greek according to the rules of the Latin, they were marking the quantity and observing the rhythm of the Greek. This beautiful language was thus put into as many masquerades as there were nations to study it; but, beyond all question, the most frightful



disguise which the lovely stranger has been compelled to wear is the hideous pronunciation of English and American scholars. In Germany, some approaches to a true pronunciation have been made; and a few individuals in England and Scotland, who have had occasion to use the Greek in living intercourse among men, have adopted, of necessity, the present pronunciation. The American missionaries, who preach in this language, do the same. In truth, no other pronunciation would be recognized in Greece. I had many conversations on this subject with scholars at Athens, among others with the Archbishop of Patras, a venerable and learned man. They all admit that the musical element of quantity has disappeared from their language, but insist, with a good show of reason, that those who have inherited the language from the past, and who have always heard it, by unbroken tradition from the days of the Apostles, in their churches, are more likely to have a pronunciation resembling that of their ancestors, than the nations of Europe, who apply to the Greek the pronunciation of their own languages, and consequently differ from one another.

Whether it is expedient to introduce the modern Greek pronunciation into European and American schools, in teaching the ancient Greek, is a question on which opposite opinions prevail among those best qualified to answer it. But one thing is beyond all controversy, that, by pronouncing the Greek as the Greeks do, we give the language the spirit of a living speech in the place of a dead language; and that, by connecting the study of the modern with the ancient, and pronouncing them both alike, we should immensely facilitate the acquisition of both. I might speak, too, of the importance of acquiring the easy use of a language which holds the same place as a means of communication in the East, which the French occupies in the West of Europe. It does seem a little absurd, that a gentleman from Oxford or Cambridge, who has gained the first class honors for Greek composition, on going to Athens should find himself unable to utter a single word in a way to be understood by the Greeks themselves, unable to understand a word that he hears in

the streets or in society. Such an accomplished scholar, who may have published the Tragedies of Æschylus with commentaries ten times as long as the plays themselves, is presented to a Greek lady, at a party, as the celebrated Professor So-and-so, from England or Germany. The lady — handsome as one of the Caryatides in the Temple of Erechtheus — makes one of those truthful remarks, which are everywhere the prelude to conversation, about the beauty of the weather, and your learned Professor, who has amazed all Europe with the profoundness of his erudition, appears as stupid, I will not say as an owl, for the owl is the bird of wisdom in the city of Athene, but as a donkey carrying a load of roots through the Street of Sophocles. Things of this sort have frequently happened; so that when you ask if a Greek scholar understands and can speak Modern Greek, you may safely answer, “Yes, if he has learned it.” But without having learned it, and with the pronunciation of England and America, he may as well attempt to converse with the people in the Potawatamie dialect. Dr. Roëser told me he was once travelling with a German Professor. As they were entering some village, the shepherds’ dogs came out, howling and showing their teeth. The Professor, in some alarm, mustered his classical Greek, and said in Xenophontic style, ὦ ποιμήν, ἀποκάλεσον τοὺς σοὺς κύνας, — “O shepherd, call away thy dogs.” The shepherd leaned on his staff, and contemplated the Teutonic Professor with a mixture of fear and wonder, evidently thinking he had come at least from Japan. The Doctor, having been twenty years in the country, called out, laughing, Τσομπάνε, νὰ σὲ πάρῃ ὁ διάβολος, φώναξε τὰ σκυλιά, — “Shepherd, — Devil take you, — call your whelps.” This the shepherd thought was speaking reasonably, and he at once complied.

To a certain extent I escaped this inconvenience by having previously studied the Modern Greek; but I have often amused myself by reading passages from Homer or Demosthenes to the Professors in the University, with the English and

American pronunciation ; and inextinguishable laughter, like that which shook the sides of the Immortals when lame Vulcan took upon himself the office of cup-bearer, received the performance. "Do you call that Greek?" said one, as soon as he could recover his breath sufficiently to speak. "No, I do not, but many learned doctors do." The European or American scholar, before he can be comfortable in Athens, must unlearn his entire system of pronunciation, and he must totally abandon the false notion that his own mode of pronouncing is according to quantity ; for he will find that it is simply according to accent, and that, too, according to a false system of accent. He no more marks the quantity than the Greek of to-day marks the quantity ; and to this defect, which is common to all the modern modes of pronouncing, he adds the absurdity of an accentual system which belongs to neither ancient nor modern Greek, but only to the Latin language. So clearly is this the case, that I do not know an instance of a European scholar having passed a few months in Greece, who has not wholly abandoned his previous practice, and adopted that of the Greeks. Professor Bowen, for several years connected with the University of Corfou, is now, at Oxford, teaching the Greek with the Greek pronunciation. Professor Blackie, the admirable translator of *Æschylus*, is making the Edinburgh students read like the Athenians. Professor Masson, formerly Attorney-General in the Athenian courts, is doing the same in Ireland. Mr. Arnold, the accomplished missionary of the Baptists, whose Greek style in his sermons is admired by fastidious native critics for its purity and elegance, is likely, I am glad to learn, to be made Professor of Greek at Brown University, and when that takes place we shall hear the Rhode Island boys pronouncing Greek like so many young Athenians. It seems to me clear, that, if the Greeks advance in literary culture as they have advanced for the last twenty years, they must be allowed to teach other nations how to pronounce the language of their ancestors.

There is no subject to which more attention is given in their



schools than language. They are like the Greeks of old in this respect ; no small part of the business of education being devoted to the mother tongue. It will be readily perceived, that the language of the great body of the people is a popular language, and, as such, differs much from that spoken in cultivated society. This is no peculiarity of Greece, but such is the characteristic difference between the educated and the uneducated everywhere.

It will be easily understood that the state of things under the Turks was not favorable to the cultivation and maintenance of purity of speech, among either the learned or the unlearned classes ; and one of the first cares of the scholars who inspired the country with the hope of regeneration was to settle the principles of the language, which was not only corrupted by the admixture of foreign words, but exceedingly irregular in its forms and chaotic in its constructions. Coraës was the earliest and the ablest of these reformers ; and his system has been substantially followed, I think, by the majority of his educated countrymen. It recognizes the forms and principles of the Greek as a modern language, but proposes to settle the usage, to purify the language from Turkish, Italian, and other foreign admixtures, and to substitute pure Greek words for these intrusive elements. There never was a time when even the popular speech was not, in by far the greater part of its words and phrases, genuine Greek. Some of the more enthusiastic, in their classical zeal, have hoped to restore the language absolutely, as it was spoken by Demosthenes. Mr. Buchon, with pleasant exaggeration, says: "Philology is the passion of all the Greek students in whatever department. A physician, an advocate, a professor, has often become a minister of state, because he had a good mastery of his language. . . . Greek grammar is at the basis and summit of all instruction. . . . Not content with having eliminated all foreign words, the Athenians endeavor to approach the ancient language as nearly as possible, in words, in forms, in the turn of phrases, and in inversions. . . . The paladins of Greek philology march to the conquest

of a grammatical form as to a rich province. The dative had disappeared; they have raised it from the tomb: the aorist had been nearly extinguished; all are seeking to breathe into it a new life: at present they flatter themselves with the ardent hope of reconquering the infinitive, which had emigrated so long ago."

This was written ten years ago. The process of purification and reformation has gone steadily on; and, though the infinitive has not yet returned from its emigration, the aorist is restored to perfect health. In short, the usage of the language may now be considered as established. Several of the recent grammars, those now of the highest authority in Athens, are admirable specimens of philological skill. The course of nature has not been violated by forcing upon it the ancient constructions; while Turkish words, like the Turks themselves, have been unceremoniously turned out of doors. In the mean time, the natural growth of the language, and its application to the larger range of thought required by the superior civilization of the age, have made it necessary to enlarge its vocabulary by copious drafts from other sources. Whence should these drafts be made? Obviously not from English, French, or Italian; but naturally, as the Greek scholars have instinctively decided, from the abundant wealth of the ancient Greek. Thus the word for steamboat was made of the two ancient words which signify *steam* and *boat*, — ἀτμόπλοιον, instead of *vapores*, — as the people at first called it. The post is called ταχυδρομείον, instead of *posta*. A cigar-shop is appropriately called καπνοπωλείον, — *a place for selling smoke*. A barber's shop, as in ancient Athens, is called a κουρείον. A merchant tailor figures on his sign as an ἔμπορος ράπτης. A hotel is a ξενοδοχείον. Pantaloon, formerly known as τὸ πανταλόνι, are now περισκελίδες; and so on through all the articles and establishments relating to daily life.

To illustrate the progress of the language, one of the missionaries told me that they had been obliged to make four translations of the Bible in twenty years; and on examination the

differences were very curious. I found, too, that several books which I had been in the habit of studying at home, and others that I had bought in Europe, were pronounced by the Athenians decidedly vulgar; and more than once I came near being guilty of the grossest solecisms, by relying on the authority of books a dozen years old.

This state of things, natural as it is, presents some whimsical aspects, and leads to amusing misunderstandings. A Scotch friend of mine, who had long been in Athens, studying Greek, went into a shop one day to buy an umbrella, seeing some in the window. He naturally inquired for the article under the name known among scholars as *ἀλεξιβροχεῖον*. The shopkeeper looked aghast, and not only protested that he had no such article in the shop, but that nothing of the kind was to be found in all Athens. My friend pointed to it in the window. "Oh!" exclaimed the shopman, in a tone of immense relief, "*ὄμβρέλλα, ὄμβρέλλα*." I had a similar difficulty in coming to an understanding with my washerwoman on the delicate subject of under-waistcoats. I had made out the list of articles with the most brilliant success, except in this particular case. The word I employed was a very superior word, as old as Plato, and I called in the waiter to see if all was right; but my excellent friend, not being a Platonist, had not the slightest conception of the thing in question; but when I pointed to it in the bundle, "O, *flanella, flanella!*" was his instant reply. There is an Irishwoman living in Athens married to a bath-house keeper. She has been there many years, and speaks a kind of Hibernian Greek. Her son, a bright, intelligent lad, goes to one of the public schools; but she complains, with a good deal of humor, that the boy came home, the first day, and asked for *ῥδωρ*, instead of *νερόν*,—*water*. She thought it was some intoxicating liquor he had just heard of. The shopmen are not always the best spellers. One day, as I was going to a dinner party, I noticed a sign over a wine-shop, with the words, *Σαμπανιὰ τῆς πρώτης ποιότητος* (*ποιότητος*), intended to mean *Champagne of the first quality*, but, one letter being omitted



in the last word, really meaning, *of the first drinkability*; which was not so bad.

In general, one gets on very well with good Greek words, provided he pronounces them intelligibly. One evening I had some experience of the difference between ancient and modern usage. As I was returning to my lodgings rather late, soon after my arrival in Athens, I came near getting drawn into a scrape with a watchman. The night patrols are armed with loaded muskets, and they always hail the passer-by with the question, *Τίς εἶ;* the same question, by the by, that Anacreon puts to the dove, *Who art thou?* I had been told by my friends the proper answer, *Καλός*. Now *καλός*, in ancient Greek, means *a handsome fellow*. Well, I met one of the watchmen, and, sure enough, the question was roared out. I hesitated, having some scruples of conscience; but when I saw a certain dangerous movement of the gun, I hastily reviewed the arguments of Paley in justification of lying under the pressure of circumstances, — as, for instance, when you are required to subscribe a creed that you do not more than half believe, or when attacked by robbers, and the like. Considering, too, that it was midnight and no moon was shining, that nobody would be the wiser, and that perhaps life itself was at stake, I said, *Καλός*. Like Mrs. Malaprop, “I did confess the soft impeachment,” and was allowed to pass on. Some time afterward, I was returning from a party, in company with Lord John Hay, the commander of a British man-of-war then lying at the Peiræus. We were hailed in the usual way, and I answered, *Καλοί*. “What does that mean?” said my companion. “It means,” said I, “that you and I are a couple of handsome fellows; and as I have already gone through with all the wear and tear of conscience, I thought it would be an economy of fibbing if I answered for both.”

Athenian society, as a stranger sees it, consists of very various elements. There are two or three American families belonging to the missions; a few English families, including the most excellent and interesting ladies at the British Legation.

some French, German, and Swiss residents, or visitors; and some of the principal families of the Greeks. Generally speaking, the Greeks are not accustomed to the European forms. They expect to entertain their friends on festivals, when they dress in holiday attire, and receive and make numerous calls. But evening parties and dinner parties are not customary, except among the class I have just specified. Nevertheless, they are very kind and social in other ways. I had the good fortune to carry letters, voluntarily offered me, in London, Paris, and Munich, by Mr. Tricoupi, Mr. Mavrocordatos, and Mr. Schinas, the Greek Ministers in those cities, to the principal persons connected with the government, the University, and in other walks of life; so that I had every opportunity to see men and things that I could desire, and more than I was able to make use of during my limited stay in the country. I deem it only justice to say, that in no other city I ever visited have I found more agreeable and accomplished society than the society, both native and foreign, which I had the happiness of meeting in Athens; nowhere have I received so many kindnesses, or so much assistance and co-operation in the execution of my plans of study and travel; and this, too, from all classes of people. I should naturally have expected it from the Professors in the University; though, from my experience in some countries claiming to rank much higher than Greece, I might have been justified in anticipating quite a different course. But from other classes of people, to whom I was a stranger, without the slightest claim upon their thoughts for a single moment, I received more disinterested kindness certainly than I shall ever be likely to repay.

In speaking on this subject, I may be allowed to mention that King Otho and Queen Amelia manifested great interest in our country. When I had the honor of being presented to their Majesties, but not on any suggestion of my own, their questions all related to the state of literature, science, and education in the United States, and especially to the studies and students in Harvard University, which I was enabled to

inform them is about as large as the University of Athens. Afterwards the king placed his yacht at my disposal for a voyage among the Greek islands; and the excursion I made to Sunium, Ægina, and Salamis, with two English gentlemen whom I received permission to invite, is among the most agreeable reminiscences I brought with me from Greece. It was amusing, too; for at Athens everything is attributed by the quidnuncs to a political motive. My two friends and I said nothing to the other guests who were living at the hotel; but it was soon noised abroad that the American had gone off, and not only so, but had taken two Englishmen with him, in the royal yacht. "What can this extraordinary transaction mean? Ah! we have it. There is an American influence forming here. We have already a French party, a Russian party, an English party, and now we are going to have an American party, got up by this man, who pretends to be a professor, but is undoubtedly a secret political agent. This matter must be looked after." When we returned, I was closely and very ably cross-questioned by a Russian general, who sat next to me at table. I told him the simple truth, and it deceived him more utterly than the most ingenious lie. "That is all very well," said he, with a shrug and a knowing look; "but such things do not fall from the sky." And I have no doubt that this little voyage was the subject of the next secret despatch to the Czar.

Next to the palace, the residences of the foreign ministers are the centres of social attraction. I ought to specify particularly the hotel of Mr. Wyse, the honorable and distinguished Minister of Great Britain. This gentleman, belonging to a conspicuous family in Ireland, is connected by marriage with the Emperor of the French. He is one of the ablest and most accomplished persons I have ever had the happiness of meeting. His knowledge of ancient letters and art is as extensive and accurate as that of a German professor, while with the literature of modern Europe he has a most familiar acquaintance, speaking most of the languages with extraordinary grace and



fluency. His conversation is enriched with the spoils of learning gathered from all time. A Greek lady, speaking to me of the universality of his acquirements, described it by a proverb of Crete, her native country, "Whatever stone you turn over, you find him under it." He is a philanthropist, and an enlightened one; a lover of his country, but a generous sympathizer with American principles of liberty, and a hopeful prophet of the future triumphs of America in arts and letters, — looking, as so many noble spirits in Europe do, from the darkness that seems to be descending over the Old World to the culminating light of the New. He was long in the House of Commons, and a member of her Majesty's government. When Mr. Webster visited England, Mr. Wyse, out of his enthusiastic admiration for our illustrious statesman, and his desire to show his friendship towards our country through him, was among the foremost Englishmen to do him honor. With all his exquisite culture, he has always been, what so many scholars have failed to be, an earnest friend of popular education. No man in England has looked more deeply into that all-important interest. The best book ever written on the subject in the English language has been written by Mr. Wyse. The best college of an unsectarian character in the British dominions — with the most comprehensive and most liberal system of scientific and literary training — is the college founded by him in Ireland, and of which he is still a Visitor. If Great Britain is ever to enjoy the inestimable blessing of a national system of unsectarian instruction, she will owe it to the noble labors and generous devotion of Thomas Wyse, — and Thomas Wyse is a Catholic. It is well to remember such facts as these when we seem to be forgetting that our country achieved her independence by the powerful aid of a Catholic alliance; that among the signers of the Declaration of Independence one of the foremost was a Catholic gentleman, who imperilled his life and the largest fortune in America for the cause; and that the name most entitled to our gratitude, next to Washington, for services too great to be repaid, is that of a foreign Catholic nobleman.

My sense of obligation to Mr. Wyse, for the genial hospitalities to which I was welcomed at his house, and for the delight and instruction I drew from his conversation, in which I had the privilege of sharing largely during my whole stay at Athens, has led me a little aside from the topic I was discussing. At his house the best people of Athens—I mean, the most cultivated and liberal-minded of the Athenian gentlemen, and the most amiable of the Athenian ladies—were often assembled; and I look back to those reunions, presided over with noble dignity by the high-bred and most accomplished niece of the Minister, who spoke French with Frenchmen, Italian with Italians, German with Germans, Greek with Greeks, and manifested a refined, sincere, and generous nature in her intercourse with all alike,—I look back upon the evenings so passed, under the auspices of Miss Wyse and the goddess of Wisdom, almost in the shadow of the Parthenon, as *Attic Nights* in every sense of the phrase, too charming to be forgotten, and too rare in enjoyment to hope for their repetition.

To return to King Otho: perhaps, after mentioning my obligations to him, I shall be thought to have been bribed by unusual acts of courtesy to a stranger; but as I have already spoken with strong disapprobation of the course of his government, I will venture to say, in the face of the European press, that great injustice has been done him as a man, if not as a king. In the first place, his private life is without a stain. He has a strong sense of religious obligation. No vice, no dissipation, no profligacy, has ever dishonored his youth, or been allowed to enter his court. In this respect, he sets an example to his subjects which could not be improved. In the next place, he is an intelligent and accomplished prince. I do not mean that he is a man of brilliant talents, or of great sagacity. I do not think he is; but he is a man of considerable knowledge, speaking four languages fluently, of great industry, and attentive personally, in no common degree, to the public business. I will add to this, that I believe him to be a conscientious man, and devoted heart and soul to the country over

which he is called to rule. He is charitable to the poor, who are never turned from the palace-doors by the sentinels stationed there. I never entered the palace without seeing twenty or thirty poor women, or disabled men, waiting in the great corridor until the king could attend to their petitions or the king's physician could prescribe for their complaints; and I was told by one in the confidence of his Majesty, that these poor people are never allowed to go away without words of kindness, and that no small part of the king's revenue is expended for their relief. He was not, indeed, well fitted for his place. He did not comprehend the peculiar political character of the Greeks, nor the unsuitableness of the Bavarian system to their history, genius, expectations, and hopes. But he has had bitter experience of the fruits, not only of his own errors, but of the evil counsels by which he has been misled. Affairs have now come to a crisis which has forced him to place in power the best and most honest men among his subjects. He is not yet forty years old, and may still have a long and prosperous reign. But whatever be his fate, Greece herself must certainly advance, and at no distant time become a considerable power among the nations of Europe.

In speaking of Athens, perhaps I ought not to omit the *Maid of Athens*, immortalized by Byron, — now Mrs. Black, of the Peiræus. The maiden name of this lady was Theresa Maria. She was one of three sisters, all of whom were famous beauties in their day. One of them is the wife of Mr. Pittakys, the well-known Superintendent of Antiquities at Athens. The third, I believe, is not living. Lord Byron's lines were written in 1810, — forty-four years ago; and forty-four years make a considerable difference in the appearance both of man and woman; so that the language of the noble poet cannot be expected to apply, in all respects, at the present day. It is a common thing for travellers in Greece to call on Mrs. Black, with no other introduction than *Ζωὴ μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ*. Not thinking this accidental celebrity any ground for so impertinent a proceeding, it was a long time before I had the pleasure of meet-



ing this lady, as she lives in the Peiræus, and now seldom makes her appearance in Athens. But I was invited one evening to take tea and pass the night at the house of a friend in Peiræus. I found, on arriving there, that the family of Mr. Black were expected, and no other guests. They soon came in,—Mr. and Mrs. Black and their daughter, a young lady of eighteen or twenty; and I had the felicity of sitting the whole evening on a sofa between the old Maid of Athens and the young Maid of Athens,—a highly poetical situation, as it seemed to me, with the beauty of the past on one hand, and the beauty of the present on the other. Certainly Mrs. Black shows traces of the loveliness which inspired the Muse of Byron; and if she did not, the magnificent beauty of the daughter is a sufficient and most satisfactory demonstration that it once existed in the mother. Let me add, that Mrs. Black is an excellent housekeeper, her house being one of the best ordered in all Greece. But if there is one thing in which she surpasses the rest of her sex, it is the art of pickling olives. The first time I tasted one of her olives at the house of a friend, I could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at their delicious flavor. “Those olives,” responded my entertainer, “were pickled by the fair hands of the Maid of Athens.” A day or two afterward I received a jar of the fruit from the Maid of Athens, which I keep as a precious memorial, with a fragment of the Parthenon, and a cane cut from the olive-grove of Plato.

Perhaps, after all, the most striking feature of Hellenic society is the inextinguishable zeal for education which has always characterized the people, and now is more ardent than ever. We have seen that one of the preparations for the Revolution was a rapid improvement in the schools, and a large increase of their number. During the war, the provisional governments never lost sight of this subject; and Count Capo d'Istria gave to it much of his attention. The regency of Otho organized the system of public education more thoroughly than had previously been done. The Greeks also raised

large sums by private subscriptions and by local taxes. Prince Demetrius Ypselanti left his whole fortune to found a school in Nauplia, which, when I visited it last year, contained three or four hundred scholars. Several schools for girls have been established in different parts of Greece. There are two or three in Athens, — one under the charge of a sister of Mavrocordatos; another, the justly famous missionary school of our countryman Dr. Hill, which during the last twenty-five years has been of incalculable service to the women of Greece. There are many other private schools all over Greece. But doubtless the most characteristic feature in the scheme of public education as it now exists is the system of public schools. The schools under this system are: — 1. Those of mutual instruction, in which are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with the elements of history, geography, and natural philosophy, to both boys and girls; 2. The Hellenic schools, in which are taught, in addition to the further study of the above enumerated branches, the elements of the ancient Greek grammar, translation from ancient into modern Greek, and the Latin and French languages; 3. The Gymnasia, in which the Latin and Greek are continued, with philosophy, logic, ethics, physics, general history, mathematical geography, and the French, German, and English languages; 4. The University of Otho, which is organized with four departments or faculties, — philosophy, theology, medicine, and law. In the schools of mutual instruction, more than forty thousand children and youth were taught last year; in the Hellenic schools, more than five thousand; in the Gymnasia, two thousand; in the University, above six hundred: in all amounting to about fifty thousand. If we add the pupils of the numerous private schools, this number will be greatly increased. There were, last year, three hundred and ten schools of mutual instruction, eighty-five Hellenic schools, and seven Gymnasia. Besides these, there are a Teachers' School, a Naval School, an Agricultural School, and a Polytechnic School. The University has a corps of nearly forty professors, and an excellent library

of eighty thousand volumes. For a country small and poor as Greece, I think, this state of things shows that not a little of the old intellectual spirit still survives. Among the professors are men who would do honor to any European university. The venerable Asopios expounds Homer with the vivacity of a Nestor. The lectures of Philippos Johannis on Moral Philosophy are admirable for purity of style and clearness of method. Rangabes expounds the Fine Arts with learning and taste. Manouses lectures eloquently on History. Pericles Argyropoulos, now the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a most able Professor of Law. Professor Kontogones is profoundly versed in Biblical literature, and expounds the Hebrew Scriptures to numerous and attentive classes. Many others might be mentioned in terms of just commendation.

While in Athens I was in the habit of frequently visiting the schools, and remaining through the exercises. I have heard Demosthenes on the Crown explained to eager classes of coarsely dressed but bright-eyed youths, within a stone's throw of the spot where, two-and-twenty centuries ago, that marvellous oration was delivered; and not only this, but the aisles were crowded with young men, and sometimes old men, who, having an hour to spare from their daily labors, would come in to pick up the crumbs of instruction that were falling from the tables of their more favored juniors. Not once did I enter a school-house, during a three months' residence in Athens, without witnessing this extraordinary spectacle. In the University, where I constantly attended three or four courses of lectures, I saw the same spirit manifesting itself. The venerable Professor Asopios, now over seventy, was expounding the Iliad to a numerous class, all of whom, including many theological students, were busily engaged in taking notes. Professor Philippos Johannis, one of the most admirable of men, gave a course on Moral Philosophy, and his lecture-room was always crowded; and I will say, that I never listened to a more excellent and high-toned course in that branch of science, and that I never knew a man who better illustrated the purity of his



doctrines by the purity of his life. I might go on with other proofs of the intellectual receptivity of the people and the rapid progress they are making; but I will merely add, on this head, that the Church already feels the benefit of this increasing culture quite as much as the laity. Professor Kontogones and Professor Pharmakides are inspiring the younger clergy with a liberal and scholarly spirit, which will speedily disarm of all its force the already waning fanaticism of the old school.

It is strangely asserted by an English writer, who has recently visited Greece, that preaching forms no part of the religious services of the Greek Church, and that in a visit of two months at Athens, so far from hearing a sermon, he never could hear of such a thing as a sermon. I cannot explain so monstrous a blunder, except by supposing that the writer carried with him the English habit of lying in bed till nine or ten o'clock in the morning. The Greeks, like their ancestors, are early risers. As the old Athenians went to the theatre by the dawn of day, so the moderns go to church by sunrise. Before an Englishman gets his breakfast, the longest service, including an excellent sermon, is over in Athens. I can only say, that, so far from the sermon's forming no portion of the Greek services, the Holy Synod set apart a certain number of the priests — those who show a special gift for sacred eloquence, called *Ἱεροκήρυκες* — for the express work of preaching; but they allow no others to preach; and this limitation, I think, is not unworthy the attention of some other ecclesiastical bodies. I have myself risen very early to hear a sermon from Mr. Metrophanes, the most eloquent preacher in Athens, and, I will add, one of the most agreeable, liberal, and scholarly men in that profession anywhere. On one occasion I went to hear him on the day of St. Demetrius. The church was crowded to overflowing when the sun was scarcely peering above Hymettus; but seeing a stranger, and hearing from one who knew me that I was an *Ἀμερικανός*, they made way for me to enter, and, with that courtesy which I always and everywhere experienced, placed me in a very convenient proximity to the pulpit, that I might

hear to the best advantage. The clearness of the style and the distinctness of the enunciation enabled me to follow the discourse without the slightest difficulty; and I have seldom listened to a better sermon, or one more practically applicable to the condition of the hearers. So much for the assertion that the Greeks have no preaching.

I have said a few words upon the present condition of the language. I must barely touch upon the current literature. There are published in Athens about thirty newspapers, two or three literary journals, and a *Journal of Antiquities*, — most of them written with talent, and some, as the "*Panhellenian*," which was commenced while I was there, quite equal in elegance of style and power of argument to the best journals of Paris and London. Professor Paparregopoulos has written an excellent summary of the history of Greece; and Spiridon Tricoupi is now publishing a history of the Revolution, which will take its place among the classics of his country. Parliamentary eloquence is at least respectable. I have listened to debates in the legislature which would have done no discredit to much older senates.

With regard to the poetical development of the nation, there is a distinction to be made between the cultivated poetry and the popular poetry. The latter has not yet attained its completed growth. Yet the works of Rangabes; the Tragedies, on the death of Karaiskakes and other national subjects, by Zampelios; the poetical works of Soutsos; two or three pieces by a young poet named Zalocostas, especially one on Mesolongi, which was crowned in 1851 with the prize offered for annual competition by Mr. Ralles, a distinguished Greek merchant in Trieste; and the poems of others still, of rising talent, — give rich promise for the future.

At present, the most characteristic feature in the poetical literature of the Greeks is the popular poetry, including, in this designation, the works of Christopoulos, who, though a man of education, has written in the popular dialect the most naïve and charming songs, depicting the festive side of Hellenic pop-

ular life with infinite grace and picturesque effect. I now refer, however, more especially to the poetry of the people themselves. Like the ancients, the present Hellenic race have a vein of natural poetry, which crops out on all the occurrences of life, — birth, death, separation, departure for a foreign country, — in the most simple and unpremeditated style. A large proportion of this poetry exists only on the lips of the people, most of it having never been reduced to writing at all. The first collection ever made was by Fauriel, published in 1824 and 1825. It excited great attention in Europe. Goethe, then the undisputed monarch of Continental literature, pronounced it the most natural and genuine poetry of artless feeling and unsophisticated nature which had been given to the world in our times. Much has since been added commemorative of the events of the war, and several collections have been made. Other collections are now making. I have in my possession a few pieces that have never been published. Mr. Wyse, to whom no subject of letters or art is indifferent, employs some of his leisure, it is understood, in gathering up these scattered leaves. It will not be long, however, before this period of popular poetry will have passed, and the dialects in which they are composed will have become, through the general diffusion of education, obsolete curiosities for the researches of the mousing antiquarian. They ought, therefore, to be at once placed beyond the search of casualty. The old women in the mountain villages, whose memories are the exhaustless treasuries of this rythmical lore, will not live forever, though some of them look as though they might.

The popular life, to which I have alluded, includes that of the Klephts and Arnatoes; life on the islands, as well as on the mainland; life in the valleys, as well as on the mountains; and these poems, which depict it, run back indefinitely into the Turkish times. Love and marriage, funerals, feasts, the death-scene, the sorrows of absent love, the joys of victory and revenge, the fortitude which bears torture without a groan, and the courage which defies and dauntlessly encoun-



ters an overwhelming array of foemen, — these and every feature in every scene of popular Hellenic life, and every feeling of the simple, fresh Hellenic heart, are rhythmically embodied in the poetical literature of the nation. In these songs we sometimes find strange echoes of old Greek poetry, still reverberating among the mountains. Charon, the ferryman of the Styx among the ancients, has become a mysterious minister of death, hanging invisibly over the doomed, or sweeping like a storm over the mountains, on horseback, with the ghosts of the dead at his saddle-bow. The birds, whose voices and flight were full of omens to the ancients, and of whom Aristophanes quotes the proverb, “No one knows except the birds,” in modern poetry are endowed with speech, and with supernatural powers of vision, and often appear as collocutors in the abruptly changing dialogue. The measure in which most of these poems are composed is the accented iambic of fifteen syllables; every second syllable being accented, and the final one unaccented.

I close this sketch with a few short specimens on different subjects. I have carefully abstained from adding ornaments, and have translated them line for line, with the same rhythm as the original. The brevity and abruptness of the style, the rapidity of the narrative, and the racy simplicity of the dialectic peculiarities, can scarcely be reproduced in another language; and the charm they possess, when read or heard in the open air, on the mountains of Greece, with the life they embody all around, and the scenery that suggested their coloring meeting the eye at every turn, can scarcely be imagined where these accessories — the background of the picture — are wanting.

The first I shall give is called

“LOVE DETECTED.

“Maiden, we kissed, but 't was at night; and who, think'st thou, beheld us?  
The night beheld, the morn beheld, the moon and star of evening;  
The star dropped earthward from the sky, and told the sea the story;  
The sea at once the rudder told, the rudder told the sailor;  
The sailor sang it at the door, where sat his sweetheart listening.”

My second specimen describes the death-scene of a Klepht, who, for a wonder, lived to old age, and died without a bullet. It combines, in a curious way, the strong contrasts and opposite feelings of the Klephtic character. It is a strange compound of piety, gunpowder, and the simple love of nature. Its hero is resolved, after death, to have a shot now and then at the Turks. To understand its simple allusions, we must remember that such a family, living for the most part in the open air, would always select the bank of a moving stream for their supper-table, and would drink water—when they had no wine. It is called

“THE DYING CHIEF.

“The sun was setting in the west when Demos gave his orders :  
‘Hasten, my children, to the brook, to eat your bread at evening ;  
And then, Lampsakis, nephew mine, come, take thy seat before me.  
Here ! wear the arms that now I wear, and be a valiant captain.  
And ye, my children, take my sword, deserted by its master,  
And cut green branches from the trees, and spread a couch to rest me ;  
And hither bring the holy man, that he may haste to shrive me,  
That I may tell him all the sins I ever have committed  
While thirty years an Armatole, and twenty-five a robber.  
But now the conqueror Death has come, and I for death am ready.  
Build me a broad and spacious tomb, and let the mound be lofty,  
That I may stand erect and fire, then stoop and load the musket ;  
And on the right hand of the tomb a window leave wide open,  
That swallows in their flight may come, the early spring announcing,  
And nightingales of lovely May in morning song may tell me.”

To these sketches I will add one or two illustrations of Grecian life, from my own experiences, in the ups and downs of a horseback journey of twenty-one days through the most historical and poetical parts of Greece. I did not set out until about the middle of November, being desirous of studying Athens, and accustoming my ear as much as possible to the language before visiting the interior. An English gentleman arriving from Constantinople at that time, we joined company. We took a guide, Strattis the Lesbian, a good-natured, honest fellow, very familiar with the country ; a cook, named Yanni Bulgari ; three donkeys to carry the provisions and luggage ;

Panaghiotti, in charge of the horses; another Yanni, to take care of the donkeys; a boy, with no name in particular, to help him; and a little dog named Walnut, who picks up an honest living by going with parties of travellers, and whose name — he having made the tour of Greece several times — we changed from Walnut to Pausanias. The plan of our journey was laid out beforehand. The day before we started, I dined at the British Minister's, in company with General Church. He inquired the route by which we intended to go to Thebes; and when I told him, by the Pass of Phyle, he advised me to take another route, as not only was the Pass of Phyle very rough, but within a few days reports had been circulated of depredations committed by robbers. This was not altogether pleasant; but after due consideration, we made up our minds that, robbers or no robbers, we must see the fortress where Thrasybulus gathered the exiles who overthrew the government of the Thirty Tyrants. We started, with all our train, on the 15th of November. Just as we had crossed the Plain of Athens, and were entering the rugged mountain path, we met four robbers, who were marching down to Athens, under the guard of a strong body of police, with their hands tied behind them. We were led by this spectacle to moralize on the importance of selecting the fitting moment for the execution of any human project, since it was quite obvious that the difference was very great between meeting these hang-dog looking villains the day after and meeting them the day before their arrest.

The view from the fortress of Phyle was considered by Byron the most beautiful in Greece. It is difficult to say which is the most beautiful; so many of them seem, as you come in sight of them, to surpass all you have seen before. The ascent was wild and rugged; but from the old Hellenic walls you look back through the wooded gorge, over the plain and city of Athens, and take into the range of vision a variety of objects whose natural beauty and associated interest almost make the senses ache with beholding them. The pine grove on



the mountain heights responded to the freshly blowing breezes in melancholy music, and the swift clouds, sweeping over the distant cliffs, well explained the imagery of Charon and the ghosts. The next day we descended, by a rough and rocky path, into the rich plains of Bœotia, with Mounts Cithæron, Helicon, and Parnassus all in sight, and the citadel of Thebes rising gradually on the view. As we approached the city, it was impossible not to recall the old mythical renown of Laius and Œdipus, their doomed house, and all the tragic woes of which yonder Cadmeia was the scene; the historical greatness of Epaminondas and Pelopidas; the poetic glories of Pindar; and, finally, the alphabetic immortality of Cadmus, who here first introduced the knowledge of letters to the European world.

Busy with these thronging memories, I approached the bank of the consecrated Ismenus, a beautiful stream flowing east of the city. I let my horse follow his own way, and his own way led him into the middle of the current. I noticed the course he was taking; but supposing he wanted merely to drink of the sacred river, and, approving his taste, I did not interfere. But while I was thinking of Sophocles and Antigone, my horse was thinking of a cold bath, and, suddenly rolling over, rolled me over with him into the water. As I emerged dripping from the involuntary plunge, my ears were saluted by the most unearthly roars, which I took at first to be from the chorus of maidens in the "Seven against Thebes." It proved, however, to be a troop of a dozen or twenty Theban washerwomen, who paused in their labors, a few feet off, at the Dircean fountain, and made the air vocal with peal upon peal of inextinguishable laughter. I was obliged to ride several hours in the condition described by Mr. Mantalini, — "a damp, disagreeable body"; but consoled myself with the reflection, that, if I had incurred a ducking, it was a highly classic one.

In Greece the winter is called χειμών, — the *pouring* season. This commences generally in November; and here "it never rains but it pours." It is not the time usually selected by travellers for an inland tour; but it has its advantages.

There is no land in the world so smiling in sunshine or so frowning in storm. The traveller who has seen Hellas only in fair weather, has seen but one aspect of the country, — most beautiful, indeed, but not more characteristic, and not so grand and imposing, as when Zeus the Showery rules the hour, especially among the mountains. The wild appearance of the clouds, the roar of the wind, the sudden leaping forth of the torrents, which seem in a moment to spring from their mountain-beds and dash down the channelled slopes, sweeping all before them precisely as Homer describes them, the crashing thunder and the curled lightning, present a picture of elemental warfare such as I had nowhere else seen. This was the weather we encountered, with intervals of the loveliest sunshine, the lovelier by the contrast. After crossing the Bœotian plains and the field of Leuctra, visiting Thebes, and galloping over Plataea, we reached and ascended one of the acclivities of Helicon on the third day. Here we were delighted with a succession of scenes of the rarest beauty, and could well understand why the Muses found these lovely heights so attractive a resort. The sides of the ridges were covered with myrtles, oaks, and plane-trees, splendidly colored with the hues of autumn; and the fountain of Aganippe sent forth its sweet waters to refresh the thirsty traveller, and to fill his mind with the most delightful associations of other days.

We were on the slope of Helicon, with Parnassus full in sight. Gray says,

“From Helicon’s harmonious springs

A thousand streams their mazy courses take.”

One of these streams had worn a deep gully directly across our path. My Thessalian charger was generally sure-footed; but in attempting to leap across, down he went, and pitched me head foremost upon the opposite bank. I was a good deal bruised; and my hat, which had long ceased to be the *λαμπρόν πρᾶγμα* it was described by the shopman when I bought it in Athens, came out of this adventure a good deal the worse for wear. But the most irreparable damage was done by making a terri-

ble rent in the elbow of my coat. A bruise, a scratch, a torn skin, Nature repairs; but who can mend a garment in those tailorless solitudes? And think of being out at the elbows on the side of Helicon and in sight of Parnassus! But as I remembered that those unfortunate gentlemen who spend their lives in dancing attendance upon the Muses, and in attempting to climb the Heliconian and Parnassian heights, are out at the elbows in their normal condition, I consoled myself with the thought that there was a dash of the poetical in the situation, and that perhaps I was destined to write an epic. With various aches and contusions, I climbed again into the saddle. We journeyed on through scenes of incomparable beauty. The many-colored trees shone as brilliantly as an American forest in autumn; the marble summits of the mountains, rising on either side above the zone of cedars that encircled their waists with a belt of green, closed in the picture as with a sculptured frame. But in a short time the picture changed. The clouds, which had been hanging at a distance all day, now thickened, and Showery Zeus became more ominous and threatening. The thunder rolled and the lightning played along the summits of Helicon and Parnassus. We had just time to reach a hamlet of a few huts, called Cotumala, and take shelter from the deluge that suddenly descended.

One more passage of travel will finish all I propose to say upon this head. Two or three days after the Heliconian storm, we reached the Pass of Thermopylæ, so magnificent in its surrounding scenery, so interesting in its historical associations. Descending from the precipitous mountains which shut it in by the path which the immortal Leonidas followed with his three hundred Spartans, we visited the mound where their bodies were buried, and galloped over the ground of the battle, admiring the wild, varied, and most appropriate sublimity of the scene. What sound strikes on the ear? What sight meets the eye? The hot springs, from which the pass takes its name, now turn a mill, grinding night and day corn for the five-and-twenty villages. I thought Leonidas and his



three hundred would have broken loose from yonder mound, and razed such a desecration of the place to the earth. We found there Demakedes, the owner, the eldest of the four unmarried brothers of whom I spoke in the last Lecture. He received us with great hospitality, and baked a huge loaf of wheaten bread; and when I saw it taken smoking from the embers, I was glad Leonidas and his three hundred slept quietly where they were. The building was of composite order, made up of a grist-mill and a castle of the Middle Ages; the lower part being the mill, and the upper room, to which we ascended by a ladder, being furnished with pistols, guns, and yataghans, and pierced with portholes commanding every approach. I almost hoped there would be a descent of robbers from the neighboring mountains, the means of defence seemed so ample, and the mill, below, furnished such an indefinite supply of provisions. I think we might have stood a siege of many months. We were at least as strong as Sebastopol.

Our host invited us to stay over the following day and partake of a Klephtic feast. The invitation was too tempting to be resisted. Now a Klephtic feast is the most classical and Homeric thing that has come down from past ages, and is to be had nowhere except in the wilder and more primitive regions of Greece. One of the men went up into the mountains, and procured a kid. The kid was spitted on a long pole—with extemporaneous sausages made out of himself, and filled with his own liver and lights, twisted round his body—and then roasted by an enormous wood-fire, two men holding the ends of the pole. Other men brought in huge armfuls of myrtle-branches freshly gathered, which, being spread out, formed the table. The sausages—*σπλάγχνα*, as Homer calls them—were first served up, about three inches being distributed to each guest. Next came the kid, piping hot, on the spit. It was “skilfully divided” with a kind of sword, and “laid in order due” upon the myrtle-branches; and all things being prepared, we stretched forth our hands—literally, as

Homer says (we would not have used our knives and forks for the world) — to the meat that was placed before us, while our host poured out copious libations of Hellenic wine. The feast was followed, again in strict Homeric fashion, by the singing of songs. Half a dozen wild-looking fellows were called in, and for two hours chanted in their peculiar manner a series of poems on various subjects, — battle-songs, lamentations for the dead, one for Marco Botzares, and love-songs. It was a piquant circumstance in the entertainment of the evening that—the Coryphæus, or leader of the band, showing a peculiar animation in singing one of the pieces, which describes the robbers of Mount Olympus—I was led to ask an explanation of his apparently excited feelings, and was told that he had been himself for eleven years a robber on Mount Olympus, though he was now a peaceable miller; and the poem which rekindled this spark of Klephtic feeling in my honest friend, Basilios, the son of Christopoulos, was one which I had myself translated three years before.





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